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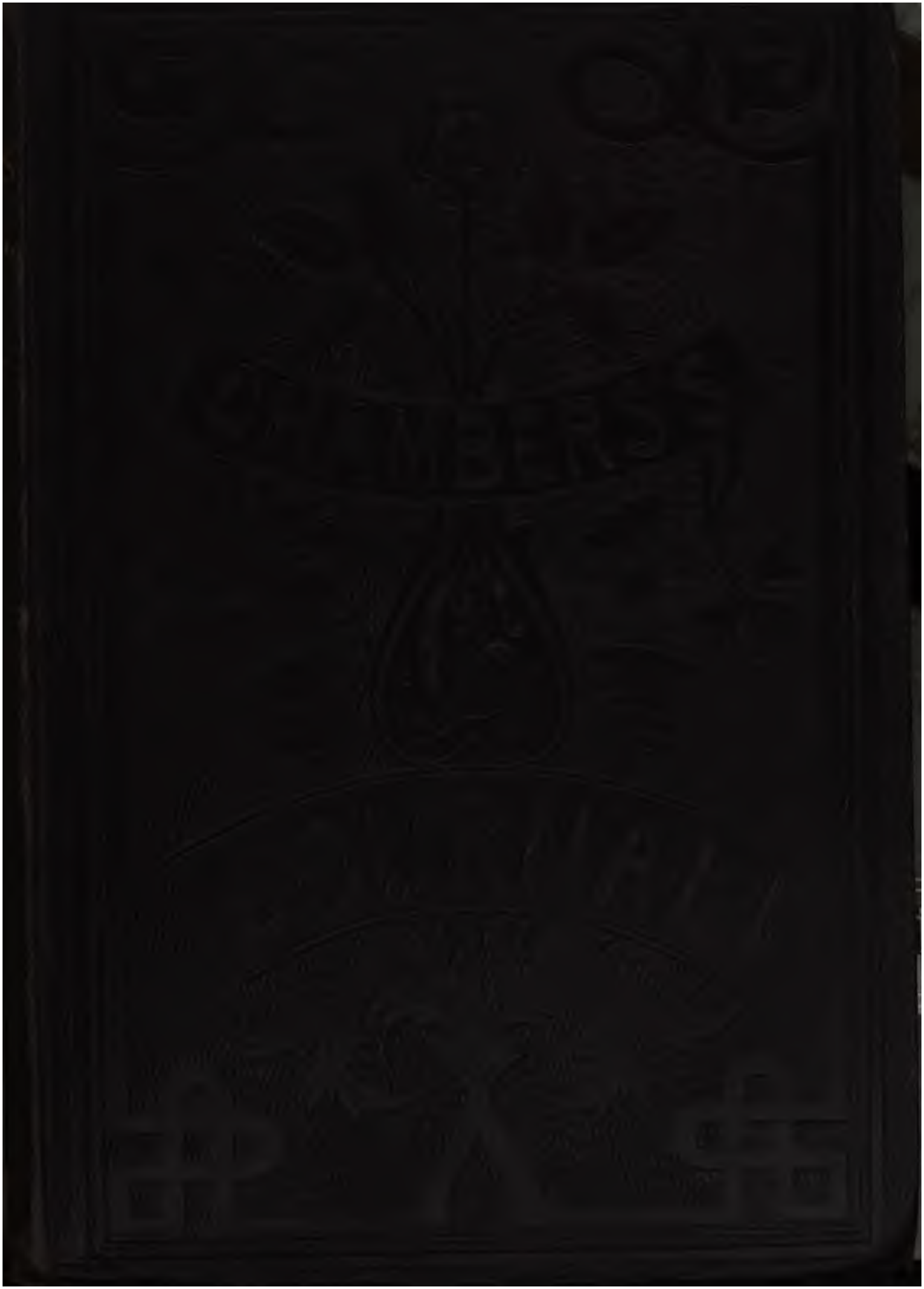

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WEARYFOOT COMMON.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE HERO FORCES HIMSELF INTO THE STORY.

It is a still, mild, misty evening, and before us one of the most extensive commons in England presents the appearance of a sea of vapour. Already its boundaries are almost blotted out, and the only part of its surface visible is a knoll or mound rising here and there like an island out of the deep. We may still discover, however, that the expanse forms an irregular oval; with a long straggling village on one side, and on the other a few genteel houses at some distance apart, their enclosures thickly shaded with trees and shrubs, and a natural wood behind. A few minutes ago, the common might have been seen intersected with paths in all directions: each of the more aristocratic houses appearing to have its own route to the village, and a more beaten track, leading to the same point, affording a short cut for pedestrians from the main road, which sweeps round the end of the oval. But these topographical lines are now lost; and by and by, as the mist advances with the advance of evening, the oases of the common sink, the houses are swallowed up one by one, the trees melt away, and the village disappears.

The villagers have taken the hint; and although it is not altogether night by the clock, they have closed their doors and windows, shut up their shops, and resolved unanimously that the day is at an end. The silence is like that of midnight; and a stranger might grope his way along the street, unconscious of the propinquity of human dwellings, but for a faintly-luminous spot here and there, shewing that there is a light struggling through the circular hole of a window-shutter, and vainly trying to see what it all means outside. But as we advance in our exploration, there is one part of the invisible village where there are sounds that give unmistakable token of a population. Now there is heard a hollow cheer, to which the mist gives the effect of distance, and now a phantom-laugh, like the chorus in *Der Freischutz*, as it is sung in Germany—not in England. Presently a door opens, and a momentary glare shews us a tall, angular man, wrapping himself well up to encounter the mist, and another, who has the configuration of a jolly host, rendering his assistance.

'Good-night, Mr Poringer,' says the latter; 'good-night, good'—— But he is stopped by a cough as the mist tumbles down his throat; and his guest being now just across the threshold, he shuts the door softly behind him. Mr Poringer walks sedately out into the road, like a man well acquainted with the locality, but there stops and hesitates for a few seconds. His destination is one of the houses on the opposite side of the common. To go round by the road, the track of which is easy, or venture across the main sea of mist—that is the question. He decides in favour of the latter alternative, for his time is already up, and the governor's bell will very soon sound for the supper-tray. So Mr Poringer crosses the road, hits without difficulty upon the well-known and well-beaten path, and steers boldly out into the apparently shoreless deep. The result of the brief self-consultation shews what small matters may determine the most important affairs of the world: if Mr Poringer had gone round by the road, this history would never have had to be written!

He had not much difficulty in keeping the path, the smoothness of which contrasted strongly with the rough weedy grass of the common; but his progress was necessarily slow—vexatiously slow; and as he receded further, and further, and further from the village, without ever appearing to approach his destination, and without meeting with anything that could enable him to ascertain his bearings, he began to reflect upon the position in which he found himself. Mr Poringer was a meditative serving-man, with a high sense of his personal and official dignity. His reflections were usually of a practical cast, connected with his ministerial functions, or with his own interest in the things of the world; but this was a new, and, in fact, altogether unpractical situation. He could not see more than a few inches round him, and the silence was still more profound than the darkness. There was a kind of unreality in the whole thing, which made him at last begin to consider vaguely whether this lonely traveller in the mist was indeed Mr Poringer—the same Mr P. who had ever since dinner-time been drinking excellent ale at the Plough, who was reckoned to be at least on a footing of equal gentility with the clerk of the parish church, and whose few words of good-night had been responded to by a cheer of approval from the company.

While meditating in this way, he heard a sound behind him—a sound as of soft footfalls near his own. He stopped: the sound ceased. He walked on: it recommenced. Mr Poringer was perplexed.

'Is there anybody there?' said he, stopping again: no answer. He was almost frightened; he did not know at what, for he was no coward. Stooping down his long body, however, in the direction of the sound where it had ceased, he became aware that he was followed

by a boy—a little ragged boy, as well as he could judge. Mr Poringer was indignant with the boy for having made him afraid, and turning away without a word, pursued his journey as rapidly as the darkness allowed. While walking on, however, he began to think it strange that he should be dogged in this manner by such footsteps. There was no little ragged boy on his side of the common, he was sure; and this one, if he belonged to the village, was old enough to know his way home.

'Boy!' said he, stopping again suddenly—'what are you after?'

'You,' replied the boy.

'Where are you come from?'

'Nowhere.'

'Where are you going to?'

'Anywhere.'

'Who do you belong to?'

'Nobody.' Mr Poringer was more perplexed than ever; but not knowing what to say, he walked on again more slowly. For a boy who belonged to nobody, who had come from nowhere, and was going anywhere, to plump down in the dark and give himself to him—was a wild idea. He questioned whether the like had ever happened to a respectable man before. But the thing was a very awkward thing, and must be put a stop to.

'Boy,' said he at length, 'do you see this path to the left? if not, you can feel it with your feet. That's *your* way; it is the shortest cut out of the common. Come, trot!' and having so spoken in a commanding tone, he pursued his walk more confidently than ever, for the landmark he had discovered shewed that he was now not far from the road. But the little footfalls still followed close at his heels. Mr Poringer would not care. He ignored them. What were they to him? He thought of the parlour at the Plough—of the ale—of the cheers—of the captain and the supper-tray—of Mrs Margery the cook; and as he at length emerged from the common, crossed the road, and mounted the steps of the house he sought, he thought faster and faster, and in the confusion escaped into the interior by means of the latch-key, and shut the door upon the mist and its gifts.

But he could not shut them entirely out of his reflections, for, as we have said, he was a meditative person. He was often seen that evening by the denizens of the kitchen to sink into a brown study; and sometimes he got up, paced softly to the kitchen-door, and stood for some time in an attitude of listening. Mrs Margery, a round jolly-looking woman, did not know what to make of it. She would have set it down at once as a mystery, a thing she was particularly fond of; but Mr Poringer, she knew, was the most matter-of-fact of serving-men, and she calculated, therefore, that he was somewhat bemused in beer; for, indeed, there was no other way of telling when this was the case, than by his more than usual gravity and taciturnity, and his soft, reflective, and steady step. Mrs Margery was greatly annoyed by the prosaic character of Mr Poringer; for she herself delighted in everything romantic, more especially if there was a mystery in it. Her passion for novel-reading was so great, that long before this time she would have got to the end of the village circulating library, and so have been obliged to change her situation, that she might remove to fresh fields and pastures new; but, luckily, she was a slow and reflective, as well as a determined reader. She was accustomed to read aloud to Molly, and explain the narrative as she went on. Frequently she laid the book down upon the table; and the two would tax their ingenuity to find out how the adventure would terminate, and whether She was to be married at last, and to whom.

Molly was no great hand at reading herself, but she did love to listen; many a hearty laugh, and many a shower of tears, did she join her patroness in; and, indeed, having a natural bent towards hysterics, the lecture was quite a scene. How they did admire the spirit of the heroine—how they did criticise her dress—how they did abhor the villain—and how uproariously they did triumph in the detection of his treachery; Mrs Margery, all the while, disclosing the evolution of the mystery beforehand! As for Molly in her person, she was of that uncertain age when one does not know what the girl will grow into. In the meantime, her only noticeable features were an extremely broad and flat nose—though not at all an unamiable nose—and a pair of great, prominent, well-opened eyes, as round as a shilling, that made her look as if she was always astonished at something. The readings, which were the great solace of her existence, usually began in the evening, when Mr Poringer had betaken himself to the Plough. It was then the cook and her protégée rioted in their intellectual liberty; it was then that Mrs Margery triumphed in the necromantic art she had acquired to absolute perfection, of reading the decrees of destiny; and it was then that Molly fixed her astonished eyes upon her face, now sitting in calm enjoyment, now struggling between a giggle and a sob, and now, heart-brokenly, wiping away her tears with her bare arms. When Mr Poringer returned, they were still in the midst of it, but, being a meditative man, his presence was but little interruption. Mrs Margery sometimes thought, from his steady silence, that he must be listening; but if so, he somehow never succeeded in acquiring the faintest notion of what the story was about.

When Mr Poringer was summoned to the parlour, he paused again to listen as he crossed the hall; and then, as if obeying an uncontrollable impulse, he crept stealthily to the hall-door, opened it, and looked out. The mist was as thick as ever—thicker if possible; yet he stood for some time, looking down upon the landing; and then closing the door softly, he walked with a slow and meditative pace to answer a second summons of the bell. Captain Semple and his sister, Miss Semple, were seated, one on each side of the fireplace; and if a stranger had witnessed the steady manner in which Mr Poringer faced his master, he would have thought our words true indeed, when we said that the former was no coward. Captain Semple had as formidable a look as any captain of banditti in Mrs Margery's novels. His face was almost covered with long bushy hair, of an iron-gray colour; and such shaggy and threatening brows overhung his eyes, that one dreaded to look what kind of eyes they were. In fine, his voice was harsh, and his manner sudden; and there was a mobility in the muscles of his face which, communicating the agitation as he spoke to the iron-gray hair, imparted a character of ferocity to the whole head.

'Well, sir,' said the captain, bending his ominous brows upon Mr Poringer—'you are come at last! Where have you been?'

'I have been in for some time, sir,' replied Mr Poringer undauntedly. 'Before then I was a-giving orders in the village.'

'You should take less time to your orders,' said the captain, with one of his terrible looks. 'Don't you know that when Molly is compelled to come into the parlour, and is desired to do anything, she says nothing but "Yes, sir," and then goes off hysterically to the kitchen without doing it?'

'I could not get through the mist quicker, sir,' explained Mr Poringer—'without I had a pickaxe. It was as thick as a stone-wall.'

'That's very extraordinary!' said the formidable captain. 'I remember just such a circumstance when I was in the Peninsula. Elizabeth, the thing is worth hearing.' Elizabeth, who was a tall lank maiden well on to forty, moved her chair a little, as she always did in such circumstances, turned her light-gray eyes upon her brother, and sat in the attitude, though without the expression, of expectancy.

'Well,' continued he, 'you must know that in those days there were hard knocks going, and severe marches and countermarches. So, you see, we were one day in the thick of it, pressing on to join Lord Wellington, who was threatened on all sides. There was not a drop of wine or water to be had, and we could not eat their musty bread dry; and as we were pushing along the road, as it might be across—no, not across a common, for there were vineyards—the grapes all gathered—on both sides of the way, we felt—no, not a mist—but the sun so confoundedly hot—true, there was *not* a mist that day, but —— Well, Poringer, what now? What *do* you want? You are impatient to tell me who that was at the door just now on such a night?' Miss Semple moved her chair back again, as she always did on such occasions, and dropped her light-gray eyes placidly upon her work.

'A boy, sir,' answered Mr Poringer with gravity.

'A boy? What boy?'

'I don't know, sir; he found me on the common, sir, and is come from nowhere, going anywhere, and don't belong to nobody.'

'That's very extraordinary! What is he doing at the door?'

'Tossing up a half-penny with his-self, sir; and it is not a half-penny at all, but only a bit of round slate, with a head cut on it.'

'Elizabeth,' said the captain, turning to his sister with a frown, 'what do you think of that?'

'The conditions of mankind,' replied Miss Semple, 'are infinitely modified. Some are born in a palace, some in a hut; some are surrounded with friends, some alone in the world. Life itself is nothing else than a great common, wrapped in mist, and traversed by boys, donkeys, and men.'

'Very true, Elizabeth,' said the captain—'very true. I have half a mind to go to the door and look at the boy and the mist. I *will* go! Will you come?' Miss Semple, who rarely suffered anything to interrupt her work, got up, still knitting away, and followed her brother, Mr Poringer leading the procession with the air of a beadle. When the door was opened, a little ragged boy was seen, half swallowed up in the mist, and half disclosed by the strong light of the hall; he was sitting on the landing, busily engaged in gambling with himself, by means of the ingenious imitation of a half-penny described by Mr Poringer.

'Heads it is!' said he, making use of the new illumination to determine the fact; and then he turned up a thin precocious-looking face to the spectators. His attention was specially attracted by the most noticeable figure in the group. He looked long at the captain, and the captain looked long at him; till at length the latter burst out furiously:

'He is hungry—that's what it is! Take him down to the kitchen, Poringer, and feed that boy! Give him as much as ever he can eat and drink; do you hear?—that's what *you* have got to do!' And so saying, he turned savagely away, coughing violently at the mist, and escorted his sister back to their chimney-corners, with the air of an officer charging at the head of his company. Mr Poringer looked very sour at the order he had received; but knowing that the captain would brook no refusal in a case of this kind, he stooped his long body towards the boy, took the collar of his little ragged coat between his thumb and two fingers, and lifted him over the threshold.

Captain Semple had been in active service a great part of his life, and at the peace had been reduced to half-pay and turned adrift, knowing, like many others, very little of society beyond the precincts of the barracks. Fortunately for him, however, he possessed a moderate independence besides his half-pay, and instead of giving his only sister a fixed allowance as formerly, he took her to live with him. Till then they had never met on intimate terms since they were children, and the intimacy, therefore, which ensued between them was without the familiarity of near relationship. The captain had a great respect for his sister. He had never, it is true, learned anything from her letters; there was never anything in them he could grasp; and even her last, written in reply to his proposal that they should live together, left him in profound puzzlement as to what her wishes or intentions were. But still they resembled so much the sort of thing that is found in books, that he considered his sister quite a prodigious woman; and her conversation, when they met, proving to be absolute fragmentary essays, the opinion was completely confirmed. It must be said, likewise, that the same judgment was formed of Miss Semple by the captain's confidential friend Lieutenant Mollison, who had never seen her, but to whom, for a series of years, her letters were shewn from time to time, as they were received, under the seal of inviolable secrecy. This was, indeed, the one secret of the poor lieutenant's life, and the two friends had many consultations on the subject; till at length the captain got so far as to send his sister Mr Mollison's compliments in a postscript, and the fair Elizabeth replied, that 'although the compliments of a man to a woman were generally designed to flatter at the expense of truth, yet this character was subject to modification, and when an individual chose the fraternal channel for the sentiment, it might be assumed that he was entitled to favourable construction.' So discreet and touching a reply affected the lieutenant profoundly; and there is no saying what termination the love-passage might have had, if his career had not been suddenly cut short by a musket-ball. Miss Semple was never known to have been before or since the object of the tender passion; and to this episode in her life was attributed by herself and her brother—and perhaps with great truth—the remarkable fact that she was still a spinster.

Elizabeth, on her part, returned heartily her brother's admiration. Even his hirsute appearance interested after it had ceased to awe her; and having rarely heard from or of him, except when he was in the midst of military adventures, she supposed that his whole life must have been a chain of romantic episodes. The captain's conversation flattered the idea, for he had a story à propos of every possible occasion; although somehow or other the details did not turn out to be exactly germain to the matter in hand, and an opportune interruption always cut the thread in the middle. As for his personal adventures, the only really memorable one, excepting the ordinary hard knocks and marchings and counter-marchings, was the shearing of his facial ornaments by order of the doctor when he lay ill of a brain fever. While he was in this denuded state, the whole world would seem to have rushed into an insane conspiracy for taking liberties with him; for before the hair grew again, he found himself compelled to fight no fewer than seven duels—the captain being in reality as bold as a lion—in defence of his crown and dignity.

On the second evening after the occurrences we have related, the captain and his sister were sitting as usual near the fireplace, Elizabeth at work with her knitting, and he with his sole materials of amusement or study lying before him on the table—his Sunday newspaper, which lasted him the entire week, and the Army List, the only book he ever read. The captain was wiping his spectacles, and looking dreamily before him, when on a sudden he fancied that the door opened slowly, and some light-coloured object shewed itself for a moment. The veteran started and rubbed his eyes, and Elizabeth looked up mechanically. The noiseless appearance returned, and a pale thin face was seen gradually thrusting itself forward, till its large eyes obtained a full view of the room. Every item of the material scene did these eyes dwell upon for a moment, and then they fixed upon the living figures; resting

slightly upon Elizabeth, but gazing long and earnestly upon the captain, as if measuring every hair of his beard. Satisfied at length with the survey, the face was withdrawn, and the door closed as noiselessly as it had opened. The captain rung the bell with a jerk, exclaiming:

'Bless my soul, Elizabeth! there's that boy again. Poringer must have been on the common!'—and another jerk of the bell testified his impatience, and brought Molly like an apparition.

'Where's P'oringer?' snapped the captain ferociously.

'O yes, sir!' replied Molly, fixing her astonished eyes helplessly upon him, as she kept clutching the handle of the door—'O please, sir, Mr Poringer's giving orders at the Plough!'

'Send the cook!'

'O yes, sir! O please, sir, Mrs Margery's not dressed!'

'Not dressed?—the improper woman! Get away with you—don't let her come here, mind you. Send Poringer when he returns,' and Molly instantly disappeared, shutting the door nervously, that made it bang, and giggling away hysterically to the kitchen.

Captain Semple assured his sister, that in time of war he had known men shot for desertion of a lighter kind than Poringer's, and he had begun a story which would illustrate the point completely, when the unabashed criminal walked into the room.

'So!' said his master—'late as usual; although you knew very well that there was nobody to answer the parlour but an astonished idiot and an undressed cook!'

'I was giving orders in the village, sir.'

'And finding the boy again on the common?'

'No, sir; the boy has never left the house.'

'Upon my word!'

'My orders, sir, were to feed the boy, not to turn him out; and Mrs Margery said that no man with any bowels would use a human boy worse than the enemy's dog. Mrs Margery has took wonderful to him, sir.'

'Then, perhaps she knows something about him?'

'Yes, sir; she has a way of telling what will turn up in the Denowment, wherever that may be; and she says she knows perfectly well he will prove to be, at the very least, an Heir-at-Law. Molly has took to him also, sir: she is always a-giving him pieces of bread, that he can't eat, and puts in his pocket with the other things.'

'What other things?'

'Pebbles, sir, string, cobbler's wax, buttons, a sawdust ball with a hole in it, and bits that are neither them nor anything else.'

'That's very extraordinary,' said the captain. 'Elizabeth, that boy puts me in mind of a boy we had in our regiment who was the very moral of him—as you shall hear.' Miss Semple moved her chair, and raised her light-gray eyes to her brother's face. 'My attention was first drawn to the boy,' continued the captain, 'by—I don't wish to distress you, Elizabeth—by Lieutenant Mollison—poor Mollison!' A faint colour rose for a moment into the waxen face of the virgin, and she dropped her eyes upon her work.

'Well—well—that boy, Elizabeth, was a drummer-boy, and he was—no, not a thin boy: he was, in fact, a fat—an uncommon fat boy; and—no, there was nothing in his pocket, nothing at all in his pocket; but—— Well, sir, what more do you want?'

'I was only a-waiting, sir, till you had finished,' said Mr Poringer, 'to ask what was to be done with this boy.'

'Finished! How can I ever finish with these constant interruptions? But let us see'—— The captain drooped his shaggy brows over his eyes, and sank into a deep cogitation. He at length suggested that the boy *must* belong to somebody: somebody, for instance, must have taken care of him when he was a baby.

'He never was a baby,' replied Mr Poringer with decision: 'he is quite positive of that; he is sure he would recollect it from the curiousness of the thin When he ought by rights to have been a baby, he w only a small boy, sir. He had never a father, he say but he thinks he must have belonged in some way other to a woman called Sall, for she sometimes ga him victuals when he asked her, but oftener a sla telling him to go and forage for his-self.'

'Well, there,' cried the captain, 'we have a clue once—the name of the boy's mother or other relation Sall.'

'Excuse *me*, sir,' said Mr Poringer, shaking his he gravely—'all the women of the lower classes is call Sall, and there is no telling one from another. The is nothing known, or can be known, of that boy b this: a troop of vagrants was seen by the constab crossing the common just as the mist was thickenin they passed through the village without stopping; a soon after this boy lighted on me in the dark.'

'I say, Poringer, could you not lose him as easil as you found him?'

'If you please, sir, I did *not* find him—he found m If there had been fifty boys on the common, I woul not have found one of 'em. But anyways, as f losing him, I did try it on this morning. I took hi to the Gravel Pits, sir, beyond the village, where the are paths in all directions, and a view from nowhere a cat, sir, could not find its way home from ther Well, sir, I walked him round and round, and th dropped him into a pit, telling him to be a-gatherin some chickweed for our canary till I came back, an then I pegged home as fast as I could. I was stan ing in the kitchen telling Mrs Margery what I ha done, when I heard a low voice behind me saying "Heads it is!" and when I turned round, I declar sir, I was almost skeered to see the boy sitting on th floor in a corner, tossing up with his-self for a piece bread Molly had just given him.' At this conclusio the captain emitted a sardonic laugh, for he seeme tickled at the idea of Mr P'oringer's defeat.

'Playing with his-self!' snarled he with a sneer 'and which of them won—hey?'

'I believe it was the Other, sir,' said Mr Poringe 'for the Boy left the piece of bread on the floor. B perhaps his pocket was full.'

'And what do you think of it all, Elizabeth?'

'When a boy,' replied the spinster, almost warml for her gentle nature had been revolted by Mr Porin ger's narrative—'when a boy escapes marvellously fro a gravel-pit, we may be sure the finger of Providenc was in it.'

'That's very true, Elizabeth—that's very true: w will think over the matter, and see about it to-morrow

STEAM AMONG THE FARMERS.

Those who visit Christmas cattle-shows simply in grazing frame of mind, do justice neither to themselve nor to the show. There is something more to do tha to admire fat pigs which cannot see out of their eye and fat sheep which look more silly even than lea sheep, and fat bullocks which measure an unlimite number of yards round the body. Unless a man roam also among the agricultural implements, he canno rightly judge a matter which is well worthy of atten tion—the wonderful energy and activity of the farmer since the repeal of the corn-laws. It is no part of ou business to dilate upon political combats, but it i unquestionably a part of every Englishman's busines to know that the agriculturists are bravely 'puttin their shoulders to the wheel,' and applying all moder improvements in furtherance of their labours. Th gradual spread in the use of steam-power is not amon the least remarkable of these appliances. A year or tw ago, we happened to meet with a 'Song of Steam' in a American newspaper; the name of the writer does no appear; but we feel inclined to reprint here three of th

stanzas, partly because there is really a dash of sparkle and spirit about them, and partly because we must beg that farming operations should in future be included in some measure among the labours of steam.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made.
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be 'laid on the shelf;'
And soon I intend you may all go and play
While I manage the world by myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

Without going so far as to expect that we may all 'go and play,' while steam manages the world by itself, we may undoubtedly expect that many hard and laborious kinds of field-labour will, more and more every year, be effected by steam, which has 'no muscle to weary, no breast to decay.' We have only to look at the groups of implements and machines proceeding from the well-known firms of Ransome, Wedlake, Garrett, Crosskill, Hornsby, Dray, &c.; or to look through the lists and catalogues of those manufacturers: the evidence of the fact becomes then very apparent. Let us very briefly glance at the matter.

Here are the productions of Messrs Clayton and Shuttleworth of Lincoln, among which a three horse-power portable steam-engine is conspicuous. This compact affair is shaped something like a locomotive; it weighs about a ton and a half, and its provender consists of three hundredweights of coal and 270 gallons of water per day of ten hours. With this moving power, it will thrash out twenty quarters of corn per day; and when it has done its work in one barn or thrashing-floor, a horse will easily draw it to another. Similar engines are made of four, five, six, seven, eight, and nine horse-power, all presenting this analogy—that the number of horse-power produced is about equal to the number of hundredweights of coal consumed in a working-day of ten hours—a convenient rule for estimating the efficiency of the power. The larger of these portable steam-engines require two horses to draw them from place to place; but in return for this, they will thrash out a larger quantity of corn per day, and become applicable also to grinding, sowing, pumping, and other operations necessary on a large farm. The seven-horse engine is large enough to be made available for a remarkable system which has sprung up in some districts—namely, the *letting out of steam-power:* a portable steam-engine travels about from farm to farm, doing the thrashing and sowing, and grinding and pumping for each in succession—a system susceptible of wonderful expansion. Then there are fixed steam-engines for farm-work, of four to ten horse-power each. Another ingenious apparatus is a portable thrashing-machine. This is not a steam-engine, but a capacious vehicle on four wheels, having thrashing mechanism within, and pulleys and bands on the outside to enable it to be worked by a steam-engine, either portable or fixed. The facilities thus afforded are remarkable; for you may either take the steam-engine to thrash, or bring the corn to be thrashed, according to the arrangements of the farm. The corn is bundled into the vehicle; the steam-power commences its activity, and revolving arms proceed to thrash out the grain with great rapidity. In one form of the machine, the whole of the processes of thrashing, straw-shaking, riddling, winnowing, and bolting, are performed by steam-power, and in their proper order. How there must be certain revolving arms, and certain revolving cylinders, and certain wriggling or vibrating troughs, will be evident to those who consider the nature of these operations. Then there are straw-shaking machines, and corn-grinding mills, and bone-crushing mills, all worked by steam-power, and all applicable to farm-labour.

Here are Messrs Dray's portable steam-engines; and here Messrs Hornsby's; and here Messrs Garrett's, and Messrs Barrett's, and Messrs Ransome's; and so on. The relative merits of each, and the trade competition between them, we have nothing to do with here. The great point is to know that there are a dozen firms or more manufacturing these powerful aids to agriculture. Some excel in the rapidity with which steam is got up; while others excel in the amount of horse-power produced by the consumption of a given weight of coal.

The Royal Agricultural Society was mainly instrumental in bringing forward the movable steam-engines for farms, in the interval between 1841 and 1851. Mr Pusey, a great authority on all these matters, has thus noticed the advantages of portable over fixed engines for farm-work: 'If a farm be a large one, and especially if, as is often the case, it be of an irregular shape, there is great waste of labour for horses and men in bringing home all the corn in the straw to one point, and in again carrying out the dung to a distance of perhaps two or three miles; it is therefore common, and should be general, to have a second outlying yard; and this accommodation cannot be reconciled with a fixed engine. If the farm be of a moderate size, it will hardly—and if small, will certainly not—bear the expense of a fixed engine; there would be waste of capital in multiplying fixed engines to be worked but a few days in a year. It is now common, therefore, in some counties, for a man to invest a small capital in a movable engine, and earn his livelihood by letting it out to the farmer. But there is a further advantage in these movable engines, little, I believe, if at all known. Hitherto, corn has been thrashed under cover in barns; but with these engines, and the improved thrashing-machines, we can thrash the rick in the open air at once as it stands. It will be said: How can you thrash out of doors on a wet day? The answer is simple: neither can you move the rick into your barn on a wet day: and so rapid is the work of the new thrashing-machines, that it takes no more time to thrash the corn than to move it.'

But steam does something more than this for the farmer: it helps to make pipes for draining his land; and it helps to steam potatoes and other roots as fodder for animals; and it helps to plough his land—although it must be owned that ploughing-machines have not yet come much into use. In respect to steaming potatoes for pigs, it has been remarked that even diseased potatoes, if not too far gone, by being thus treated may be rendered wholesome, and may be stored up for months.

If the visitor to a cattle-show, who spends a reasonable time in the implement-galleries or yards, would choose to extend his thoughts a little from steam among the farmers to machinery among the farmers, he would soon find how wonderfully the use of such machinery has spread within the last few years. In nearly everything which can be called a machine in respect to farming, one of these three things is

observable—that a man turns a handle, that a horse exerts its pulling force, or that a steam-engine puts forth its multiform power; and it is only those who have watched the progress of recent improvement, who can form even a guess of the wide extent to which the simple hand-instruments—such as the spade, the rake, the hoe, the dibble, the flail, &c.—have been superseded on large farms by skilfully constructed machines. The old ploughs, with wheels and gallows, required four horses to draw them; but two horses can now do as much work with a plough of lighter and more scientific construction. The old harrows had their tines or teeth at a definite distance apart; but our farmers can now obtain expanding harrows, which can be adapted to the state of the land. The old rollers, in many cases, were simply tree-trunks rudely fashioned into cylindrical shape, having their framework loaded with rough materials to give them weight; but now we have iron rollers which will last for ever. The old farmers were wont to attempt, sometimes hopelessly, to break heavy clods by the alternate use of the roller and the harrow; but the farmers of the new school have now their powerful and efficient clod-crushers, whereby turnip-land can be prepared for corn with celerity and success. The old plough was expected to do more work than it could do well; but the scarifiers, and grubbers, and cultivators of the present day are analogous to a large party of ploughs all working at once, whereby a large percentage of horse-power is saved. The old seed-lip and dibble deposited the seed very slowly; but the modern drill does this with astonishing quickness; and not only so, but it will even deposit manure and water with the seed in the hollows made for its reception. The old hoe was 'slow,' both figuratively and really; but the modern horse-hoe is a compound of four, six, or eight hoes at once, each working more quickly than the original hand-implement. The old sickle was the only instrument used by our fathers and grandfathers for cutting corn; but the M'Cormicks, and Husseys, and Bells have shewn us what can be done by reaping-machines. The old rake was the only implement for gathering stray hay and corn; but the modern horse-rake will do the same work ten or twenty times as rapidly. The old hay-fields exhibited simply the handicraft labour which supplied so many Daphnes and Colins to the pastoral poets; but the haymaking-machines now give a different aspect to the affair. The old carts and wagons in which the farmer conveyed his produce from the field to the barn, and from thence to market, were a terrible drag to the horses; but now, like clippers on another element, they weigh less, carry more, and move more quickly. The old flail beat about the corn in a rude way on the barn-floor; but the new thrashing-machine enables either horses or steam to do the work more conveniently and more expeditiously. The old process of winnowing left the wind to blow away the chaff in a blind and capricious manner; but the modern winnowing-machines have such a discriminating power, that they can separate the grain into 'good corn,' 'good tail,' 'tail,' 'whites,' 'screenings,' and 'chaff,' thus enabling the farmer to carry to market produce the quality of which can be exactly determined. The sheep and lambs of old days had to munch away at whole turnips, as best they might; but the modern turnip-cutter, by presenting the root in nice mouthfuls, economises the muscular power of the animal, and gives him an increased value in the market. The old chaff was cut by hand with a sort of chopping or guillotine action; but the chaff-cutters now made perform the work with far greater celerity. The old farmers drained their land, if at all, by using hand-made tiles, and pipes laid in hand-made grooves and gutters; but the new farmers can reap the advantages of the ingenious tile-machines, and can lay down the pipes by the still more ingenious draining-plough.

Nay, not only do farmers now display all this ability but they have actually become poetical, which the world in general is perhaps not aware of. That Messrs Moses and Hyam, as Messrs Warren and Day and Martin for merly did, throw around their business proceedings a halo of poetry, everybody knows; but it has, until lately been new to us that an agricultural implement-maker thinks it worth his while to lisp in numbers; and as i is not to be supposed that he would bring plough and poetry together, unless the farmers were pleased thereat, the latter must also have a share of the credit Listen:—

Iron-ploughs as Kimble's, as Howard's, and as Ball;
Twin-harrows and scufflers, made large or small.
I've ploughs, too, for draining, for ridging, and hoeing
Clod-crushers and rollers, to prepare for sowing.
Without manure-boxes, or with, I make drills,
From one to ten coulters. Bean, cake, or malt mills.

Then as to carts—

The tipping apparatus is simple and sound,
Surpassing all others its service is found.
The self-acting tail-board is, too, a good plan,
And must be approved of by master and man;
It hangs upon hinges—no need to take off—
Folds under the cart-frame, and catches aloft.
To York I first sent it to meet public eyes;
The Royal Society to me gave the prize;
Prince Albert and noblemen all did declare,
'It's the best one-horse cart that I have seen here.'

With a little chaff, we have done—

Sir, have you chaff-machines now worked by man?
I recommend horse-power, my late improved plan;
Many of them I have just lately put down,
That give satisfaction to farmers around.
And if you should doubt it—hear what I now say—
You can go to see them: they're at work to-day.
I fix it for cutting aloft, if you please;
And one horse can work it—an old hack with ease.
Without e'er a driver, one man with two boys,
Can cut eighty bushels an hour without noise.

Opinions may possibly differ as to the merits of this poetical effusion; but there is no difference of opinion as to the simple fact—that agricultural implement-makers have placed the means of great advancement within the reach of farmers. In 1851, Mr Pusey made this important statement—that the improvement in farming implements made within the preceding dozen years had been such as to insure a saving on outgoings, or an increase of incomings, of not less than one-half on all the main branches of farming-labour.

MAUNDERINGS.

BY A SCOTCHMAN.

I AM far frae being clear that Nature hersel', though a kindly auld carline, has been a'thegither just to Scotland, seeing that she has sae contrived that some o' our greatest men, that ought by richts to hae been Scotch men, were born in England and other countries, and sae hae been kenned as Englishers, or else something no quite sae guid.

There's glorious old Ben Jonson, the dramatic poet and scholar, that everybody taks for a regular Londoner merely because he happened to be born there. Ben's father, it's weel kent, was a Johnston o' Annandale in Dumfriesshire, a bauld guid family there to this day. He is alloo't to hae been a gentleman, even by the English biographers o' his son; and, dootless, sae he was, sin' he was an Annandale Johnston. He had gane up to London, about the time o' Queen Mary, and was amang them that suffered under that sour uphalder o

popery. Ben, puir chield, had the misfortune first to see the light somewhere aboot Charing Cross, instead o' the bonnie leas o' Ecclefechan, where his poetic soul wad hae been on far better feedin'-grund, I reckon. But, nae doot, he cam to sit contented under the dispensations o' Providence. Howsomever, he ought to be now ranked amang Scotchmen, that's a'.

There was a still greater man in that same century, that's generally set down as a Lincolnshire-man, but ought to be looked on as next thing till a Scotchman, if no a Scotchman out and out; and that's Sir Isaac Newton. They speak o' his forebears as come frae Newton in Lancashire; but the honest man himsel's the best authority aboot his ancestry, I should think; and didna he say to his friend Gregory ae day: 'Gregory, ye warna aware that I'm o' the same country wi' yoursel'—I'm a Scotchman.' It wad appear that Sir Isaac had an idea in his head, that he had come somehow o' a Scotch baronet o' the name o' Newton; and nothing can be better attested than that there was a Scotchman o' that name wha became a baronet by favour o' King James the Sixt (what for aye ca' him James the *First?*), having served that wise-headed king as preceptor to his eldest son, Prince Henry. Sae, ye see, there having been a Scotch Newton wha was a baronet, and Sir Isaac thinking he cam o' sic a man, the thing looks unco like as if it were a fact. It's the mair likely, too, frae Sir Adam Newton having been a grand scholar and a man o' great natural ingenuity o' mind; for, as we a' ken right weel, bright abilities gang in families. There's a chield o' my acquentance that disna think the dates answer sae weel as they ought to do; but he ance lived a twalmonth in England, and I'm feared he's grown a wee thing prejudiced. Sae we'll say nae mair aboot *him*.

Then, there was Willie Cowper, the author o' the *Task*, *John Gilpin*, and mony other poems. If ye were to gie implicit credence to his English biographers, ye wad believe that he cam o' an auld Sussex family. But Cowper himsel' aye insisted that he had come o' a Fife gentleman o' lang syne, that had been fain to flit southwards, having mair guid blude in his veins than siller in his purse belike, as has been the case wi' mony a guid fallow before noo. It's certain that the town o' Cupar, whilk may hae gi'en the family its name, is the head town o' that county to this day. There was ane Willie Cowper, Bishop o' Galloway in the time o' King Jamie—a real guid exerceesed Christian, although a bishop—and the poet jaloosed that this worthy man had been ane o' his relations. I dinna pretend to ken how the matter really stood; but it doesna look very likely that Cowper could hae taken up the notion o' a Scotch ancestry, if there hadna been some tradition to that effeck. I'm particularly vext that our country was cheated out o' haeing Cowper for ane o' her sons, for I trow he was weel worthy o' the honour; and if Providence had willed that he should hae been born and brought up in Scotland, I haena the least doot that he wad hae been a minister, and ane, too, that wad hae pleased the folk just extrornar.

There was a German philosopher in the last century, that made a great noise wi' a book o' his that explored and explained a' the in-throughs and out-throughs o' the human mind. His name was Immanuel Kant; and the Kantian philosophy is weel kent as something originating wi' him. Weel, this Kant ought to hae been a Scotchman; or, rather, he *was* a Scotchman; but only, owing to some grandfather or great-grandfather having come to live in Königsberg, in Prussia, ye'll no hinder Immanuel frae being born there—whilk of coorse was a pity for a' parties except Prussia, that gets credit by the circumstance. The father o' the philosopher was an honest saddler o' the name o' Cant, his ancestor having been ane o' the Cants o' Aberdeenshire, and maybe a relation o' Andrew Cant, for onything I ken. It was the philosopher that changed the C for the K, to avoid the foreign look of the word, our letter C not belonging to the German alphabet. I'm rale sorry that Kant did not spring up in Scotland, where his metaphysical studies wad hae been on friendly grund. But I'm quite sure, an he had visited Scotland, and come to Aberdeenshire, he wad hae fund a guid number o' his relations, that wad hae been very glad to see him, and never thought the less o' him for being merely a philosopher.

Weel, we've got down a guid way noo, and the next man I find that ought by richts to hae been a Scotchman is that deil's bucky o' a poet, Lord Byron. I'm no saying that Lord Byron was a'thegither a respectable character, ye see; but there can be nae manner o' doot that he wrote grand poetry, and got a great name by it. Noo, Lord Byron was born in London—I'm no denyin' what Tammy Muir says on that score—but his mother was a Scotch leddy, and she and her husband settled in Scotland after their marriage, and of coorse their son wad hae been born there in due time, had it no been that the husband's debts obliged them to gang, first to France, and after that to London, where the leddy cam to hae her downlying, as has already been said. This, it plainly appears to me, was a great injustice to Scotland.

My greatest grudge o' a' is regarding that bright genius for historical composition, Thomas Babington Macaulay, M.P. for Edinburgh. Aboot the year 1790, the minister o' the parish o' Cardross, in Dumbartonshire, was a Mr M'Aulay, a north-country man, it's said, and a man o' uncommon abilities. It was in his parish that that other bright genius, Tobias Smollett, was born, and, if a' bowls had rowed richt, sae should T. B. M. But it was otherwise ordeened. A son o' this minister having become preceptor to a Mr Babington, a young man o' fortune in England, it sae cam aboot that this youth and his preceptor's sister, wha was an extrornar bonny lass, drew up thegither, and were married. That led to ane o' the minister's sons going to England—namely, Mr Zachary, the father o' our member; and thus it was that we were cheated out o' the honour o' having T. B. as an out-and-out Scotsman, whilk it's evident he ought to hae been, sin' it's no natural to England to bring forth sic geniuses, weary fa' it, that I should say sae. I'm sure I wiss that the bonny lass had been far eneuch, afore she brought about this strange cantrip o' fortune, or that she had contented hersel' wi' an honest Greenock gentleman that wanted her, and wha, I've been tauld, de'ed no aboon three year syne.

Naebody that kens me will ever suppose that I'm vain either aboot mysel' or my country. I wot weel, when we consider what frail miserable creatures we are, we hae little need for being proud o' onything. Yet, somehow, I aye like to hear the name o' puir auld Scotland brought aboon board, so that it is na for things even-down disrespectable. Some years ago, we used to hear a great deal aboot a light-headed jillet they ca' Lola Montes, that had become quite an important political character at the coort o' the king o' Bavaria. Noo, although I believe it's a fact that Lola's father was a Scotch officer o' the army, I set nae store by her ava—I turn the back o' my hand on a' sic cutties as her. Only, it *is* a fact that she comes o' huz—o' that there can be nae doot, be it creditable or no. Weel, ye see, there's another very distinguished leddy o' modern times, that's no to be spoken o' in the same breath wi' that Lady Lighthead. This is the new empress o' France. A fine-looking quean she is, I'm tauld. Weel, it's quite positive aboot her, that her mother was a Kirkpatrick, come o' the house o' Closeburn, in the same county that Ben Jonson's

father cam frae. The Kirkpatricks have had land in Dumfriesshire since the days o' Bruce, whose friend ane o' them was, at the time when he killed the Red Cummin; but Closeburn has lang passed away frae them, and now belangs to Mr Baird, the great iron-master o' the west o' Scotland. Howsomever, the folk thereaboots hae a queer story aboot a servant-lass that was in the house in the days o' the empress's great-grandfather like. She married a man o' the name o' Paterson, and gaed to America, and her son cam to be a great merchant, and his daughter again becam Prince Jerome Bonaparte's wife; and sae it happens that a lady come frae the parlour o' Closeburn sits on the throne o' France, while a prince come frae the kitchen o' the same place is its heir-presumptive! I'm no sure that the hale o' this story is quite the thing; but I tell it as it was tauld to me.

I'm no ane that taks up my head muckle wi' public singers, playactors, composers o' music, and folk o' that kind; but yet we a' ken that some o' them atteen to a great deal o' distinction, and are muckle ta'en out by the nobility and gentry. Weel, I'm tauld (for I ken naething about him mysel') that there was ane Donizetti, a great composer o' operas, no very lang sin-syne. Now, Donizetti, as we've been tauld i' the public papers, was the son o' a Scotchman. His father was a Highlandman called Donald Izett, wha left his native Perthshire as a soldier—maist likely the Duke o' Atholl pressed him into the service as ane o' his volunteers—and Donald, having quitted the army somewhere abroad, set up in some business, wi' Don. Izett over his door, whilk the senseless folk thereabouts soon transformed into Donizetti; and thus it cam aboot that his son, wha turned out a braw musician, bore this name frae first to last, and dootless left it to his posterity. I ken weel that Izett is a Perthshire name, and there was ane o' the clan some years sin' in business in the North Brig o' Edinburgh, and a rale guid honest man he was, I can tell ye, and a very sensible man too. Ye'll see his head-stane ony day i' the Grayfriers. And this is guid evidence to me that Donizetti was, properly speaking, a Scotchman. It's a sair pity for himsel' that he wasna born, as he should hae been, on the braes o' Atholl, for then he wad nae doot hae learned the richt music, that is played there sae finely on the fiddle—namely, reels and strathspeys; and I dinna ken but, wi' proper instruction, he micht hae rivalled Neil Gow himsel'.

Ye've a' heard o' Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, as they fulishly ca' her, as if there ever were ony nightingales in Sweden. She's a vera fine creature, this Jenny Lind, no greedy o' siller, as sae mony are, but aye willing to exerceese her gift for the guid o' the sick and the puir. She's, in fact, just sic a young woman as we micht expeck Scotland to produce, if it ever produced public singers. Weel, Jenny, I'm tauld, is another o' that great band o' distinguished persons that ought to hae been born in Scotland, for it's said her great-grandfather (I'm no preceese as to the generation) was a Scotchman that gaed lang syne to spouse his fortune abroad, and chanced to settle in Sweden, where he had sons and daughters born to him. There's a gey wheen Linds about Mid-Calder, honest farmer-folk, to this day; sae I'm thinkin' there's no muckle room for doot as to the fack.

Noo, having shewn sic a lang list o' mischances as to the nativity o' Scotch folk o' eminence, I think ye'll alloo that we puir bodies in the north hae some occasion for complent. As we are a' in Providence's hand, we canna of coorse prevent some o' our best countrymen frae coming into the world in wrang places—sic as Sir Isaac Newton in Lincolnshire, whilk I think an uncommon pity—but what's to hinder sic persons frae being reputed and held as Scotchmen notwithstanding? I'm sure I ken o' nae objection, except it maybe that our friends i' the south, feeling what a sma' proportion o' Great Britons are Englishmen, may enterteen some jealousy on the subjeck. If that be the case, the sooner that the Association for Redress o' Scottish Grievances taks up the question the better.

LOCAL COLOURING.

Local colouring—*couleur locale*—is a modern expression signifying the accordance, or keeping, of the adjuncts in a work of art, whether literary or pictorial, with the principal figure or subject. To ancient novelists and dramatists, local colouring was unknown, chiefly because the limited intercourse between nations precluded an acquaintance with the habits of foreign countries; but still more because the idea of such a necessity had not dawned on the minds of men.

Each nation, with that ridiculous pride and egotism some people consider patriotism, thought the world epitomised in itself; it imagined no difference under distance of either place or time. Thus Ariosto's knights in the rude era of Charlemagne have all the polish of the courtiers of the poet's own day, and he attributes smart and witty sayings to personages who lived long before wit could be said to be in fashion. His queen of Cathay, too, journeys about with a freedom unchecked by the habits of seclusion to which she, like her subjects, would in reality have been condemned, and walks with an utter disregard to the incapacity of feet that must have been swaddled and cramped from her babyhood.

Shakspeare, who had less education than the more refined Italian, is more excusable in his defalcations; but they are, it must be confessed, 'plenty as blackberries,' as often as the scene lies in a foreign land. In *As You Like It*, we find the Forêt des Ardennes stocked with roaring lions, and Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses. Although all the characters ought to have been French, Touchstone and Audrey are regular English villagers, and no explanation is given of the why and wherefore of such inconsistency. In *Catherine and Petruchio*, the housekeeper of this Italian couple is plain Mrs Curtis. Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, we have a regular English watchman and English magistrate in the heart of Italy—to say nothing of the lower characters refreshing themselves in an ale-house in a country where wine would be the only beverage. We have also jokes about a hot January, as a thing impossible in Southern Italy, where a cold January would be the greater wonder of the two; and a 'February face,' probably meaning showery, in a climate where even February is more kindly than April is with us. Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek—in *Twelfth Night*—are two downright English worthies, although purporting to be citizens of Illyria. In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Theseus is *Duke* of Athens before dukes were known; still more inadmissible are the *coats of heraldry* which Helena and Hermia have worked on their sampler, and the pagan duke's expression of becoming a *nun*, applied to Hermia's intention of turning priestess of Diana. Again, in *Measure for Measure*, we find Italian names, although the scene is in Vienna. Wherefore these offences against taste?—Shakspeare had never heard of local colouring.

In *Comus*, Milton mixes pagan divinities with the more modern mythology of elves and fairies; in *Il Penseroso*, heathen goddesses jostle Christian nuns; and the chorus in *Samson Agonistes*, in a passage justly ridiculed by Johnson, observes that 'evil news rides post,' thereby calling up a host of modern associations, that sadly impugn the great poet's accuracy on the score of local colouring.

Addison and Johnson might have described their so-called Eastern fictions in the *Spectator* and the *Rambler*, as Gray did his Eastern eclogues when he called them his Irish eclogues.

Racine, whose verses are both elegant and tender,

has metamorphosed the ladies and gentlemen of Versailles merely by giving them Greek and Roman or Eastern names. You feel no classic atmosphere about his pieces. You might call his characters Messieurs and Mesdames, and they would be far better placed in a *salon* than in a Roman hall or Grecian city. Neither is his Turk Bajazet one whit more Turkish than Rasselas is Persian. He is merely Monsieur le Marquis of anything, rather embarrassed at carrying on an intrigue with two fair ones at the same time. Racine would have thought he overstepped the proprieties of etiquette, had he given anything like local colouring to his subjects.

Voltaire, although so much in advance of his age, has sinned in exactly the same way in his *Zaïre*, when he makes an ignorant Eastern damsel, such as the charming Zaïre must, after all, have been, argue shrewdly on love and religion, and affirm that she would have been a Christian had she been born in Paris. Neither does he mend the matter in his tales, in most of which he peoples other countries with *petits maîtres* or *beaux esprits* of eminently French character, such as could not have existed in the remote times or places referred to. Perhaps, like the Athenians, who knew politeness, but did not practise it, Voltaire might have had an inkling of local colouring, only did not take the trouble to make use of it in days when it was 'caviare to the general.'

Schiller, in his *Turandot*, has upset all our diligently acquired notions of the habits and manners prevailing in the Celestial Empire. Nevertheless, we forgive him in favour of the amusement the piece affords us; but Turandot is no Chinese, and never had her feet compressed into a shoe too small for a baby—of that we feel certain. We miss the local colouring of mandarins, pagodas, drums, lanterns, and all the paraphernalia we have a right to expect in the land belonging to the Brother of the Sun and Moon.

Madame Cottin has charmed the youthful days of every one of us with her delightful *Malek Adhel*. Who has not wept over the fate of that most chivalrous of lovers, and sighed over poor Matilda's misfortunes? But if we open the book a few years later in life, certain misgivings step in to qualify our enjoyment of the book. We are fain to inquire in what language the lovers could address each other, as Matilda knew no Arabic, and Malek no English. Again, is not Malek Adhel himself, with his refined delicacy of sentiment combined with so ardent a passion, a strange anomaly in a country where women are held to be beings of an inferior order, and where a sultan's brother would have naturally thought of either buying Matilda or kidnapping her? Still pass we over this, as love may effect wonders in refining even an Eastern despot; but does not the whole *mise en scène*, even down to the dress of the Princess Matilda on the day of the ball, betray an utter recklessness of local colouring? Query, did the novice learn to dance in her convent? and how was Malek Adhel able to dance a *pas de deux*, in a country where royal personages dance only by proxy, thinking it too much trouble to do that which can be paid for?

Madame de Staël has committed less excusable blunders in her *Corinne*, which belongs almost to our own times. The crowning of an improvisatrice at the Capitol is, to say the least of it, an anachronism. Her Italy is a fictitious one, for it lacks local colouring.

As to the shortcomings and incorrectnesses on the subject of Italy, chargeable to Anne Ratcliffe and other novelists of the same period, they are too numerous to dwell on. They manufactured a theatrical Italy where every tenth man was a bravo, and every husband horn-mad—although the apathy of Italian husbands with regard to the *cavaliere servente* shews that they carry philosophic indifference in this respect to its extremest limit. In like manner there is a conventional Spain, which the writers of comedy, not excepting Sheridan, have dressed up according to their fancy, where the young ladies are invariably watched over with a degree of strictness at utter variance with Spanish habits; the fact being, that in no country have young ladies so much liberty, being free to walk out, to flirt, to pick up acquaintances as they list, in a manner which would shock the sober ideas of English people. The so-called Spanish comedies have as little of the local colouring of real Spain, as the dress of the songstress who personates Rosina in Rossini's *Barbiere* generally bears to the genuine Spanish costume.

Walter Scott was probably one of the first who introduced local colouring, and his example has been followed by many modern novelists. There is a colour of the times as well as a local colouring, and the learned Scotch novelist was indefatigable in his antiquarian researches, which impart a great value to his writings. Victor Hugo, in his *Notre Dame*, has shewn the same care in carrying us back to Paris in the olden time. Eugène Sue, too, has almost turned antiquary in his *Mystères du Peuple*, which, however inferior to his other works in point of misapplied genius, must be respected as a praiseworthy effort to give vitality to remote ages.

But how is it that, in spite of these examples, we constantly stumble on the grossest sins against local colouring, committed mutually by the two countries nearest and best known to each other—namely, England and France? When a Frenchman lays the scene in the former, and an Englishman in the latter, it would seem each strove to prove that railways have effected nothing towards approximating the intellects of mankind, though they may have approximated countries. We remember reading, a very few years ago, a novel by a young lady, who places society in France before the great Revolution on exactly the same footing as it is in England at the present day. The heroine rides out daily, although, as an amusement for ladies, riding was scarcely known at that period; and has a lover in time when no high-born maid was suffered to see the husband chosen for her, till every arrangement was concluded by the parents. The fair writer had given French names to her characters, but forgotten that this would not transform them into French personages.

But how much more glaring, because committed by a writer of considerable merit, are the grotesque blunders of Paul Féval, in the otherwise interesting and stirring pages of *Le Fils du Diable*. To say nothing of the absurdity of the three bankers who seek concealment in Germany and France in the year 1840, wearing scarlet mantles as a disguise in the teeth of fashion and paletôts—the author introduces us to a Magyar, who has become a London merchant, exercising his calling in the unromantic purlieus of St Paul's, and daily going to 'Change with pistols and dagger in his belt, greatly to the alarm of the peaceful denizens of Cheapside, and of his fellow-merchants, who, of course, forget that they can apply to the first policeman to rid them of his threats and bravadoes. This same merchant-Magyar lives in a house of Oriental splendour, with an endless suite of gorgeous rooms fitted up in the Levantine style—and what think you, gentle reader, is the locality of this sumptuous habitation? Belgravia—or May Fair? No such thing—but plain Paul's Chain, where this magnificent establishment is connected with his counting-house, and apparently all upon the ground-floor. Paul Féval lacks the organ, if there be one, of local colouring; but the mere general data to be gathered from a journey to London by the excursion train, would have prevented his falling into such egregious absurdities, and we wonder it did not occur to him.

Even Eugène Sue, whom we have praised for the pains he took in reproducing a faithful picture of society as it lived, thought, and acted hundreds of years back, has shewn the same slipshod indifference

with regard to the local colouring of the country now within a day's distance. We will merely quote, as an instance, the blunders to be met with in his otherwise charming novel—*Miss Mary*. His gentle heroine is the daughter of Sir George Lawson, generally styled Sir Lawson, and occasionally plain Mr, while Sir Lawson's wife is simply Mistress. Again, in the days of this mythical baronet's opulence, his magnificent residence was called Lawson Cottage; while his faithful coachman absolutely paints the lily and gilds refined gold by styling his master *Sir Lawson Esquire!*

A certain *feuilletoniste* went even a trifle further in point of absurdity, inasmuch as he dealt with real and not fictitious personages, when he designates the son of the late world-famous Sir Robert Peel, whom he met at Berne, as the *young lord*, in defiance of *Burke's Peerage;* also styling him *Sir Peel*, although his father was then living.

Ridiculous as such blunders undoubtedly are on the part of foreigners, they argue a far more inexcusable ignorance when committed by native authors. We have read a tale in which Miss —— becomes Lady Olivia ——, on marrying a baronet; and, astounding to relate, that huge triton among the minnows—the lordly and omnipotent *Times*—committed quite as laughable a solecism as was ever perpetrated by Sue or Féval, by denominating the youthful scion of an aristocratic family (we change the names to fictitious ones), Lady Fanny Fairlove, who had married Sir Harry Sparkington, Bart., Lady *Harry* Sparkington—a twofold absurdity, reducing a duke's daughter to plain Miss Fairlove, and converting Sir Harry into Lord Harry.

It would be endless to enumerate the painters, even the eminent ones, who have shewn an utter indifference to local colouring, however great colourists in every other respect. The number of Cleopatras in satin, the countless Prodigal Sons in point-lace and Dutch or Flemish dresses, and Holy Families attired after the quaint Italian or German fashion of the days in which the simple-minded painter lived, are so many monuments of the utter disregard paid by our forefathers to local colouring. We should be afraid to affirm that modern artists never sin on this score, but, at anyrate, there is certainly a strong movement in the right direction among them. As to the stage, which ought to 'hold the mirror up' not only to nature but to art, and serve as a patron for artists, its defalcations have, till quite lately, out-heroded all the perpetrations against local colouring committed by the united depravity of authors, dramatists, and painters. It would require a whole treatise on costume were we merely to make a passing mention of all the ridiculous anachronisms that have 'strutted and fretted' their hour on the stage, from the days when Garrick acted Macbeth in a tie-wig and knee-breeches to a Lady Macbeth in hoop and powdered hair, down to our own times when, but a few years ago, ladies on the stage came into the parlour to breakfast in full ball-costume, while their maids, besides walking in silk attire on week-days, wore their necks bare, or ornamented with necklaces! These absurdities have, however, so completely disappeared, even at the lowest class of minor theatres, that they now belong to past history. The application of local colouring to theatrical costume, which began in Paris at the time the dramas of Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas first departed from the stiff conventionalities of the three unities, and substituted real flesh-and-blood personages for the tragic heroes of the elder writers, was subsequently taken up in this country by several actors of sterling merit.

One word of advice, however, to actors in general. They must not think all is achieved in the way of local colouring by merely a correct costume. Thus, when they approach the footlights to read a letter, they lead our thoughts away from the garden or the street they are supposed to be standing in, and remind us we are in a theatre—a great sin against local colouring. The same when they make their exit not by the door but by the side-scenes, like incorporate beings—a solecism, by the by, never committed on the French stage; but so little attended to in this country, that we have actually seen a celebrated prima donna suddenly go out *through the wall* of the prison in which she was confined, in a fit of anger at an encore given to her sister vocalist on the stage, and come on again by the same means, leaving us to wonder why the heroine she represented remained in prison at all when escape was so easy. Without a strict observance of all such proprieties, no actor can be entitled to the term great, any more than a painter or author can approach perfection if he disregards local colouring.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A FRIEND OF MINE.

When Juan was intrusted to me, he was about three years old. His height was that of a child of the same age. When I freed him from the bamboo-basket in which he was brought to me, he seized hold of my hand, and tried to drag me away, as a little boy who wanted to escape from some disagreeable object might have done. I took him into my room, in which there was a sort of cell prepared for him. On seeing this new cage, which resembled a Malay house, Juan understood that it was in future to be his lodging: he let go my hand, and set about collecting all the linen he could find. He then carried his booty into his lodging, and covered its walls carefully. These arrangements made, he seized on a table-napkin, and having dressed himself in this as majestically as an Arab in his burnoose, lay down on the bed he had prepared.

Juan was of a very mild disposition; to raise one's voice to him was sufficient; yet he now and then had very diverting fits of anger. One day I took from him a mango he had stolen; at first, he tried to get it back, but being unable to do so, he uttered plaintive cries, thrusting out his lips like a pouting child. Finding that this pettishness had not the effect he anticipated, he threw himself flat on his face, struck the ground with his fist, screamed, cried, howled for more than half an hour. At last, I felt that I was acting contrary to my duty in refusing the fruit he desired; for, in opposition to God's will, I was seeking to bend to the exigencies of civilisation the independent nature which He had sent into the world amid virgin forests, in order that it should obey all its instincts and satisfy all its passions. I approached my ward, calling him by the most endearing names, and offered him the mango. As soon as it was within his reach, he clutched it with violence, and threw it at my head. There was something so human in this action, something so evil in the expression of his rage, that I had no hesitation that day in classing Juan among our own species; he reminded me so much of certain children of my acquaintance. But since then I have learned better; he was only on rare occasions peevish and naughty.

The first day that I let Juan dine at table with me, he adopted a disagreeable mode of pointing out the objects that were pleasing to him: he stretched out his brown hand, and tried to put upon his plate everything he could lay hold of. I gave him a box on the ear, to make him understand politeness. He then made use of a stratagem: he covered his face with one hand, whilst he stretched the other towards the dish. This scheme answered no better, for I hit the guilty hand with the handle of my knife. From that moment, my intelligent pupil understood that he was to wait to be helped.

He very quickly learned to eat his soup with a spoon in this way: a thin soup was placed before him; he got upon the table like a dog lapping, and tried to suck it up slowly. This method appearing inconvenient to him, he sat down again on his chair, and took his

plate in both hands; but as he raised it to his lips, he spilled a portion of it over his chest. I then took a spoon, and shewed him how to use it; he immediately imitated me, and ever after made use of that implement.

When I brought Juan on board the *Cleopatra*, he was domiciled at the foot of the main-mast, and left completely free; he went in and out of his habitation when he pleased. The sailors received him as a friend, and undertook to initiate him in the customs of a seafaring life. A little tin basin and spoon were given him, which he shut up carefully in his house; and at meal-times he went to the distribution of food with the crew. It was very funny to see him, especially in the morning, getting his basin filled with coffee, and then sitting comfortably down to take his first meal in company with his friends the cabin-boys.

Juan spent part of his days in swinging among the ropes; sometimes he came on to the deck, either to enter into conversation with the persons of the Embassy, whom he knew very well, or to tease a young Manilla negrito, who had been given to M. de Lagrené. This negrito was his dearest friend. Some people pretended that the sympathetic ties which united these two beings were based on consanguinity. However that may be, Juan had a profound contempt for monkeys; he never condescended to notice one, and preferred the society of a dog or a sheep to that of one of these quadrumana. Juan acquired the habits of a *gourmet* whilst on board: he drank wine, and had even become deeply learned in the art of appreciating that liquor. One day two glasses were offered him, one half full of champagne, the other half full of claret. When he had a glass in each hand, some one tried to deprive him of that containing the champagne. To defend himself, he hastily brought his disengaged hand up to the one which had been seized, and having, by a dexterous effort, succeeded in freeing it, he poured the sparkling liquid into his mouth, and having made sure of the flavour, hastened down to share the beverage with me.

When I arrived at Manilla, Juan and I took up our abode in a Tagal house, and we lived in common with the family inhabiting it—consisting of the father, mother, two girls of fourteen and sixteen, and of some little children. Juan was charmed with our residence. He spent his days in play with the little Tagal girls, and robbing the mango-women who were imprudent enough to put their merchandise within his reach.

Juan had nothing of those social virtues called abnegation and devotion; he was selfish, and would not have found communistic principles to his taste. He was perfectly conservative in this respect; and only liked communism with regard to the property of others. If an animal invaded his cage, he drove him away unmercifully; one day he even picked the feathers out of a pigeon which had been struck with the unfortunate idea of taking refuge there.

Whenever we put into harbour, I brought him clusters of bananas; the fruits were placed with those belonging to the officers of the staff. Juan had leave to enter this sanctuary at his pleasure. Provided he had been once shewn which clusters belonged to him, he respected the others, until such time as he had exhausted his own provision; after that, he no longer went ostensibly and boldly in search of fruit, but by stealth, crawling like a serpent: the larceny committed, he came up again faster than he had gone down.

It is untrue that orang-outangs have been taught to smoke: Juan, and all those I have seen, were unable to acquire that habit.

Such is the account of an orang-outang given by Dr Yvar, who was physician to the scientific mission sent by France to China, and who resided six months in the Eastern Archipelago. This animal is a native of the islands of Borneo and Sumatra, and the peninsula of Malacca, dwelling in the deepest recesses of forests of gigantic growth, and seldom venturing into the more thinly-wooded districts. Very little is known of the habits of the creature in its wild state, and many fabulous accounts respecting it have in consequence been received as true. Its usual height is supposed to be about four feet, although there is a description of one by the late Dr Abel, the stature of which, according to the details laid before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, exceeded seven feet.

The orang-outang is grave and gentle in its manners, and more docile than any of the monkey tribe, easily imitating some of our actions, learning to use a spoon, and even a fork; and acquiring a relish for sweetmeats, coffee, and spirits. It is fond of being noticed, and capable of great attachment. During youth, the forehead and skull appear well developed, and carry something of a human character; but as the animal advances in age, the resemblance quickly disappears.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Rarely, indeed, had a more lovely evening been known, even in the fairy-like land of the Isle of France, than that of the last day of December. The bright genial weather of the monsoon months following copious rains, had brought every product of the earth to its fullest perfection and beauty: the rich stores of the vegetable world vied with the glories of the animal kingdom; and whilst trees, and shrubs, and plants put forth their greatest powers, insects innumerable, and birds of gayest plumage, hummed and sang their richest notes in gentle harmony, through grove, and wood, and mossy dell—and this on New-year's eve.

The day had been a glorious time of sunshine—the sky all clear and radiant, like a sea of liquid blue, seemed wedded to the ocean. No cloud was there to dim the lustre of the one, no breath of air to stir the glassy face of the other. Fruits, flowers, and leaves, thick as they were over field and garden, hung listlessly; and even busy man forgot to toil, lost in his admiration of that golden eve. All nature seemed at rest, as though the world had willed the year should die so brilliantly, so peacefully, that not one sound or sight unwelcome might cross its latest hours.

The sun was sinking fast, transforming, as it did so, the lovely azure of the sky to a rich golden hue tinted with softest blushes. A gentle breeze was springing up, and played, as though in very wantonness, amongst the broad leaves of the green bananas, the feathery foliage of the lofty palms, and the thick groves of orange-trees. Many a wide and cool veranda in Port Louis was filled with fair and youthful forms, listening to the idle gossip of the day; many a wealthy merchant leaned back on downy ottoman, enjoying his pipe, and casting up the profits of the year; many a sun-burned planter reposed on matted couch with long-necked bottles in his company, listening to his neighbours' tales of sugar-canes, slaves, and rum.

Within a mile of the Port, on the road leading towards the Pamplemousses, stood, and, for aught I know to the contrary, stands at this moment, a most picturesque-looking villa, delightfully placed amongst palm-trees and mango-groves, with a perfect paradise of a garden and lawn, studded with the richest fruit-bearing trees and flowering shrubs. As is the case with all tropical dwellings, an ample veranda encircled the house; and to render the place still more enjoyable, a shady avenue of bananas, figs, and rose-apples, led the way to a pretty bridge, over which the passenger found himself conducted to a miniature island laid out, like the garden, with lawn and flowering-plants, and round which ran a rippling stream, washing its mossy banks.

In the vicinity of this abode were clusters of neat thatched cottages, each with its knot of palms and

bananas, and a small patch of garden in the rear. These were the dwellings of the slaves, who cultivated the many fields of sugar-canes that stretched for miles along the skirts of the mountain-land in the rear of the road—the property of one of the wealthiest planters of the island, M. Durant.

This enchanting spot, seen on such a lovely evening as I have attempted to describe, may well have been deemed the resting-place of happy mortals. It seemed the home of tranquil happy hearts, where nothing sorrowful might find a corner; where men might have been content to end their days on earth. Yet this was not so. The apple of the desert, all beauty to the eye, was not more bitter at the core than this same planter's homestead. Watching the parting sunlight from the front veranda, sat the young wife of the proprietor. Reclining on a couch of ebony, garnished with richest drapery, with the incense of sweetest flowers about her, with a crowd of slaves to obey her every wish, with all that physical life could demand, this wife was unhappy.

Alas! the one thing needed to make a joyful home was wanting—domestic sympathy. No man could be more thoughtful for his wife's comfort, no one more liberal in his arrangements for her household; but his heart, though not against her, was not with her. Ambition was his bane, reckless speculation his sole enjoyment. For such he seemed to live, and wondered why his Florence drooped, and pined, and wept, while he was wrapped in giant schemes of wealth. Warm-hearted as a woman can truly be, yearning vainly for a return of the love that dwelt in her own breast, Florence Durant cared little for the eastern splendour that encircled her in this little earthly paradise, while she saw her husband giving up his whole heart and soul to business, with but seldom a word or look for herself.

The disappointed wife was pondering over all this on the evening in question, casting her eyes alternately from the setting sun to the infant that lay sleeping at her feet, fanned gently by a little slave-girl. The planter had been absent for many days, and as yet had not seen this last addition to his family; but Florence promised no pleasure to herself from their meeting. She knew too well, from past experience, that he would look upon her new-born infant as he would on a piece of furniture just added to their drawing-room. He would shew no unkindness, use no harsh words; but there would be that utter disregard, that abstraction from all but business, which sinks into the heart of a wife of sensitive mind almost as deeply as actual wrong.

It was in vain the slave-girl chanted her prettiest Indian love-song; as vainly did the little infant, by its very muteness and helplessness, appear to solicit sympathy and protection. Florence felt that she would gladly have exchanged her wealth and station for the humble lot of any poor slave-girl on their estate, to have enjoyed requited love.

The sun had sunk full deep below the many-tinted horizon; the birds had sought their leafy homes; the infant had been laid to rest on downy pillows; the moon had flung its first soft rays upon the distant hill-tops, and on the waving leaves of lofty palms—yet Florence still sat there, gazing in deep thought upon the opening prospect of another year so like the last that her heart fainted within her, and forced out bitter tears.

But let us look elsewhere. If we turn our eyes towards the little stream that, fed by gurgling mountain-brooks, speeds merrily past the plantations of M. Durant, towards the Port, we shall see how many cane-fields it refreshes, and how many sugar-works it supplies with water. Along this little river a light canoe was floating, half paddled, half borne upon the stream. Seated in the stern of the little craft was a young planter, who, with folded arms and darkened brow, seemed lost to all that was passing around him. As the last rays of the sun disappeared, the canoe touched the mossy bank of the little island in the rear of the house, and awaking to consciousness, Durant—for it was he—sprang to shore.

Instead of hastening to his house, as usual, the planter began to pace the lawn in the island with rapid and unsteady strides. To and fro the gloomy man walked in the deepest excitement, as though uncertain or careless of what his course should be. The speculations he had been so long engaged in, and which had accumulated about him until they had assumed enormous magnitude, had broken down in hopeless ruin; and now, crushed and oppressed beneath this sudden weight, the ambitious man felt maddened with disappointment. What he might have determined upon, or whither he might have bent his steps had he been left to his own meditations, matters not to our present purpose. But the sound of many merry voices came floating down the rose-apple avenue towards the bridge; nearer and nearer the boisterous throng approached; louder and quicker the bursts of laughter fell upon his ear. They were the voices of his own children, whom he could see approaching in company with one or two of the slave-children, and a gray-headed negro in charge of the party. In no mood to encounter all this merry-making, the planter turned aside from the little lawn, and diving into a mass of evergreen behind a sort of grassy mound, he flung himself upon the ground amongst rushes and lotus-leaves, compelled, however unwilling, to listen to the childish talk of the merry group.

Such a happy party they were! There was Rose, a dark-eyed girl of eleven, full of thought and kindliness; Edward, the eldest boy of nine; with Ernest and little Minnie, and old Pierre, a negro of sixty years, who had in his early days nursed their mother; and besides these, there were Peto, and Caspar, and Lugo—young slaves born and bred on the estate. There was also Brutus, the old brown goat with his long silvery hair, and his great hard horns, and his quiet gentle eyes. Why, bless you! he would not have hurt one of those dear little children—though they did climb on his back, and stick all sorts of odd things on his horns—he would not have trodden on one of their dear toes for any quantity of green sugar-cane, and he was remarkably fond of it too!

How delighted they were to romp and dance on that nice green lawn, and tumble the old negro amongst the pomegranates, and make the goat quite giddy with dancing a waltz on his hind-legs, whilst little Minnie stuck his horns full of garlands and green boughs! Happy children! The world was as yet all sunshine to them. The New Year that was about to visit them had no cares or griefs for their young hearts. They could see nothing but flowers in their path, and heeded not the thorns.

When they had romped to their hearts' content, some one asked what fête they were to have on the morrow, which set them all guessing and thinking. Each one, from the laughing Rose down to black-skinned Peto, opened up some especial source of delight for New-year's Day; while the good-natured goat strolled from one to the other, rubbed his shaggy coat against them, licked their hands, and looked up in their faces, as though to guess what they were debating.

The most favoured idea was that of a grand ball on the island to the whole establishment; and as there was yet a good half-hour till supper-time, they agreed to try a little rehearsal of what they would wish for the morrow. In a moment, every one set to work. Green boughs were torn down; broad leaves were stripped from branches; palm-blossoms and rose-apples were twined into chaplets and garlands; and leaves, and fruit, and flowers, were so transformed by their many skilful little fingers, that in a short time there was a goodly

array of festal ornaments, quite enough for their rehearsal.

Brutus helped them as well as he could, by carrying branches and garlands in his mouth, and depositing them on the little mound that was to serve them as a sort of natural ottoman. Having hung their garlands and bouquets on the nearest shrubs, and twined flowers and branches of young limes amongst the leaves of stately laurels, Rose desired her companions to imagine as well as they could, that the most beautiful festoons of palm-leaves and show-flowers were hanging the whole way from the house, with cocoa-nut lanterns blazing away at intervals. They were told, likewise, to picture an arch of triumph at either end of the bridge, with an altar of flowers and fruit in the centre; and lastly, that they must fancy themselves looking at the green mound as a most beautiful throne of moss, lotus-flowers, jambo-blossoms, and talipot-leaves, with a bower by its side full of wine, and cakes, and fruit, and all the estate people assembled about them, with Tonchee, the old blind harper, and the two horn-blowers, who could play anything from cathedral music down to an Indian war-dance.

They all, as in duty bound, fancied what they were bid, whereupon Rose led her elder brother to the imaginary throne, and bade the rest range themselves about. Then the child, in a voice of grave earnestness, told them that the New-year's fête was to begin, that she would act 'Mamma,' while Edward would take the part of 'Papa.' At this proposal, the rest of the children raised such a shout of laughter as quite astounded the goat. The idea of their papa taking part in any festivities, seemed to their infant minds a joke of such stupendous absurdity as to be beyond their small comprehensions.

Why Rose, silly child, might as well have voted him to be the pope of Rome, or even the governor of the island! But she, taking her brother by the hand, bade him act the part allotted him; whereon the boy said he would try and look as grave and unhappy as he could, but he was sure he could not look or feel like his papa.

Rose chided him, and said that she was sure their papa was very good, and loved them all, and would not make one of them unhappy for the world, if he knew it. Edward inquired, if that were the case, why did he go away so often and leave their mamma alone for so many days and nights: when she was ill too, it was all the same.

But Rose was not going to be put down in that manner; not she. To be sure, she did wish that dear papa would not leave them so often as he did; she wished he would give up those long journeys, burn the nasty canoe on their imaginary altar of flowers, and stay at home to take care of the cane-pieces and the people, and so make dear mamma and all of them quite happy. Then she added, if Edward would not act Papa, she would, and tell them what she would do and say on the morrow. She would first kiss mamma and the new baby, and wish them a happy New Year, and say that she had resolved to give up everything but home from that day; that there was to be no more travelling in the canoe; that mamma and the sugar-works should have all her time. Then she would give a grand fête to everybody on the plantation; and to crown all, and begin the New Year well, old Pierre should have his liberty, and Brutus the goat be decorated with a new set of ribbons. Saying this, Rose embraced her brother, and the whole party raised such a shout of approbation as might have been heard at the house.

Perhaps it was; for at that moment, just as they were going to dance, the conch-shell was blown, as a signal for their return to supper and bed. They started away home as rapidly and joyously as they had come; and in a few minutes more the island was as still as the night that was closing fast over it.

Again the planter paced that quiet lawn, but this time calmly, slowly, and thoughtfully, until the moon had risen high above the palm-trees. Then, by that pale light, one might have seen how changed he seemed; how something had been busy in his mind, and still was working there; how heavy wintry clouds had passed away, and summer calm reigned gently in their place. Each word and syllable of those dear children's talk had found its way and done its work within. A sweeter sermon man clad in priestly robes had never spoken.

The New-year's Day broke brilliantly as man need wish to see it. The early morning breeze from off the hill-tops came loaded with the breath of forest-flowers; birds caroled merrily from groves of shady trees; the insect world broke forth in one great universal hum of happiness; the little river rippled cheerily past the wooded island; and then the sun came gently over the mountains, heralded by gorgeous rays of rainbow quality, sipping the dewdrops from myriad buds and blossoms. The household of the planter had just begun to stir; dogs shook their shaggy, drowsy heads, and negroes rubbed their heavy eyes, and, in their Oriental apathy, groaned that the night had fled. The earliest sunny rays of morning light that stole through lattice door and window found Florence still asleep: a little more light, a little more warmth, a little more warbling of the birds without, and the sleeper's eyes were opened. Was it a vision of the night, still hovering about her, that she saw?—It was her husband, indeed, and with their new-born infant in his arms! He laid it gently by her side, and bending softly over her, as though she still had slept, and he had feared to wake her, kissed her a score of times, called her darling wife, and wished her and all beneath that roof a happy long new year. Blessed wife! It seemed as though a new world had opened before her with a fresh existence. And when he took her hand in his, and asked her to forgive him all the past, to look only to the future, rich in each other's love, Florence could not speak; but tears of happiness, more eloquent than words, told all she had to tell.

That was a busy bustling day for all the household. As usual upon the first day of the year in that island, the slaves crowded in after the morning-meal with their simple gifts of fruit, flowers, or cakes. Pomegranates, oranges, limes, citrons, bananas, pine-apples, jambos, and many other tropical fruits, came pouring in, as though all the corners of the earth had been robbed for the occasion. If some fairy, reversing the story of Cinderella, instead of transforming fruit into carriages had converted all the vehicles of the island into fruit, there could hardly have been a greater abundance than was heaped in the planter's ample veranda on that morning.

Every one perceived how changed was the manner and tone of the master; and many were astounded to see how he worked at something that was evidently in preparation. Under various pretences, he contrived to despatch the children upon errands all day long; then the dinner-hour came, and then evening, and then they were told to prepare for the New-year's fête. As the whole family walked down the avenue of bananas and rose-apples towards the bridge, one long exclamation of wonder and delight burst from the children's lips. Pretty festoons of bright green leaves and flowers of many colours drooped across their path from tree to tree; at intervals hung, swinging in mid-air, small cocoa-nut lanterns; further on, at each end of the bridge, was an arch of evergreens and fruit; while midway between them stood the very altar that Rose had the evening before wished to see placed there; and, stranger still, upon its summit lay burning, like some sacrificial monster, the identical canoe, the detestable canoe, that had so often robbed them of their dear papa!

Wonder seemed never ending upon that eventful

evening. Well might the children feel astonished at all they saw, and ask inwardly if it were not a dream. Why, there was the little mound on which Rose and Edward had stood the previous night, decked and ornamented as they had pictured in their play! Some wizard of the woods had transformed the simple spot to a festive throne. While, stranger still, there was the identical bower by its side that Rose had conjured in her mind, full of all sorts of refreshments, boiling over with wine and cakes! And there, too, were the horn-players and the blind old negro harper. And as the party approached from the bridge, surveying all this work of fairyland, the brass and stringed music welcomed them with such a voluntary, as quite took away the children's breath.

It would need some time to relate one-half of what occurred on that joyful evening; but I may venture to tell how happily everything passed off: how old Pierre was made a free man; how the goat was decorated by Rose's hand with a new garland of ribbons and flowers; and how, in the very midst of some intricate piece of dancing, Brutus insisted on joining in the amusements, tripping up many a vigorous dancer by the force of his horns, and utterly perplexing and bewildering every kind of figure that was attempted.

The last of the guests had disappeared, the little island was once more quiet, and again the moon shone brightly upon tapering leaves and quivering grass; but this night two walked there. How differently, how happily did their hearts beat then! As they gently strolled towards their home, the planter whispered to his wife that there was yet one thing left untold, which he would break to her. He had not done so earlier, lest it should have marred the pleasure of the day. He was a ruined man—a beggar! He had been following a deceptive bubble; it had burst, and all was lost save home, and that was won. The loss of fortune had been a gain to him; and amidst the struggle which had then to come, the memory of that happy New-year's Day would lighten many a task.

The sequel of their fortune is soon told. A few years of steady application made the planter once more a thriving man; a few more years on that, and all was safe. If you wish to know how many New-year's Days they passed together, you must multiply twenty years by three hundred and sixty-five; for every day in their life was to them a New-year's Day, and a happy one!

REVELATIONS ABOUT SACKS.

Ever since the drinking-cup of Joseph was found in the sack of Benjamin, and we don't know how long before, sacks have maintained a distinguished position among the commercial nations of the earth, as the receptacles of the food of man, and of a multitude of other things besides, which we are fortunately not under the necessity of enumerating. There can be but little doubt that a sack was the first portable depository for property constructed by human ingenuity, and that it was formed from the skin of an animal. Such were the bottles of ancient peoples, before the potter's or the glass-maker's art was known, or was extensively practised, or popularly adapted to meet the common want; and such, at the present day, are the vessels of many nomadic and pastoral tribes partially, if at all, acquainted with the ceramic or textile processes. But the cattle on a thousand hills, if every one of them surrendered his skin for the purpose, would not supply a thousandth part of the sacks which modern commerce demands for the reception of its merchandise. The millions stowed away in granaries and warehouses—the millions more constantly traversing the ocean in every direction—and, more than all, the millions in daily use wherever men are congregated—all these defy calculation to number, or the imagination to conceive. A sack is truly a comprehensive subject, and although it can be examined only on two sides—the outside and the inside—it may be considered from many and various points of view; but in order to keep ourselves within bounds, we shall confine our remarks, upon the present occasion, to the sacks which undergo a London experience.

The bulk of the sacks used in this country are woven by power-loom in Dundee, and by hand-loom in Norwich and various other places throughout the kingdom. The material is either hemp, which forms the best and most durable, or *jute*, a fibrous plant imported from the East Indies. The woven sacking, though partly made up in the provinces, is brought in great quantities to London, and being cut up into lengths, is sewn into sacks by women, who, working for very moderate wages upon a rough and cumbersome material, do not cut a very imposing figure among the fair professors of needlecraft. There is a large sack-manufactory in Tooley Street, and the sack-making women may be seen at early morn and at eventide laden with piles of sacks, made or unmade, upon their heads, proceeding over London Bridge to and from the factory. These hard-working females have latterly found a formidable rival in the new sewing-machine, which makes a sack in a fraction more than no-time, and threatens ultimately to throw them out of employment. Fortunately for them, however, there is an incessant demand for sacks—a demand which is always increasing in something like an arithmetical ratio. A question here naturally arises: What becomes of all the sacks? the answer to which, if it could be definitely given, would involve, we are afraid, an amount of moral delinquency which, if it could be measured by the sackful, would astound the questioner. Perhaps we shall arrive at some idea of the response by the time we have got to the end of our paper.

It might be reasonably supposed, that the immense demand for sacks would have the effect increased consumption has on other species of manufacture—the effect, namely, of improving their quality. But the fact happens to be just the reverse; the truth being, that the actual desideratum at the present time is, not a strong sack—not a tough, serviceable sack—not by any means a good sack, or any such kind of thing—but—hear it, ye men of inventive genius!—*a sack not worth the stealing!* Here is a field for enterprise! If any cunning contriver or persevering experimentalist can produce a sack which will barely carry its load once, and defy replenishing when empty, and sell it at a corresponding price—a price, that is, proportionate to the value of its temporary service—we will guarantee him a fortune. A good sack will cost 2s., or thereabouts, and will last for eight or ten years, and might be filled, perhaps, forty or fifty times or more; but the same 2s. spent in sacks at 4d. apiece, if such could be got, to be filled but once, would be beyond comparison a better investment on the part of the miller. We calculate by moral arithmetic.

Mention the word 'sack' to a metropolitan miller or corn-dealer, and down go the corners of his mouth instinctively. It is an ominous word, suggestive of a drawback upon his profits to an alarming but an indefinite amount, the sum-total of which he has no accurate notion of, and cannot have until the ceremony of stock-taking reveals the awful deficit. For we know not how long, but at least for some generations past, a property in sacks in use has been the most equivocal kind of property a man can possess. From the custom of the trade in corn, flour, grain, pulse, and agricultural productions of all kinds, the sacks in which they are contained are not chargeable to the purchaser, but are returnable to the owner when empty. Unhappily, they are liable to the other contingency, and a prodigious percentage of them never find their way back to the proprietors at all. It is marvellous to

what a variety of uses such an apparently unmanageable material as a stray sack may, by a stretch of ingenuity, be applied. It becomes not merely a bed-sacking, a door-mat, fuel for the oven, roofing for the loft, but a pathway for the garden, wainscotting for the summer-house, raw material for the paper-mill, or daubed with pitch or tar, it finds its way from the warehouse of the corn-factor to the wagon of the coal-merchant, or from the shop of the baker to the hold of some outward-bound vessel, to be expatriated for ever. So outrageous is the tendency of sacks to a mysterious and unaccountable disappearance, which some owners term 'evaporation,' that we have known a single miller, doing no extraordinary trade, to lose, in the space of three years and a half, 16,500 sacks—a loss of nearly 5000 in a year, amounting to little less than a third of his entire issue. Between twenty and thirty years ago, the depredations upon this unprotected property had risen to such a pitch, that a few of the millers and factors who had suffered most severely resolved to submit to it no longer. They met together, and organised an association for the purpose of inflicting the penalty of the law upon transgressors. Writs were issued and warrants enforced against some of the petty plunderers, and not a few of them were brought to the slow and unwilling conviction, that to steal a sack was a theft, at least in the eye of the law; but they suffered the penalty with the air of martyrs enduring persecution, and were far from acknowledging its justice. But when a prosecution was threatened, and indeed commenced, against a wholesale purloiner, who was caught in the act of shipping a whole cargo of wheat in sacks belonging to his neighbours, proceedings were stopped by one of the most influential men in the association, who, doing a large business with the delinquent, preferred compromising the crime to disobliging a customer. As a consequence, that association fell to pieces.

Let us glance for a moment at the experience of a sack in London. When a baker or corn-chandler buys flour or grain from a factor in Mark Lane, he receives an order upon the wharfinger for a specified number of sacks of flour or grain, as it may be. These, in the course of a few hours, are delivered at his place of business operations. He does not pay for the sacks, but they are returnable when empty—a consummation which may occur to-morrow, or six or twelve months hence. He is not, however, called upon to return them himself. There are in London at the present time—and have been for these fifty years past—sack-collectors, men, or firms, whose sole occupation is the collection of sacks and the delivering of them to their owners, or the agents of their owners. Some of these collectors keep a number of light carts continually driving about the town and suburbs on this errand. The collector charges 2s. 6d. a dozen, or 2½d. each, for every sack he rescues from the hands of the customer. In order to stimulate the baker or chandler to produce them as soon as empty, he is obliged to divide this premium with him, awarding him 1d., and sometimes 1½d. per sack for all he is able and disposed to surrender. It is the collector's business to sort them, to pack them in bundles, and forward them to the proprietors, before he presents his account for payment. At the period above alluded to, it is supposed that the collectors, or their agents, were principally concerned in the plunder carried on; although it was sufficiently shewn by the prosecutions of the day, that they did not want for countenance among dishonest tradesmen and dealers, rogues in grain, who profited by their complicity. Some years after the demise of the first association, the necessities of the commerce in grain called into existence another, which, under the designation of 'The Sack-protection Society,' yet exists, and holds its periodical meetings at Jack's Coffee-house, Mark Lane. It is a sort of guardian guild, enforcing the rigour of the law against sack-thieves. The members pay an annual subscription, we believe of two guineas each, to defray the cost of its proceedings, and have thereby reduced by a considerable percentage the loss by sack-plunder. They maintain a policeman in plain clothes, who, all-observant but unobserved, surveys the operations of suspected persons: he has, from long practice, a keen eye for a sack, can single out a corn or flour sack pressed into the service of the coal-merchant, or doing duty in a potato-shop; and it is his function to report all such malversations, in order to speedy punishment and redress. By such and similar energetic measures, the Sack-protection Society secures some show of respect for sacks, and thereby, to a limited extent, benefits others as well as its own members. Still, however, the loss of sacks is enormous, and altogether unaccountable: we have heard it estimated variously at from seven to five-and-twenty per cent.; and it is characteristic, that the loss varies with the value of the article—the old and worthless returning to the proprietors, while the new and strong continue their travels. On this account, no miller, whose sacks go into the London market, dreams of paying a first-rate price for the article. At home, he will use sacks costing 2s. each, and will keep them for long years in use under his own eye; while those he sends out into the world may cost him less than half that sum, as he has but an uncertain prospect of seeing them again. Hence the desideratum we have hinted at above, of a species of sack which should cost a sum of money not more in amount than the present charge for collecting, plus the average loss by plunder, and which being thrown in gratis to the purchaser of its contents, would release both miller and factor from all anxiety respecting its ultimate fate.

The sack has other enemies in London besides the contraband dealers. Wharf-labourers and wagoners declare war against them, and invariably attack them with sharp iron hooks, with which they can lay hold of them more readily than with the fingers. The result is the rending of thousands of them, and the partial waste of their contents—a waste which, if it prevailed to a hundred times its present mischievous extent, would never prevent the use of the hook by the London wagoner, who would stand up for the privilege of his calling.

There is a prevailing and universal prejudice in favour of sacks among bakers and corn-chandlers. Barrels are to them an abomination—the reason being, that these cannot, like sacks, be folded up, and thrown aside when empty. Barrels take up as much room empty as full; and London tradesmen being proverbially short of room, would soon find themselves built out of their own premises by an accumulation of empty barrels. Large quantities of American flour are constantly imported in barrels, but the bakers, for the most part, will have nothing to do with it until it has been shot into sacks. This ceremony is continually going on at the wharfs on the banks of the Thames, and furnishes daily employment to a particular class of men. There is another objection to barrels: from lack of the occasional movement and shaking which it undergoes in sacks, the flour settles down in them, and, if untouched for a long period, has to be dug out in lumps, and pulverised again by rotating in a close wire cylinder set in rapid motion. Again, a third objection to their use is found in the negligence of the Americans, who, in their eagerness to do a fast trade, will, upon emergency, make them of green wood, in consequence of which the flour becomes impregnated with a disagreeable flavour. They are, in general, however, made remarkably well, with interiors astonishingly clean and neatly finished; but they are a drug to the English factor, who is often too glad to get rid of them at six or eight shillings a dozen.

The above revelations on the subject of sacks do not afford a very agreeable view of the practical morality of trade. But this is only one example, though an example on a large scale, of the imprudence of reposing confidence in a class, among whom it is impossible to distinguish the rogues from the honest men. There was a time when purchasers bought the sacks when they bought the flour or grain, and were credited with their value when they returned them empty. A return to that straightforward practice appears to be the only remedy for an evil which has resulted from its abandonment. It will deprive the rogues of the opportunity which has made so many of them what they are; it will put an end to the perplexities of the owners of the sacks; and, in abolishing the troublesome machinery contrived with a view to protect them, will remove from the honest members of the trade the odium of living under surveillance as the suspected custodians of other men's goods.

A GHOUL IN VALPARAISO.

We learn by the *Valparaiso Herald* that an extraordinary excitement prevails in that place, in consequence of a report having arisen that an Individual—no one knows of which sex—is in the habit of devouring any number of children he or she can get hold of. The juvenile population is of course in as great terror as the papas and mammas; and one day a boy, on being asked by a Frenchman for a light to his cigar, took to his heels in such trepidation, that he stumbled, and rubbed the skin off the point of his nose. This was seen at a glance to be 'the first bite of the ghoul;' and the exasperated populace made a rush at the monster, and would have torn him to pieces if he had not been rescued by the police. These 'put him in a carriage, and whirled him off toward the station-house; the crowd gave chase, and for two miles or so ran hooting and yelling after the carriage: everywhere the alarm spread, and the mob increased; they poured through the streets like a torrent, and ladies, as they swept by, crossed themselves, and exclaimed: "A revolution!" But the unfortunate prisoner was safely landed at the station-house, and the mob, by thousands, pressed round, eager and furious: then the story ran: "This is the man who eats our children! he has been at it two years and a half!—he has eaten up one hundred and ten infants!" "Two hundred!" says another. "Two hundred and fifty!" says a third. "He eats them raw!" "He broils them on a gridiron!" "He makes them into sausages, and sells them!"' The end of the adventure was, that as the mob seemed determined not to raise the siege of the station-house, the Frenchman was dressed in some disguise, let out by a private door, and so escaped for the time. But the most curious part of the story is to come: it is an ascertained fact, that *not one child in Valparaiso is missing!*

THEORY OF ODOURS.

So much has been written on our five physical faculties—sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smelling—that it has occupied a large portion of the various published works from the time when printing was invented. The three senses first named have fairly been 'written out;' but not much has yet appeared relating directly or indirectly to the others. Mr Septimus Piesse now gives us a theory of the olfactory nerve in distinguishing perfumes. Scents appear to influence the smelling nerve in certain definite degrees. There is, as it were, an octave of odours, like an octave in music. Certain odours blend in unison like the notes of an instrument. For instance, almond, heliotrope, vanilla, and orange-blossom blend together, each producing different degrees of a nearly similar impression. Again, we have citron, lemon, verbena, and orange-peel, forming a higher octave of smells, which blend in a similar manner. The figure is completed by what are called semi-odours, such as rose and rose-geranium for the half-note; petty-grain, the note; neroly, a black key, or half-note; followed by fleur d'orange, a full note. Then we have patchouly, sandal-wood, and vitivert, with many others running into each other. From the perfumes already known we may produce, by uniting them in proper proportions, the smell of almost any flower. When perfumes are mixed which strike the same key of the olfactory nerve, no idea of a different scent is produced as the scent dies off from the handkerchief; but when they are not mixed upon this principle, then we hear that such and such a perfume becomes 'sickly,' or 'faint,' after it has been in use a short time.—*Bastick's Annals of Pharmacy and Chemistry.*

LINES ON THE LOST.

Strain, strain the eager eye,
To Ocean's western verge, which bounds the sight
From seas, far spread, where day with silent night
Rejoins eternity.

In vain; no sail appears,
Bearing on gladsome wing the long-lost brave
To love's fond gaze; 'tis but some restless wave
Which there its white crest rears.

While in the long left home,
The mother, wife, and children anxious wait,
Oft smoothe the fireside chair, oft stir the grate,
As *he* at last were come.

No! Winter marked that crew
Of Britons bold brave his relentless reign,
And from his throne he summoned all his train;
Each forth his weapon drew.

Prepared, he bade them stand,
Unbar the gates of Night, and to the hall
Where cold eternal kills, lead one and all
That doomed yet dauntless band.

Doomed, but without decay,
They pass through Death, yet never reach the tomb.
Imperishably fixed, they wait the doom
Of their still lifelike clay.

The seasons come and go;
Like Egypt's kings embalmed, they 're resting there,
Each in his ice-hewn sepulchre,
And pyramid of snow.

Yet Ocean tolls their knell,
From shore to shore the solemn peal ascends,
And with its voice of many waters blends
Their dirge funereal.

And the winds wait for them,
For many a breeze which loves the seaman brave,
By shelly beach, or in its choir-like cave,
Now sings their requiem.

The secret of their fate
Shall, when the sea gives up its dead, be shewn,
And God for judgment by his great White Throne
The world shall congregate. W. S. M.

The Manse, Penicuik.

EDITORIAL.

A New Hampshire editor, while recently travelling, had his wallet abstracted from his pocket by an adroit pickpocket, while indulging in a short nap. The thief was so disgusted with the result of his exploit, that he returned the plunder by express, to the address written inside the wallet, with the following note:—'You miserabil skunk, hears your pockit-book. I don't keep no sich. Fur a man dressed as well as you was to go round with a wellit with nuthin' in it but a lot of noospapur scraps, a ivury tooth-comb, two noospapur stamps, an' a pass from a ralerode directur, is a contemterble impursition on the public. As I hear your a editor, I return your trash. I never robs any only gentleman.'—*Country Gentleman (Albany, N. Y.).*

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'THE PARTY.'

WHEREVER there is what business language calls 'a good thing,' you may be tolerably certain there is 'a party.' The function and vocation of 'the party' is to advance a little needful money to carry on the concern, receiving the great bulk of the profits in return. Be it some little shop speculation, some new mode of supplying an old want of the public, a successful periodical work, a clever and widely serviceable invention, or whatever else, the originator falls naturally into the hands of 'a party'—so naturally, or as a matter of course, that he would probably feel his position to be somewhat eccentric were it otherwise. When we see, then, any apparently good thing, or any man to all appearance conducting a large and lucrative concern, it would be rash to take it all as it seems. We need to know the secret arrangement with 'the party' before speculating on the subject. It is like looking over the landlords of an Irish county, where we see only the nominal owners, living or not living on the acres, while the real proprietors are the owners of mortgages—men who derive all the sweets of property, without any duty to perform or state to keep up.

It is the part of any honest blundering fellow to keep a shop from morning to night, to tax his brain in writing, in order to keep up some literary undertaking, or to excogitate and realise some adroit piece of mechanism, or some useful chemical compound: it is easy to be the ostensible, toiling, meritorious man in all these cases. But to be 'a party,' sitting calmly in the rear, making a small sum of money, judiciously applied, serve the purpose usually supposed to be served by talent and diligence—thus to pocket proceeds with little risk, no responsibility, no work—that requires a truly clever person. The nominal man is like a hand; 'the party' is as the head. The former is human and workman-like; the latter is a master and a kind of deity. No one knows what it is to be 'a party' till he has become one himself, or fallen into the hands of one. 'The party' sees his fellow-creatures flocking around him, begging to be saddled, bridled, and ridden by him. He feels like the Evil One buying up human souls. In the English commercial world, it is scarcely worth while to be anything but 'a party.' In literature, to be an author of name is to be a slave: be 'a party,' even if it be only the stationer who supplies the paper, and you are in comparison as one who sits on Olympus, and shakes the spheres.

Many years ago, a demand arose among the ladies for a particular kind of lace-work, applicable to various articles of dress, and which could be almost entirely manufactured by machinery. The machines required were expensive, and as only a single pattern could be executed on one, the variety in the descriptions of goods produced did not for a long time at all keep pace with the continued and increasing demand. It happened, owing to the illness of the maker of the original machines, which were always kept closed against the prying eyes of visitors, that a young Lancashire machinist was called in to repair one which had suffered fracture. The young man studied its structure well, made drawings of the various parts, and in the leisure of his evenings at home pondered over them, with a view, if possible, of effecting some valuable improvement. After a twelvemonth's thinking and experimenting, and the laborious construction of a working-model, he hit upon a new plan, by which it was practicable to work any number of patterns by a single machine, and that, too, one of a much less complex description, and therefore less liable to need repairs than any then in use. Had he been wise, as he was ingenious, he would have held his peace, and taken measures to secure for himself the advantage of his invention. But the thing got wind, and came to the ears of 'a party,' who flew to the inventor, bought up the entire property in the new machine at a cost of less than L.100, got it rapidly constructed and into work, and has pocketed from that time to this—a period extending over a quarter of a century—an income sometimes amounting to tens of thousands annually, arising solely from that single bargain. The inventor continued a working-machinist to the last day of his life, and died lately, leaving his family to maintain themselves by their own labour.

At the late grand show in Hyde Park, were a multitude of ingenious contrivances by men of no previous reputation and of little or no capital. Many of these, which were more clever than useful, died a natural death; and many more, through the attention they there excited, have been brought into use, and have added to the perfection of our means of manufacture, or to the efficiency of our domestic implements or arrangements for home comfort. But if the question could be answered—who has reaped the profit arising from their dissemination? we are persuaded that, in the majority of instances, that smart business practitioner, 'the party,' would be found to have swallowed the lion's share. Among many examples, is that of a maker of musical instruments, in a small way of business, who by a simple mechanical application, so much improved the power of an instrument in common use, as to effect in those which he produced a very marked superiority over those of rival makers. He was with reason sanguine as to the ultimate results of his invention—but wanting the means of making it

generally known, he unavoidably fell into the hands of 'a party,' who offered to advance the necessary capital under certain conditions. The conditions were —that the inventor should bind himself, under a ruinous penalty, to surrender every instrument he should make for the next seven years to his patron at a specified price above the cost of material, and should pledge himself to make not less than a certain number per month. This bargain was agreed to, and signed and sealed under legal direction. The result is, that the inventive genius, from being a small manufacturer, has become a large one, inasmuch as he now makes twenty instruments where he formerly made two—but he declares, and we believe truly, that he has not a penny more to spend upon himself, owing to the extremely minute fraction of profit which comes to his share—while he has the anxiety and responsibility of a large establishment to add to his former grievances. Meanwhile, 'the party' derives a profit of from forty to sixty per cent. upon every instrument produced, and will continue to do so for five years longer, by the end of which time he will have amassed, at the present rate of demand, a net gain little short of L.17,000. We might parallel this case of the musical instrument-maker by a tale of a printer of paper-hangings, whom another 'party' beguiled into a similar predicament—and again by that of a gunmaker, who was no better off until he put an end to a contract of the same kind by slipping into his coffin.

In cultivating what he calls 'the legitimate use of capital,' the 'party' has no exclusive tastes. Give him only a concern involving small outlay, little risk, and no trouble, and he is ready to go into it. We have to imagine him in all possible spheres. Say he has fallen in with an improvident artist of rising talent, he engages all his pictures for the next seven years, and perhaps makes the modest gain of 500 per cent. by the speculation. We must view him even entering into the sacred walks of science. Several years ago, a scientific man of high character and attainments, in the course of his experiments in relation to the subtilest and strangest of all natural agencies, had fallen upon the germ of a new discovery, which was destined to operate a mighty change, to the advantage of society in all its phases, whether political, commercial, or domestic. In partial ignorance of the grand results to ensue from his discovery, and in total ignorance of the natural history of 'the party,' he admitted a specimen of that genus into his confidence, and intrusted him with the practical demonstrations of the mechanism before the public. 'The party' soon felt the importance and value of his position; and, as usual, came to consider the inventor as a mere subordinate. When, by and by, it was proposed to form a joint-stock company for the purpose of working out the discovery, 'the party' conducted the negotiation, and having obtained the offer of upwards of a hundred thousand pounds, proceeded to arrange with the inventor, that he should accept about a fifth of that sum, and then put the remaining four-fifths in his own pocket. This was perhaps—take it for all in all—the most brilliant stroke of work ever performed by any 'party.'

Gentle reader, where you see a very fine shop with an appearance of good custom, do not hasten to think that the owner is a prosperous man—wait to learn whether he has 'a party' sitting like a buttery spirit in the back-room, eating up the profit. Where you see a clever active publisher bringing out great numbers of capital books, and making himself no inconsiderable fame, don't rashly conclude that he must be making a fortune. Perhaps 'a party,' in the form of a wholesale stationer, who supplies all his paper at not more than fifteen per cent. above market prices, saves him from all the cares of increasing wealth. If you find the world going distracted about a particular writer, and buying his books in scores of thousands, don't think, if you are yourself a poor author, that he, as a rich one, may be able to lend you fifty pounds till your history of the Lower Empire comes out. Perhaps his publisher acts towards him as 'a party,' and cannot, though he wished it, be very merciful, seeing that he is in the hands of 'a party' in his turn. In short, wherever there is an appearance of thriving, suspect there may be 'a party,' and you will seldom be wrong; for the fact is, where the spoil is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

The legislature of this country is very rigorous in imposing restrictions upon a set of poor tradesmen calling themselves pawnbrokers, from an idea that it is necessary to protect the public against their practices. With 'parties,' who are to pawnbrokers what tigers are to ferrets, it takes no such trouble. Happy fraternity! unseen, unknown, irresponsible, a continual feast of the kind which Sancho liked—namely, behind backs—is yours.

You have nothing to do but to fix a spiggot in a neighbour's heart, and sit enjoying the crimson stream. How intense must be your sense of triumph over the poor fools who take front places in the world, where there is nothing but responsibility, hard work, and the mockery of a little honour! How you must hug yourselves on the sagacity which is contented to sit in a back-seat, and suck unnoted! How supreme must be your contempt for work and duty!

MR SIMON'S REPORT—NATURE OF THE CHOLERA POISON.

SANITARY agitation has opened up a new field for the influence and exertions of members of the medical profession. It was long a subject of remark, and, indeed, a natural consequence of the ordinary position of the ministers of health, that they appeared to be cut off from the life of citizenship—the political side of man's existence—which was so prized as the exclusive province of the free man by the Greeks and other republicans. The march of a great epidemic having roused the nation from its supineness, we see the appropriate leaders of a new movement in the conservators of the public health. It is with feelings of great pleasure that we regard this strenuous exertion on the part of the members of the medical profession. One of the noblest vindications of their claims has recently come before the public in the columns of the *Times*; we allude to the able and eloquent annual Report of Mr Simon, the medical officer of health for the city of London. Seldom, indeed, does it fall to our lot to peruse a production where such high literary and scientific merit in the treatment, is combined with so deep an interest in the subject-matter. The author of the Report now before us, and a few others who pursue the same class of research, are becoming to the politician what the German Professor Hecker has already proved himself to the historian. The latter savant, by his celebrated work on the epidemics of the middle ages, has thrown light on many problems of the social life of those periods, and even on portions of the more exclusive domain of mental philosophy. Let us hear what Mr Simon says of the vastness of the field which lies before them. 'It needs the grasp of political mastership, not uninformed by science, to convert to practical application these obvious elements of knowledge'—the elements of sanitary legislation—'to recognise a great national object irrelevant to the interests of party, to lift a universal requirement from the sphere of professional jealousies, and to found in immutable principles the sanitary legislation of a people.'

In our present brief notice of this elaborate Report, we can only glance at the various general conclusions

which the author has deduced as the result of his extended inquiries. And, first, as to the circumstances attending the origin and progress of cholera.

The pith of the matter lies in the following sentences:—'That which seems to have come to us from the East is not itself a poison, so much as it is a test and touchstone of poison. Whatever in its nature it may be, this at least we know of its operation. Past millions of scattered population it moves innocuous; through the unpolluted atmosphere of cleanly districts it migrates silently without a blow—that which it can kindle into poison lies not there. To the foul, damp breath of low-lying cities it comes like a spark to powder. Here is contained that which it can swiftly make destructive—soaked into soil, stagnant in water, griming the pavement, tainting the air—the slow rottenness of unremoved excrement, to which the first contact of this foreign ferment brings the occasion of changing into new and more deadly combinations.'

There is, it appears, a close analogy between the action on local atmospheres of this 'ferment,' changing them into the perfect cholera poison, and the action of the poison of any infectious disease on the human frame. Particular atmospheres may be said to take a kind of cholera disease; that is to say, by receiving and developing in their ready natures the cholera ferment, which is the migratory principle to which the spread of the disease is due, they become peculiar 'choleraic' atmospheres, and the powerful, indeed apparently the only media for producing the disease of cholera in the unfortunates who breathe them. When a person is seized with an infectious disease, it is because there is something in the state of his animal economy which fits it to receive the poison of infection. So when the atmosphere of a given spot receives and cherishes the subtile ferment of the cholera poison, it is because there are causes distinctly to be traced which render such atmosphere a ready hotbed for the reception of the ferment and the consequent elaboration of the complete poison. Briefly, these circumstances are, the coincidence of dampness and organic decomposition, promoted by a high temperature. It matters not where, it matters not how these conditions coexist; the result appears to be constant. Let the subtile ferment spreading from a neighbouring locality but reach the spot where they do coexist, and a choleraic atmosphere is the result—a frightful mortality is not far distant.

The cholera, according to Mr Simon, is eminently a district disease—that is, it lays hold on one locality in marked preference to another. A low level and a dense population are the concurrent circumstances which nearly always produce a fit field for the development of the poison, simply because they produce a damp atmosphere and an abundant organic decomposition. In the low levels of the metropolis, the water supplied to the inhabitants is inferior in quality, and largely loaded with organic matter. This impurity becomes a strong ally of the pestilence, by producing that unhealthy state of the individual system which is pre-eminently favourable to the reception of the completely generated poison.

Concerning the ferment which acts as the test and touchstone of the cholera poison, it is not distinctly known whether it may ever arise from local causes in our own country, or whether it must invariably migrate hither from the East, its apparent home; or what the first impulse to its origin may be. From what is known of the habits of the disease which follows in its track, we are driven to entertain an unpleasant suspicion, to say the least, that the fermented poison *may* become permanently localised, and that we may possibly in future have perpetual laboratories for its production close to our own doors. As yet, however, from our experience of the time and manner of its approach, it appears to migrate from east to west. In the words of Mr Simon: 'It filtered along the blending line of land and water, the shore, the river-bank, and the marsh. Conducted by the Oder and the Vistula, from the swamps of Poland to the ports of the Baltic, it raged east and west from St Petersburg to Copenhagen with frightful severity, and, obedient to old precedents, has let us witness its arrival in Hamburg.' Twice previously, and again in this its third visitation, travelling from the last-mentioned town, it has reached the north-eastern seaports of our islands. It is forcibly and emphatically declared by Mr Simon, 'that the epidemic prevalence of the cholera does not arise in some new cloud of venom, floating above reach and control high over successive lands, and raining down upon them without difference its prepared distillation of death; but that so far as scientific analysis can decide, it depends on one occasional phase of an influence which is always about us, on one change of materials which in their other changes give rise to other ills; that these materials, so perilously prone to explode into one or other breath of epidemic pestilence, are the dense exhalations of animal uncleanness, which infect, in varying proportion, the entire area of our metropolis.' In short, it appears now to be a matter of comparative certainty, that if there be present no foul hotbed of corruption for the reception and development of the migrating ferment, the complete poison will not be generated.

We have not space to inquire into the particulars of the Report before us. Suffice it to say, that they abundantly illustrate and enforce the truth of the general statement above made. Wherever the malarious exhalations are intense, there the ferment strikes and works, whether it be in the low-lying levels of the river docks of London, putrid with the accumulations of sewerage and other decomposed organic matter left to rot in the sun at the ebb of every tide; or whether it be at a high level, as that of Merthyr-Tydvil, where filth and neglect, during the former visitation, produced an artificial poison-bed more deadly than any existing in the metropolis. Fit localities for the development of the cholera poison may be various in situation and size; for instance, the deadly circumstances may coexist either in a large district, as a whole city, or a low-lying tract of damp soil; or in an isolated locality of smaller size, like Merthyr-Tydvil; or in the still greater isolation of a single house. These distinctions are sometimes met with in the pure form of complete exemption in the surrounding neighbourhood, and a virulent manifestation of the disease in the particular spot, and are established beyond doubt by a crowd of instances in which the degree of development of the disease is seen to vary with the degree of intensity of the causes above indicated.

We may here notice a singular observation, which shews the influence of increased temperature on the development of morbid poisons, and the increase of mortality consequent thereon. In the healthier districts of the city, it is shewn by the tables that the cold season produced its usual effect in a higher rate of mortality, in accordance with the well-known unfavourable influence of inclemency of the weather on the aged and infirm. But in the unhealthier districts, the rate of mortality in the hot and cold months is exactly reversed, and summer becomes the fatal season. This is shewn by Mr Simon from the observation of other diseases which result from defective sanitary conditions; and it may be presumed that the result will be seen still more strongly marked during the probable prevalence of cholera in the ensuing summer.

The cause, then, of the disease being so clear, we have not far to seek for a preventive. We are all familiar with the old replies of Demosthenes when asked what was the chief part of an orator. We may imitate the questions and answers in the present instance. What is the chief remedy for this evil?—Cleanliness. What the next?—Cleanliness. What next

again?—Still cleanliness. Cleanliness of the city, of the house, of the person. When this first and last requisite shall be fully attained, then the deadly enemy will be stripped of all power to harm us; then the 'subtile venom' will be to us so subtile that its presence will never more be recognised. The presence of the test and touchstone of poison will be of little matter when the development of the poison is no longer possible. But, alas! here, as in many departments of the healing art, it is far easier to point out the effect which we desire to produce, than to find the due means to accomplish our end. The giant growth of London and its vicinity; the existence of 250,000 houses, covering an area of 100 square miles, mostly drained at a vast outlay on an old-established imperfect plan, or rather no plan, the alteration of which involves almost incalculable expense, even if physical causes do not concur to prevent the introduction of any better system—almost cause us to despair of effecting the desired improvement. 'The evil before all others,' says Mr Simon, 'to which I attach importance in reference to the present subject, is that habitual impoisonment of soil and air which is inseparable from our tidal drainage. From this influence, I doubt not, a large proportion of the metropolis has derived its liability to cholera. A moment's reflection is sufficient to shew the immense distribution of putrefactive dampness which belongs to this vicious system. There is implied in it that the entire incrementation of the metropolis—with the exception of such as not less poisonously lies pent beneath houses—shall, sooner or later, be mingled in the stream of the river, to be rolled backward and forward among the population; that at low-water, for many hours, this material shall be trickling over broad belts of spongy bank, which then dry their contaminated mud in the sunshine, exhaling fetor and poison; that at highwater, for many hours, it shall be retained or driven back within all low-level sewers and house-drains, soaking far and wide into the soil, or forming putrid sediments along miles of underground brickwork as on a deeper pavement. Sewers which, under better circumstances, should be benefactions and appliances for health in their several districts, are thus rendered inevitable sources of evil. During a large proportion of their time, they are occupied in retaining or redistributing that which it is their office to remove. They furnish chambers for an immense evaporation; at every breeze which strikes against their open mouths, at every tide which encroaches on their inward space, their gases are breathed into the upper air, wherever outlets exist—into houses, footpaths, and carriage-way.'

We would willingly pass over the repulsive faithfulness of Mr Simon's description of these abominations of London sewers; verily, they are chambers of horror. A sanitary voyage through the main subterranean arches similar to the old recorded expedition of Agrippa through the Roman sewers, would be little less than the death-warrant of any rash individual who should undertake the project. We might almost fancy their murky atmosphere peopled with the spectre phantasms of fever and miasm, and expect at every turn to meet the subtile impersonation of the cholera poison gliding on its deadly way, and seeking an escape from its prison below to its fated prey above.

Let not the dweller in a loftier region fancy his dwelling secure, though the air may be apparently sweet and pure. A false and selfish neglect will bring speedy retribution. Though far removed from the centre of the cloud of miasm, he and those near and dear to him may yet experience its deadly effects. Let him listen to the faithful words of Mr Simon; and if humanity do not inspire his efforts, at least let fear arouse him from his sluggish slumber: 'Not alone in Rotherhithe or Newington—not alone along the Effra or the Fleet, are traced the evils of this great miasm. The deepest shadows of the cloud lie here, but its outskirts darken the distance. A fever hardly to be accounted for—an infantile sickness of undue malignity—a doctor's injunction for change of air—may at times suggest to the dweller in our healthiest suburbs, that while draining his refuse to the Thames, he receives for requital some partial workings of the gigantic poison-bed which he has contributed to maintain.'

It is sad to contemplate the waste of life consequent on this giant evil of imperfect drainage. In this age of money-making and enterprise, one of the many consequences of the exposure of the evil—namely, the desertion of localities otherwise desirable for residence, and the consequent loss to the proprietors of house-property—will furnish one of the strongest motives for reform. Any plan for the new drainage of London should certainly be carried out under the supervision of government; and it would be but a just application of the public revenues, to vote grants in aid of private enterprise. Of what importance is the ornament of the capital, in comparison with the removal of this poisoned air, which breeds a hundred plagues? What satisfaction can be found in the finished perfection of new architectural triumphs, when we well know that the filthy courts and lanes, crowded with deformity and disease, are ever pouring out their deadly exhalations in the close vicinity of the new edifices? In such circumstances, building for ornament is little less than a studied mockery of wretchedness; it is making of the capital of the world one vast whited sepulchre. True, we are now only just trembling at the approach of a new, and therefore a more terrible enemy; but typhus and the other infectious diseases are really more deadly, because they are ever beside us. Let us take care, or the cholera will become their permanent ally.

Rome exulted in her aqueducts and baths: her meanest citizen could bathe luxuriously; but how many thousands of the unhappy Londoners can scarcely afford to wash their hands in comfort! We are not, even as regards abundance, in the unenviable position of the *Ancient Mariner*—

> Water, water everywhere,
> And not a drop to drink!

though, indeed, as regards quality, the latter line is almost literally true of this great city. We are a long way behind the ancients in this matter of water-supply. The world has grown young again, and full of folly. We now drink water loaded with organic matters. In some springs, the peculiar flavour is derived from church-yard drainage. One of these is described by Mr Simon under the title of a celebrated city-pump—which celebrity we should think it will now long retain. Listen, O luxurious habitant in the Modern Babylon, to another argument for restricting your imbibitions to generous Port or sparkling Hock!

'The grateful coolness so much admired in the produce of that popular pump, chiefly depends on a proportion of nitre which has arisen in the *chemical transformation of human remains, and which being dissolved in the water, gives it, I believe, some refrigerant taste and slightly diuretic action.*' Listen, too, ye fair and temperate ones, whose delicate palates delight in the unalloyed taste of Souchong and Pekoe, or in the pure simplicity of the limpid element. There is death in the cup; you are fitting your bodies for the poisons of cholera and typhus; you are shortening your lives at every draught. The generations pass, and pass too quickly, for the hand of death is aided by the sluggish indifference of man. A new Exchange, a new Museum, new Houses of Parliament spring up among us, but an aqueduct is the dream of a vulgar mind, and the tale of filth and degradation must not be breathed in the scented atmosphere of refinement. But though misery may not speak with effect, death will not be dictated to, and by the hand of his new and subtile ally he

strikes down the highest, and avenges our neglect of the poor. We can scarcely read the facts lately published concerning the domestic miseries of the poor, in London and other great cities, even with proper feelings of humanity. Disgust conquers pity, and the brutalised condition of the unfortunate victims of poverty goes far to destroy our sympathy with them. A degradation less horrible would strike a tenderer chord. It is dreadful that this should be possible in an age of civilisation like the present—that a large population should be degraded, in all that relates to physical comfort, far below the level of the brutes that are fattened for our table. But truth compels us to admit that the fact is so. A new crusade against dirt and disease, in support of that cleanliness which is only next to godliness, is the one cure for the evil. Mr Simon is one of those who march in the van, and we heartily wish him God speed!

In conclusion, we cannot resist the melancholy pleasure of extracting the following noble sentences from his Report:—

'If the possible mischief to be wrought by epidemic cholera lay in some fixed inflexible fate, whatever opinion or knowledge I might hold on the subject of its return, silence would be better than speech, and I could gladly refrain from vexing the public ear by gloomy forebodings of an inevitable future.

'But from this supposition the case differs diametrically; and the people of England are not, like timid cattle, capable only, when blindfold, of confronting danger. It belongs to their race, it belongs to their dignity of manhood, to take deliberate cognizance of their foes, and not lightly to cede the victory. A people that has fought the greatest battles, not of arms alone, but of genius and skilful toil, is little likely to be scared at the necessity of meeting large danger by appropriate devices of science. A people that has inaugurated railways, that has spanned the Menai Strait, and reared the Crystal Palace, can hardly fear the enterprise of draining poison from its infected towns. A people that has freed its foreign slaves at twenty millions' ransom, will never let its house population perish, for cheapness' sake, in the ignominious ferment of their filth.'

Every one who can procure this Report should read it. It is a noble effort of genius and industry; and if, by the present notice, we can but extend the circle of its diffusion, we shall not regret the attempt to reduce its proportions, and to reproduce, in a shorter form, the general results to which it points our attention.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE IN SIMPLE LODGE.

He would see about it to-morrow! Poor captain! he never saw about anything to-morrow; and how could he? since to-morrow never comes—it is always to-day, and to-day, and to-day. Thus he continued to sit, in his accustomed chair by the fireside, bending upon his sister ferocious brows that concealed—though not from her—a world of gentleness and love; and sometimes turning to throw a puzzled look at the small thin figure that had gradually got beyond the door, and at length flitted slowly through all parts of the room, as silent and unquestioned as a shadow. Elizabeth now and then bestowed a wan smile upon the little boy, and by and by even made a motion with her hand, which she intended to be playful. But she was hardly up to this sort of thing; it was a new language she was trying, and the boy only looked at her the more intently, with his soft, calm, searching eyes. She was more intelligible when, one evening that he was in the room at tea-time, she thought of offering him a slice of bread spread with preserves. This was surprisingly clear; and Elizabeth was so proud of the advance she had made in the science of puerology, that she repeated the experiment every evening, and every evening with the same success.

It was difficult to get that boy to sit upon a chair. This was probably a mode of bestowing himself he had not been accustomed to, for he always contrived to slip gradually down, and land upon the carpet. There he would sit long and patiently enough, looking first at one, and then at the other interlocutor; striving, apparently, to comprehend the philosophical abstractions of Elizabeth, and trace the appositeness of the captain's stories. The appendages of the latter's face, however, were still a grand object of inquiry. As their acquaintance advanced, he made many attempts to satisfy his curiosity; and at length, one evening, he fairly got upon a footstool, and laying hold of the captain's whisker gently with one hand, and of his shaggy beard with the other, he looked earnestly into the eye they had concealed. The examination was probably satisfactory; for from that moment the patron and his protégé were on familiar terms.

The captain, as had been said by good authority of Mrs Margery, took to him wonderful. And this was not surprising; for although constitutionally fond of children, and, indeed, of everything weak, small, and unprotected, he seemed debarred by some unhappy fatality from exercising the sympathies of his nature. Among the juvenile classes of the common, he bore, in fact, the reputation of a sort of ogre; the trees surrounding his enclosure were observed to have a preternaturally gloomy look; and the silence that usually dwelt in the domain was of the character which betokens constraint, as if there was something kept hushed. There was a tradition afloat touching a little boy he had tried to tempt with an apple, and who would actually have fallen into the snare had he not fortunately looked up into the ogre's face, when of course he ran home, screaming the whole way. A particular child was even pointed out as the hero of this adventure; and although the identity was never absolutely established, he was looked upon for some time by the juvenility as a public character. This being the state of matters, it is not surprising that the captain took to our Boy wonderful; that he told him stories—still beginning, never ending—without number; and that when at last they walked out on the high road, or the common, hand in hand, the old soldier felt as if he was patronised.

As for the boy, who had lived all his life among real ogres, it was not likely that he should be terrified by a sham one. He had been accustomed to take things at their true value, to be imposed upon neither by looks nor words, neither by beards nor imprecations, but to watch narrowly what deeds came of them. As for the bad habits to which he had probably been bred, they dropped away from him from mere want of use. In a house where all were his providers, his occupation of foraging for himself was gone; and nothing remained of it but the self-possessed mind, the noiseless tread, and the observant eye. The qualities that would have fitted him for a successful tramp were thus quietly transferred, before the awakening of moral consciousness, to the service of civilisation; and the natural gifts that would otherwise have grown crooked, were permitted to attain a healthy development. From the captain he learned to fence; from Mrs Margery, to read; from Mr Poringer, to meditate; and from Elizabeth he acquired insensibly the refinement of manner imposed upon masculine spirits by the presence of a gentlewoman.

But still the captain was puzzled. Every now and

then he would turn a wondering look upon the boy, as if he could not well make out how or why he was there; and on withdrawing his eyes, he would be heard to mutter: 'That's very extraordinary!' Even Elizabeth, who usually took things with great equanimity, appeared to have a misgiving; and her brother thought she probably indicated the propriety of consulting the rector, by remarking one day, 'that men who acted as spiritual guides to their flocks, might perhaps be considered competent to advise likewise in the far less difficult matters of worldly concernment;' but the veteran did not choose to acknowledge himself a sheep in any but the religious sense of the word. As for Mr Poringer's hints touching the public refuge provided by the humanity of the legislature for deserted and destitute children, they were listened to with horror by both. The workhouse was inseparably associated in their minds with ideas of captivity, tyranny, and starvation; and the very mention of it made the captain attach himself to the little boy with all the chivalrous generosity of his character. And so matters went on at Semple Lodge, or, as it was pronounced by the villagers, who always cling to colloquial words, Simple Lodge—the castaway of the common anchoring himself more and more securely every day in the affections of its inhabitants, till at length the captain's puzzlement wore off, Elizabeth's misgivings gave in, and even the thoughtful Mr Poringer determined that to think more about it was no use.

It is surprising how long this went on—how completely the rags of the common were metamorphosed into the somewhat eccentric manufactures of Mrs Margery and Molly, and these into the orthodox fashionings of the village tailor, before the boy was called anything else than Boy. The question of a name received much discussion in the kitchen before it came before the upper-house, Mrs Margery being all for Alphonso, and Molly for another proper name of romance, which she thought fit to render Ludovig-oh! When at length, however, the difficulty began to be felt in the parlour, an adviser of quite a different calibre was taken into council, and Mr Poringer's prosaic taste prevailed.

'I say, Poringer,' said the captain, 'since you found this boy, you might at least tell us what to call him.'

'Excuse *me*, sir,' replied Mr Poringer; 'I didn't find the boy. I wouldn't find a boy on no account. If I had found him, I know what would have happened to him!'

'Why, what, eh? You don't mean to say you would?'

'I would have done it, sir! Yes, miss, I would have done it! I know where he would have been to-day. Snug enough, miss. No fear of his coming out of there, like the Gravel-pits.'

'Wretch!' cried Elizabeth, dropping her work, 'you mean the house appointed for all'——

'Destitute and deserted brats. Yes, miss, I mean the workhouse—that's it.'

'Well, well,' said the captain, as Elizabeth cast down her excited eyes and resumed her work, 'we don't want to know what you would have done; only, the boy must have some name to answer to when the roll is called. Boy is not a name at all.'

'Then, sir, I would give him the very next thing to Boy that *is* a name—not another letter. If we do not keep the lower classes down to strict allowance, you will see what will come of it. I don't see, sir, that as a vagrant, and the son of a woman of the name of Sall, he has any call to more than Bob.'

'Bob! why that's the very thing! a prodigiously happy idea, for it's no change at all to speak of. Boy—Bob, Bob—Boy! capital!' and the captain would have chuckled outright if that had been his habit; as it was, he contented himself with grinning like a death's-head with the hair on, as he repeated: 'Bob—Boy, Boy—Bob!'

The next thing the boy wanted—for, in fact, now that his original rags were off, he had nothing of his own in the world—was a surname; and this seemed to the captain to be a matter of a little more delicacy. Generous as he was, the idea of giving his own, although it occurred to him for a moment, was dismissed as impracticable in a neighbourhood of idle chattering people. He thought of Mollison; but although he knew he could take that liberty with his deceased friend, he was afraid it would distress Elizabeth. Poringer, that was a name that rung well; but he feared the proprietor, although so liberal in the matter of Bob, which belonged to nobody in particular, would object to sharing his own name with a vagrant. The misgiving proved to be correct.

'Mine is a family name,' said Mr Poringer; 'a family name, sir. Service is no inheritance; and my grandfather was a glass and chinaware man in Manchester.'

'What, glass and china? Earthenware too?'

'No, sir: only to complete the stock. Glass and china was the goods *he* dealt in.'

'Well, that's very extraordinary! I remember—good family, eh? Ah! not unlikely. Elizabeth, I once heard a story read about the "Noble Poringer," and it's all concerning glass and china and earthenware. You see, a certain old gentleman, a grandfather I shouldn't wonder, took himself off to foreign parts for seven twelvemonths and a day, leaving his young wife behind him, on her pledge that she would not take a new husband within that time. Well, home he comes just half an hour before the latest day is out, and finds that his wife is to be married again as soon as the clock strikes. So you see, poor soul, he is no younger, and his skin has grown brown with the sun, and his clothes seedy with travel, so that not one of them knew him from Adam. Well now, you must know they are all drinking together, and just to give his wife—who keeps her oath so strictly—a hint of who he is, as the ballad says—

> It was the noble Poringer that dropped amid the wine
> A bridal ring of burning gold, so costly and so fine;

and he sends the—no, it was not a glass, but a—no, not a china-bowl, but a—no, not an earthenware mug: it was, in fact, a golden beaker; but—— What now? I didn't say it was *your* grandfather!'

'It may have been, sir,' said Mr Poringer resignedly: 'all I can undertake to say is, that I never heard a word of the story. My grandfather may have had a ballad made about him, just like any other respectable individual. The lower classes will be impudent; it is their nature, sir, and we can't break 'em of it nohow.'

'Then, Poringer, send Molly,' said the captain; 'I daresay she cares nothing about her name: I only hope she knows what it is.' Molly soon entered the room in her usual astonishment, and hung helplessly to the handle.

'Well, Molly,' and her master modulating his voice winningly, so that it almost got to the creak of a civilised door, 'you have a name, haven't you, Molly?'

'O yes, sir! O please, sir—two, sir!'

'It is only one we want just now. You see Bob, poor fellow, has none at all, and he must be Bob Something, you know, Molly. You wouldn't mind letting him take yours, would you?'

'O yes, sir! O lawk, sir! mine, sir? Oh, is he to be Molly, and I nothing, O please, sir?' and consternation opened still wider her astonished eyes.

'Nonsense! nonsense!' growled the captain; 'it is the other name you must give him: and we don't want you to give it—you may share it with him.'

'O please, sir, it's such a little name, it won't share! Oh, it's only Jinks, sir; and what ever am I to be, if I am not Molly Jinks?'

'Jinks be hanged!' ejaculated the captain with

contempt. 'Who would take a gift of such a miserable little imp of a name as Jinks? Keep it to yourself, every letter of it: Bob shan't be Jinks. And now, get away with you, and send the cook.' The captain strode up and down the room, indignant with himself at having asked, and been refused, a name that nobody in his senses would accept, unless accompanied by an estate of considerable magnitude. His meditations were interrupted by the reappearance of the culprit.

'It is the cook I want!' he growled furiously.

'O yes, sir!' said Molly, 'O please, sir, Mrs Margery is up to the elbows in the soup, and both her best caps in the washing-tub!'

'That is *very* extraordinary!' said the captain. 'How long has that woman been in my service?—do you know?'

'O yes, sir! sure, sir! O please, sir, she came fourteen months before me!'

'And when did you come?'

'O please, sir, just after father and mother died of the typhus;' and Molly put the corner of her apron to her eyes, and jingled the door handle nervously.

'And when was that, poor Molly?' said the captain softly.

'O please, sir, I don't know, sir! It can't be long, sir,' added Molly, smothering a small sob, 'for I remember it like yesterday.'

'Elizabeth!' and the veteran turned solemnly to his sister: 'here is an individual, whose name is said to be Margery, and who, it is pretended, has been in my service for years—I don't know how many, but for years, mind you—and I never set eyes on her in my life! How can I believe in that woman? I don't believe in her! I might as well believe in a ghost, merely because other people say they have heard and seen a ghost!'

'O please, sir,' interposed Molly, who could not hear her friend spoken lightly of, 'Mrs Margery is nothing like a ghost! She is round, sir, and good-humoured, and can't a-bear Mr Poringer, and teaches the Boy to read, and makes him comfortable and say his prayers, and is willing for him to take her name, which he will give credit and renown to, like John Gilpin, and return honourable in the denowment, when he is the Heir-at-law.'

'What is Margery's name?' demanded the captain anxiously.

'O please, sir, it is Oaklands.'

'And a very sensible name, upon my honour! Oaklands! A capital name—worth forty Jinkses. Get away with you now, poor Molly—the thing is settled.'

It was in this wise the waif of the common received the name of Robert Oaklands, destined to become known to the reader of the English tongue wherever these ubiquitous pages travel.

It is no wonder that the captain had never seen Mrs Margery, for the kitchen was to him a region of mystery, which he would hardly have entered even if the rest of the house had been on fire; while Mrs Margery was never known to stray from its precincts further than the little room adjoining, where she slept. She never went out of doors, even to go to church, having always some article of dress deranged, or wanting, which served in case of need for an excuse, although her usual plea was 'that she had not cleaned herself.' Yet notwithstanding this lack of air and healthful exercise, Mrs Margery, in defiance of the laws of hygiene, grew fat and fair; and it was supposed that Mr Poringer was very anxious to know where she invested her money, and that some of his most deeply meditative moments were spent in calculating the probable amount of her savings.

When Molly returned from her mission to the parlour, she announced the result to her patroness in these words: 'Oh, it is all settled! The Boy is Oaklands now,' and then sat down dejectedly on a chair.

'Did I not tell you so?' cried Mrs Margery, her comely face beaming with delight. 'Now mind me, that is the first point, and see if I don't come right as well in all the rest. Keep watching for it, girl, if it should be for ten years; it's your own interest; for as sure as you are sitting there, you will never be married till it happens!'

'Oh, and am I never to be married for ten years?' said Molly in discontent.

'Not till the denowment—depend upon that. Keep watching, I tell you, wherever you are, and in whatever service you may be. Never lose sight of young Oaklands for your life!'

'Oh, then I must watch here,' said Molly, 'for I will never leave the captain!'

'The captain! Why, I thought he frightened you out of your seven senses! What ever has come over you, Molly, for you look as wobegone as the Lady Araminta herself?'

'Oh, it was before he knew about my coming here he frightened me—before he knew that father and mother were dead of the typhus. And then he spoke so kind, and called me' (some hysterical sobs) 'poor Molly. And I *am* poor Molly! I haven't nobody in the world but you, Mrs Margery, and you ain't nothing to me; and I will never leave the captain—not for six pound a year, and tea and sugar—never! Not till I'm married!' added Molly more composedly, as she wiped away her tears with her bare arms.

After receiving his name, Bob, as in duty bound, grew rapidly, both lengthways and breadthways; and for the son of a woman of the name of Sall, was really a very fine-looking boy. Mrs Margery thought he had quite an aristocratic air; and it may be so. He was well fed, clothed, and lodged; he was the pet of everybody in the house but Mr Poringer; he was strong and healthy; and having been pretty well his own master ever since he ought by rights to have been a baby, it is no wonder that he had the light, springy, yet sedate step, the easy carriage, the self-possessed manner, and the independent look vulgarly supposed to be the peculiar attributes of good birth. Being naturally of quick faculties, he very soon surpassed his mistress at reading. While he was still learning, he listened to the evening lectures, and sometimes was the reader himself; but all this was quickly over. He devoured the slender volume on his way home with it from the library, remaining on the common till it was finished; and no entreaties or reproaches could prevail upon him to endure it a second time. The captain's books, which related chiefly to the military art, he next attacked, and got through them like a moth; then Elizabeth's, which were almost all on philosophical subjects—these proved tougher reading, but he finished them; and then a number of older volumes—the usual heir-looms in all middle-class families in this country—which, mixed with the mass, gave a higher character to the whole. Then he copied with a pencil everything of the pictorial kind in them all; made a bust of Molly in pipe-clay, which was considered in the kitchen a master-piece of art; and executed a wooden caricature of Mr Poringer. The boy, in short, by insensible degrees, laid a capital basis for education; but, exhibiting general talents and capabilities rather than a passion for any particular study, it was evident that he was not one of those heaven-born geniuses who are destined to achieve greatness by their own unassisted efforts.

Bob had no companions of his own age. In the earlier period of his abode at the Lodge, he had made an effort to get into juvenile society; but he was unsuccessful. He joined a group of boys who were playing at the edge of the wood just behind the garden; but it was evident that he was looked upon as an intruder. Some of the small boys shrank from him as a kind of familiar of the ogre, while the larger ones desired him to go and look for his mother upon the

common. He did not at the time feel this as an insult, for he was not ashamed of the common, or of anything else: so he merely replied, that he did not want his mother, nor she him.

'And we don't want you!' cried a great lubberly boy, somewhat his senior: 'we will have no vagrants here: so troop, or it will be the worse for you!' Bob merely looked at him, and when the boy advanced to enforce his commands, he did not stir, but continued to look him in the eyes.

'Don't you know,' said the other imperiously, 'that I am master here—that what I say is to be done? If you don't go, I'll throw you over the wall!' and he stepped up to take hold of him. But Bob waited, still looking, till the Philistine was just upon him: and then, seeing that there was no mistake about it, he caught suddenly up from the ground a piece of stick, gave a smart blow with it to the outstretched fingers of his antagonist, and, taking advantage of the pain and astonishment he had caused, glided into the garden of the Lodge, and locked the door. That afternoon, Bob went to the common as he had been ordered. It was the first time he had visited the place without an errand—the first time he had looked in it for anything more than the path to and from the village. Now, he seemed as if he had come in quest of something. Was it his mother? Perhaps. But Bob did not know.

Time wore on, and at length an incident occurred which awoke the still life of Simple Lodge. It was the arrival of a young girl, bequeathed for a certain number of years to the captain by his sister-in-law, the widow of his only brother long deceased. The brothers had rarely met since boyhood: and although Elizabeth had resided for some time in the house of the one engaged in commerce, she had not taken kindly to the wife, and after the husband's death was very glad of the captain's invitation to change her quarters. The widow was now dead in her turn, as they were informed by a lawyer's letter; and although she had maintained but little intercourse with her husband's relatives, she had not scrupled to confer upon them her only child during the years of her nonage. Sara's fortune was two thousand pounds, which was to be allowed to accumulate for her benefit till she was twenty-one; it being supposed by the testatrix that during the intervening years she would be amply provided for by her uncle and guardian, Captain Semple. This was an arrangement which the captain and Elizabeth thought only natural; but it cannot be denied that they both felt a little uncomfortable at the idea of a stranger, even though only a little girl, breaking into the midst of their quiet ménage. The captain had never seen his ward, and Elizabeth recollected her only as an infant, whom her mother had watched over like a dragon, to protect her from the consequences of the old maid's unskilful attentions—for Elizabeth had begun early in life to be an old maid. Upon the whole, the announcement was not a pleasant one, and Simple Lodge was a good deal put out of the way by it. Had the girl been left wholly destitute, it would have been another thing; but as it was, notwithstanding the eleemosynary nature of the duties required of him, she appeared somehow to the captain in the character of an heiress, with whom it was necessary to be upon his Ps and Qs.

This, however, was a good deal mended by the manner of her advent. She had been brought, without notice, by one of her mother's relations, who dismounted with her from the stage-coach at the village, in the midst of an all day's—we may say an all week's—rain. Her luggage was sent round by the road on a cart, and the travellers came across the common with an umbrella between them. With a proper geographical knowledge, they might have managed better than they did; but as it was, they were wading every now and then in a shallow pool, to which the heavy and monotonous plash of the rain communicated a character of tenfold discomfort: and when at last they entered the house, cold and wet, the slight girlish figure, arrayed in the deepest mourning, and the desolate and lonely look she cast round the strange place, melted the cool captain's heart, and he pressed his brother's child in his arms with uncontrollable agitation. Elizabeth was more composed, but not less kind. She kissed the wet little girl at arm's length, and remarked that this sublunary world was made up of comings and goings, that life was a journey of which death was only the end, and that a pale orphan, with wet feet and destitute of luggage, represented man in the abstract coming naked and helpless into a vale of tears.

'That's very true, Elizabeth,' said the captain: 'that's very true. So go and change Sara's dress before she takes cold: and Bob, fly to the kitchen, and tell the cook to get her something warm and nice to eat; and Molly—poor Molly!—do you bring it up, for you are the fittest to wait upon the orphan.' Whereupon Elizabeth led off the young girl by the arm, Bob disappeared like a shadow, and Molly, after bidding good-by to the door handle with a nervous shake, set to to wipe the table frantically with her dirty apron. The relation, being a man of business, and having executed his commission, had already taken his leave; shaking the orphan absently by the hand, and the moment he left the house, taking out his pocket-ledger, to enter as he went along the last item of the expenses of the journey.

FEMALE BEAUTY IN OLD ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND.

It is generally allowed that there is more of what is called chiseled beauty in America than in Europe—that the features of the women are finer, and the head more classical. But here ends the triumph of our sisters of the West: their busts are far inferior to those we admire at home, and a certain attenuation in the whole figure gives the idea of fragility and decay.

And this idea is correct. What they want is soundness of constitution: and in consequence of the want, their finely cut faces, taken generally, are pale instead of fair, and sallow when they should be rosy. In this country, a woman is in the prime of her attractions at thirty-five, and she frequently remains almost stationary till fifty, or else declines gradually and gracefully, like a beautiful day melting into a lovely evening. In America, twenty-five is the farewell line of beauty in woman, beyond which comes decay; at thirty-five, she looks weary and worn, her flat chest symbolising the collapsed heart within; and at forty, you see in her thin and haggard features all the marks of premature age.

It is customary to regard this as the effect of climate; but some think it folly to go to an ultimate cause, when the whole system of artificial life in America offers direct defiance, as they assert, to the known hygienic laws. This view is supported with great intrepidity by a woman's journal in Providence, called the *Una*—not a Lady's Magazine, fair reader, but a regular broad-sheet, written by and for women, whose leading articles are on women's rights, and whose advertisements are from women-doctors, women-professors, women-lecturers, women everything. Una admits the fleeting character of her countrywomen's charms, and contrasts more especially Old England with New England, yielding frankly the *pas* in beauty to the former. She hints, we must own, at some very problematical causes of the early loss of female charms in America—such as, 'the bounding of life's horizon by the petty cares that wait on meat, drink, and raiment; the absence of genial and improving intercourse, and of earnest interest in the hopes and fortunes of the race; and the little rivalries and little aspirations on which, for lack of better objects, so many a soul is

fain to waste its energies.' All this is very well for the philosophic Una, who pays her taxes under protest, since she had no voice in laying them on; but the implied notion, that our pretty countrywomen have no petty cares connected with their food, no little rivalries and little aspirations, but plenty of earnest interest in the destinies of the race—is very complimentary. After flourishing a little, however, about these grievances, which, we fear, are not *wholly* unknown to our English beauties, she proceeds to the main point. 'What,' she asks, 'is the diet of New England generally? Hot biscuits, fat pork, and tea! these are the staples. They are varied with preserves, made pound for pound, and endless varieties of cake, and the inevitable pie. Pastry, which most children in England are not allowed to touch until they get their long frocks or tailed coats on, is here the everyday food of young and old. Salt pork is cheap—that is, greasy fulsomeness makes it pall sooner on the appetite than any other meat, and so it forms the *pièce de résistance* at almost all tables, except those who live within hail of a butcher, and whose owners are well to do in the world. Tea is the grand panacea for all fatigue, low spirits, dampness, coldness, pains in the head and in the back, and, in short, for nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to; the quantity taken by middle-aged and elderly women almost surpasses belief. Certainly, to put the average at six or eight cups a day would be setting it low enough.'

What mere human beauty could stand these horrors? Fancy Miss Angelina, dressed for her first ball, and sitting down, before she goes forth conquering and to conquer, to keep up the stamina with just a little snack of fat pork, gooseberry-jam, and pumpkin-pie! Is it any wonder that this young lady should wither at twenty-five? Yet fat pork has its advocates. Cobbett was delighted with the fondness of the Americans for 'extreme unction,' and on his return to this country, did everything in his power to force the greasy dish upon the English palate, affirming that a dislike to fat pork was a decided symptom of *insanity*. We may allude, likewise, to the important part played by hogs' lard in the composition of cosmetics. The thousand and one kinds of paste and pomatum for the skin and hair are all of this substance, only differing a little in the colour and perfume; and in nineteen cases out of twenty, hogs' lard is bears' grease. Why should a substance improve beauty when absorbed by the skin, and destroy it when taken into the stomach? This is a question we leave to be settled between Una and the chemists.

Another cause of the unhappy condition of female beauty in America is stated by the outspoken Una to be—the dirtiness of the fair sex. This is dreadful. Not one woman in ten, she asserts, permits cold water to touch her whole person every day, and not one in five performs the same ablution once a week; 'while, if the truth could at once be flashed forth from its hiding-place, it would shew still longer intervals, from the bare thought of which imagination shrinks.' We do not know what is the case in this respect as regards the majority of our own countrywomen; and, to say the truth, we are afraid to ask.

The wrath of Una falls next upon the sleeping accommodation. 'Three-quarters of New England,' she tells us, 'sleep in slightly enlarged coffins;' and, in our opinion, a capital plan it is, for if the fourth quarters were stowed with the rest, the people might as well be in their graves at once. These coffins are called bedrooms, for no other reason than that they are large enough to hold a bed, a light-stand, and a wash-stand; and 'they are often rendered redolent of sweetness by thickets of coats, pantaloons, dresses, and petticoats hung on the walls.' This is so faithful a sketch of the bedrooms of the middle-class Londoners, that one might fancy Una to be speaking, by mistake, on the wrong side of the question, till we hear that the dens described are 'purified by the perfumes of the adjoining kitchen, and the dead, dry heat of its red-hot stove. Here "pa, ma, and the baby," with now and then a brace of small fry in a "trundle-bed," seethe and swelter through the winter nights, and fit themselves admirably for facing the nor'-wester in the morning. Here, when one of the family is sick, he is pretty sure to die; because a fever almost inevitably takes the typhoid form from the fetid atmosphere around, and the struggling currents of health are sent stagnating back to the burdened heart and lungs.'

Up to this point, Una makes out no case specially against her countrywomen; and if the argument ended here, we should have to bring in Nature guilty of what is laid to the charge of the American women. But now, at the very fag-end of the discourse, comes the whole gist of the matter, and we see why it is that Englishwomen are superior in freshness of looks, and in their duration of beauty, not only to their transatlantic sisters, but to the women of most of the countries of Europe. 'All day long in winter,' says Una, 'the stove-heat burns into the brain, and withers the cheeks, and palsies the muscles, and enfeebles the step; and though summer comes with its outer air and its fruits and flowers, the loads it is asked to remove are too much for it, and the years circle round, the weary, aimless, soul-consuming years, and the bad diet, and the uncleanly habits, and the foul air, and the hot stove have done their miserable work. Beauty is gone, health is vanished, hope has set, and the young mother, who should be just beginning to shed beauty and goodness and light around her, has shrunken mournfully into the forlorn and wrinkled and unlovely old woman. When will our countrywomen awake and ponder the things that concern their peace?'

The stove, in fact, including the foot-stove, or *chauffe-rette*, is the great enemy to beauty throughout the world. Wherever this is used, there is no such thing seen in the women as middle age; all are either young and pretty—if nature has bestowed charms—or old and ugly. The blooming middle age of the Englishwomen is the grand distinctive feature of our island; and it is owing neither to the absence of fat pork in their diet, nor to the presence, in their feelings, of earnest interest in the destinies of mankind, but simply to their inhaling a pretty considerable quantity of fresh air, both in summer and winter. Not that they imbibe enough: far from it. Their sleeping arrangements and their ablutions are both very imperfect, we know; but it may be a question, whether their negligence in these respects, though hurtful to themselves, is not advantageous to us of the ruder sex. Things are bad enough with us as they are; but if Englishwomen 'awoke and pondered the things that concerned their peace'—what would become of the peace of the men?

FRENCH EXPERIMENTS IN ENTOMOLOGY.

At intervals during the last three years, Parisian savans have been occupied in various curious researches of equal importance to the entomologist and the physician. Every one knows how extensively leeches are used in medicine, and how efficacious their application frequently is. But leeches are every day becoming rarer and more expensive, especially in France,* where the efforts made to naturalise them have hitherto been neutralised by various obstacles, and among others, by a destructive agency long unknown to science, which has at length been discovered and revealed to the world by a learned Frenchman—M. Soubeiran.

In April 1850, M. Soubeiran began his experiments. He caused a large basin of a peculiar construction to be placed in the central surgery of the hospitals,

* For the Natural History of the Leech, see Journal, vol. iv., second series, p. 334.

in which basin he deposited a number of leeches, with the intention of watching their habits and ascertaining the best mode of treating them. The basin was circular, and lined with lead; a stream of water could be turned through it at will by means of a *jet d'eau*, from the head of a watering-pot; and there was an opening for the escape of the surplus water, covered with clear muslin, to prevent the leeches from getting out. At the bottom of the basin was a thick bed of potter's earth, in which were placed a number of aquatic plants, such as the *Iris pseudo-acorus*, the *Typha angustifolia* or reedmace, the *Caltha palustris* or marsh-marigold, &c.; and above all, some of the *Chara*. In one part of the basin was an island level with the water, composed of a bed of clay covered with a layer of light soil and turf, in order that the leeches might bury themselves at pleasure in the light earth. Three hundred fine Hungarian leeches were placed in the basin thus prepared, where they were left undisturbed until the end of September. During this time they were fed three times—twice with blood and once with frogs.

But the animals did not multiply, as was expected. When the harvest came to be looked for, only about 100 young ones were found. These were mostly hidden within the folds of the leaves of the plants, and attached to each of them was a small, pale, tetradecapodous animal with a flat elongated body. It had four folded antennæ, two of them longer than the others, and a biforked tail composed of a single segment. Beneath this tail were appendages that continually agitated the water, to renew it at the surface of the respiratory organs; the feet were furnished with a hook. The animal did not swim, but walked at the bottom of the basin, or along the stems of the plants beneath the water. It was found in great numbers upon the sieves used in fishing up the leeches, and upon the stems of the iris and typha; but the greater number lay within the interior folds of the leaves with the young leeches.

M. Soubeiran placed a few of these insects in a jug filled with water, and threw in among them some young leeches. The animals speedily seized upon the leeches, which could not shake them off, but, in spite of all their efforts, were speedily overpowered. Wishing to satisfy himself whether they would attack full-grown leeches in the same way, the experimentalist put several of them, together with two adult leeches, into another jug likewise filled with water. At the end of a few minutes, they had fixed themselves upon the poor animals, which struggled violently, and endeavoured to escape from their enemies, but could not make them quit their hold. This scourge of young leeches is very common in the Seine, and in some of the stagnant pools in the environs of Paris. Naturalists call it the Soft-water Asellus.

From these observations, M. Soubeiran concluded that the great numbers of the *Aselli* frequenting the waters of the Seine and the stagnant pools above referred to, render the propagation of leeches impossible, unless this water could be kept from the basins where these useful animals are reared; and even in that case, this method of rearing them is costly, and not easily practicable.

Another insect to which the Parisian naturalists have lately been directing special attention, is the *Acarus* of the itch. The repugnance and disgust excited from remotest antiquity by this disease are well known. There is a reference to it in the 13th chapter of Leviticus. It is mentioned by Hippocrates, by Aristotle, by Galen, by Horace, by Cicero, by Juvenal, by Rabelais, and by a hundred others. Some of these, and especially Rabelais, give unmistakable indications of being acquainted with the singular insect that causes the disease. But it was reserved for a Corsican student, M. Renucci, to demonstrate the existence of the acarus in such a manner that no one could dispute its authenticity; since that time people have troubled themselves very little about it. The experiments of a learned French physician have at length rendered the observations on this insect conclusive and complete.

These observations at first presented great difficulties. Dr Bourguignon could readily study the acarus with the aid of an ordinary microscope. He could define its form; he could even delineate its anatomy and reproduction; but how was he to arrive at a knowledge of its habits?

To arrive at this knowledge, the doctor had recourse to a peculiar species of movable microscope, invented by himself, which enabled him to observe the acarus on the diseased person. This microscope is very simple: it is composed of the frame of an ordinary microscope, the optical and essential part of which has been raised from the socket that supported it, and articulated to a movable knee at the extremity of a lever; the instrument can thus be transported to the part under inspection.

Another difficulty, however, presented itself in the fact, that the ordinary light is obscurity for opaque bodies seen through the microscope. Dr Bourguignon was forced, therefore, to have recourse to artificial light, the luminous rays of which he concentrates into a brilliant focus by the aid of a round magnifying-glass, which focus he directs upon the chosen point of observation.

We will not here speak of the fantastic form of the acarus—of its forepaws, which, armed with a kind of sucker, enable it to fasten itself in the furrow which it digs under the skin; of the movable points which it carries on its back, to fix itself more firmly in these furrows; of its terrible mandibles, and all the other weapons with which nature has armed it, to accomplish its destructive mission. We shall merely notice one or two curious details concerning its habits.

The acarus is a kind of microscopic tortoise. In the moment of danger or sleep, it draws in its head and feet. If pushed out of its burrow, it turns its head from right to left, to find out where it has been placed; and speedily regaining its form, it squats in it instinctively, for it has no eyes. Its march is precisely that of the tortoise. Notwithstanding all his optical resources, Dr Bourguignon has not yet been able to discover a single male acarus. All those observed by him were females fecundated, doubtless for many generations, as is the case with several other insects—the gnat, for example. The acarus usually lays sixteen eggs, which are carefully deposited in a furrow under the epidermis, where they are ranged in pairs. They are hatched in about ten days.

Thanks to the observations of Dr Bourguignon, the disease caused by this insect, so terrible to our ancestors, can now easily be cured in two days.*

FLORENCE MAY—A LOVE STORY.

The golden light of evening dazzled the eyes of a young girl who stood upon a stile, watching for the arrival of the London coach.

It was about a hundred miles from London—no matter in what direction—at the bottom of a green valley, down the western slope of which the road came winding here and there concealed by trees. A well-beaten path led to a village a few fields distant, embowered in orchards, and leaning, as it were, against the massive oaks and elms of a park, that shut in the view in that direction. The square steeple-tower of the old church scarcely overtopped this background of leaves.

Florence May was waiting for her mother, who had been absent some weeks in London, and who had been compelled to leave her all alone in their humble

* This article is chiefly taken from the *Archives de Pharmacie*, a French medical journal.

cottage—all alone, unless her rectitude and her sense of duty may be counted as companions.

They were poor, humble people. Mrs May was the widow of a country curate, who had died, leaving, as curates sometimes do not, a slight provision for his family. It was like a Providence. Having fought the fight of life nearly out on L.50 or L.60 a year, some distant relation, whom they had never seen and scarcely ever heard of, put the curate in his will for L.1000. This sum, invested, was sufficient to support both mother and daughter in that out of the way place.

A letter had arrived, when Mrs May had been a widow for three years, requesting her to come up to London, to hear of 'something to her advantage.' This was vague enough; but she resolved to comply; and not being able to afford the expense of a double journey, had left her daughter, then about seventeen, under the guardianship of the neighbours, her own character, and a mother's prayers.

She has been absent more than a week. What has happened in the meantime? Why does Florence wait with more than the impatience of filial affection—with a countenance in which smiling lips and tearful eyes tell of a struggle between joy and sadness? She is troubled with the burden of her first secret—a secret which she nurses with uneasy delight, and which she is anxious to pour into the ears of her only confidante—her mother. How many maidens of seventeen are still in this dream of innocence!

The sun had set before the roll of wheels came sounding down the valley; and when the coach began to descend, nothing could be distinguished but the lights that glanced occasionally behind the trees. The time seemed prodigiously long to Florence. She even once thought that some fantastical, ghostly coachman was driving a phantom vehicle to and fro on the hillside to mock her. Young people in her state of mind would annihilate time and space. However, here it comes, the *Tally-ho*, sweeping round the last corner—lights glancing—horses tossing their heads and steaming—a pyramid of luggage swaying to and fro. 'That's a gal's voice as screamed,' said a man to the Whip as they passed. 'Full, inside and out!' was the reply, and on went the *Tally-ho* along the level lap of the valley.

'She is not come,' murmured Florence, after waiting in vain some time, to see if the coach would stop lower down; but it pursued its inexorable course, and the young girl returned by the dim path to her cottage on the outskirts of the village.

That was a critical period in her life. For some days after her mother's departure, she had spent her time either at her needle, or with one or two old neighbours, who wearied her with their gossip. To escape from the sense of monotony, she had wandered one morning into the fields, as it was indeed her custom from time to time to do; and there, with the scent of wild-flowers and new-mown hay around, she allowed her mind to be ruffled by those thoughts and feelings which at that age breathe upon us from I know not what region—sparkling and innocent stirrings, that scarcely typify the billowy agitation of succeeding years.

Across the meadows that occupy the lowest portion of that valley, meanders a stream, over which the willows hang their whip-like branches and slender leaves. Near its margin, Florence used often to sit with her work; first diligently attended to, then dropped occasionally on her lap, that she might watch the little fish that flitted like shadows to and fro in the shallow current; then utterly forgotten, as she herself went wafting down the stream of the future, that widened as she went, and flowed, at her unconscious will, through scenes more magical than those of fairy-land. The schoolmen have sought for the place of Paradise—did they peep into a young heart that is waiting, without knowing it, to love?

It was during her first walk since her mother's absence, that a stranger came slowly down the opposite bank of the stream; and seeing this lovely young girl entranced in a reverie, paused to gaze at her. His glance at first was cold and critical, like that of a man who has trodden many lands, and has seen more such visions than one under trees in lonely places—visions that, when neared and grasped at, hardened into reality, vulgar and bucolic. In a little time, however, the brow of this stranger unbent, and his lip uncurled; and there came a strange fear to his heart, that what he saw of grace and beauty beneath that archway of willow-boughs, was a mere optical illusion—a phantasm painted on the exhalations of the meadow by the sun's beams. There is a certain pride in disappointed natures, which makes them believe that all the loveliness of the outer world is of their own imagining, as if *we* could imagine more perfect things than God has imagined and thrown on this canvas of the universe.

The man was of the south by travel, if not by birth, and muttered some 'Santa Vergines!' more in surprise than devotion. He did not move or speak to attract the young girl's attention, but waited until her eyes, which he saw were restless, should chance to fall upon him. Her start of alarm, when she found herself to be not alone, was repressed by the grave politeness of his bow.

'Young lady,' he said, in a low musical voice when he had leaped the stream and stood by her side, 'I am on my way to Melvyn Park. Perhaps I may learn from you in what direction to turn.'

'The roof of the mansion shews above the trees,' replied she, rising and stretching out her pretty hand.

'I might have guessed so,' said the stranger, whose accent was but slightly foreign; 'and this is but a bad excuse for speaking to you. It is more frank to say, that I was surprised at seeing so much beauty and grace buried in this sequestered valley, and could not pass on without learning who you may be.'

Flattery flies to the heart as swiftly as electricity along the wire. The maiden blushed, and drew off but slightly. 'Florence May,' said she, 'is known to the whole valley, and will not be made sport of nor molested without finding defenders.'

Was this affected fear a cunning device for telling her name without seeming to answer an unauthorised question?

'Child,' replied the stranger, who perhaps took this view of the matter, for he smiled, though kindly, 'you may count on me as one of the defenders. For the present, let me thank you, and say farewell.'

With these words, and a somewhat formal bow, he turned and went across the fields, leaving Florence bewildered, almost breathless, with surprise and excitement, and, to confess the truth, not a little piqued that her ruse, if ruse it was, had brought the dialogue to so abrupt a termination. She had no wish to parley with strangers. Her mother had expressly warned her not to do so. What a famous opportunity thrown away to exhibit the rigidness of her sense of duty! Indeed, there had been so little merit on her part, that the stranger, if he had rightly read her countenance, might pretend that the forbearance had been all on his side. Of course, she would have gained the victory in the end; but how much more dramatic if her prudence had been put to a severer test!

These were not exactly her thoughts, but the translation of them. She followed the retiring figure of the stranger, as he kept by the path along the willows; and slightly bit her lip. Then suddenly, as if remembering that the singleness of mind which her attitude expressed was more beautiful than becoming—what an odious euphonism is that word for heartless acting—she turned with something like a flout, and sat down again, with her face averted from the now distant stranger—averted only a moment; for soon her attitude would have reminded a sculptor of that exquisite group

in which the girl turns to bill the dove that has fluttered down on her shoulder.

Now, take it not as an article of faith that Florence had 'fallen in love,' as the saying is, with that tall handsome stranger with the black eyes and sun-painted complexion. We would have you more careful in the construction of your credo than that. But, at anyrate, an impression had been produced: this was to be expected. When a man falls into the water, he may not be drowned, but is sure to be wet. Florence had never seen any members of that category of 'lovable persons,' which is of so little political and so much social importance, except two or three six-foot farmers, and the Rev. Mr Simmer, their pale-faced, sandy-whiskered young bachelor vicar of fifty. Should we be astonished, then, that after her first agitation had subsided, there remained something more than memory of the compliment which had fallen from the lips and been ratified by the eyes of that distinguished-looking stranger?

Need it be said, moreover, that whilst she remained by the margin of the stream, and during her sauntering walk home, and all the evening, she thought of little else save this very simple meeting. As to her dreams, we shall not inquire into them; but the moonbeams tell us that they shone all night between the ivy-leaves upon a smile as sweet and self-satisfied as ever lived on the lips of a maiden on her wedding-eve.

Next day, it was rumoured in the village that a foreign painter had come to occupy one of the wings of Melvyn House, by permission of the family, which had remained many years abroad. His name was simply Angelo; and a mighty fine gentleman he was. One could not guess, to look at him, that he had ever lived on frogs; or was 'obligated to hexpress hisself in a barbarious lingo,' as the landlady of the Jolly Boys' Inn phrased it.

Florence was proud to say casually, to some old spectacled lady—who observed 'indeed she never,' and told her neighbour that 'Miss May seemed very forward'—that she had held a minute's conversation with this said painter. We take this as a proof that she was only dazzled by him; and that she had not really experienced one pang of love. So much the better. We must not bestow the only treasures of our hearts on the first interesting person we may happen to meet under a willow-hedge.

And yet there she is at her place again, thinking of yesterday's meeting; and—by the bow of Eros!—there is he, too, wandering accidentally in the same direction with his sketch-book under his arm. We had no business to be eaves-dropping; but 'a concealed fault is half pardoned.' We were invisible, and heard every word they said. It should all be set down here, but it was dreadful nonsense, at least what he said; for she, partly in coquetry perhaps, and partly in pride and prudence, intrenched herself behind the rampart of her maiden modesty, and answered only—by listening.

The young man was in a state of temporary insanity; at least, if one might believe his words. Like all lovers, he professed to have skill in physiognomy. He asked no information about Florence, did not care who she was or where she came from: all he wanted to know was, whether she was free. He spoke eloquently and with sufficient respect. The young girl more than once felt her heart melt; and it was a great exertion for her at length to reply, that her mother was away, and that she could not listen to another word without her knowledge and sanction.

She did listen, however, for he went on talking interminably. According to his account, he was an artist who had studied many years at Rome; but he did not say whether he was of English origin or not, and, of course, Florence could not ask the question. This would have been to avow a stronger interest in him than consisted with her views. We should have liked her better, perhaps, had she been more frank and artless. Yet, after all, her conduct was not at this time an image of her character, but arose from a struggle between her own simplicity and her recollection of her mother's warnings.

It is needless to say that, after many hesitations, she now invariably went every day to her accustomed seat. This might be interpreted into giving a rendezvous; but she had a prescriptive right to the place, and why should she be driven from it by an intrusive, impertinent stranger? Impertinent! Nay, not so; nothing could be more reserved and respectful than his demeanour; and if he was really in earnest, and if he turned out to be a respectable man, why—perhaps it would be a matter of duty in her not to repulse his advances. Matrimony was indeed, they had told her, an awful responsibility; but if, by undergoing it, she could raise her mother to a more comfortable position, would it not be her duty to make the sacrifice?

Matters went on in this way for several days, and Florence began to wait impatiently for the arrival of her mother, to whom she might relate all that had passed. Angelo accustomed, perhaps, to more easy conquests, was irritated by her cold caution, not knowing that hers was the hypocrisy of duty. He once even went so far as to say, that he blamed himself for wasting time with a calculating village coquette, and, rising, departed with a formal salute. Florence's bosom heaved with emotion, tears started to her eyes, her lips trembled, and she was on the point of perilling all her prospects by calling him back. But by a prodigious effort of will, she restrained herself, and kept her eyes firmly fixed on the ground until the sound of his steps had died away.

'No,' said she rising, 'I am not to be so lightly won. These days have given me experience. He is certainly captivating in manners, but sometimes I think that one moment of weakness on my part'—— And she thought of the fate of Lucy Lightfoot, who had been left to wear the willow, after saying 'Yes' too soon.

In the afternoon, a letter came announcing her mother's arrival for that very day; and it was in the excitement that followed this little misunderstanding that she waited for the arrival of the coach. She wanted an adviser sadly. Should she, after what had passed, return next day to the meadow, or should she remain at home in melancholy loneliness? The question was more important than even she imagined; for we will not undertake to say, despite Mr Angelo's lofty sentiments, that his faith was as strong as he professed. Might he not have wished to test the virtue of this beautiful girl, whom he had found, as it were, by the wayside? Men of the world are not averse to these trials; and if their unfortunate victim fall, they go away on the voyage of life, leaving her to repent in tears, and hugging themselves with the idea that they have not been 'taken in.' They forget that the most fervent Christian does not venture to ask for strength to resist temptation, but only to be kept from it; and that every one of us perhaps would be caught, if the Evil Angler knew what bait to put on his hook.

Florence had just placed her hand on the latch of the door, when she saw a figure come out from a deep mass of shadow close by, and softly approach her. It was Angelo. She screamed slightly, but so slightly that even he scarcely heard. 'Do not be alarmed, Miss May,' he said; 'I came here in hopes to meet you as you entered. I could not have slept to-night without asking your forgiveness for the rude manner in which I left you, and for my unauthorised accusations. Do say that you are no longer angry.'

'Of course—of course; I have no right to be angry. But, for Heaven's sake, sir, retire: I must not be seen by the neighbours talking to a stranger at this hour.'

'There is no one in the street, and I will not detain you a minute. Cannot you find in your heart to give

me one word of hope, one look of encouragement? I am bewildered, maddened by your cold indifference.'

'You have no right, Mr Angelo, to call me cold or indifferent; I have blamed myself for my too great simplicity. My mother will be back to-morrow; I will tell her what has happened; and—and—— But I must go in.'

'This gives me hope,' cried he; 'I ask no more. Florence—dear Florence!'

He took her hand, and kissed it over and over again, although she almost struggled to get it away. The strong passion of that man seemed to pass through her like an electric shock; and wonderful emotions came trooping to her heart. Suddenly, however, she broke away, and, as if fearing her own weakness, glided into the house without a word, and locked, and bolted, and barred the door in a manner so desperately energetic, that even Angelo, who stood foolishly on the outside, could not help smiling.

'She will come to the meadow to-morrow,' said he, rather contemptuously, as if surprised and annoyed at his own success that evening.

But Florence did not come. With the intuitive perception with which modesty supplies woman, she felt that the stranger had pushed his experiments on her character too far. The following day was spent at home in indignant self-examination. What had she done to provoke that freedom, and authorise what seemed something like insult? Conscious of innocence, she proudly answered: 'Nothing.' But, ah! Florence, were not those tacit rendezvous a fault?

Mrs May arrived in the evening with a whole budget of news and complaints. Small was the mercy by her vouchsafed to the modern Babylon: a den of thieves was nothing to it. The 'something to her advantage' was a proposal to invest her money in a concern that would return fifty per cent. She had expressed herself 'much obliged' to her correspondent; adding, however, that 'some people would consider him a swindler, indeed she supposed he was. Perhaps he would object to pay the expense he had put her to. Of course. Dishonest persons were never inclined to pay. She wished him good-morning, and hoped he would repent before he arrived at Botany Bay.' Having detailed these and many other brave things which she recollected to have said, good Mrs May began to pay attention to her tea, and allowed Florence to relate all that *she* had said, done, thought, and felt during the time of her mother's absence.

'Bless me!' exclaimed Mrs May at length, setting down her tea-cup, 'I do not wonder the house looks rather untidy. You have been doing nothing else but making love ever since my back was turned. There's proper conduct for a clergyman's daughter!'

Florence expressed her regret as well as she could, and in trying to excuse herself, was compelled to dilate considerably on the fine qualities of Mr Angelo. Let it be admitted that she suppressed all allusion to the last interview.

'Well, child,' quoth Mrs May, after listening to what by degrees warmed into a glowing panegyric—'I think this is all nonsense; but you know I have always promised never to interfere with any sincere attachment you may form. Are you quite sure this gentleman is not merely making a pastime of you?'

Florence turned away her head, and her mother went on. 'I shall make some inquiries into his position and prospects, and character of course. If all turn out to be satisfactory—*we shall see;* but I confess to having a prejudice against foreigners.'

It was no easy matter for Mrs May to gain the information she required. The whole village, it is true, was up in arms about the young stranger who had arrived at Melvyn Park, and who, as every one knew, had long ago been betrothed to Miss Florence; but nobody could say one word on the subject that was not surmise. Poor Mrs May was highly indignant when she learned that all those visits to the meadows had been watched and commented on by every gossip, that is to say, every woman in the place, and returned home to scold her daughter, and pronounce the mystery unfathomable.

'You must,' said she, 'forget this person, who evidently has no serious intentions.'

'I will try,' replied her daughter with an arch look; 'but there he is coming down the street towards our house.'

The stranger had heard of Mrs May's return, and was hastening to beg permission to renew the interviews, the interruption of which had taught him how deeply he was moved. The elder lady received him with formal politeness, as a distinguished foreigner, while Florence endeavoured to keep her eyes to the ground. Mr Angelo found it necessary to break the ice by declaring, that he was no Italian, but an Englishman by origin though not by birth.

'My name,' he said, 'is Angelo Melvyn, and I am now the owner of Melvyn Park. Sorrowful circumstances, you will perhaps have heard by tradition, induced my father to go abroad many years ago. When I became the head of the family, I naturally felt a desire to behold the mansion of my ancestors, which was not invested to me personally with melancholy associations. It was my fancy to explore the neighbourhood without making myself known. I met your daughter; and—may I hope that she has related to you all I have ventured to say of my feelings towards her?'

This explanation 'made all things straight,' as Mrs May afterwards said. Angelo might have told a good deal more; for example, that his heart was only just recovering from the pain of a bitter disappointment, when the lovely form of Florence appeared to console and indemnify him. But few words in these matters are wisdom; and there is always time to be confidential. Within a month from that period, every one had heard that Mr Angelo Melvyn was about to be married to Miss Florence May, with whom those who had learned their geography, and were not conversant with the facts, insisted he had fallen in love in Tuscany. 'In those southern climes,' said Miss Wiggins to Miss Higgins, 'it is the custom for cities to stand godfathers to children.' The wedding took place in due season; and it is to be supposed that it turned out a happy one, for the last news we have heard of Mr and Mrs Melvyn was, that they have been seen walking along the meadows near the willow-stream, whilst two bright-eyed children—one named Angelo, and the other Florence—were running to and fro, gathering daisies and butter-cups, to make wreaths and nosegays withal.

CORKS.

The published announcement in the newspapers of a new Cork-cutting Company, gives us one among many reminders of the remarkable fact, that one kind of wood, and one only, should be available for the simple purpose of stopping bottles. We call it wood, though it would more correctly be designated bark: since bark, which it really is, is wanting in many of the characteristics of true wood. No other bark hitherto known possesses in so remarkable a degree the softness and elasticity of cork; or, if there be such, it is too small in quantity to be commercially available. Cork is such a peculiarly inert substance, such a neutral, such an innocent, such a nothing, that it will injure few if any of the liquids with which it may come in contact: the liquids may ruin the cork, but the cork will not retaliate. And then its obedient mechanical qualities are striking enough. We have all heard of a man jumping into a quart-bottle, and when we have seen it done, we will believe it; but in the meantime, we can more readily believe that a quart-bottle cork can be driven into a

pint-bottle; and this is a far more valuable feat of the two. It is, of course, this power of compression which gives to a piece of cork its chief value as a bottle-stopper. When a cork is in its right place in an unopened bottle of wine, the lower part swells out in the wider part of the bottle-neck, and renders extraction all the more difficult.

Before speaking of this modern attempt, only one among many, to cut corks by machinery, we may say a little concerning the origin and nature of the peculiar substance which is the material operated on.

Cork is nothing more or less than the bark of an evergreen oak, growing principally in Spain and other countries bordering the Mediterranean; in English gardens it is only a curiosity. When the cork-tree is about fifteen years old, the bark has attained a thickness and quality suitable for manufacturing purposes; and after stripping, a further growth of eight years produces a second crop; and so on at intervals of eight years, to the extent of even ten or twelve crops. The bark is stripped from the tree in pieces two or three inches in thickness, of considerable length, and of such width as to retain the curved form of the trunk whence it has been stripped. The bark peeler or cutter makes a slit in the bark with a knife, perpendicularly from the top of the trunk to the bottom; he makes another incision parallel to, and at some distance from the former; and two shorter horizontal cuts at the top and bottom. For stripping off the piece thus isolated, he uses a kind of knife with two handles and a curved blade. Sometimes, after the cuts have been made, he leaves the tree to throw off the bark by the spontaneous action of the vegetation within the trunk. The detached pieces are soaked in water, and are placed over a fire when nearly dry: they are, in fact, scorched a little on both sides, and acquire a somewhat more compact texture by this scorching. In order to get rid of the curvature, and to bring them flat, they are pressed down with weights while yet hot.

According to a description given by an anonymous traveller in Portugal a few years ago, a cork-forest must be a very interesting object. The cork-tree is, in that country, the king of the forest; and the forests of these noble trees are now mostly comprised within the parks of the king and nobility. The largest is situated near Moira, in Alemtejo. 'When I beheld it,' says this writer, 'the beauty of the scene was heightened by the temporary occupation by the troops of Don Pedro. The bivouac is always a scene of bustle and animation: the lively costume of the soldiers, the glitter of their arms, the artillery drawn up, the cavalry dismounted, the soldiers formed into groups of various magnitude—are at any time objects of interest; but when surrounded by the noblest works of nature, the effect is irresistibly imposing. Such was the scene in the cork-forest of Moira. Every tree became, as it were, a house for a dozen or more soldiers, the broad branches and thick foliage affording ample protection as well from the heat of the sun by day as from the heavy dews by night. Some were busied in preparations for the frugal meal; others were reposing after the fatigues of the march; others, again, forming beds with the branches or underwood; and all happy that they could avail themselves of a protection and cover as beautiful as it was grateful.'

This singular substance comes to England in rather large quantities, and is employed for a considerable variety of purposes—some on account of its lightness, some for its dryness, some for its softness, some for its compressibility.

The lightness or buoyancy of cork has led to its application in numerous contrivances for life-boats, buoys, and so forth. The specific gravity being so much less than that of wood, it assists in giving a buoyancy or levity to heavier substances which are required to be floated. Pliny describes the Roman fishermen as using floats of cork to lighten their nets. The Romans were shrewd enough, also, to observe the usefulness of cork in facilitating swimming; for we are told that the Roman whom Camillus sent to the Capitol when besieged by the Gauls, put on a light dress, and took cork with him under it; when he arrived at the river Tiber, he bound his clothes upon his head, placed cork under his arms, and swam across. In modern times, as in ancient, this cork-aid to fishermen and to swimmers has been abundantly well known. In the first life-boat, constructed by Mr Greathead sixty years ago, cork was placed around the upper edge, to increase the buoyancy of the vessel; and cork has ever since been a favourite material among the inventors of the numerous life-boats. Cork, we may be certain, put forth no few claims to attention in the boats which competed for the Duke of Northumberland's life-boat prize in 1851. And the life-belts, life-cloaks, life-capes, life-hats, life-jackets, have exhibited abundant ingenious modes of applying cork.

The stopping or stoppling of bottles still remains chiefly within the domain of this curious substance; notwithstanding that, now and then, new claimants to the office spring up. The distillers of one of the varieties of British brandy have introduced a patent capsule, for securing the aforesaid liquid in an undeniable manner. It is not a substitute for a cork, but a mode of guarding the cork itself. It consists of a thin plate of metal, formed of a layer of tin united to a layer of lead; and this plate is brought to a shape which enables it to cover entirely the corked mouth of the bottle. But Mr Brockedon has invented a stopple in which cork is not employed at all: there are several cotton fibres twisted into strands and lapped with flax thread; there are many of these strands laid together longitudinally, with loose fine cotton-roving laid between them; these prepared strands are then lapped in a cylindrical form with flax thread, and the imitative cork thus made, is finally dipped into a solution of gutta percha. These stopples were, we believe, invented for a particular purpose, and are not intended as a substitute for corks generally. A later invention is the gutta-percha stopple, made wholly of this very useful substance. We have one now before us, and a neat little affair it is. The colour is dark, and the surface is glossy; the side is smoothly conical, the top is stamped with a slight device, and the bottom is stamped with the inscription 'Hancock's Patent, West Ham, Essex;' it is evidently hollow, and this hollowness enables it to assume a cork-like pliability: it appears to be, in fact, a little conical cup, on which a top or cover is firmly cemented. Other kinds of substitutes for corks have from time to time been brought forward, but none have yet progressed far towards the supplanting of the *Quercus suber* bark—the real cork.

Cork has something very salubrious about it, due to its singularly negative character; it absorbs very little moisture, and very little miasmata, and it is such ungrateful food for insects to live upon, that they pretty generally abandon it, and thus leave it clean and wholesome. Hence some persons have thought that cork-cuttings and shavings would constitute a suitable material for stuffing beds and cushions; and two or three patents have been granted for modes of attaining this end. One of the patentees, who uses the cork in a state almost as fine as saw-dust, states, that if a substratum of this finely comminuted cork be covered with a layer of horsehair or wool, we shall have all the smoothness of a horsehair or wool mattress, combined with the elasticity and lightness of cork. Such a mattress, if used as a cabin-bed on shipboard, might be valuable as a floating life-preserver. Messrs Esdaile and Margrave, at the extensive saw-mills in the City Road, have adopted many modes of employing cork-shavings or scraps. One of these purposes is as a packing for the stuffing-boxes of steam-engines: under

ordinary circumstances, it is necessary to employ oil to lubricate the place of contact between a piston-rod and the collar or box through which it moves; but it is found that a mass of cork fragments, against which the rod must press in its up and down movement, has a singular effect in cleaning the surface and enabling the rod to glide smoothly.

All the world knows that hats are now made with a lightness far surpassing the lightness of other days. There are zephyr hats, and gossamer hats, and ventilating hats, and satin and velvet, and extra-fine and superfine hats; each of which claims to be lighter than any or all of the others. Sometimes the lightness is sought to be effected by making the body or foundation of clip, sometimes of stiffened cambric; but there really does seem a reason why cork should possess superior qualities to other substances for this purpose; and, consequently, a patent has been obtained for a method of cutting cork into thin veneers, and fashioning it into a hat-body. The firm mentioned in the last paragraph possesses machinery of a very delicate kind for cutting wood into thin veneers; and analogous machinery, with a provision for slicing rather than sawing, has been by them made available for cutting cork into surprisingly thin sheets, applicable not only for hat-bodies, but also as a substance to be printed on. At the great industrial display two or three years ago, they exhibited remarkable specimens of their skill in this art—comprising finished hats made of cork; cork bodies or foundations, for use in making hats; cork-hat bodies strengthened by muslin; cork-veneers from 1-50th to 1-120th of an inch in thickness; cork-hat brim-plates, cork-hat cylinders, cork-hat tips, in the state in which they are supplied to the cork-hat body-makers; and, lastly, there were specimens of printing on cork-veneers, with type and engraved blocks.

We may here incidentally remark, that the same wonderful assemblage which displayed these examples of cork-veneers, illustrated also the peculiar fitness of cork as a material in which to execute models. There were, by M. Cruse of Stettin, cork models of the church of Kobern on the Moselle; the Nun-hill and fortress at Salzburg; the gate at Basle; the Château de Meillau in Berri; the Château de Josselin in Bretagne; the castle of Rheinstein on the Rhine; Castle Langenau on the Lahn; ruins of the church of the Septs Douleurs at Jerusalem; ruins of the gate at Damascus; the castle of Babertsberg, near Potsdam; and the castle of Rheineck. All these models presented much picturesqueness of effect, cork being well fitted by its porous texture to imitate the decayed masonry of ruined structures. There was also, by M. Cassebohm of Oldenburg, an elaborate cork model of Heidelberg Castle, on a scale of 1-135th of the original. Nor were our home modellers mistrustful of the facility which cork afforded to their labours. Mr Bury modelled a group to represent the story of Mazeppa—all in cork. The East India ship, with hull, and sails, and rigging, all made of cork, we can only regard as a failure; the material was not suited to the purpose in view.

There are, in truth, many modes of applying and employing cork besides those hitherto noticed. In Spain and Portugal, the peasants make bee-hives and water-buckets of cork; and some of the labourers employ it in making plates, goblets, tubs, and other culinary vessels. In some places it is used as a roof-covering, in lieu of slates, or tiles, or thatch; and it is also useful for lining stone-walls in particular places, thereby rendering apartments dry and warm. Every one knows that cork inner-soles for shoes are valuable in keeping the feet warm in winter. We believe that the thick soles of Chinese shoes are made of cork. Beckmann tells us that, 'among the Romans, cork was made into soles, which were put into their shoes, in order to secure the feet from water, especially in winter; and as high heels were not then introduced, the ladies who wished to appear taller than they had been formed by nature, put plenty of cork under them.' Cork legs are too well known to be expatiated on. Cork is used as a convenient substance whereon entomologists may pin down their insects. Much of the cuttings left by cork-cutters is sold to colour-makers, who burn and prepare them into what is called Spanish black.

All these minor applications of cork, however, amount to a trifle when compared with the manufacture of corks *par excellence*. The ancients kept their wine in casks and jars which were stopped with pitch, clay, gypsum, potter's earth, and other substances; and the wine was drawn from these vessels into open cups or pitchers, which were brought to table; but when, in the fourteenth century, it became customary to keep wine in small bottles, then did also become prevalent the method of securing these bottles with small bits of cork-bark, which bits very soon acquired the name of corks. Cork appears to the eye very porous; but the pores do not open one into another, and it allows neither beer nor any ordinary liquid to percolate through it. It is only one-fourth the specific gravity of water: it is very compressible and elastic; and it is easily cut—hence cork possesses remarkable qualities for bottle-stoppers.

The cutting of corks requires a peculiar action of the implement employed. The cork-cutter first flattens and smoothes the large pieces, then cuts them into narrow strips, and then severs these strips into square or oblong pieces, each large enough for one cork or bung. The cork pieces are, in the clumsy language of the workshop, designated 'short,' 'short-long,' and 'full-long,' according to the size. The cutting of the pieces into actual corks is a curious process. The knife employed has a blade about six inches long by three in width, very thin and very sharp; and this is repeatedly sharpened during the process of working. How the cork-cutter manages to give such a neat cylindrical or slightly conical form to the cork, by cutting without any means of guiding the hand, is pretty to look at, but not easy to describe.

Now this art, like many others, has excited the attention of inventors, who seek to devise some mode of cutting corks by machinery. In one American patented method, the squared pieces of cork are held between two revolving spindles which grip them, and as they revolve, the cork is cut cylindrically by a revolving cutter-wheel; there is apparatus for placing and displacing the pieces of cork at the proper moments, and there is an ingenious mode of sharpening the cutter-wheel, by applying its two faces to two rotating disks covered with leather and emery. One among many English patents for cork-cutting machinery depends on a different mode of cutting; here the cutter is a cylinder with a very sharp edge, and this cylinder being pressed up against the surface of a piece of cork, and rapidly rotated, cuts out a cork in the way that a punch drives out a small circular piece from a sheet of metal.

Whether the simple cutting of corks will ever pay for the parade of a joint-stock company, with all its array of secretaries and treasurers, and so forth, is for those to decide who may choose to invest their capital; but there is, at anyrate, such a company now claiming attention. It is not precisely a joint-stock company on the ordinary English plan, but a *société en commandite*, based on a system which has more than once been noticed in this Journal; and it goes under the name of the responsible manager as the firm of 'A. Crenet & Co.' The offices are in Paris; but there is, or has been, an agency for the sale of shares in England. We notice the project only so far as it bears relation to the ordinary trade of cork-cutting. The managers say that a machine, of which they own the patent, will cut

corks more rapidly, and more highly finished, and at lower prices, than they can be cut by hand. They say that England and France import about equal quantities of cork—between three and four million kilogrammes annually; and that, in addition, France pays more than four million francs annually for corks obtained ready made from other countries. The managers own to the ambition of being able to make and sell corks so cheaply as to obviate the necessity of any purchase from their neighbours. They state that each machine will make 100 gross, or 14,400 corks, in a day—about as many as fourteen expert cork-cutters ordinarily produce; and that it can be attended and worked by a mere boy. Patent licences are to be granted in Algeria, where cork-forests are now carefully attended to.

Thus does even so simple a little product as a mere cork become the basis for joint-stock operations.

CONDITION OF THE WORKMAN.

Let each man cease to recognise any insurmountable distinction between his employer and himself, and he may be assured that he will soon cease to think of the rights of labour in the interest of his increasing capital, and will leave the exhortations of orators, to feel a deeper excitement in ambition and a warmer zeal in hope. A few only, indeed, might achieve greatness, but all would feel the benefit of attempting it. As it is, want of ambition is a great obstacle to the elevation of the working-class. An acquaintance with physical comfort, and a determination to have it, insure some degree of exertion, but it is only that of routine; the qualities necessary for great successes, enterprise, and self-denial are comparatively unknown. The idea which the workman attaches to the term 'labour' is a proof how confined are the notions entertained by his class. He expects great rewards for the performance of mere manual toil requiring little thought and no invention. The higher qualities of the master's exertions, the enterprise, the originality, the imagination, go for nothing. This, perhaps, may be expected from the great division of labour, which, if it produces vast effects, often deteriorates its instruments. The man has been all his life a part of a great machine, a sort of human spoke or winch; and he cannot be expected to have much conception of the laws which regulate the rewards of exertion, or to know that the difference between success and poverty is the difference between originality and routine. The comforts of life are to be attained only by the exercise of qualities which all have not. The true reward is given to each man under the present system, and to quarrel with it is to question and defy laws which are unchangeable. The workman knows of himself that there are various kinds of labour, of value widely different, although the absolute toil may be the same. Employments may be agreeable, or the contrary; they may be permanent, or liable to interruption; they may be difficult or expensive, requiring a long apprenticeship and a considerable outlay; they may involve responsibility; success in some may be uncertain, health in others may be endangered; some may require activity and quickness, others taste and judgment. In all these, the relative value is determined by the rarity of the faculties required, and by the wants of society; and it should be the great endeavour of the workman to acquire that kind of labour which is most in demand—a course of proceeding similar to that of the manufacturer, who anticipates the wants and studies the tastes of his customers, and does not continue the production of what was fashionable twenty years back, and then declaim against society for declining to purchase what it does not want. It is the chief use of education to the workman, to teach him what kind of labour it will be best for him to have to offer, and where he may dispose of it to advantage. Ignorant populations are always on the brink of misery; for not only is their unskilled labour almost worthless, but they are ignorant of where it is in request, and have not knowledge or self-dependence enough to shift their abode, and offer it where the price would be remunerative. Let the operatives apply the laws which regulate the difference of their own wages to the case of their masters, and they will generally find that the remuneration which he receives is not more than skill, enterprise, and the risk of invested capital will justify.—*Times, December* 10, 1853.

CUVIER AND SATAN.

It was said, no doubt correctly, that so extraordinary was the skill of Cuvier, that if he only saw the tooth of an animal, he could give not only the class and order of the animal in question, but the history of its habits. The following anecdote of a quick and cool examination of a personage whom most people would not think of submitting to such a scientific research, is, to use the Yankee vernacular, decidedly 'rich:'—In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for this month, an article, called 'Traits of the Trappists,' and bearing the signature of 'John Doran,' concludes with a characteristic anecdote of Cuvier. He once saw in his sleep the popular representation of Satan advancing towards him, and threatening to eat him. 'Eat me!' exclaimed the philosopher, as he examined the fiend with the eye of a naturalist, and then added: 'Horns? hoofs? graminivorous! Needn't be afraid of him!'—*American Paper.*

A FAREWELL.

FOR A SWEDISH AIR.

Look in my face, dear,
Openly and free:
Hold out your hand, dear,
Have no fear of me!
Thus as friends old loves should part,
Each one with a quiet heart—
O my Mary—my lost Mary,
Say farewell—and go!

Never to meet more,
While day follows day:
Never to kiss more,
Till our lips are clay.
Angry hearts grieve loud awhile;
Broken hearts are dumb—or smile.
O my Mary—my lost Mary,
Say farewell—and go!

LITERARY PENSIONS.

The application of the small fund at the disposal of the Queen is a promising peculiarity of the present time. More frequently than otherwise, the recipients are now authors, or their surviving families; and the public is acquainted by the mere name of the individual with the merit that has obtained this mark of royal kindness and distinction. Formerly, the case was very different. No influence, no entreaty could extort from government a pension for the widow of our great national poet Burns; but now this homage is readily paid to the genius of the Ettrick Shepherd, in a pension to his widow of L.50 a year. The widow of Dr Moir, the elegant and amiable Delta, receives L.100; the widow of Sir Harris Nicolas is likewise pensioned; and so are the sister and daughters of our late esteemed fellow-citizen, James Simpson. The pension to Alaric Watts is more timely than these, for he has still, to all appearance, a long course of life before him, and is working as vigorously as ever at literature. The sum is not large—only L.100 a year—but it will help a man of genius in undeserved difficulties, and it is a standing testimonial to his merit, proceeding from the highest quarter. It is not long since we stated our opinion of his productions generally, in reviewing his *Lyrics of the Heart*; and it is pleasing to us to find that Her Majesty and Lord Aberdeen have formed a similar appreciation of the poet.

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THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

THE age may be growing intensely mechanical in its pursuits, and terribly 'positive' in its philosophy; poetry may seem to be fast paling its ineffectual fires before the furnace of science; sensibility may be thought in danger of losing four-fifths of its polysyllabic significance, and of dwindling into curt prosaic—sense: yet we have little fear, while people are born with hearts capable of a graduated scale of beats, and with apparatus in due working-order for the secretion of tears, that they will cease to find an ample power to soften and subdue in every touch of nature, connected with the sweet and now solemn past. Nor will ever such kindly memories as are suggested, such a longing lingering look behind as is described, in Charles Lamb's *Old Familiar Faces*, lose the spell that makes the whole world of readers kin. The sacred fount of sympathetic tears must be exhausted first—drained dry as hay, or remainder ship-biscuit, or the light-reading of a merchant's ledger, or the subdivisions of a dull preacher's seventeenthly. If the denizens of this 'visible diurnal sphere' should indeed come to be mere metallic structures, Brummagem imitations of the normal race, with a piece of eight-day clock-work where the heart ought to be, requiring to be wound up every Monday morning, and beautifully adapted to answer Lear's bidding to 'anatomise Regan,' and see 'what breeds about her heart'—if such mechanic monsters, with an allowance of Carlyle's cast-iron parsons as herds, should ever multiply and replenish the earth—then, but not until then, will our philosophy be at fault. Given, a man—be his vocation what it may—even entire allegiance to material interests and utilitarian laws; *him* given, we are sure of a being who is susceptible of emotion, when reminded, as Elia can remind him, of the old familiar faces, and the souvenirs of long ago. For Elia speaks as the Representative Man of no hole-and-corner constituency, no close-borough, when he thus utters his memories in that musical unrhymed metre:

> I have had playmates, I have had companions,
> In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
> All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
>
> I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
> Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
> All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

That first stanza carries us back to the Blue Coat School of some seventy years since—when Charles Lamb could reckon among his yellow-legged contemporaries, playmates, and companions, the worthies he marshals before us in one of his choicest essays. We see him listening in the cloisters to Coleridge, the inspired charity-boy, as the future logician, metaphysician, bard unfolds, in his deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus or Plotinus, or recites Homer or Pindar to any that have not been overdosed with Greek in school-hours; or, hurrying in holiday glee to bathe in the New River, or to pay a fifty times repeated visit to the lions in the Tower; or, chuckling with grateful triumph at not being in old Boyer's class—old Boyer, who had an ingenious method of whipping the boy and reading the Debates at the same time—a paragraph and a lash between; while the other master, Field, never used the rod, but let his boys talk and do just as they pleased, and winked at their study of *Peter Wilkins* in preference to Dan Ovid, and their performances with pea-shooters to the prejudice of gerund-grinding.

And then we are carried on to adult life—to the laughing and carousing of manhood's heyday, singing 'Good-night, and joy be wi' you all' at a rather advanced period of the small hours. 'Oh, it is pleasant,' exclaims Elia, 'as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the Cicero *De Amicitiâ*, or some tale of antique friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate!' And when a cluster of such ripe fruit, which as blossoms had hung on the bough together, is *vis-à-vis* on the round table with the juice that maketh glad the heart of man—why, there's pretty sure to be a night on't. Bosom cronies hug one another all the closer as they remember them of some who are not, and, like the Lotos-eaters, help one another

> To muse, and brood, and live again in memory
> With those old faces of their infancy
> Heaped over with a mound of grass,
> Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

Anon the recorder of the dislimned and evanished old familiar faces summons up the image of a maiden form—the embodied poetry of his spring-tide, 'loss of whom will never from his heart,' left dry as summer dust now:

> I loved a love once, fairest among women;
> Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;
> All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

'Methinks it is better,' he says in the *Essays*, 'that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair and fairer eyes of Alice W——n, than that so passionate a love adventure should be lost'—in accordance with the philosophy that 'tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. In a letter to Coleridge, too, he refers tenderly to those 'pleasant days of hope,' those

'wanderings with a fair-haired maid,' which, says he, 'I have so often and so feelingly regretted.' And so, when he, a veteran bachelor, indites *Dream-children: a Reverie*, and pictures himself with his own little ones about him—it is a little Alice that seems to nestle nearest the paternal heart; and the soul of the first Alice looks out at *her* eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that he becomes in doubt which of them stands there before him, or whose that bright hair is, and in the doubt he awakes, and behold it is a dream.

And again he tells how he was fain to leave new-formed friendships, however kind and cordial, to muse on those of long ago; how he abruptly quitted the endearments of the present, while it is called to-day, that he might live over again the life, which, being dead, yet speaketh—oh, how tenderly! oh, how searchingly!—of auld lang syne. And as he muses, the fire burns—the fire that lights up dark recesses of memory, and hiding-places thrice ten years deep.

> Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
> Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
> Seeking to find the old familiar faces.
>
> Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
> Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
> So might we talk of the old familiar faces—
>
> How some they have died, and some they have left me,
> And some are taken from me; all are departed;
> All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

To meet again on the frosty ground, and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we have frolicked with and loved in the radiant May hours of existence, is, despite a thousand painful suggestions, surpassingly sweet. 'There is a melancholy pleasure,' writes Châteaubriand, 'in meeting with our acquaintances of early days, and in noting the changes which have taken place, meanwhile, in them and in ourselves. Like finger-posts we have left behind, they serve to mark the route we have taken through the desert of the past.' What a fine yet rugged pathos there is in Matthew Bramble's account of his rencontre with Rear-admiral Balderick—whom he had not set eyes on since they were lads together, and who was now 'metamorphosed into an old man, with a wooden leg and a weather-beaten face,' and 'gray locks that were truly venerable.' Says the leal-hearted old cynic: 'Sitting down at the table, where he was reading a newspaper, I gazed at him for some minutes, with a mixture of pleasure and regret, which made my heart gush with tenderness; and then, taking him by the hand, "Ah, Sam," said I, "forty years ago, I little thought"—— I was too much moved to proceed. "An old friend, sure enough!" cried he, squeezing my hand, and surveying me eagerly through his glasses. "I know the looming of the vessel, though she has been hard-strained since we parted; but I can't heave up the name." The moment I told him who I was, he exclaimed: "Ah, Matt, my old fellow-cruiser, still afloat!" And starting up, hugged me in his arms.'

When Mansie Wauch revisited his school-day scenes, and recognised the very bushes which had served for lurking-places in 'hunt the hare,' and the very bough of the old fantastic beech-tree from which the swings used to be suspended, and then thought what alterations, what sad havoc, had been wrought among his merry schoolmates by time, circumstances, the hand of fortune, and the stroke of death, he could not help reciting aloud to his now lonely self these lines of Charles Lamb on the old familiar faces. And amid a long train of tender meditations, suggested thereby, Mansie observes, that though we think no more of many a sharer of our early friendships and boyish sports, and though they are as if they had never been, yet some accidental occurrence, some word in conversation, some object by the wayside, or some passenger in the street, attracts our notice; 'and then, as if awaking from a perplexing trance, a light darts in upon our darkness; and we discover that thus some one long ago spoke; that there something long ago happened; or that the person, who just passed us like a vision, shared smiles with us long, long years ago, and added a double zest to the enjoyments of our childhood.' Sweet is the beauty and melancholy of Wordsworth's chronicle of school-time, and his early morning-walks with a since estranged friend:—

> Oft before the hours of school
> I travelled round our little lake, five miles
> Of pleasant wandering. Happy time! more dear
> For this, that one was by my side, a friend
> Then passionately loved; with heart how full
> Would he peruse these lines! For many years
> Have since flowed in between us, and, our minds
> Both silent to each other, at this time
> We live as if those hours had never been.

How dearly Lamb prized an old familiar, in preference to any other kind of face, is well known. 'I engaged him once,' says Mr H. Crabb Robinson, in a recent communication to a literary journal, 'to dine with a common friend. "There will be no one besides ourselves and the three Mr S——s," I said. Lamb immediately exclaimed: "How I hate those three Mr S——s!" "Why, what do you mean? You have never seen any one of them." "That's the reason. I cannot hate any one I have ever seen," was Lamb's unaffected, heartfelt, and most true reply. Lamb's love,' adds Mr Robinson, 'of the old familiar faces, was his most peculiar and characteristic passion.' At two-and-twenty, he thus wrote to Coleridge, who had maintained, he thought, a 'long and unfriend-like silence,' at a time when deep household calamity had scathed the poor writer's roof-tree: 'Do what you will, Col., you may hurt and vex me by your silence, but you cannot estrange my heart from you all. I cannot scatter friendships like church-farthings, nor let them drop from my hand like hour-glass sand. I have but two or three people in the world to whom I am more than indifferent, and I can't afford to whistle them off to the winds.' And so to the last; never mind how old the face was, so that it was familiar. The older the better. Familiarity bred the very opposite of contempt. Wrinkles and furrows were at a premium with him, provided only he had known the virgin soil ere yet time had begun to harrow it. He could almost cry: Speed the plough! in such a cause.

Natural it is that with scarcity should come increase of price. Dearth enhances the value of those who remain, as death consecrates the memory of those who are gone. When, of two that stand beside us, one is taken and the other left, 'tis meet that each should be henceforth dearer in our eyes—

> The most are gone;
> And whoso yet survive of those who then
> Were in their summer season, on the tree
> Of life hang here and there like wintry leaves,
> Which the first breeze will from the bough bring down.*

When the number is thus reduced, and the once plenteous array of bosom cronies made to dwindle, peak, and pine, nothing can be more inhuman than the selfish apathy and chronic indifference—ossification of the heart, call it—which the poet has portrayed in the lines—

> And how their old companions now may fare,
> Little they know and less they care;
> The torment he is doomed to bear
> Is but to them the wonder of a day,
> A burden of sad thoughts soon put away.

So true it is, that that which hath died within us, is

* Southey.

often the saddest portion of what death has taken away —sad to all, sad above measure to those in whom no higher life has been awakened. For it was not always so chilly about the heart, and if its altar-fires are extinct, it is not that they never burned, and brightly too. Lost feelings, withered sensibilities, are always sad, and often humiliating things. They shame us with the sense of 'foiled potentialities;' they upbraid us with the reminder of what we might have been, set by the side of what we are. What, it has been asked, would be the heart of an old weather-beaten hollow stump, if the leaves and blossoms of its youth were suddenly to spring up out of the mould around it, and to remind it how bright and blissful summer was in the years of its prime!* Yet is it possible—and then how refreshing!—to find a young unwithered heart in an old withered breast; one that can even 'smell sweet and blossom in the dust' of threescore years and ten, or even of the fourscore years whose strength is but labour and sorrow, but whose white hairs—true crown of glory—yet glisten with the dew of the morning. Happy old man be his dole, whose philosophy says:

> Life is but thought, so think I will
> That youth and I are housemates still—

according to the doctrine, that there is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so.

Barry Cornwall feelingly alludes to Lamb's keen sense of bereavement, and his tender yearning after the old familiar faces, in the epistle indited on the occasion of Charles's emancipation from clerkship, when the clerk had mended his last pen in the office, and made his last entry in the ledger's 'huge and figured pages,' and was free to go home and write (as he did) an essay on the Superannuated Man—in which essay, by the by, true to his principles, the elderly chartered libertine remembered so wistfully his old desk-fellows and co-brethren of the quill, whom he had left in the state militant—those faded compeers, faithful partners of his toils for six-and-thirty years, whom his heart smote him to leave in that dreary counting-house. Entering accurately into the mixed mood of the freed man's sensations, Barry Cornwall thus congratulates and condoles with him:

> Happy beyond that Man of Ross,
> Whom mere content could ne'er engross,
> Art thou; with hope, health, 'learned leisure;'
> Friends, books: thy thoughts, an endless pleasure!
> Yet—yet—for when was pleasure made
> Sunshine all without a shade?—
> Thou, perhaps, as now thou rovest
> Through the busy scenes thou lovest,
> With an idler's careless look,
> Turning some moth-pierced book
> Feel'st a sharp and sudden wo,
> For visions vanished long ago!
> And then, thou think'st how time has fled
> Over thy unsilvered head,
> Snatching many a fellow-mind
> Away, and leaving—what?—behind!
> Nought, alas! save joy and pain
> Mingled ever, like a strain
> Of music, where the discords vie
> With the truer harmony.

Telle est la vie! But from the life that now is, the vaulting ambition of man's highest instincts aspires to a less checkered future; and his final adieu to departing friends is, as its name imports, a commending them to the Fountain of Life, in the faith that all live unto Him—and the heart-full *au revoir* is big with promise that the severance is not for evermore. For it is 'faith as vague as all unsweet' that man should not retain his individual life, and recognise that of others, the old familiar faces, after he has shuffled off this mortal coil, as the true poet of *In Memoriam* says, in his assurance of rejoining and recognising the beloved object of his elegy:

> Eternal form shall still divide
> The eternal soul from all beside;
> And I shall know him when we meet:
>
> And we shall sit at endless feast,
> Enjoying each the other's good;
> What vaster dream can hit the mood
> Of Love on earth?

Or as a true poetess, Mrs Browning, expresses her convictions, on the same theme of the endeared dead and gone:

> I know we shall behold them raised, complete—
> The dust shook from their beauty—glorified
> New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

Lines which, in connection with the occasional cause of this paper, remind us of Lander's warm apostrophe to the memory of Lamb, as a fit conclusion to our discursive thoughts—

> Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,
> What wisdom in thy levity, what truth
> In every utterance of that purest soul!
> Few are the spirits of the glorified
> I'd spring to earlier at the gate of heaven.

* Julius C. Hare.

MUSIC IN LARGE BUILDINGS.

It is not improbable that the year now commencing will witness much discussion concerning the interesting question—to what extent are large buildings adapted for sound, and for musical performances generally? The Crystal Palace at Sydenham, lately noticed in the Journal, is under the management of directors who are keenly alive to all the available or possible resources whereby grandeur of effect may be produced, in their singularly varied and unparalleled undertaking. Before noticing the subject of music in connection with this Palace of Light, we will throw together a few remarks bearing collaterally on the subject.

Musicians and architects are by no means yet agreed as to the proper size and proportions of music-rooms. Time after time we meet with controversies in the public journals on this subject, and men of science, fresh from the study of acoustics, occasionally step in and offer an opinion on the matter. It may be worth while to shew how closely *echoes* are associated with this inquiry.

Sir John Herschel has collected many examples of remarkable echoes, illustrative of the influence produced on the propagation of sound by the forms of buildings. In St Alban's Abbey-church, the tick of a watch may be heard from one end of the church to the other. In Gloucester Cathedral, a gallery of an octagonal form conveys a whisper seventy-five feet across the nave. An echo in the north side of Shipley Church, in Sussex, repeats twenty-one syllables. In the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne, with perfect distinctness, from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar, a distance of 250 feet—a fact which occasioned some scandal a few years ago, by rendering the secrets of the confessional audible to persons who sought to gratify their curiosity unknown to the confessor or the confessed. In the Whispering-gallery at St Paul's, as is well known to most country visitors in London, the faintest sound is faithfully conveyed from one side to the other of the dome, but is not heard at the intermediate points. In the Manfroni Palace at Venice is a square room about 25 feet high, with a concave roof; a person standing in the centre of the room, and stamping gently with his foot

on the floor, hears the sound repeated a great number of times.

Sir John proceeds to point out the necessary connection between the form of a room and the effect of music heard therein. In small buildings, the velocity of sound is such that the dimensions of the building are traversed by the reflected sound in a time too small to admit of the echo being distinguished from the principal sound. In large buildings, on the other hand, such as churches, theatres, and concert-rooms, the echo is heard after the principal sound has ceased; and if the building be so constructed as to return several echoes in very different times, the effect will be unpleasant. It is mainly for this reason that in cathedrals the service is usually read in a sustained uniform tone, rather that of singing than speaking; the voice being thus blended in unison with its echo. 'A good reader will time his syllables, if possible, so as to make one fall in with the echo of the last, which will thus be merged in the louder sound, and produce less confusion in his delivery.' In respect to music, the result is varied by many different circumstances. In a room of moderate size, the echo is not prolonged in any sensible degree after the original sound: it therefore only tends to reinforce it, and is highly advantageous. In churches and other large buildings, an echo can only be advantageous in the performance of slow pieces, where the echo shall have done its work before the harmony of a chord has changed; else a dissonance would arise. Sir John gives the following curious estimate, derived from the laws of sound: 'When ten notes succeed one another in a second, as is often the case in modern music, the longitudinal echo of a room fifty-five feet long will precisely throw the second reverberation of each note on the principal sound of the following one, wherever the auditor be placed; which, in most cases, will produce—in so far as it is heard—only discord.' There seems, in fact, to be a scientific basis for the assertion that, after making allowance for the absence of open windows, deep recesses, hangings, or carpeting—all of which interfere with reverberation—there is a certain relational fitness between the size of a music-room and the rapidity of the music played therein: if this size and this rapidity assort well, echo will strengthen and improve the music; if not, echo will have a discordant result. It is impossible to carry out this principle with any full practical effect; because not only do different tunes differ in average rapidity, but also different bars of the same tune; nevertheless, if the theory be well based, it may enable us to understand the well-admitted fact, that some music-rooms are found better fitted than others for their destined purpose. Sir John Herschel speaks of the notion sometimes entertained, that a parabolic form should be given to the walls around an orchestra, to throw out the sound in parallel lines; but he sees no wisdom in this: 'The object to be aimed at in a concert-room is, not to deafen a favoured few, but to fill the whole chamber equally with sound, and yet allow the echo as little power to disturb the principal sound, by a lingering after-twang, as possible.'

Any one who has paid attention to the discussions relating to the new Houses of Parliament, will remember how much has been said concerning the alleged unfitness for hearing, arising out of injudicious acoustic arrangements in the first instance; and musical persons will be equally familiar with the various opinions expressed concerning Exeter Hall, St Martin's Hall, the Town-hall at Birmingham, St George's Hall at Bradford, and other large rooms, in relation to their fitness for musical performances. But the sounding of music in the Hyde Park Palace gave a new impulse to this subject; for never before, perhaps, were musical instruments subjected to so severe an ordeal, owing to the immense size of the structure.

During the Great Exhibition of 1851, as every one knows, music was performed every day. However fine the pianos and harps may have been, they were not audible at any great distance from the instruments; and even the fine organs of Willis, Ducroquet, Hill, Gray, and Davison, and other makers, did not fill the building generally with a volume of sound. One curious example of this was, that all four organs might have been playing at once different tunes, and yet each have its own audience, very little, if at all, affected by the sound of the other instruments. The sound of each organ magnificently filled a certain small portion of the building, but could not be said to have filled the vast space generally. Herr Sommer's gigantic horn, the 'Sommerophone,' really threw out its sound to a greater distance than any of the organs. There can be no question that the *shape* of the building had much to do with this matter, irrespective of its size. If the 10,000 little voices which produce such a grand and thrilling effect in St Paul's Cathedral once a year—if these were in a building of the same shape, and twice as large, we cannot safely infer what the effect would be, for there has never been an opportunity of putting such a performance to the test.

During the progress of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, it appears to have engaged the occasional attention of the directors, whether or not, and in what way, to introduce music into their wondrous structure, that the ear as well as the eye may drink in beauty. It is a question of some importance; for if done at all, it should be done effectually—nothing puny must take part in the Sydenham Palace. In order to prepare themselves for grappling with the question, they wisely determined to call in aid from other quarters. They appointed a committee of inquiry, formed of three persons well skilled in the theory of music and of sound generally. These are: the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., 'Mus. Bac.' at Oxford University; Professor Willis, of Cambridge University; and Mr Donaldson, professor of music at the university of Edinburgh. We have been favoured with a copy of the report which these gentlemen have sent in to the directors; and there are in it a few particulars and suggestions highly interesting in connection with our present subject.

The question submitted to the committee was: 'To inquire into, and advise the directors of the Crystal Palace Company upon the construction of an organ; the number and kinds of stops, &c., which it should contain; its position in the building; the fittest person or persons to build it; and, generally, any points that may suggest themselves for the purpose of adapting it in the most perfect manner to the peculiar nature of the building, and of the objects by which it is to be surrounded.' The committee commence their report by adverting to the fact, that the admirable organs in the Hyde Park building ceased to be admirable to persons far distant in the building, inasmuch as the sounds themselves became nearly inaudible. The committee report, that there is no reason to doubt the possibility of constructing an organ suitable for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, but that such an organ must possess a much greater magnitude and completeness than any yet constructed. The largest organs in England at present are those in the Town-hall at Birmingham, and the Minster at York. One of these buildings has an interior capacity of about 600,000 cubic feet, the other upwards of 4,000,000 cubic feet; but the transept alone of the Sydenham building—which is 340 feet long, 170 wide, and 200 high—greatly exceeds the larger of these two, irrespective of the other parts of the structure. The clerestory of a cathedral—the narrow portion above the nave-arches—greatly assists in reverberating the sound; whereas in the Crystal Palace there will be very little to prevent the diffusion of vibratory waves in every direction; and this renders all the more necessary the production of a powerful body of sound.

The proposed organ must not only be larger than any other, but it must have some new and powerful means of sonorous effect. The committee enumerate sixteen organs which have become famed for their power. Some of these organs owe their power to the number and judicious arrangement of the stops, while others owe it rather to some one particular stop, which soars above all the others in power. A 'stop,' we may here observe, is a technical name for a whole row of pipes, all of which have the same kind or quality of tone, although differing in pitch. There are numerous stops or sets of pipes in every large organ, and it is thus that the pipes become so very great in number; at Weingarten, the organ contains more than 6600 pipes. The fine organs in the Paris churches are said to owe their power chiefly to the quality of those which are called the reed-stops; and it is considered to have been proved, that this reedy quality of tone permeated the Hyde Park building better than any other. The committee recommend that especial attention should be paid to reed-stops, in any organ destined for the new Crystal Palace; they point also to the fact, that very large pipes have a wonderful effect in producing a volume of sound fitted to fill a building of large dimensions. The largest pipe yet made to any organ is thirty-two feet, producing a note two octaves below the lowest note of a violoncello; and those organs which have such pipes derive a marvellous power therefrom, irrespective of the quality of the tone produced. A very large pipe actually requires a very large building, to enable the pipe to 'speak' at all.

After going carefully through the whole subject, the committee decide that it is quite within the compass of the skill of our organ-builders to produce an organ suitable for and worthy of the new Crystal Palace; but the details sketched by them have a vastness which—to use a familiar expression—almost takes one's breath away. Such an organ as they prefigure, would as far excel all other organs as the Crystal Palace will—in its own peculiar style of beauty—excel all other buildings. We will shortly run through their list of suggestions.

The organ would be placed, the committee say, at one extremity of the central transept. Its *monstre* dimensions would be 108 feet wide, 50 feet deep, and 140 feet high. The internal construction would be like that of a house, in stories, for the convenient support of the sound-boards and pipes. The feeders of the bellows would be worked by a small steam-engine, which, together with the feeders themselves, would be disposed in an underground apartment beneath the organ. The space beneath the first floor of the organ would be entirely open and disengaged, being only occupied by pillars required for the support of the organ, and by the wind-trunks. The lower or supporting part of the organ would be constructed substantially of stone, iron, or brick, open on all sides with arches; and the pillars would be made hollow, so as to serve as wind-trunks. The interior mechanism of the organ would comprise all the modern improvements, with especial reference to reed-stops and large pipes, and the construction of two pipes 64 feet long each, twice the size of the largest yet made. These magnificent pipes would form part of an architectural or at least ornamental frontage to the organ. The whole of the vast instrument would be designed in a style to correspond in lightness and transparency with the general character of the building itself; for, provided the supports be firm and substantial, the organ might have a lightness and delicacy of arrangement notwithstanding its huge dimensions. The interior of the organ would be symmetrically arranged, and in such a manner as to shew as many of the pipes as possible at one view; the sides and back would be constructed, in a great measure, of iron framework and glass, and thus spectators in the gallery will be enabled to inspect the interior mechanism while actually at work. There would, to prevent the lateral dispersion of sound, be erected screens of glass and ironwork, extending from the floor of the gallery to the roof, thus enclosing the organ to a certain degree on two sides; and it is recommended that not only should all kinds of carpeting and drapery be kept at a distance from the organ, but that plants and fountains should not be allowed to be brought nearer to it than is actually necessary for carrying out the general arrangements of the building, since moisture interferes with the vibrating state of the air near a musical instrument. Such a vast organ as the committee recommend would cost, they say, *at least* L.25,000, and would require three years in construction.

What decision the directors may arrive at concerning this bold and daring scheme, we do not know: possibly some time will be needed before all the contingencies and consequences of such an enterprise can be duly weighed. At all events, if adopted, three years must elapse before the Sydenham Palace can be enriched with such an organ; and, in the meantime, lovers of organ-music may ponder on the vast idea, and may dream of Bach and Handel, of Mozart and Haydn, of Beethoven and Mendelssohn.

THE ROBBERS OF LE MAUVAIS PAS.

We lounged about in the hotel of Lans-le-bourg during the hot hours of a summer day, whilst men and horses were taking their rest; and so far as any movements of animate nature were concerned, it might have been midnight. In the evening, however, the world seemed to come alive, and preparations were made for our journey over Mons Cenis. With the additional guides, postilions, and cattle, we formed a respectable cavalcade. The moon shone brightly upon our path, with a light so clear and soft, so silvery and so chastened, that it contrasted most pleasantly with the dazzling, scorching heat of the past day. The atmosphere was as calm as Nature's rest could be; and the purity of the air gave an elasticity and freshness to our spirits that we could scarcely have imagined. Fire-flies sported around us like animated diamonds, and the side of the road was sometimes bespangled with glowworms. Under such circumstances, one feels what is the pleasure of mere animal life, where there is the height of corporeal enjoyment without the aid of any stimulant but that which heaven's pure breath affords. It appeared almost treason against the majesty of nature, to disturb the silence which reigned through her dominions; and when we spoke, it was in a subdued tone. We walked on foot the greater part of the ascent, up three long windings made in the face of the mountain. Then the extra horses were turned adrift, to find their own way back to the stables, and we entered the carriage to gallop down the Piedmontese side of the declivity.

My nearest companion, an elderly Frenchman, who was usually very garrulous, had been on this occasion much absorbed in thought, and had preserved silence for an extraordinary length of time, though the twitchings of his countenance and the shrugs of his shoulders plainly told that he was holding an interesting conversation with his own heart and memory. At length I asked the cause of his musings and frequent ejaculations. 'Ah, sir!' said he, 'how different are the circumstances of this night from those I experienced thirty years ago, when I traversed this mountain. It was on a wintry day, when the ground was covered with snow, which lay in some places to the depth of forty feet, and filled up many of the ravines, so that we were in constant danger of going over a precipice. The wind blew the snow-drift so fiercely as to blind our eyes, and the guides were frequently at a loss to discover the right track. Six men were obliged to hold up the carriage

with ropes fixed to the top, to prevent its being blown over; and the patient horses, poor brutes! often turned their faces from the dreadful storm. We were almost frozen with cold, although we opened our portmanteaus, and put on all our wardrobe. Heaven defend me from such another journey, and the horrible night that followed in that murderous inn!' Perceiving him to be much excited, I felt the more anxious to know the strange events to which he alluded, and asked what could have tempted him to travel in such dismal weather, and what horrible circumstances had occurred on the way. He then gave me the following narrative:—

I was then young, an officer in the army, in the time when Napoleon carried on his last wars, and all this country was in a very troubled condition. At the period referred to, I was sent with an older officer to bear some dispatches of importance to Italy. He was an Italian, who had once been in the service of Austria, but had been taken prisoner at Marengo, and had joined the army of the Emperor. He was a clever person, in whom much confidence seemed to be placed, but so very wary and suspicious in his disposition, as sometimes to amuse and sometimes to frighten me. He seemed to make every allowance for my youth, and seldom checked my ardent spirits, for I was gay and thoughtless; but I was likewise brave and skilful in the use of arms, for which reason, I suppose, the captain took me with him on that journey. These mountains were greatly infested by robbers, chiefly disbanded soldiers of Italy, so that few persons could travel in safety. In a short time we shall pass by a place called Le Mauvais Pas, well known for the murders which have been there committed. A woody marsh lies on the left hand of the road, and the ruins of some buildings destroyed in the war on the right—I shall point them out to you—and amongst these the bandits lurked, and suddenly pounced upon a passer-by, or shot him before he was aware of his danger. A little further on, where two roads meet, you will see some large houses, which were once inns, and the landlord was in communication with the robbers of Le Mauvais Pas, so that the traveller who escaped from Scylla fell into Charybdis. Well, sir, I have told you about the dreadful weather in which we were obliged to cross Mons Cenis, the passage of which occupied the whole day; and as our orders were peremptory, we pushed forward at all hazards till nearly midnight, when we reached the door of the inn I have mentioned, where we were to pass the night. I suppose we escaped all previous dangers by the lateness of the hour, as no gentlemen were expected to travel on these roads after dark.

Glad we were when we arrived at the hotel; the very thought of a warm fire and hot soup gave me life. We knocked long and loud before the gate was opened, and the carriage passed into the court. The captain told our servant, who was also a soldier, to bring his little portmanteau and a small canteen of provisions into the room where we were to sit; the other baggage was left in the calèche. I saw the landlord narrowly eye the portmanteau, but he said nothing, and hastened to get ready for our entertainment. A small stove was lighted at one end of a large room, the other end of which I could scarcely see; so that it was far from comfortable, but it was not for us to complain after what we had suffered in the cold. A thin candle was placed on a table, a cloth was spread, and some bouillon was soon served up. But the captain could not eat it, and ordered Giuseppe to bring some compote out of the canteen, from which he made a savoury soup. The host then brought us a fricassée; but it also was rejected, and a cold fowl substituted for it. This rather displeased me, and I was beginning to intimate that I should prefer the hot dish, when a scowl of the captain's made me shrink into insignificance, and I let him do as he pleased. As he doggedly refused to eat anything furnished by the landlord, on the plea of a weak stomach, which I had never known him to complain of before, for he was a great gourmand, I guessed that he was afraid of poison, and secretly execrated his suspicious temper, rejoicing that I was not a jealous Italian.

'Have you any other guests here to-night?' asked the captain, appearing to take no notice of the prying curiosity of the landlord, who in vain tried to ascertain who and what we were.

'Only a priest on his way to Turin. Poor man, he has been stopped here for two days by the storm, as he travels on foot.'

'And what may be the reverend father's name?' asked my companion.

'Fra Carlo Benevoluto,' replied the other.

'Ah! that is a distinguished name. I think I have met with some padres of the name.'

'Very likely,' said the innkeeper. 'There are others of the family in high orders: he had a brother killed at the battle of Marengo, as he went to administer the consolations of religion to some dying soldiers. They are a devout family.'

'Ha! is Padre Carlo gone to bed? Perhaps he would do us the honour to drink wine with us.'

The host replied, that he had retired to say his prayers and count his rosary, which he did several times a day, holy man! but he might not yet be gone to sleep.

Presently, the padre made his appearance, with an air of meek devotion, crossed himself, and blessed us in the name of the holy Virgin and his patron saint Carlo. The captain gave him one searching glance, so piercing as almost to discompose him; but it passed over, and we entered into friendly conversation. A couple of bottles with facetious talk warmed us thoroughly, and we proposed retiring to rest. The captain was shewn into a bed-chamber which he did not at all fancy. We had before conversed about the Italian inns, and he had cautioned me always to lock and barricade the door at night. Now, he was himself put into a room which had three doors besides the one by which we entered from the stair, and none of them could be locked, as the chamber was a perfect thoroughfare. He looked much discomposed, and asked which of the rooms I was to occupy. The landlord apologised for taking me a little way off, as the neighbouring beds were already occupied, and it was too late to make alterations. One of the adjoining rooms was taken by the priest; another belonged to himself, and his wife was in bed; and the other door led to a passage and small apartment to which his daughter and maid-servant had gone, giving up their beds to the company. I was then conducted to a room on the other side of the padre's, but had scarcely got into bed, when the captain came in, bringing his little portmanteau and candle. He broke out into a furious invective against the vermin which were in his bed, which would render it impossible for him to sleep there. As this misfortune was no uncommon thing in these countries, it excited in me no surprise save that an old soldier should be daunted by such diminutive enemies. Upon my instantly offering to resign my couch, and try if I could not sleep amongst those Liliputian marauders, he imperatively declined, and said that he would repose in a chair beside me. He then examined the door, and found that it had no fastening, and as it opened into the padre's chamber, it could not be barricaded on our side. He was terribly disconcerted, and walked about in considerable emotion; then setting the lighted candle on a marble commode near the door, he seated himself near me and beside a table, on which he placed two loaded pistols and a carbine, which he examined and cocked, and laid my sword upon my bed.

A number of curious thoughts passed through my brain, tickled with the idea of a hero of many fights being dislodged from his encampment by a few insects; and my imagination suggested a glowing picture of

this wonderful campaign, which would form the subject of an excellent farce. And then his timidity—to be afraid of a lonely landlord, with three women and a holy priest! He would make another Don Quixote fighting with a windmill or a flock of sheep. I so relished the thought and the sight, that I was unwilling to yield to Morpheus, whose magic influence had become heavy; but was beginning to doze, when I thought I heard the creaking of the door, and looking through the curtain, I saw, or dreamed I saw, a faint shadow dimly reflected upon the wall. Turning to the captain, I perceived him eyeing the door, with a pistol grasped in his hand, which he was just raising, when the door quietly closed, and all was silent. About an hour afterwards, the same was repeated, and sleep vanished from my eyes. I dared not speak to the captain, who did not close his eyes for an instant, but kept them fixed with sentinel keenness upon the door, and his hand upon a pistol. He called us early, ordered horses to be put to the carriage, and told Giuseppe to make coffee in the mode he liked it. Giuseppe looked in an inquiring way, caught his eye, and immediately obeyed.

The padre joined us, and very meekly asked permission to occupy a seat in our calèche, which, to my surprise, was courteously granted, and he was invited to partake of our early repast. The captain kept him in constant conversation, and although he changed his seat once or twice, always managed to rise for something and sit opposite to him, and never to be beyond reach of his pistols. I was confounded, for they seemed to be playing a game at movements. At length the word was given, 'Let us go!' and I was curious to see how the game would now be played, especially as some additional pieces had appeared on the board, in the shape of the landlord's wife, daughter, and chambermaid, all big buxom dames, whose tall figures I much admired, but of whom my companion seemed as suspicious as of the holy father. He passed no compliments, and appeared much chagrined. Yet he managed matters most adroitly, his object, as I thought, being to let nobody walk behind us. 'Signor, run and tell the postilion to mount the white horse, for the black one sometimes kicks. Signore, please take these cloaks, and spread them on the seats of the carriage. Girl, take the candle. Father Benevoluto, be kind enough to take charge of this bottle of eau-de-vie, and put it into the far pocket of the carriage. Giuseppe, bring this portmanteau. Andiamo!' said he, pushing all of us before him as he followed with his firearms. In a trice we were at the carriage-door. 'Father, don't get out again; pray be seated. O signor, pray hold that black horse! Up, Giuseppe, and keep this carbine in your hand, and look about you for robbers. It is a bad road. Ladies, addio! Va!'

We were off before we knew where we were, and the captain urged the postilion forward; but we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he called out to stop; and in a hurried tone, addressing Fra Carlo, said: 'Pardon me, Father Benevoluto; I have left some papers of importance on my bed—do, pray, go and fetch them: we await your return;' and without stopping for his reply, opened the door and helped him to descend. I was just beginning to offer my own services, when a grinding oath, half emitted, silenced me. 'Good father, do be quick; for I can trust nobody with those papers on this vile road but yourself: no thief would rob a priest.' It was impossible to refuse; and Fra Carlo set off at greater speed than I had deemed him capable of using. When he was out of sight, my companion ordered the postilion to drive on quickly. He replied that we were to wait for the padre; but the captain thundered out: 'Hark you! make no noise with your whip, but spur your horses to a gallop, and keep them galloping till I bid you go slower. The moment you stop or crack your whip, I shall send a bullet through your head. Va!' Off we went, slapdash; how long I know not, for I was overwhelmed with surprise, afraid that the captain had become deranged, and that I might be the first victim of his violent temper. At length he called out: "Piano! piano!" and we instantly passed through St Antonin, where we met a military patrol, to whom the captain shewed his passport, and said that there were suspicious characters on the road between this and Le Mauvais Pas. The officer bowed low, and ordered his men to keep a sharp look-out. As we proceeded, he smiled and exclaimed: 'Now we are safe, and can take breath a little—thanks to the holy Virgin and all the guardian saints for our deliverance!" I ventured to say, that though some things did look rather suspicious in the inn, yet I could not fix upon anything really villainous, and should not have imagined any harm, unless I had perceived him to be so much on his guard; that I did not much like the landlord, yet the women were handsome, and I was much pleased with Fra Carlo; but the priest and himself seemed to be playing a game at seats and places, and he had certainly check-mated him at last.

'Yes,' said he; 'it was a game for life. So Carlo Benevoluto has assumed the padre now! methinks he will not long wear the cowl. That man was in my regiment when I was with the Austrians, and he was condemned to death for theft and murder, but escaped through the artifices of his brother, a priest, who was shot at Marengo, as he deserved. He has forgotten me; but I well remember him, and that gash on his forehead, which I gave him when I cut him down, but missed splitting his skull. And yon bed—there has been foul play there. You are yet a young dog of war; but I can smell blood anywhere: I instantly smelled it, and traced it to the mattress, which I found all stained with gore. Had I fallen asleep, we should both have slept there our last sleep, as many, I fear, have done before; but we shall hear if Captain Bocci, who passed last week, has arrived safely; if not, they shall all be broken on the wheel. Those handsome women! I will wager a thousand scudi they were men in disguise: I never saw such women in Italy before. In such times as these, young man, you must be always watching, if you value your life and love Mademoiselle Fouchette; and remember that walls have ears, and eyes too.' I intimated that I thought so when I saw him pointing a pistol at a shadow twice during the night. 'A shadow! it was the shade of Fra Carlo, and such shadows play with stilettoes: I saw one when his cloak was off as I passed through his room to come to you. Ghosts do not flinch from a levelled pistol as he did.'

At this moment, the Frenchman bade me look, for we were approaching the dreadful spot. There, indeed, stood two ruinous houses, forming a large mass of building, with small grated windows and a high court, all shut up and going to decay. He looked and shrugged his shoulders, and continued: 'The cursed bandits! they met with a deserved fate. The manner of their capture I have heard only by report, for we returned to France by another route. One evening, at dusk, two horsemen rode up to the inn; but when the large gate was opened, one of the beasts became frisky, and refused to enter. This frightened the other, and they capered about, to the great discomfort of the landlord and his people, who could not come into the gateway or shut the door because of their antics. As they were becoming more quiet, a posse of gendarmerie dashed in and took possession of the premises. A search was instituted, and the remains of 200 or 300 human bodies were found in the grounds, besides a great deal of concealed plunder. I need scarcely say that Italian justice did dreadful work with the murderers; and the inn has been shut up ever since. No one will venture into it—it is haunted; but the

Mauvais Pas is still a dangerous place for lone travellers.' A carbinier at this moment rode up, and asked our party if we had seen any person on the road, for a robbery had been committed a few days ago in that place.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Not being gifted with the spirit of prophecy, and possessing no skill in sciences abstruse and occult, we are not going upon the present occasion to attempt any explanation of the mysteries of the past, or to project forward from the dark lantern of imagination an enlightening gleam upon those of the future. We know nothing whatever about the Coming Struggle—have not even the honour of a bowing acquaintance with the Coming Man—have no pretensions to decide upon the completion of the chiliadic periods, nor have looked over the proof-sheets of the next year's almanac by Raphael. The great uproar among the nations that is to be, or is not to be—the long-looked for *débâcle* which is to hoist Turkey in Europe out of Europe—and all the threatened and promised marvels and prodigies and horrors, which certain hungry and thirsty seers find it so profitable just now to send drifting down the current of public opinion—these must take their course for us, and crown their own especial prophets and promulgators with honour or disgrace, as it may happen: they are not wares for our market. The signs of the times with which we at present have to do, though they do some of them hang out aloft very high, and blaze like meteors—while others glimmer feebly and fitfully in fuliginous and cavernous resorts, have nothing either celestial or infernal, supernatural or prophetical about them. They are substantial realities, the work of men's hands; they appeal in silent but unmistakable language to a very numerous class of Her Majesty's liege subjects, and, unlike the symbols of ancient or modern soothsayers, are never misunderstood by the dullest pate in Christendom. For instance: 'The Cat and Bagpipes.'

When certain unpropitious planets are in apogee, or when Mars and Venus are in opposition, there may be a shindy brewing somewhere, we don't deny it—very probably there is—we cannot undertake to determine; but when we see the sign of the Cat and Bagpipes in the ascendant, and swaying gracefully in the evening breeze at the corner of a street, we don't want the aid of astrological lore or the spirit of divination to inform us what it symbolises. We know as well as if we were Spigot himself, and had doctored the beer and spirits with our own hands for these twenty years past, what it means. It means stout in draught, and bottled beer, and treble X at threepence-halfpenny 'in your own jugs;' it means 'max,' and 'mountain-dew,' and 'yards of clay,' and a brown japanned tobacco-box, inscribed with the venerable legend—

> A good half-penny pay before you fill,
> Or forfeit sixpence, which you will;

and a saw-dusted floor crowded with kitchen-chairs and iron-spittoons, and mahogany-tables baptised in beer and loaded with foaming pots, each the temporary property of a volcanic proprietor in a state of eruption, to be followed by a state of harmony, and to end in a state of beastliness. And besides all this, it means skittles in the mouldy patch of garden-ground in the rear, and 'goes' of gin, and 'noggins' and 'three-outers,' and plenty more of that sort of thing, as everybody knows, and no mistake at all about it.

If any one doubts the universal knowledge which bibulous man has obtained with respect to the language of these signs, he or she must be a person of most happy experience, who has dwelt apart in some delectable Arcadia where milk and honey have not been banished by malt and hops—and not in dusty, miry, smoky, beery, brewery London, where Sir John Barleycorn surveys the whole capital from unnumbered elevations, and is monarch of all he surveys. Yonder fustian-jacketed labourer is in no such a state of heathen, or, if you like it better, classical ignorance. Ask him the way to Aldgate, and he will direct you along the whole route, though it should extend for a couple of miles, by those to him hospitable and infallible guides. He knows the charms of each separate paradise, and, never dreaming but that you are equally well informed, directs you to go straight on till you come to the Three Turks, then to turn to the right and cross over at the Dog and Duck, and go on again till you come to the Bear and Bottle, then to turn the corner at the Jolly Old Cocks, and after passing the Veteran, the Guy Fawkes, and the Iron Duke, to take the first turn to the right, which will bring you into it. By this civil communication you are taught, as we have been taught a hundred times, that the publicans' signs are, to no small section of the public, a substitute for the map of London. We propose to take a brief glance at them as they hang over our heads or flourish on side-posts or ground-glass windows. We have no intention of entering their sacred precincts, but shall confine ourselves to some selections from the catalogue which the bare enumeration of them would present, in order to see who and what are supposed to be the presiding deities in these veritable homes of half the working population of the capital of Great Britain.

The public-houses in London amount in number to something not much short of 5000, and if we suppose that the average number of customers to each is 100 a day—and some of the gin-spinning fraternity may count their daily customers by thousands—the sum-total will be more than equivalent to half the adult population—which does not say much for the spread of the total-abstinence principles. The half-million men and women who daily subscribe to the great alcoholic fund for promoting the demoralisation of the human race, and throw their personal example into the bargain, are the supporters of about 30,000 persons employed in the sole occupation of administering the popular libations, and of half as many more engaged in their manufacture, for the consumption of London alone. They congregate together for one uniform purpose, but under banners including every variety which the imagination can suggest. Somebody has said, that upon a question capable of popular solution nearly everybody will arrive at a just verdict, though perhaps no two men will be found who do so upon the same premises: your thirsty subject has always a problem to solve, and, so that he comes to the desired conclusion, is not at all particular as to the premises. If in a loyal mood, he may get drunk on the premises of the Victoria or Prince Albert; if in a patriotic one, at the Nelson or the Duke of Wellington; if in a benevolent one, at the Open Hand; if in an angry one, at the Hand and Dagger; and so on, suiting the action to the sign, with true drunken philosophy, the action being always the same whatever the sign.

The first class of signs demanding notice are those bearing the names, and frequently the portraits, of celebrated individuals. The first on the list, for we like to begin at the beginning, is of course Adam; but Adam, before he had his Eve, had his arms, for which we must refer the reader to the College of Heraldry, putting no faith in the legend of a pewter pot, and a couple of crossed tobacco-pipes, attributed to him by the learned members of the Licensed Victuallers' Company. There is but one Adam's Arms in London. Then come Adam and Eve together, and the blissful pair dominate over exactly twelve reeking tap-rooms within the sound of Bow Bells. Our first parents are the only antediluvians on the list, but of Noah's Arks, which form the connecting-link between the world before and the world after the deluge, there are eight. David with his harp

begins the catalogue of royal personages, of whom there is literally no end. There is a King Alfred, only one King George, two Henry the Eighths, three Kings of Denmark, fourteen Kings of Prussia, five King William the Fourths, one King on Horseback, ten King and Queens, ninety King's Arms, and seventy King's Heads. Of Queens Adelaide and Charlotte, there are two each; of Queen Victoria, twenty-one; of Queen's Arms, a dozen; and of Queen's Heads, fifty; and for the use and behoof of all these royal personages, there are threescore-and-ten Crowns; and about as many more in connection with Anchors, Anvils, Apple-trees, Barley-mows, Tin-cans, Dolphins, Horse-shoes, Leeks, Sceptres, Shears, Shuttles, Sugar-loaves, Thistles, and Wool-packs; to say nothing of fifty Roses, the rose always taking precedence of the crown on the sign-board. There are a dozen Prince Alberts; twice as many Princes of Wales; as many Prince-Regents. Each Prince-Regent might be matched with a Princess of some designation or other; and foreign princes and princes' heads complete the catalogue of sovereignty. Then there is everything Royal, from the Royal Albert, down through the whole alphabet to the Royal Yacht, including five-and-twenty Royal Oaks and fifteen Royal Standards.

Of Dukes, there are ninety-eight, including fourteen Dukes of Clarence, six Dukes of Sussex, twenty-five Dukes of Wellington, and thirty Dukes of York. There are ten Earls, and forty-five Lords, including thirty Lord Nelsons; thirty-six Marquises, of whom one-half are Marquises of Granby. Of Shakspeares, there is but one, and six Shakspeare's Heads. There are two Sir Isaac Newtons, two Sir Sydney Smiths, and one Sir Walter Scott; one Van Tromp, three Whittington and Cats, two Sir John Barleycorns, four Sir John Falstaffs, and ten Robin Hoods.

Among the signs especially appealing to working-men, there are the arms of every profession, from the Bricklayers' Arms, of which London boasts thirty, through the whole alphabet again, down to the Watermen's Arms, of which there are fifteen.

In the animal kingdom, there are three Antelopes; fourteen Brown Bears, besides a whole bear-garden of various other lively colours; Birds in the Hand, five; Black Bulls, sixteen; Bulls' Heads, twenty-five; Black Dogs, four; Black Horses, twenty-five; Black Lions, ten; Black Swans, six; Blue Boars, seven; one Blue Pig; one Blue Lion; one Camel; four Cart-horses; three Cats; one Civet Cat; twenty Cocks; four Cocks with Bottles; two Cocks with Hoops, and one Cock and Neptune; two Dogs and Ducks; fourteen Dolphins; six Eagles; seven Elephants, with or without Castles; ten Falcons; one Fish; thirty Foxes, with Grapes, Geese, or Hounds; three Hampshire Hogs; five Hares and Hounds; ten Goats, some in Boots, and some furnished with a pair of Compasses; thirty Green Men; nine Greyhounds; two Hen and Chickens; one Hog in the Pound; twenty-seven Horses and Grooms; ten Lions in a state of nature, some tête-à-tête with Lambs, some with French Horns; ninety Lions in red skins, and twenty-eight in white ones; seven Magpies, one with a Maiden, three with a Stump, one with a Pewter Platter, and one with a Punch-bowl; twenty Nags' Heads; one Old Cock; one Old Fox; six Old Red Lions; and four Old Swans. There are twelve Peacocks; one Pheasant; four Pied Bulls; two Rams; two Ravens; nine Red Cows; one Red Horse; ten Roebucks; seven Running Horses; one Running Footman; three Spotted Dogs; eleven Spread Eagles; thirty Swans, some with Horse-shoes, some with Sugar-loaves, and one with two Necks; five Tigers; twelve Turks' Heads; five Unicorns; eighteen White Bears; seventy White Harts, and only one White Hind; fifty-four White Horses; one White Raven; thirty-one White Swans; four Stags; one Leopard; three British Lions, and one Porcupine.

Some publicans betray a partiality for a particular number, and double or treble their signs, or choose some device which shall express their favourite figure. Thus we have the One Tun, the One Swan; the Two Bells, the Two Black Boys, the Two Sawyers, the Two Ships, the Two Mariners, the Two Brewers (of which there are thirty), the Two Eagles, &c. Then we have the Three Colts, the Three Compasses (twenty-seven in number), the Three Cranes, the Three Crowns, the Three Cups, the Three Goats' Heads, the Three Hats, the Three Herrings, the Three Jolly Butchers, the Three Kingdoms, the Three Kings' Heads, the Three Loggerheads, the Three Lords, the Three Mackerel, the Three Neats' Tongues, the Three Pigeons, the Three Stags, the Three Suns, and the Three Tuns, which last number over a score. Four is not a favourite number with publicans, and the Four Swans in Bishopsgate Street is the only quadruple alliance upon the sign-boards of London. Fives there are in plenty; among which we may particularise the Five Bells and Blade-bone, the Five Ink-horns, and the Five Pipes. Of sixes, there are but two—the Six Bells, and the Six Cans and Punch-bowl. Of the sevens, there are just seven—of which six are the Seven Stars, and one the Seven Sisters. Then the Eight Bells, of which there are four; and the Nine Elms, of which there is but one. There is also but one ten—the Ten Bells; and one twelve, which is also a peal of Bells.

There are sixteen saints—St John, St Luke, and St Paul being the favourites; and though there is but one bishop, Bishop Blaize, there are eleven Mitres. Of Georges, there are fifty; and twenty more of that gentleman settling his account with the Dragon. There are twenty-one Angels, and fifteen more Angels in partnership with Crowns, Suns, and Trumpets; seven Flying Horses; about thirty Golden prodigies of various kinds—Anchors, Fleeces, and Lions; of Green Dragons, there are sixteen; and five Griffins, three Men in the Moon, one Monster, three Neptunes, eleven Phœnixes, and one Silver Lion.

Among the Jolly fellows are the Jolly Anglers, the Jolly Farmers, the Jolly Millers, the Jolly Sailors, and the Jolly Waterman, with a Tippling Philosopher at their head.

Of fruits, fruit-trees, and vegetables, we have—Artichokes, seven; Apple-trees, three; Cherry-trees, five; Grapes, sixty-six; Mulberry-trees, four; Orange-trees, two; Pine-apples, five; and Vines, three.

The most absorbent colours are found to be black, blue, green, red, and white. Of these the Blacks amount to nearly a hundred, the greater part of them being Black Bulls and Black Horses; the Blues are sixty, being mainly Anchors, Boars, and Posts; the Greens are fifty, mostly Green Dragons or Green Men; the Reds are a hundred and ten, of which three-fourths are Lions; and the Whites are above two hundred, in which the White Hart and the White Horse principally predominate.

Among the mysterious signs which are apt to puzzle us as we walk the streets, are the Hole-in-the-Wall, of which there are seven; the Bag of Nails—thought to be a corruption of The Bacchanalians—the Two Black Boys; the Cat and Salutation; the Fish and Bell; the Globe and Pigeons; the Goose and Gridiron; Grave Maurice (who was he?); the Half-moon and Punch-bowl; the Ham and Windmill; the Hat and Tun; the Hop and Toy; the Horns and Chequers; the Horse-shoe and Magpie; the King's Head and Lamb; the Naked Boy and Woolpack; the Queen's Head and French Horn; the Rose and Three Tuns; the Salmon and Compasses; the Sash and Cocoa-tree; the Sun and Sword; the Ship and Blade-bone, &c., the significations of which, if they have any, lie too deep beneath the surface for our comprehension.

Of the implements of agriculture there are—Ploughs,

eighteen; Harrows, five; one Shovel, three Carts and Horses, and two Wagons. We may add that there are fourscore Ships in all conditions, from a Ship on the Launch, to a Sheer Hulk; and of Anchors there are twenty, most of them allied with Hope, and twenty more allied only with blue paint.

The above selections from the list of wooden banners, beneath which assemble nightly the thirsty population of the metropolis, must suffice for the present. They are the multifaced symbols of the most frequented, most popular, and best patronised of all our national institutions; whether they reflect much credit upon us as the inhabitants of the most enlightened city in the world, is a question we have not leisure to enter upon. The hospitality they practise is regarded by humanitarians as a very doubtful virtue—and some of them do not scruple to declare, that though by no means ministers of charity themselves, they are the originating causes of half the munificent and splendid charitable endowments which adorn our land, and, moreover, of not a few of those palatial-looking prison-fortresses which the genius of architecture has latterly condescended to render ornamental too, on the principle, we suppose, that if the body politic cannot get rid of an unsightly wen, the next best thing is to hide it beneath an agreeable covering.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The progress of science is in our day so rapid, that a man cut off, for a single year, from sources of information, would find himself in a very uncomfortable state of ignorance on resuming his intercourse with society. A monthly sketch of this department of knowledge—though assuming to be nothing more than a kind of popular gossip—will, we think, put our non-scientific readers at their ease in well-informed company, while it may be of use to the savant as a chronological record and remembrancer of the progress of discovery. With such objects, we propose taking some pains to group in this department of the Journal whatever is more remarkable in the passing history of science and the useful arts.

'Is there any limit to the number of planetary bodies?' is the inquiry more and more repeated among astronomers, as the list of minor planets is increased by continued discovery. Twenty-seven of these little orbs have already been recognised and named, and the finding of others is now considered to be scarcely more than a mechanical task; one, however, which may lead to a confirmation of the views that certain starry phenomena are about to be better comprehended than hitherto. Le Verrier argues, that the whole mass of these small bodies within the zone in which they are found, will prove to be equal to not more than one-fourth of the mass of the earth; deriving his conclusion from the fact, that Mars appears to be altogether undisturbed by their presence. In pursuing the question, it is thought that something like a satisfactory explanation may be arrived at concerning aërolites—one of the puzzles of science. Besides this, a classification for comets is to be drawn up, by which our knowledge, such as it is, of those eccentric wanderers may be reduced to a system; and a connected series of observations on auroræ is to be attempted from different parts of the northern hemisphere. With respect to the latter phenomenon, De la Rive puts forth the opinion, that we may attribute it 'to the electricity with which the currents of air are charged that rise from the equatorial regions, and travel in the upper atmosphere towards the poles, where they combine with the negative electricity of the earth, forming, under the influence of the magnetic pole, those luminous arches.'

A communication from Aden warns mariners navigating the Arabian seas, that a change has taken place in the variation of the compass. This fact, however, is well known to scientific men; it is a process continually going on in that region at the rate of rather more than a degree every ten years. It is now 2·49 west; in 1834, it was above 5°. The causes will probably have to be sought for in the as yet occult phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. The inquiry into these is still perseveringly carried on. Colonel Sabine has just presented an important paper to the Royal Society, in which he demonstrates, from five years' observations, that the moon, as well as the sun, exercises an influence on the magnet. It is another step towards clearing away the obscurities that at present darken the subject.

Dr Palagi of Bologna has made some curious experiments, by which he finds that bodies, of whatever kind, 'in a natural state, exhibit signs of vitreous electricity in proportion as they are raised up from the surface of the earth, and signs of resinous electricity as they again approach it in descending.' It is not, he remarks, the effect of muscular force, nor of the rate of movement; for whether fast or slow, organic or inorganic, the result is still the same. A man may produce it in favourable circumstances by raising his arm. The experiments, however, are subject to great modifications, and will not succeed unless carried on in some very open place out of doors. The connection between these phenomena and those of magnetism may become apparent in the further progress of the investigation; meantime, the results obtained by Professor J. Phillips are worthy of notice. He finds, from a course of magnetic observations made in Yorkshire, that different sets of isoclinal lines appear for different portions of that great county. He believes these differences to be due to the nature and inclination of underlying strata, and that in time we shall be able, by nice observations of the magnetic needle on the surface, to judge of the strata that lie below as correctly as by boring. If these views hold good, magnetism will prove a valuable aid to geology; and there is perhaps more relation between the two than is commonly supposed. Magnetic disturbances are known to have occurred during eruptions of Mauna Loa and of Etna; and it is not impossible that some of the unsettled points in geology may hereby come to be cleared up. According to Professor Edward Forbes, the geology of England is all to do over again, as is indicated by facts which have recently come under notice in the Isle of Wight. Strata and outcrops, he says, have been mistaken, and we have now to regard our 'English series of Eocene tertiaries,' hitherto imperfect, to be the most complete perhaps in the world. And by these we are enabled to assign true places to strata bordering on the Mediterranean, and even so far off as Australia. No fear, therefore, of geological inquiries becoming exhausted.

A subject of some importance to farmers has been brought before the Chemical Society—the deposits of 'soluble or gelatinous silica' found in the lower chalk-beds at Farnham. They are probably from 80 to 100 feet thick, and they cover an area of several miles. In some samples that have been taken up, the silica amounts to seventy-two per cent. Mr Way proposes 'to employ these beds as a source of silicate of lime for agricultural purposes. He finds that the silica can be made to combine with lime with great ease in various ways. A mixture of slaked lime with the powdered rock, when made into a thin mortar, and left for several weeks, is entirely converted into silicate of lime.' The use of this substance on light lands is said to be beneficial, inasmuch as it prevents the over-luxuriance of growing grain, and strengthens the straw. It is something to have a fertiliser at command without sending for it to South America. It appears that the quantity of Peruvian guano available is much less than

was supposed—about 8,000,000 tons, which will probably be exhausted in about eight years. Notwithstanding that specimens of bats' guano have been sent over from Penang, and that great deposits are said to be scattered about the Indian archipelago, it seems desirable that other substances should be looked for as a means of fertilising our fields. In these circumstances, we hear with interest of plans for obtaining artificial manure from the abundant fish of our seas, and from the sewage of our large towns. We are certainly on the eve of realising some of these plans.

The same society have had their attention drawn to certain remarkable phenomena witnessed in the treacle stores of the London Docks. In 1849, 110 casks of molasses, containing altogether 1270 hundredweights, were stowed away in the usual manner. In September 1851, an increase of weight was observed, when the casks were re-coopered. In February 1852, they were again weighed, and again was there an increase of weight, amounting on the whole to 23¼ hundredweights; or more, for in some instances it had no more than made up for leakage. Another squadron of 347 casks, weighing 4160 hundredweights, were also stowed away in July 1849, and reweighed in September 1852, when some were so swollen, that the heads bulged as though overfull, and on starting the bung, the molasses spurted upwards for several feet like a fountain. These casks weighed 12 hundredweights each: the greater number had gained from 1 pound to 30, and nearly 100 from 30 to 51 pounds, the total gain being 56 hundredweights. In a third instance, the increase ranged from 23 pounds to 68 pounds, an extraordinary result. A remarkable property of absorption is said to be the cause, and most powerful in the casks made of Quebec pine.

It is well known that the Davy-lamp used by miners, with all its merits, was not free from imperfections, and that many attempts have been made to improve upon it. Among the latest is the safety-lamp exhibited by Dr Glover at a meeting of the Society of Arts. It has two glass cylinders—the outer one, a quarter-inch thick; the inner, one-eighth, kept in place by a fitting of wire-gauze. The air descends between the two, and passes through the gauze to feed the flame from below, which insures almost entire combustion, while by this arrangement the lamp becomes less heated than the Davy, and can be held in the hand. There is safety in the two cylinders, since if the outer one should be broken by a drop of water falling on it while heated, the other suffices to prevent mischief until a new one can be fitted. Another means of safety is, that whenever the lamp is surrounded by an explosive gas, the flame is at once extinguished by a tin cone attached to the gauze; and moreover, the flame goes out should the miner attempt to light his pipe by it. From the trials made, this improved lamp appears well adapted to its purpose, in increased brilliance of light, as well as other respects. It may be well, however, to mention, that a safety-lamp 'on the lock-spring principle,' was exhibited at the last meeting of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, by Mr E. Simons, of Birmingham, who placed it in a stream of hydrogen gas, and shewed its construction to be such, 'that the least attempt on the part of the miner to open the lamp would cause the light to be extinguished.'

There were a few instances of self-educated endeavour brought before the same meeting that are deserving of notice: one, a man of the coast-guard, who had prepared the skeleton of a porpoise in a way superior to anything of the kind yet accomplished, the fins and pelvic bone being retained in their place. Besides the prize awarded to him, a number of his specimens have been purchased for the British Museum, the chiefs of that establishment being well satisfied with the skilful preparations. Another example was a model of a mine and its machinery by a working-mechanic, described 'as both novel and ingenious, and displaying an amount of perseverance and talent of no ordinary kind.' There is talk of establishing a School of Mines for Cornwall at Truro: judging from appearances, we may believe that there will be no lack of intelligent students. We may add also, before quitting this subject, that an important machine has been brought into use for drying the 'china clay,' of which 80,000 tons or more are exported every year from different ports of Cornwall, chiefly to Staffordshire for use in the Potteries. The usual method has been to prepare the clay, and leave it to dry by the natural process—one which, as it frequently demanded six or eight months, involved great loss of time. The machine now used is similar in principle to that employed for drying clothes after washing: the lumps of clay are placed in the compartments made to receive them, the apparatus is then rotated with great velocity, which throws off the water by centrifugal force, and in this way two tons of clay can be dried in five minutes. Seeing that more than L.200,000 is spent annually in Cornwall in 'getting' and preparing this clay for the market, any shortening of the process must lead to important consequences. The same principle has been introduced in the drying of manufactured sugar with considerable advantage.

The rearing of fish is about to have a fair trial at Storemountfield on the Tay, where a salmon-nursery has been formed, with 400,000 eggs, all duly fecundated by the artificial process, and now going through the stages towards hatching in the spring. If but one-half of the young fry come forth and survive, there will be good reason for repeating the experiment. Across the Channel, there is a scheme for naturalising the sturgeon, and the *saluth*, a large fish from the Swiss lakes—in the rivers of France. Should it succeed to any extent, we shall be able to get caviare and isinglass without sending to Astrakan for them. It is thought that, as the Rhône has no mills or factories along the greater part of its course, parks or conservatories of fish may be laid off in suitable places, and attempts made to cross different breeds, as is practised successfully by the Chinese. The Dutch government has just established two of these fish-nurseries in the neighbourhood of the Hague; so that we may hope to see erelong to what extent it is possible to add by this means to our food resources.

Assam, in addition to tea, has sent over fifteen bales of *Rheea* grass, the same as that from which the much-talked of 'grass-cloth' is made. It may be used also for other purposes; for it is said to be superior to Russian hemp, and cheaper, and producible in large quantities. Madeira, too, is sending us more of her produce in the shape of pine-apples and oranges, to make up for her losses by the grape disease. Apropos of this malady, it has been stated that it can be cured or prevented by a solution of the higher sulphides of calcium. Vines washed with this solution continued to flourish, while others, purposely left untouched, suffered severely.

M. Bobièrre, a chemist at Nantes, says that bronze is much more lasting and serviceable as sheathing for ships than copper or brass. M. Nicklès is still working at his experiments in magnetising the driving-wheels of locomotives. He has made some trials on the Paris and Lyon Railway; and now, having arrived at a better knowledge of circular electro-magnets, he thinks certain difficulties may be overcome. The object aimed at, is to increase the 'bite' of the wheels upon the rails. 'I shall not rest satisfied,' he says, 'until it has become easy to use gradients of more than ten millimetres to the metre, and until it shall become no longer necessary to construct tunnels at great expense, or to build extensive earthworks, or make curves of large radius.' With respect to the electro-chemical engine that has been a good deal talked about for the past few weeks, some of our ablest mechanicians deny the possibility of an apparatus that shall, as fast as galvanic

effect is obtained, reproduce the liquids still as active as before. If this be possible, the perpetual motion is achieved.

The project for an atmospheric conveyance-tube between New York and Boston, has advanced into the company stage with a prospect of being carried out. The tube, when complete, will be 200 miles in length; and small parcels are to be sent from one end to the other in fifteen minutes by the force of compressed air. It is a scheme worthy of American enterprise, which has just produced a tunnelling machine, compared with which all other contrivances for boring holes in the globe are mere gimlets. It is made of iron, works by steam, and weighs seventy-five tons. The cutters are steel disks, which revolve with 'irresistible power,' and carve an opening seventeen feet in diameter, 'through the hardest rock, at the rate of about three feet in two hours;' and with the attendance of only four men. A 'mechanical nautilus,' a new kind of diving-bell, has also been contrived, which can be moved from place to place, or kept stationary at any point between the surface of the water and the bottom with great facility. A report states that 'treasure, pearl-shells, coral, sponges, and all products under water, may be easily gathered, and sent to the surface without requiring the machine to rise. It has an arrangement which permits the digging of trenches, by which telegraph wires and water-pipes may be placed below the reach of anchors.' In short, there is no under-water employment for which it is not available. It has room for ten persons, and will rise from a depth of thirty feet in four seconds. Without necessarily disparaging the machine here described, which appears to be constructed with remarkable ingenuity, we may remind our readers that Mr Babbage suggested something very similar, nearly thirty years ago, in his article *Diving-bell*, in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.

Agassiz is making known to the savans of Europe and America, that he is preparing a *Natural History of the Fishes of the United States*. He has just described a new species of fish sent to him from California, perch-like in appearance, and from ten to twelve inches long, which brings forth its young alive. It is believed that the auriferous state contains many other curiosities of natural history; and now that an Academy of Natural Sciences has been established at San Francisco, they will probably not long remain unknown.

The Photographic Exhibition held at Suffolk Street has proved successful, if only in demonstrating the real advancement made in that interesting art. Apparatus is simplified, landscapes more beautiful than ever have been taken, and life-size portraits can now be produced.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER III.

A WEARYFOOT EMEUTE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

It is a curious fact in the natural history of little girls, that although they are passionately attached to young children, the feeling gradually changes to downright hostility as these creep up into the category of great boys. The great boy, on his part, can hardly be said to reciprocate the enmity; or at least his dislike is so much chastened with contempt as to change its character. He merely pooh-poohs the little girl. He looks upon her as a naturally inferior animal—inferior in wisdom, courage, and strength; and it is not till he has left great boyhood behind, that he finds out his mistake. *Then* he begins to blush and falter in the presence of the expanded weakling; then he pays obedience to the lightest look of this lower nature; then he dedicates to her service, and makes her own, all those qualities on the exclusive possession of which he had prided himself; then he acknowledges in his heart—yea, in his heart of hearts—the supremacy of womanhood.

Sara at first shrunk from the great boy, as she called him, although he was probably very little older than herself; and Bob, after looking at her by the hour till he had learned her entirely by heart, turned away, with a kind of good-humoured disdain, to his books, or his fencing, or his chess. But he gradually discovered in Sara something that was necessary to his progress. She was much further advanced than himself in various kinds of knowledge, because what she knew she had learned methodically from its earliest rudiments. She was acquainted with at least the first lines of sciences—for instance, astronomy and botany—of which he knew nothing more than the names; and what was of still more consequence, she possessed a large collection of those multifarious school-books that are used in modern education. Sara thus acquired more and more consequence in his eyes every day; not in her own individuality, but as something which he instinctively felt to be necessary to the satisfaction of the blind, unconscious longings of his intellectual nature.

The little girl, on her part, pale, timid, and retiring, began erelong to fancy that after all there was nothing so excessively disagreeable in the great boy, who asked her questions, listened to her replies with calm attention, and received with thankfulness the loan of her books. To confer favours on a great boy changed entirely the relations between them; and by degrees Sara began to reap the advantage of being obliged to revert to the lessons she would otherwise soon have forgotten, in order to teach them to one whose natural gifts quickly carried both beyond them. The children studied in books together, looked at the stars together, botanised in the wood together. Elizabeth had a new listener; the captain another pupil in chess; and, to the extravagant delight of the veteran, Bob taught the little girl to fence, while she taught him to dance to her aunt's mechanical drumming on the piano. It is a trait worth mentioning in the life of this simple family, that Molly, after having been drilled for a week or two in private by Sara, was frequently called into the room to sustain a part in the dance, when it was necessary to make a second couple out of a movable partner and a chair. It must be added, that Molly, although at first frightened, nervous, and astonished, and eliciting far more laughter than applause, took at last to the exercise with such good-will, that it produced a manifest change for the better in her air and carriage. And no wonder; for her performances in the room were repeated step for step before Mrs Margery in the kitchen; and at other times, too, when she had nothing special in hand, or when the idea came spontaneously into her head, she would rush suddenly out to the middle of the floor, to the great annoyance of Mr Poringer, and indulge in a skip on her own account.

All this time the good captain had never once thought of sending his protégé to school, or getting a governess for his niece. His sister, he considered, was all-sufficient in the latter capacity, for there was no end of her homilies; and as for the boy, was he not under his own special care—under the care of a man who had seen the world at home and abroad? The two children would thus have entirely lost some important time, had it not been for the restlessness of mind of the young son of the mist, who was never easy but when groping after knowledge of some kind.

But matters were not destined to continue always in this unsatisfactory position. Bob was growing upon their hands into a really great boy; and Sara's little figure was filling rapidly up and out, under the influence of good air, healthful exercise, and comfortable living. She was a pretty little girl, so far as regularity of features and sweetness of expression were concerned, but as yet there was no telling what she would grow into; while Bob, as it sometimes happens with the masculine, was a fine-looking, self-possessed, energetic boy, with his conformation, both outward and inward, requiring only expansion to give assurance of a man. The circumstances that led to a change as regards him, and at the same time almost turned Simple Lodge out of window, were as follows.

The visits of the neighbours were very unfrequent, for the captain, as has been seen, was not a man to set strangers so much at their ease with him as to induce them to desire anything like an intimate acquaintance; while the cold and unpractical Elizabeth was not readily understood as an interlocutor in conversation. Still, as a family keeping a man-servant, not to talk of the captain's commission, they were decidedly in the grade of genteel people, and their movements were watched with corresponding interest by the idlers of the neighbourhood. The advent of Bob, as was plain from the expressions made use of by the son of one of them, was well known from the first; and the nice little smash that young gentleman's fingers received, had doubtless the effect of fixing the circumstance in his memory. The reputed origin of the foundling, however, as the subject came to be more and more discussed, was regarded as decidedly mythical. The idea of a boy of his respectable age being found suddenly in the mist, brought straight home by a man-servant, and instead of being sent to the workhouse, treated from that moment by the gentleman of the house as his own son, was quite too absurd—it was an outrage upon the common sense of the public. Even the doctor, whose professional visits had somehow never been required at the Lodge, but who was, nevertheless, full of charity for all men, women, and children, went so far as to admit, that the story was not well concocted—that our worthy neighbour might perhaps advantageously have taken a leetle more trouble in disguising the affair; but when the boy was understood to pass by the name of Oaklands, the name of a mysterious cook, of comely features, who was never seen out of the house, the whole thing stood plainly out in all its appalling reality.

Still, the neighbours did not know what to do, although all felt themselves called upon to do something; till the captain—brought up as he had been in the freedom of the camp, and in habitual defiance of the laws of God and man—had the audacity to bring his own niece, the daughter of his deceased brother, to reside in the same house! This was quite too bad. It was the signal for a general tea-table emeute; and a resolution was passed *nem. con.*, that if any of the neighbours did continue to visit at the Lodge, it should only be in the hope of finding an opportunity of remonstrance. The opportunity, however, was long of coming. The captain was very grim—evidently not a man to be bearded with impunity; and as for Elizabeth, nobody could make anything of her at all. But one day, when the doctor and doctress, Mrs Seacole, a lady of fortune in the neighbourhood, and the rector of the parish, met in the parlour of Simple Lodge, the malcontents, finding themselves strong enough, cleared for action. Sara was in the room, and had been patted by all in turn, and asked about her studies by the rector, when Bob entered in his usual quiet manner, and taking a chair with the gravity of an elderly person, began to read the visitors, one by one, with his calm, observant eyes.

'That is not Miss Sara's brother, is it?' asked the doctor's wife innocently.

'No,' replied the captain.

'Oh!'

'A relative, though, of course,' said the doctor, moving up to the support of his spouse.

'No relation at all.'

'Oh!' Here the visitors exchanged looks, and an awkward silence ensued.

'It is the opinion of many divines and moralists,' said Elizabeth at last, 'that a tie of consanguinity runs through all mankind. It is difficult, doubtless, to name the relationship, when the common ancestor is at so remote a point of time; and that may be the reason why we are called, in a general meaning, brothers and sisters. It may be questioned, however, whether cousins would not be less incorrect, since there are cousins, more especially in Scotch families, that diverge to an incalculable distance.'

'Did Miss Semple say they were cousins?' asked Mrs Seacole, looking puzzled. 'How can that be, sir?' turning to the captain. 'You had only one brother, I have been told, Miss Sara's father, and you were never married.'

'No more I had,' said the captain—'no more I was: but'—and he executed a sardonic grin, which he intended to be facetious—'the fact is, Bob and I are only recent acquaintances—comparatively. He came accidentally—popped in when nobody wanted him—hey, sir?' and he wagged his beard at his young playfellow.

'I regret, sir,' said the rector gravely, 'that I cannot join you in this facetiousness. Your conduct towards the boy, or your motives for it, no one here, I am sure, desired to inquire into. Your explanation, therefore, was quite unnecessary; but we cannot help feeling for the poor little girl, the daughter of your deceased brother, whom you have determined to bring up in such society.'

'And where's the harm? Bob is a very good fellow, and a very clever fellow; he teaches her more than she teaches him; he makes her a capital fencer—a thing no girl ever was before; and of an evening they sing, and then they dance, with nobody but themselves, and the chair, and poor Molly, and—and where's the harm?'

'Where's the harm, indeed!' repeated Mrs Seacole, tossing her head.

'Oh, you are all too bad!' cried the doctor's wife: 'it is nothing but a mystery, and I do so love a mystery! Come here, Master Robert, and tell us what your name is.'

'Robert Oaklands, ma'am,' replied Bob, rising respectfully.

'And whose son are you?'

'Captain Semple's, ma'am.' The company looked at each other, and then at the captain, who blushed ferociously.

'He means what my sister calls metaphorical,' said he in confusion.

'Go on, my dear,' said the doctor; 'I shouldn't wonder if the lad does speak metaphorically.'

'Good gracious!' replied the lady half aside, 'I am almost afraid. Who is your mother, sir?'

'Mrs Margery, ma'am.' The questioner gave a little scream; her husband looked as liberal as he could under the circumstances; Mrs Seacole edged her chair a little way out of the circle; and the rector drew himself up stiff and awful.

'That is metaphorical, too,' said the doctor, 'I shouldn't wonder.'

'Whatever you please to think of it,' said the captain choking: 'I never set eyes on that woman Margery in my life!'

'What! never saw your own cook!'

'Never, as I am an officer and a gentleman!' This was proving such an extravagant deal too much, that even the doctor gave up the case as hopeless. The visitors merely bent their heads, and said: 'Hum!'

—what else could they say?—and then hastened to take their leave in a kind of panic, as if feeling that their enterprise, though successful, had ended tragically.

And so it did so far as the captain was concerned, for they left him one of the most miserable men on the face of the earth. If he had been plucked by the beard, it would have been comparatively a trifle, for he knew how to redress any wrongs of the kind; but to have all his notions of propriety outraged—for, like Spenser's valiant knight, the captain was 'modest as a maid'—to have been betrayed into an assertion which, although he knew it to be true, he himself felt, on consideration, to be too monstrous for belief, was an accumulation of unhappiness which stunned him.

'And you, sir,' said he, starting up at length, 'how dare you call me your father before company? That was all very well at first, and I didn't mind it; but, grown up as you are to be a great fellow, you should have more sense.'

'You allowed me at first, sir, to call you so,' replied Bob, 'and you have been more and more a father to me ever since; and so I forgot—what I am. What could I say? I could not tell those cold, hard people that I never had a father.'

'Is it better, think you, to tell an untruth? And that hideous woman in the kitchen must needs be your mother!'

'I see now it was wrong, but I did not think of it at the moment. Mrs Margery has been so kind to me, so like what I have read of a mother! But never mind, sir'—and he tried to smile down a little sob—'they will forget it all by and by, and you will never have to complain of me again.'

He turned away in agitation, and went to the window. The common lay before him, wide, still, and cold; and he looked long at it through his tears—the captain watching him with a yearning heart, that felt unconsciously the responsibility it had incurred, by awaking this desolate boy into thought and feeling. When Bob returned from the window, his eyes were dry and his cheek pale. His protector grasped him by the hand.

'And so they will, Bob,' said he; 'they will forget it all by and by, and you and I will be better friends than ever. And you will be a good fellow, and a clever fellow still; and we will not mind them, Bob, but be happy among ourselves, God bless you!'

'God bless you, sir!' said Bob; 'God bless you, my only father!—a name I shall never call you more. It was very wrong of me, I know, and I have disturbed you all. But you will not think unkindly of me, Miss Semple, will you?'—and he kissed the cold cheek of the virgin, who drew him in silence to her bosom.

'Sara, too—you will forgive me for having been called your brother, and your cousin, won't you, Sara?'—and as he kissed her pretty lips, he tried to smile down another little sob, and then left the room.

'I tell you what, Elizabeth,' said the captain, 'there is more in that boy than you or I think of. What it is, I don't know, or how it came into him; but it is something out of the common, I'll be bound!'

That night the veteran did not sleep well. Ignorant as he was of the world, he knew that, in justice both to himself and his niece, matters could not be suffered to rest where they were. Even if the true origin of his connection with Bob could be explained to the satisfaction of the neighbours, he felt, now that the subject had been forced upon him, the impropriety of the two young people growing up together in all the intimacy of brother and sister. But how to manage? Was he to send away the lad to be a mechanic, after he had brought him up to feel like a gentleman?—that was impossible. He had no money to buy him a commission, for he and his sister, having no posterity to provide for, had lived completely up to their moderate income. But, at anyrate, Bob was too young for that yet—and could they not hoard in the interval? That was the only thing to be done—and it must be done. But, in the meantime, the poor fellow must leave the house, and at once. So much the better, for it would be necessary for him to go through some preparation for the army. He must have some years of school; and to school Bob should go, before he was two days older.

While these reflections passed confusedly through his brain—for we have traced their direction, not their actual sequence—the captain fancied that he heard, every now and then, a very slight but unusual sound proceeding from another part of the house. When he had arrived painfully at the conclusion he had been labouring after, he set himself to listen intently, till he was almost sure it came from the attic where his protégé slept. The sound was fitful and unequal, but always so low, that it could not possibly have been heard at any other time than in the middle of the night. The veteran's heart began to quake, he did not know at what. He sat up in bed to listen the better. He fancied, at one time, that something was being dragged along the floor, but slowly and cautiously, as if from fear of detection; and by and by he could have persuaded himself that all had been fancy together, for everything became as still as the grave. He lay down again, but not to rest. The stillness seemed worse than the sound, and at length he determined to ascertain what it was all about.

He got up noiselessly, opened his room door, and peeped out. All dark—all silent. He crept slowly up the narrow stair, leading to a small closet forming the apex of the roof, and opening the door stealthily, looked in as grim as a bandit. A candle burned on a little deal-table in the middle of the floor; and although its wick was two inches long, it gave light enough to illumine the whole of that small apartment. A kind of knapsack, made of coarse canvas, was likewise on the table, and a good serviceable staff, cut doubtless from the neighbouring wood. Some articles of wearing-apparel lay neatly folded on a chair, and a number of books were ranged symmetrically against the wall: everything was to be left, it appeared, in apple-pie order, when the knapsack and staff and their master should vanish. On a little neat bed, with white dimity curtains, lay the adventurer himself in a profound slumber. He was completely dressed, even to the foraging-cap, and, having finished his preparations, had evidently lain down to wait for the dawn to light him on his solitary journey.

The captain gazed at the boy in a kind of awe. He looked old—so old, that one might have thought he had in that night grown to be a man; but on further examination, the appearance of age was seen to reside in the expression alone, for the exquisitely chiseled features had all the softness of early youth. His brown hair hung in clusters upon a brow as white as Parian marble; his cheeks were suffused with the rich glow given by the sun and wind to the young and healthy; and in the firm, horizontal line of the mouth, although the lips themselves had all the sweetness of a woman's, might be seen the indomitable will, and the power both to do and to suffer. The captain looked long at this portrait; and then, softly extinguishing the candle, he left the room, turned the key in the lock, and stole back to bed.

The next morning, he was early astir. As soon as he was dressed, he went up to call his protégé, as if nothing had happened, and, unlocking the door, invited him to walk in the wood. Their walk was a long one; but they returned at the breakfast-hour better friends than ever, as the veteran had prophesied, and Bob flushed, though grave. The particulars of their conversation were not known, and were probably of little consequence. It was understood, however, in the house that day, that Bob was about to go to a boarding-school at some considerable distance, and to remain

there during three years, holidays and all. No one suspected that the youth himself had made it a stipulation that he should pass his holidays at school, and that the bandit captain was moved almost to tears as he at length gave a reluctant assent.

During the next two days, although Bob contrived to see Mrs Margery alone, and tell her, with all the confiding fondness of a boy, of his new purposes and prospects, he was not at other times in the kitchen. He was too grave and old for that; and somehow—nobody knew what was the first occasion of it—he was now called 'Master Robert.' It was suspected that Mrs Margery was at the bottom of this innovation; but if so, it came like an electric communication to the parlour. As for Molly, it threw her into such a state of excitement, that she was like one demented. She flew about the house on all manner of errands, but never could open her lips without coming out with something about Master Robert, pronouncing the title with such a flush of pride, that no acting on the stage could come near it. Any one might see that there was something underhand going on between her and Mrs Margery, for the latter was heard to say:

'Didn't I tell you, girl? Isn't it all coming out? But watch, watch, without a word!' To which Molly replied only with a look out of her astonished eyes, closing her lips as if they were fastened with nails. All the time, however, Mr Poringer was dignified and supercilious. He durst not say Bob, but seemed as if he would not have said Master Robert for a month's wages.

On the third day, the aspect of things changed a little at Simple Lodge. In the afternoon, the youth's three years' banishment was to begin. Mrs Margery, notwithstanding all her prognostications of good-fortune, was every now and then in tears, and Molly said 'Master Robert' in a whisper, as if it was his funeral that was going forward. The captain was in very low spirits—he was losing his young comrade—he would have nobody now to fence with him, to walk with him, to play chess with him. Sara was nobody—she was only a girl. Even Elizabeth looked as if her occupation was gone, for her work lay for hours idle on her knee. At length the afternoon came; and the luggage was despatched by Mr Poringer, the large portmanteau, surmounted by a smaller box, to stand on end against the wall of the Plough, looking out for the arrival of the stage-coach. From this antiquated word, the reader will gather that a cross-road led from the village to the railway. The traveller was to arrive at the station late in the evening, and pursue his journey at an early hour on the following morning.

The adventurer was accompanied to the starting-place of his exodus by all the other denizens of Simple Lodge excepting the cat and Mrs Margery, both of them remarkably domestic individuals. From his leave-taking with the latter, Master Robert came forth with a flushed cheek and a glistening eye; but upon the whole he preserved his grave, old look surprisingly well. When they reached the Plough, Mr Poringer touched his hat to his master and mistress, but did not condescend to notice anybody else; and then the whole party stood awaiting the coach in profound silence. The coach at length dashed up to the door; and the portmanteau and box were on the top in an instant. The captain shook hands roughly with the youth, clearing his throat and shaking his whiskers like a fiend; but Elizabeth held him nervously by the arm.

'It has been noted,' said she, 'by the wise and thoughtful, that on the first entrance of a youth into the world depends mainly his success in life. You, I know, Master Robert, will have firmness to withstand'—here her own firmness seemed giving way, and it was with a tremulous voice she proceeded—'and courage, Robert, to endure'—but it would not do, for her own courage was going—going—gone; and when she had stammered out—'and—and—energy, Bob—dear Bob'—her voice was choked, and the virgin, quite overcome, leant her face on his shoulder.

'Now then!' cried the coachman, with a smack of his whip, which made the horses prance as if they were off that instant. Molly was stuffing a packet into the traveller's greatcoat, but her shaking hands would have made little progress had he not assisted her.

'It's a cake, Master Robert,' she said with as shaky a voice, 'made by me and Mrs Margery.' He sprang up to the top of the coach almost at a bound; the whip smacked again; the horses danced impatiently for a moment, and then set off as if they thought they had lost time; and Robert, conscious of the strange eyes that were upon him, in spite of the sinking of his boyish heart, looked a last adieu to his friends with such an air that Mr Poringer involuntarily touched his hat. The vehicle almost instantly disappeared; and Elizabeth holding her brother's arm, groped her way home through her tears, while the captain 'hem—hemmed' defiantly, and brandished his stick as if daring any scoundrel extant to suppose that he had a sore heart and a moistened eye.

That evening the people at the inn where the coach stopped could not have suspected that the calm, self-possessed gentlemanly youth, who gave his orders so firmly yet so gently, had never been in a similar position before. But when the young traveller retired to bed, the novelty of the situation struck him almost with awe, and his thoughts, so wild, yet so coherent, appeared to belong in equal degrees to sleep and waking consciousness. The mist of the common seemed to close gradually over him. There was no human being near him on any side; no sound but an inarticulate hum that told of a peopled world far, far away. He was choked with that thick vapour coming down darker and darker around him, and the feeling of loneliness oppressed his spirit. Presently the cloud was broken here and there with rays of light—to be extinguished ever and anon by heavy rain-drops plashing in marshy pools. He would have cried aloud, but his voice could not penetrate the thick air; he would have followed one of the numerous tracks he could feel beneath his feet, but they were all lost in the next pool. Onward, however, he strode—onward—onward—onward; the marsh splashing under his feet, the light gleaming through the cloud, the rain beating on his uncovered head, till he passed into unconsciousness. This was partly a dream, partly a memory, partly a prophecy. But the water at least was real; for when the solitary youth sank into a deep slumber, his pillow was wet with his tears.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF MARTINIQUE.

That the Mammoth Cave is an antiquity of the world before the Flood—a city of giants which an earthquake swallowed, and which a chance roof of rocks has protected from being effaced by the Deluge—is one of the fancies which its strange phenomena force upon the mind. All is so architectural. It is not a vast underground cavity, raw and dirty, but a succession of halls, domes, and corridors, streets, avenues, and arches—all underground, but all telling of the design and proportion of a majestic primeval metropolis. It is not a cave, but a city in ruins—a city from which sun, moon, and stars have been taken away—whose day of judgment has come and passed, and over which a new world has been created and grown old. By what admirable laws of unknown architecture those mammoth roofs and ceilings are upheld, is every traveller's wondering question. In some shape or other, I heard each of my companions express this. No modern builder could throw up such vast vaulted arches, and so unaccountably sustain them. And all else is in keeping. The cornices and columns, aisles and galleries, are gigantically proportionate, and as mysteriously upheld. Streets after streets, miles after miles, seem to have been left only half in ruins; and here and there is an

effect as if the basements and lower stories were encumbered with fragments and rubbish, leaving you to walk on a level with the capitals and floors once high above the pavement. It might be described as a mammoth Herculaneum, first sepulchred with over-toppling mountains, but swept and choked afterwards by the waters of the Deluge, that found their way to its dark streets in their subsiding. What scenery and machinery all this will be for the poets of the West, by and by! Their Parnassus is a house ready furnished.—*A Health-Trip to the Tropics, by N. P. Willis.*

CHARON'S FERRY.

BY MRS D. OGILVY.

THE tide-streams up the inlet sweep,
The fog-wind rises from the deep,
And damp and chill with floating spray,
Soaks the loose sandhills of the bay,
Till their reed grasses, stiff as spears,
Bow down beneath his silent tears,
While wails and sighs around them float:
'Charon! Charon! loose thy boat;
Shift thy helm and take us in;
We are sick with cold and sin—
Charon! Charon!'

There is a hazy helpless moon—
She cannot light the vast lagoon,
Nor daunt the marsh-fire, wandering wild,
Like some belated orphan child,
Nor pierce the sea-fog's misty curls,
As on the sandy marge it swirls,
In vapoury wreaths and folds of shrouds,
All shifting like aërial clouds,
All wailing, wailing evermore:
'Charon! Charon! lift thine oar;
Haste to help us—urge thy bark;
We are waiting in the dark—
Charon! Charon!'

Then from behind a jutting cape,
Steered out a boat of ghastly shape.
With coffined ridge it blackly glides,
Like those that brush San Marco's sides,
And shoot below Venetian walls
Their rapid, noiseless, funeral palls.
Her prow hangs forth one single lamp,
That flares and flickers in the damp;
One single boatman tugs the oar,
And, stoutly pulling, nears the shore,
Whence issue sighs and dreary wails:
'Charon! Charon! spread thy sails!
We have watched the midnight through,
Dawn approaches, cold and blue—
Charon! Charon!'

But, lo! the boatman stern replied:
'O ye who haunt this fatal tide,
Remember, he who sails with me
Must buy his place and pay his fee,
Since I account to gods below
For souls that o'er their ferry go.'
Then sad and sadder down the gale
Outrang the spirits' woful wail:
'Charon! Charon! grant us grace;
We were slaves of wretched race,
Lived with brutes—man's serf and hind,
Died deserted by our kind—
Charon! Charon!'

Inexorable still, he said:
'I judge you not, ye hapless dead;
Your life was hard—your road was rough—
Of stripes and plagues you felt enough;
Howe'er, this word abideth true,
The Elysian fields are not for you:
Without my token, none may cross;
Ye should have friends to save your loss.'

Then rose a shriek of men and maids,
Of aged ghosts and infant shades:
'Charon! Charon! we were poor;
Must the punishment endure?
Are the gods like men, who hate
Those who are abused by Fate?
Charon! Charon!'

Lo! fables these of ancient times—
They only live in poets' rhymes;
Yet still, methinks, there are to-day
Who would the churlish Charon play,
And standing by Salvation's shore,
Forbid the Outcast's passage o'er,
Pressing the mockery of a claim
On some neglected child of shame,
And crying out: 'The fee, the fee!'
While spirits wail in jeopardy:
'Charon! Charon! we were slaves,
Tossed on Misery's barren waves,
Want, despair, and crime our lot,
We can give but what we got—
Charon! Charon!'

PORTRAITS FROM DAGUERREOTYPE.

Happening, a few days since, to be at the studio of Mr Ransom, in the University building, on Washington Square, he shewed us a mode, invented by himself, of painting portraits from daguerreotypes, which cannot fail to produce very important results in portrait-painting. It is purely mechanical, and consists in so placing the daguerreotype as to throw an exact copy of it, magnified to any required size, upon canvas placed at the distance of a few feet from it. In this way, a most accurate likeness, the size of life, is projected upon canvas from a daguerreotype; and may be sketched with a crayon or otherwise, to be finished and coloured with oils afterwards. The utility of the invention consists in enabling the artist to get a perfect copy of the features with infinitely more accuracy and ease than in the ordinary way; while it does not interfere in the least with the subsequent finish of the portrait. We saw at his rooms some most remarkable likenesses, painted wholly from daguerreotypes in this way, without ever having seen the originals.—*N. Y. Times.*

CHINESE FISHERIES IN CALIFORNIA.

Many of our readers may not be aware that on the south side of Rincon Point, near the mouth of Mission Creek, there is a settlement of Chinese well worth a visit. It consists of about one hundred and fifty inhabitants, who are chiefly engaged in fishing. They have twenty-five boats, some of which may be seen at all hours moving over the waters—some going to, others returning from, the fishing-grounds. The houses are placed in a line on each side of the one street of the village, and look neat and comfortable. Here and there, a group is seen making fish-lines, and with their rude machines, stacking in heaps the quantities of fish which, lying on all sides around, dry in the sun, and emit an ancient and fishlike odour. The fish which they catch consist of sturgeon, rates, and shark, and large quantities of herring. The latter are dried whole, while the larger are cut into thin pieces. When they are sufficiently dry, they are packed in barrels, boxes, or sacks, and sent into town to be disposed of to those of their countrymen who are going to the mines or are bound upon long voyages. An intelligent Chinaman told us that the average yield of their fishing a day was about three thousand pounds, and that they found ready sale for them at five dollars the hundred pounds, which would amount in money to six hundred dollars, or, if my estimate of the number of inhabitants is correct, to four dollars per man.—*California Journal.*

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THERE IS GOLD IN ENGLAND.

YES; and there are pitfalls in England, too. It is part of the object of the present paper to prevent the gold from dragging us into the pitfalls. We can have no kind of objection, commercial or geological, to the fact that gold exists among our mineral treasures; but there is much reason to apprehend the consequences of any exaggerated estimate of the quantity or diffusion of this gold. In former times, in England and in Wales, in Scotland and in Ireland, there have been periods of excitement, during which the thirst for gold has been eager and pernicious; a thirst which has been temporarily quenched, because the gold met with has been too small in quantity to pay for working. We think there are symptoms observable of a new gold-thirst. We think it not improbable that new joint-stock projects will start up, having a Californian aspect which results will not bear out; projects started, not because of the gold, but because of the thirst for gold. It is fully borne out by experience, that in a time of joint-stock excitement, for every sound legitimate project there are two worthless bubbles, which will burst as soon as the wary birds have feathered their nests. An immense sum of money has been unprofitably sunk in Devon and Cornwall mines: those two counties being almost honey-combed by shafts, and galleries, and adits. A few of the mines have returned enormous profits; many have realised small dividends; but the large majority have never returned a single sixpence to the adventurers who vested capital in them. It was the enormous profits of the select few that led to the establishment of the unprofitable many; and it would be matter for regret if a revival of this reckless spirit should take place.

A few paragraphs will enable us to state why this subject is taken up just at the present time, and why a little caution need not in any way damp legitimate enterprise. So much has been written in the Journal, as in almost all the popular periodicals, concerning gold in California and Australia, and the state in which it occurs in the diggings, that little need be said here on this point; but it bears directly on our object to consider the mode in which the pure metal is usually separated from the quartz or other rock wherewith it may be combined.

Gold usually occurs, disseminated in small quantities, either in quartz or in some rock which is very quartzose. It is found also, but less frequently, in clay-slate, limestone, granite, and other rocks, more or less combined with various metals and minerals. It is found sometimes among sands or gravels, caused by the disintegration of the parent rock; and sometimes in true mineral veins. In the gold countries known until within the last seven years, the chief supply was obtained by washing the sands which had been formed by the crumbling of the gold-bearing strata; but in California and Australia, digging or mining into the solid rock has been attended with very profitable results. Where auriferous veins are merely disseminated in a crystalline rock, such as quartz, the quantity is seldom sufficient to pay the expenses of working. The 'nuggets,' which we hear so much about, can hardly be said to form parts of real veins; they seem more like isolated fragments, the very isolation of which renders it difficult for the diggers to find them. In so far as respects our present subject, however, the most interesting ore is that which, whether quartz or any other, is spread abroad in millions of acres, and which contains only a few ounces of gold in a ton of rock. For such rock, it is necessary, first, that the mass be ground to a fine state; and then, that it be treated chemically, to separate the morsel of precious metal from the huge bulk of useless, or nearly useless rock.

The crushing of the rock has until now been generally conducted in a very clumsy manner, owing to the scarcity of machinery in most of the gold districts. Rolling-stones, rolling-cylinders, and stampers of various kinds, are the obvious means; but rude substitutes are much more general. In one of the mines of Chili, the crushing is effected by means of two stones; the under one about three feet in diameter, and slightly concave on the top, and the other a sphere about two feet in diameter; the sphere has two iron plugs fixed in it, to which is secured, by lashings of hide, a transverse horizontal pole of wood, about ten feet long; two men, seated on the extremities of this pole, work it up and down alternately, so as to give to the upper stone a sort of rolling motion, sufficient to crush and grind the materials placed beneath it. Where water-power and ordinary wheel-work can be procured, the stamping-mill is often used in crushing ore; such a mill consists of a number of heavy wooden pestles, each shod at the lower end with a large mass of iron; the ore is placed in a kind of trough, in which the bottoms of the pestles also work; and as the water-wheel is so adjusted as to lift and to let fall each pestle in succession, there is a succession of heavy blows which suffice to crush the ore. Sometimes the crushing-mill is used: this consists of rollers placed at a short distance apart, and kept in motion by a water-wheel, or by some other power: the ore is put into a hopper, from whence it falls into the space between the rollers; and it can only pass through this space by being previously crushed by the pressure.

The chemical treatment, for separating the gold when

the ore has been crushed, is different according to the ratio of gold contained; but that which is most important is amalgamation—a process depending upon the affinity of gold for quicksilver. One mode of amalgamating adopted in the gold districts is as follows: the ore, having been pounded fine, is washed, to separate as much as possible of the light stony matter. This is done either with a machine called a sweep-washer, or more simply by placing the pounded ore in a shallow vessel with two handles; such a vessel, when immersed in a tub of water or a running stream, and made to rotate, separates the lighter from the heavier particles. The residue left from the washing is dried and mixed with a sufficient quantity of mercury to amalgamate the gold. To favour this amalgamation, a gentle but long-continued heat is applied to the mass, at the end of which time the chemical union has taken place, the quicksilver having drawn to itself all the golden particles. The fluid amalgam thus produced is pressed through a skin of leather, which separates a considerable portion of the quicksilver, leaving it ready for use a second time. One of two chemical processes, called cupellation and quartation, separates the gold from the rest of the quicksilver; and thus the precious metal is isolated from all its coarser companions. When the ore is very argentiferous, or valuable rather for the silver than the gold which it contains, a modified form of this amalgamating process is adopted.

Now the sum and substance of the 'gold in England' excitement is simply this: that by an improved mode of crushing and amalgamating, English ores may probably be worth working, which by any former process would yield too little gold to pay the expense. It appears that Mr Calvert, a gentleman well acquainted with the gold-geology of Australia, has written a volume on the subject of 'gold in Britain,' just about the time when Mr Berdan, an engineer of New York, has invented a new ore-crushing machine. We are not exactly aware whether the book or the machine appeared first; but both have been instrumental in bringing about the present state of active inquiry and eager anticipation. We must say a little both of the volume and of the machine.

There is something of the prophetic glance of science in these matters. When Sir Roderick Impey Murchison was in Russia, he minutely studied all the circumstances connected with the occurrence of gold in the Ural Mountains: the kind and size of grains, the state of the neighbouring rock, and the altitude at which that rock is principally found. He concluded that the auriferous sand—the earthy matter containing the golden particles—resulted chiefly from the disintegration of a slaty kind of rock. Some years afterwards, when the geology of Australia had to a small extent become known, Sir Roderick made one of those sagacious inferences, or reasonings from analogy, which seem to belong of right to the true man of science. He saw, in the direction of a mountain-chain, in the nature of the rock, and in the prevailing conformation of the country, so many analogies between the south-eastern quarter of Australia and the Ural district of Russia, that he boldly propounded the opinion, that gold would be found in Australia. This was some considerable time before Mr Hargreaves astonished Sydney, and then astonished the world, by galloping into the Australian metropolis with a nugget in his pocket from the Turon.

Now, what Mr Calvert is aiming to do, is to carry Sir Roderick's analogy still further, by applying it to England as well as to Australia. He says, in effect, to the great geologist: 'You have yourself, in the Silurian system, so admirably described in your former works, an analogue to the Silurian system of the Ural: why not extend your gold-prophecy, so that it may include Britain?' Mr Calvert has laboured with great industry to collect every possible evidence of the existence of gold in the British islands; and it is really surprising how extensive such evidence has become. In more than half the counties of England, in nearly all those of Wales, and in many in Scotland and Ireland, gold is known to have been found at one period or other. There is proof that a few of these spots were known to and worked by the Romans; while others, it is equally plain, were busily examined during the mediæval period. That those spots have not lately been mined for gold, is no proof that the gold is not present; for the clumsy manipulations may have been such, that all the gold actually obtained would not more than just pay the expense of working. Such was the case at the Wicklow gold-mines in Ireland. A story goes that, 'once upon a time,' about the year 1770, an old schoolmaster in Wicklow county was heard to talk a good deal about golden treasures, and was believed to wander about mysteriously at night: he married a young wife, and one consequence of his marriage was, that the secret got abroad—he had found a spot containing a good deal of gold. Whether the schoolmaster's story were a fact or a myth, the subject was not seriously taken up until 1796, when a man picked up nearly half an ounce of very pure gold. The effect was prodigious. Young and old, male and female, rushed to the spot (a mountain called Croghan Kinshela), and began grubbing among the earth for bits of gold. It was calculated that the country people picked up L.10,000 worth of gold before the government entered upon the consideration of the subject. A Mr Weaver was then appointed to superintend the searchings and workings, and to apply system and science to the matter; but when Mr Weaver sent in his balance-sheet, it shewed a greater expenditure than receipt, and so the Wicklow gold-mines were abandoned. Such appears to have been the case in all the four portions of the United Kingdom. The doubt has not been concerning the existence of the gold, but whether the quantity were such as to pay for the expense of working. Mr Calvert takes his readers about from county to county, shewing them, by the aid of his own Aladin's lamp, the golden treasures which lie beneath our feet; and certainly the sight is glittering and attractive. Still, the commercial question remains—the cost of procuring. If there be nuggets, the size of the nuggets must tell the story for them; but if there be only a few ounces of gold disseminated in a ton-weight of quartz or other rock, will those few ounces bear the charge of mechanically and chemically treating the ton of rock, so as to separate the precious morsel from the ruder mass?

This brings us at once to the subject of the ore-crushing machines—the means of liberating what little gold there may be in a mass of rock. It is impossible to glance over the advertising columns of the *Mining Journal*, and similar works, without seeing that these machines are now busy agents in the matter. One inventor points out the excellence of his stampers; another, of his cylindrical rollers; another, of his conical rollers; and so forth—each one claiming, of course, to be better than all the others. We are placed under no sort of necessity for expressing an opinion concerning the relative merits of the various machines: it will suffice to notice briefly what is now being done, or tried, or planned, especially in relation to one particular machine, towards which the Devon and Cornwall mining companies are just at present looking with very eager eyes.

It appears that Mr Berdan, connected with a large engineering firm at New York, had his attention directed to the subject of the quartz in California; the quantity of which is immense, but the profitable

working of which depends upon the invention of some more efficient apparatus than any hitherto in use. He sent engineers to California to examine the actual working of the existing machines, and the qualities requisite for efficient working. The result of his inquiries was the invention of a new machine, in which the mechanical and the chemical processes can be going forward at one time. Berdan's Gold-ore Pulveriser, Washer, and Amalgamator, was patented in 1852, and was first seen in London in October 1853. It was set up in an engineering establishment in the City Road, and has gone through a continuous series of trials down to the period when this paper is being written. These trials have been instituted in part by such of the Californian and Australian gold companies as have offices and officers in London; but still more extensively by the Devon and Cornwall and Welsh companies, having copper, or tin, or lead mines. The objects in view in all these trials are two—to ascertain how much gold exists in a ton of ore, and to determine the expense at which the extraction can be effected.

The machine itself, be its efficacy what it may, is certainly remarkable. A huge rotating basin, with two huge balls rolling about in it, quicksilver within it, water trinkling into it, and fire beneath it—altogether a strange combination of the mechanical and the chemical. The machine is intended, as we have said, to perform at one operation the pulverising, washing, and amalgamating of such ores as contain a little gold, with especial regard to the recovery and retention of every atom of the precious metal so contained. The basin, which forms the primary part of the apparatus, is made of iron, very strong, and about 7 feet in diameter. It rotates on an axis; but this axis, instead of being vertical, as might be expected, is inclined. In this basin are two monster cast-iron balls, such balls as would take an artilleryman's breath away: the smaller measures about 24 inches in diameter, and weighs about 20 hundredweights; the larger is 34 inches in diameter, and weighs 50 hundredweights. Under the basin, and attached to and revolving with it, is a conically formed furnace. When operations are about to commence, fire is kindled in the furnace beneath the basin; quicksilver is poured into the basin; the ore is thrown in in lumps; and the basin is made to revolve. Hand or horse, or water or steam power would suffice, so far as the principle is concerned; the details would be determined according to the circumstances of each case. Now the movement of the balls, owing to their difference in size, and to the obliquity of the axis of the basin, becomes very peculiar; they appear to be making a perpetual but ineffectual attempt to ascend the curved incline, and to roll down again by their own gravity; they combine a sort of spiral with a rotating motion, and the combination is found to be peculiarly effective in crushing the ore which is in the basin. The smaller ball does not so much crush the ore, as affect the peculiar movements of the larger. The actual crushing is effected at the point of contact between the larger ball and the basin; and at this particular point the ore is immersed in quicksilver. Directly, therefore, the little gold particles become isolated from the earthy particles, by a crushing which reduces the whole to a fine powder, the quicksilver seizes upon the gold, and forms with it an amalgam or chemical compound, which remains in a state of proud exclusiveness from the baser substances. This is aided by two other elements in the apparatus: the furnace, by heating the quicksilver, renders its affinity for gold greater; while a streamlet of water, which falls into the basin from above, forms a thin paste or mud with the refuse power which rises to the top of the quicksilver, and flows off through openings just below the rim of the basin. This paste is called, in the technical language of the metallurgists, tailings; and it is spoken of as a great point in Berdan's machine, that the tailings contain scarcely an atom of gold. In some cases, where ore has been prepared by the clumsier machines of earlier invention, the tailings have yielded as much gold by Berdan's process, as had been before obtained from the ore. Some of the machines have two, and some even four basins, with a due quota of furnaces and balls. The four-basin machines are of immense size, and give one a striking idea of the power of the apparatus, accompanied as it is by a kind of roaring sound due to the movements of the ponderous balls. The prices of the complete apparatus are, L.650, L.1250, and L.2400, according as it comprises one, two, or four basins—prices which sufficiently shew how large and important the machine must be. It is estimated that a machine with four basins will treat forty tons of ore per day, with fifteen horse moving-power.

Professor Ansted wrote to the *Times* in December 1853, to detail the results which he had obtained in a series of experiments on the Berdan machine, the apparatus having been placed at his disposal by Mr Berdan for that purpose. There were two series of operations: the crushing and amalgamating of certain Californian and English ores supposed to be auriferous, conducted by Professor Ansted himself; and the ultimate analysis of the waste from each sample, conducted by Mr Henry, a distinguished metallurgic chemist. It would be out of place to detail all the experiments here; but a few notices may be interesting. About a year ago, 100 tons of quartz were sent over to England from California, belonging to the Agua Fria Mining Company; there was barely a trace of visible gold in it; but the company wished to determine whether it was really worth working or not. Ten tons of it were purchased by the Crystal Palace Company, for deposition at Sydenham; and from this portion Professor Ansted obtained half a ton for purposes of experiment.

The feeding of the machine with this quantity occupied about an hour and a quarter. When the quartz had passed into the basins, the latter were rotated at the rate of about twenty revolutions in a minute, and ten gallons of water were introduced into each basin in a minute. The ore or quartz was previously ground to a very fine powder. The result of the analysis was, that there were 4 ounces, 4 pennyweights, 21 grains of fine gold, worth L.17, 18s. 3d., in a ton of the quartz; and from a subsequent analysis of the waste or tailings, it was found that so little gold was contained therein, that 95·8 per cent. of all the precious metal had been preserved by the action of the machine. In another experiment, Professor Ansted selected some of the 'gossan' which occurs in the copper lodes of some of the Devonshire mines, and which presented nothing like an auriferous appearance; nevertheless, the analysis brought out 1 ounce, 12½ pennyweights of gold to the ton of gossan, nearly, but not absolutely pure. The waste contained about 7 per cent. of the gold. In comparing the relative advantages of this and of other methods of crushing and amalgamating, Professor Ansted awards the superiority to Mr Berdan's in these three particulars: that it separates and preserves a much larger percentage of whatever gold may happen to be contained in the ore; that it requires no skilled labour to work it; and that it affords easy means of preventing the peculation which is apt to occur when the working of other apparatus gets into the hands of dishonest persons. He states, finally, that when ore contains even only half an ounce of gold to the ton, Berdan's apparatus will work advantageously.

Cornwall and Devon companies are now speculating on these two questions: how much gold is contained in the 'gossan' and 'mundic' found in abundance in most copper and tin mines; and how small a percentage will pay for the expense of working. In other counties, there are pyrites and other minerals, instead of gossan and mundic, known to contain gold; and to those other

minerals, attention is being directed. The research is quite a legitimate one. Our only fear is, that if even moderate success should result, it may lead to the formation of numerous bubble-companies. These are the pitfalls into which 'Gold in England' may drag us.

ABOARD A SPERM-WHALER.

We daresay the reader is sufficiently familiar with the many-times-told story of the Greenland whale-fishery, but we may be permitted to doubt whether he knows much about the sperm-whale, and its capture in the far-off South Seas. We therefore invite him to accompany us on board a whaler, on its cruising station—and to do this he need not quit his cushioned arm-chair by the parlour fire—and we will shew him the whole art and mystery of capturing the sperm or cachalot whale.

But before stepping on board, it may be as well to say a few words about the South-sea whalers and their equipment. These vessels are not old double-sided tubs like the Greenlandmen, but smart, well-formed, thoroughly rigged ships and barques of 300 to 400 tons, manned by a crew of which at least three-fourths are prime A. Bs. These ships make voyages which frequently occupy three years, and which call into exercise the utmost degree of nautical skill, both scientific and practical. During this prolonged voyage, the mariners generally make the acquaintance of foreign people of all colours and all degrees of civilisation, in the South Sea Isles, the coast of South America, the Indian Archipelago, &c., and find abundant exercise for every manly virtue—courage, endurance, patience, and energy, all being absolutely requisite, together with no small amount of real talent on the part of the commanding-officers. The South-seaman surpasses all merchant vessels in the very romantic nature of its service. It roves round the globe; and in the vast Pacific Ocean sails to and fro, and from island to island, for years at a spell. The crew employed in such a service, if they only possess the ordinary intelligence of seamen, cannot fail to have their powers of observation sharpened, their reasoning faculties called into exercise, and their whole mental development stimulated. Accordingly, sperm-whalers are remarkably shrewd, intelligent men; close observers of the phenomena of nature so liberally exhibited in their ocean pathways; and altogether noble specimens of the British seaman.

On the deck of a sperm-whaler, there is a platform to receive the portions of the whale taken on board, and at the mainmast-head are strong pulleys, called the cutting blocks and falls, which are used to hoist the blubber, &c., on board by aid of the windlass. There is also on deck a square brick erection, a little abaft the foremast, made to support a couple of great iron caldrons, called *try-pots*, in which the blubber is boiled. Adjoining them is a copper cooler; and every possible precaution is adopted to guard against accidents from fire. The number of casks carried by a South-seaman is very great, and the sizes vary up to nearly 350 gallons. The crew generally have abundance of fresh water till the cargo is nearly full; and besides the casks, there are four large iron tanks. Indeed, we have been informed that recently the South-seamen have been entirely fitted with iron tanks for the oil, and carry no more barrels than are requisite for the supply of fresh water, which in some instances is also kept in iron tanks.

On a somewhat similar system to that adopted in the Greenland trade, the officers and crew of South-seamen are paid for their services, not in fixed wages, but in a certain percentage on the cargo—thus stimulating them to obtain as large a freight in as short a period as possible, and insuring the best exertion of their energies for mutual advantage. The *lay*, or share of the captain, is, on the average, about one-thirteenth of the value of the cargo; and an able seaman gets about the one-hundred-and-sixtieth part for his portion. The entire crew, including master, mates, surgeon, harpooners, &c., amount to from thirty to forty men. A supply of provisions for three years and upwards is taken out from England; and the arrangements now made for the preservation of health are so judicious, that scurvy is of very rare occurrence. South-seamen are remarkably *clean* ships—the reverse of the popular notion concerning whalers; within a few hours after the capture of a whale, the vessel and crew exhibit no signs of the temporary disorder the cutting-up necessarily occasions.

A South-seaman usually carries five swift boats, thirty feet in length, built of light materials, and shaped both ends alike, in order that they may with greater readiness be *backed* from the vicinity of a dangerous whale; they are steered with a long oar, which gives a much greater and more decided command over a boat than a rudder. Five long oars propel each boat, the row-locks in which they play being muffled, in order to approach the destined victim without noise. Sockets in the floor of the boat receive the oars when apeak. As these whale-boats are thin in the timbers, for the sake of buoyancy and speed, they very frequently get shattered by blows from the fins, flukes, and tail of the whale attacked; and consequently their crews would inevitably perish, were it not for a contrivance which we think cannot be too generally known to all who go a-boating either on business or pleasure. Life-lines are fixed at the gunwales of the boat; and when an accident causes her to fill, the oars are lashed athwart by aid of these lines, and although she may be quite submerged, still she will not sink, but bear up her crew until rescue arrives. We are sure that were this simple expedient known and adopted by merchant seamen and others, many hundreds of lives would be saved every year; for it is rarely that a boat is swamped so rapidly that there is not time to lash the oars athwart her gunwale.

And now, reader, please to step on board the sperm-whaler. We are cruising somewhere in the great Pacific Ocean. Our ship is clean from stem to stern—from try-works to cutting-falls; our boats are hanging ready to be launched at a moment's notice; keen eyes are sweeping the horizon in every direction, and sharp ears are anxiously listening for the anticipated cry of 'There she spouts!'—for we are sailing along the edge of a current, and sperm-whales are known to be in the vicinity. It is early morning, with a fine working-breeze; and if you will take your station with us on the cross-trees—or, if that is too lofty an elevation, on the foretop beneath them—we will point out to you the well-known indications of sperm-whales being hereabouts. First of all, you probably glance, with a sort of wondering smile, at the queer-looking machine at the cross-trees overhead. Well, that is the *crow's-nest;* but its tenant is not a feathered creature, but a tarry, oily, old Salt, who is the look-out man for the nonce, and whose keen gray eye, even whilst he refills his cheek with a fresh plug, is fixed with absorbing attention on yonder tract of water, where he seems to expect every instant to see a whale rise and spout. The crow's-nest, as you perceive, is composed of a framework in the shape of a cask, covered with canvas, and furnished with a bit of seat and other little conveniences, to accommodate the look-out, and, when necessary, shelter him in some measure from the weather, as he frequently has to remain long aloft at a time. We believe, however, that South-seamen do not use, nor require, the crow's-nest so much as the Greenlandmen.

Now, look around, and mark what vast fields there are of the Sally-man, and of Medusæ of all kinds, and observe the numerous fragments of cuttle-fish floating about, remnants of the recent meals of the cachalot; and, above all, see the great smooth tracts of oily

water, which shew that a party of whales has passed over this portion of the ocean's surface not very long ago. Ah! you admire the countless flocks of birds hovering close by the ship. Yes, they are in unusual numbers, for they know by instinct that they will soon obtain abundance of food. But for one bird in the air, there are a thousand fish just beneath the surface. See! for hundreds of yards on every side of the ship, the water is literally blackened with albacores. They have attended us for many weeks, and will not be got rid of, unless a strong wind drives the ship along at a very rapid rate. They swim sociably along with us from one cruising-ground to another, and can be captured by hook and line with the greatest ease. They are fine fellows, averaging some four feet in length, and are of excellent quality for the table. Watch them frightening the poor little flying-fish into the air! The latter are soon snapped up by the hovering birds, or are seized and devoured by the voracious albacores, the moment their feeble powers of flight are exhausted, and they drop helpless into the sea again. The albacores, too, have a very terrible enemy in turn—nothing less than the sword-fish, many of which corsairs make a rush, from time to time, through the dense droves of albacores, and transfix them, one or two together, with their long projecting swords, off which the slain albacores are then shaken and devoured by their ruthless enemy. It sometimes happens that the sword-fish misses his aim, and drives his weapon into, and even through a ship's side, to the great danger of the vessel.

Ha! our old look-out man sees a sign! Now he hails the deck. 'There she blows! there she spouts!' What lungs the old fellow has! Hark to what follows. 'Where away?' sharply cries the officer on deck. 'A school of whales broad off the lee-bow, sir!' 'Main-yard aback! &c. Out boats!' 'There she blows again! There she flukes!' 'How far off?' 'Three miles, sir! There she breaches.' 'Be lively, men! Lower away!' 'All clear, sir! Lower away it is!' 'Cast off falls!—unhook!—out oars!—give way, men!'

You will please to bear in mind, worthy companion, that you and we are now seated somewhere in the boat, as it pulls away, 'With measured strokes, most beautiful!' and that we shall consequently see whatever takes place. Meanwhile, let us take advantage of the interval which must intervene ere the whale we pursue is within harpoon's reach, to enlighten you a little about sperm-whales generally. The cachalot or sperm-whale is one of the largest of all the cetacean tribe, not unfrequently attaining the length of 60 feet: there is an authenticated instance of a sperm-whale 76 feet in length, and 38 feet in girth—a leviathan among leviathans! The female cachalot does not attain much more than half the size of the male, and yet gives birth to young ones 14 feet in length, and of proportionate girth. The average yield of oil is about eighty barrels for a full-grown male, and twenty-five for a female. The cachalot is black in colour, but is occasionally spotted with white towards the tail. The head is one-third the entire length of the creature, and is of a square form, with a very blunt snout. The body is round, or nearly so, and tapers much towards the tail. The fins are triangular shaped, and very small; but the tail is of immense size, very flexible, and of tremendous power. When the animal strikes it flatly on the water, the report is like that of a small cannon. When used in propulsion, the tail is bent back beneath the body, and then sprung out again; when aiming at a boat or other object, it is bent sharply, and strikes the object by its recoil. The eyes are placed far back in the head, and well protected by integuments. They do not measure more than two inches in length by one in breadth, and have small power of gazing in an oblique direction. The tongue is small, and cannot be protruded; but the gullet or throat is quite in proportion to the bulk of the animal, so that it could easily swallow a man; and this fact clearly disposes of the sceptical objection to the Scripture narrative of the prophet Jonah. The expansion of a pair of jaws nearly a score of feet in length must be a startling sight! The lower jaw appears slender in comparison with the vast bulk of the upper one.

The greater part of the head of the sperm-whale is composed of soft parts, called junk and case. The junk is oily fat; and the case is a delicate fluid, yielding spermaceti in large proportion. The teeth of the cachalot appear mainly on the lower jaw, projecting about two inches through the gum, and they are solid ivory, but without enamel. The black skin of this whale is destitute of hair, and possesses such a peculiar alkaline property, that seamen use it in lieu of soap. The lard or blubber beneath it varies from four to fourteen inches in thickness, and is perfectly white and inodorous. What whalers term schools are assemblages of female cachalots in large numbers—from twenty to a hundred, together with their young, called calves, and piloted by one or more adult males, called bulls. The females are called cows. As a general rule, full-grown males either head the schools or roam singly; sometimes a number of males assemble in what is called a drove.

And now let us revert to the chase we are engaged in. See! the school has taken the alarm, and is off at the rate of eight miles or more an hour. Is it not a beautiful and exciting spectacle to watch these huge monsters tearing along on the surface of the water, spouting vapour from their spiracles like steam from the valve of a steam-boat, and leaving a creamy wake behind them, almost equal to that of a ship. Their movement is easy and majestic, their heads being carried high out of the water, as though they were conscious of being the monarchs of old Ocean. See, again! there is a sperm of the largest size, which has just leaped so as to shew its entire bulk in the air—almost like a ship in size. What a crash and whirl of foam as it falls into its native element! But we gain on one fine fellow, which our headsman is steering for. Ay, now we are within fair striking distance, and a harpoon is hurled by the brawny arm of the harpooner in the bows, and pierces deep into the cachalot's side. A second follows; and the wounded animal gives a convulsive plunge, and then starts off along the surface at astonishing speed, dragging our boat along with it. You observe that the whale-line runs through a groove lined with lead, and is secured round a loggerhead. The 200 fathoms of line will soon be all out, for the whale is preparing to *sound*, or dive deep beneath the surface. There he sounds; and the practised harpooner has already bent on a second line to the end of the first. Well, he cannot possibly remain above an hour beneath the surface, and probably will reappear very soon. Just as we thought; and now we must haul gently alongside, the officer in command standing with his formidable lance poised ready to dart on the first opportunity. That blow is well planted; more succeed, and already the victim is in its last *flurry*. Our watchful rowers back water, to be beyond reach of a blow from the expiring monster's tail or flukes. He now spins round, spouting his life-blood, and crimsoning the sea far and near: now he turns over on his side, and the cheers of the men proclaim their easy victory.

Whilst preparations are making to tow the dead cachalot to the ship, permit us to impart a little further information concerning the chase and capture of the sperm-whale. You have beheld a very easy capture; but not unfrequently the cachalot makes a most determined resistance, and with every appearance of being actuated by revenge, as well as by the instinct of self-preservation, attempts to seize and destroy a boat with its jaws. In this it frequently succeeds. At other times, it sweeps its tail rapidly through the air,

and suddenly bringing it down on a boat, cuts the latter asunder, and kills some of the crew, or whirls them to a great distance. Occasionally, so far from fleeing from approaching boats, as the Greenland whale almost invariably does, the terrible cachalot will boldly advance to attack them, rushing open-mouthed, and making every effort to crush or stave them. Often will the cachalot turn on its side or back, and project its long lower jaw right over a boat, so that the terrified crew have to leap overboard, oars in hand. Sometimes it rushes head-on at the boat, splintering it beyond repair, or overturning it with all on board. But what shall we say to a cachalot attacking the ship itself, and actually coming off victor? An enormous cachalot rushed head-on, and twice struck the American sperm-whale ship *Essex*, so as to stave in the bows, and the ship was lost, the crew barely having time to escape in the boats! We refer the reader who desires to know more of the peculiar habits of the sperm-whale, to the books of Herman Melville, the American sailor-author, and of Mr Bennett. We may say a few words more, however, on the subject of the dangers incident to the capture of the cachalot. The harpooner, especially, is liable to be entangled in coils of the line as it runs out after a whale is struck, and to be then dragged beneath the surface; and even although the line is severed at the moment by the axe kept in readiness, the man is usually gone. Yet more appalling is the calamity which occasionally befalls an entire crew, when the struck whale is diving perpendicularly. It has happened repeatedly on such an occasion, that the line has whirled round the loggerhead, or other fixture of the boat; and that in the twinkling of an eye, almost ere a prayer or ejaculation could be uttered, the boat, crew, and all, have been dragged down into the depths of ocean! Such, too, is the pressure of the water upon a boat when it descends to a certain depth, that on being drawn to the surface again, it will not float, owing to the fluid being forced into the pores of the planks, not only by the mere density of the ocean, but also by the rapid rate at which the whale has dragged it. It has happened many a time, that a boat at a distance from the ship has been seen to disappear suddenly, pulled bodily down by a harpooned whale, not a vestige of boat or crew being ever seen on the surface again! If we regard whaling merely as a manly *hunt* or chase, quite apart from its commercial aspects, we think it is far more exciting, and requires more nerve and more practised skill, and calls into exertion more energy, more endurance, more stout-heartedness, than the capture of any other creature—not even excepting the lion, tiger, or elephant.

But let us return to our own captured cachalot. You perceive that the men on board the ship are preparing to receive it. They have placed some short spars outside the vessel to facilitate operations, and have removed a dozen feet of the bulwark in front of the platform to which we before directed attention. The cutting-falls are also all ready, and the ship itself is hove-to. We will anticipate what ensues, and describe it for you. The dead whale floats buoyantly—although in some rare instances it will sink—alongside the ship, where it is well secured, and a stage is slung over the vessel's side, from which the officers overlook and direct operations, &c. The blubber between the eye and pectoral fin is cut through with the spade, which is a triangular-shaped instrument, as sharp as a razor, attached to a long shaft or handle. A man now gets upon the whale—his boots being spiked to prevent slipping—and fixes the hook of the falls to it. The windlass is then manned, and lifts up the detached blubber, the spades cutting away and the whale slowly turning over at the same time. The strip of blubber thus in course of separation is about four feet in breadth, and is called a blanket-piece. It is cut in a spiral direction, and lowered on deck when it reaches up to the head of the cutting-falls. Fresh hold is then taken, and the operation is continued until the whale is entirely fleshed. If the whale is a small one, the whole of the head is at once cut off, and hoisted bodily on deck; but if a large one, its important parts are separately secured. Finally, the skeleton is cut adrift, to float or sink, as may happen. The entire operation occupies at least ten hours, if the whale is very large.

During this cutting-up affair, the water far and near is red with blood, and great flocks of petrels, albatrosses, &c., hover about to pick up the floating morsels. Swarms of sharks also never fail to attend; and so voracious are these creatures, that the men have to strike at them with their spades, to prevent them from devouring the whale piecemeal, ere its remains are abandoned to fish and fowl as their legitimate prey. Although the whalers generally kill many sharks on such occasions, it is said that if a man slips from the carcass of the whale into the midst of these devourers, they seldom attempt to injure him. Personally, however, we cannot say that we should like to put the generosity of Messieurs Sharks to such a test.

The blubber is carefully separated from the bits of flesh which may adhere to it preparatory to boiling, an operation first undergone by the head matter, which is kept distinct from the body matter—the former yielding spermaceti, the latter sperm-oil. The scraps, or refuse matter from the oil, themselves supply the furnace with fuel, burning clearly, and emitting intense heat. This operation is called trying-out, and is only dangerous when proper precaution is not used to prevent water from falling into the boiling oil, or by carelessly throwing in wet blubber; in which case the caldrons may overflow very suddenly, and everything be in flames together. From the try-works the oil is conveyed to the coolers, and thence to the casks; and a good-sized whale, in favourable weather, may be cut up and converted into oil, &c., within a couple of days.

The spectacle of trying-out on a dark night is exceedingly impressive. There is the ship, slowly sailing along over the pathless ocean, the furnace roaring and producing lurid flames that illumine the surrounding waves, the men passing busily to and fro, and dense volumes of black smoke continually rising in the air and drifting to leeward. Trying-out in a gloomy midnight has a touch even of sublimity about it; and we can conceive the feelings of awe and terror it would inspire in a spectator beholding the ghastly show for the first time from the deck of another ship. We think it is Herman Melville who compared the crew of a sperm-whaler, on such an occasion, to a party of demons busily engaged in the celebration of some unhallowed rite; nor is this fancy at all outrageous, to our thinking. What a picture might a painter of genius make of the scene!

And now, reader, we hope you do not begrudge the time spent with us aboard a sperm-whaler? But we crave the favour of your company, or rather, in Shakspearian language, we say, 'lend us your ear' yet a little longer. Certain announcements appeared recently in the papers concerning improved methods of killing the leviathans of the deep. First in order was a simple and presumably effective plan for projecting the harpoon into the body of the whale. A small cannon or swivel was fixed in the bow of the boat, so as to be capable of being raised or depressed, and to turn on its pivot in any required direction. The harpoon was fired from this gun at the object—with a few fathoms of small chain attached, so that no injury would result to the whale-line itself in the act of firing. This scheme appears to have been well received for its apparent feasibility; but whether it has, on fair practical trial, been found to fall short of what was expected from it, we are unable to state. Its advantages were expected to be the following:—The harpoon could be fired from such a distance, that there would not be any

necessity of approaching dangerously near the animal at the outset; and the force of its projection would be such, that the harpoon would be certain to be firmly planted, and very probably might penetrate a vital part, and nearly kill the whale at a blow.

A yet more important and extraordinary innovation is that which was proposed some two years ago, and is now again attracting new attention — being nothing less than whaling by electricity. The electricity is conveyed to the body of the whale from an electro-galvanic battery contained in the boat, by means of a metallic wire attached to the harpoon, and so arranged as to re-conduct the electric current from the whale through the sea to the machine. This machine is stated to be capable of throwing into the body of the whale such strokes of electricity as would paralyse in an instant its muscles, and deprive it of all power of motion, if not actually of life.

Should all we are told about this whaling by electricity be true, a marvellous change will take place in the fishery. The danger of attacking and killing the cachalot will be reduced to its minimum; few or no whales which have once received the fatal galvanic shock will escape; the time consumed in their capture will probably not average the tenth of what it does at present; and the duration of the ship's voyage will be materially shortened, for there will be no limit to the success of the chase, and the rapidity with which the cargo will be made up, except the time which now, as always, will be absolutely necessary to boil down the blubber. But how long will the supply of cachalots be sufficient, under the new system, to yield remunerative freights? We know that the sperm-whale has already been seriously thinned in some localities, and that a certain time — perhaps much longer than whalers and naturalists reckon — is necessary for whales to grow to a profitable size. Now, the electric battery, according to our authorities, being so deadly in its application, we should suppose that when a whaler falls in with a large school of cachalots, and sends out all his boats, each armed with a battery, they will be able to kill perhaps thrice the present maximum number (five), which can be secured at one chase and attack, and in one-fifth of the usual time. If they do this, it matters little whether they can secure all the dead whales for cutting up — the animal is at anyrate destroyed, and years must elapse ere another will have grown to take its place in the ocean. To drop this speculation, however, we may at least reasonably conclude, that the capture of sperm-whales will become a matter of more certainty and greater expedition than it is at present; and if the number does *not* rapidly diminish year by year — although we seriously anticipate that it will — the price of sperm-oil, and the other commercial products of the fishery, may be expected to become materially lower. That this would cause an increased demand for these products, there can be no doubt, for at present the limited supply, and the large quantity of sperm-oil used for lubricating delicate machinery, keep up the price.

Let us now conclude with a few words on the commercial products of the cachalot. The most important is the sperm-oil, used for lamps and for lubricating machinery. It is more pure than any other animal oil. Spermaceti is a transparent fluid when first extracted from the whale, but it becomes concrete when exposed to a cold temperature, or placed in water. It is found in all parts of the whale, but chiefly in the head and the dorsal hump. After being prepared, it is cast in moulds for sale in the shops, and is chiefly used for making candles. Formerly, as Shakspeare tells us, it was considered to possess curative properties—

> The sovereign'st thing on earth
> Is spermaceti for an inward bruise.

The teeth yield ivory, which always sells at a remunerative price. Lastly, there is the rare and mysterious substance called ambergris—the origin of which was long a problem, which even the learned could not solve. It is now known to be a kind of morbid excrescence produced in the intestines of the cachalot, and in no other species of whale. It is sold as a perfume, fetching a pound sterling an ounce when pure, and rare in the market even at that price. When found floating on the sea, it has undoubtedly been voided by the cachalot, or has drifted from it when the body became decomposed after death.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF OUR GREAT TOWNS.

We live in an age and country which at least talk much of class grievances; and that everybody knows to be the first step, though perhaps a far-off one, to their removal. There is, however, an annually increasing class of Her Majesty's subjects whose peculiar disabilities have been championed by no pamphleteer, and represented by no petition to parliament, nor has any honourable member yet pledged himself on the hustings to attempt their remedy. It is not that the unfortunates themselves are voiceless: go to the streets and lanes of our cities—the poorer and more crowded the better—and you will hear them in summer afternoons, or in calm evenings when the spring is coming, send up their daily remonstrance. Ill worded, indeed, it is, and unequal, now rising in shouts, now falling in broken murmurs, for the aggrieved subjects are children, who have known no daisied common, meadow-brook, or household garden; and the burden of the petition is—Room to play.

Reader, there is no treason against your gentility imagined; but if you live in a back-street inhabited by honest artisans and small shopkeepers, near the busy heart of a great English town, your hearing the said petition cannot be a matter of choice. It will come in all forms, and at every season—through your window, open for air in the early summer, ring discordant shouts for the May, as a vender of blossomed hawthorn passes. If your childhood has seen it whitening up old trees and hedgerows, think what theirs has missed. When you sit by the fire as the winter twilight falls calm and frosty, listen. They are singing old nursery-rhymes hard by the gin-palace. Look out on their poor plays—how circumscribed they are and meagre: trundling a hoop along the pavement, building banks in the gutter, and running small races from door to door. A real run or jump is not to be had; business has left no room for them. The streets belong to the grown-up and their interests; and even these limited entertainments bring the rising generation in everybody's way. Ladies in pink bonnets put them aside with sour looks; the respectable householder, who has lived there ever since the street was built, wonders their parents don't keep them within doors (he means in a two pair back); cab and omnibus threaten their very existence; and the policeman is to them a continual terror. There is probably a park within seven miles of their homes; their busy parents take them there some Sunday or holiday in their best clothes and behaviour, and they are afraid of the damp grass or of walking too far. Childhood in town and country are different things. O the bramble banks on which our clothes were torn!—O the green lanes where we wore out our shoes—the pools we fell into—the marshes in which we stuck fast, and feared nothing except our misadventures being found out at home! There were swings taken stealthily on old orchard-trees; there were garden-beds of our own, with London Pride and Sweet-william in them—close by a southern wall where great cabbage-roses bloomed rich and red

at midsummer. There were gatherings of everything that ripened in wood and dingle, from the first wild strawberry to the last of the haws.

The city-born can have no such memories. Their early world is one of brick and stone; its glory consists of shows and shop-windows; and its wisdom is the precocious knowledge of what can be had for a penny. Worse learning, doubtless, there is, even for childhood in large towns; but this is the common lot, not only of the working-people's children, with whom our theme began, but of the heirs and successors of well-to-do respectability. Genteel-street children are not, indeed, scolded off the pavement, or chased out of the gutter; there is commonly a room in the house for them to play in, and a grassplot, with some acclimated trees, in most of the squares where they live. They see far more sights; they have finer toys bought for them; they are taken oftener to the parks, and once a year to the country. But behold how early the compensation balance of life is made manifest: while the carpenter's five fir-twigs can rush down from the paternal mansion on the third floor, hoop in hand, to improve the shining minute, it requires at least two hours' hard dressing before a corresponding number of the mercantile or professional gentleman's olive-branches can go forth—hatted, gloved, and maided—to take the morning air. Then, only think of the fine clothes that are to be taken care of under high penalties! How is Miss Mary-Anne brought into bondage before the time to her laced polka; and the playtime of Master Tommy's existence sacrificed to his tunic! On the premature vanities thus instilled, let graver moralists discourse: a dressed-up child is a sad spectacle; and we never meet a group of little boys and girls, overlaid with their seniors' costly inventions, and kept in worship of the same by maid or mamma, without wishing, for their own sakes, that the silk were calico, and the velvet fustian.

Could any benevolent fairy be found to accomplish that wish, many a young life might be happier, and many an old one wiser; but the fairies have left our world to trade and fashion; Cinderella's godmother and the queen of the lilies are gone even from country nurseries, for there also finery has come in like a flood; nevertheless, there are ditches and duck-ponds at hand; moreover, the proverb, 'out of sight, out of mind,' retains its ancient truth, and splendid hats and frocks run so many chances of injury, that they are apt to be reserved for occasions of ceremony. Regarding city childhood, there is one question which has long puzzled us: Do its merely local memories haunt the pauses of after-life, like those that bind the dreams of the country-born to hill and river? We know that hut or hall may become alike hallowed, because of the loving glance and tone whose like will meet us no more on this side the skies—over these, time and place have no power; but does the gutter in the back-street, long pulled down and built over, return to the workman's visions, as the meadow-stream, with its primrose banks, comes back to those of the peasant's son? Can the second floor in the beer-shop over the way be remembered as vividly as the cottage among the corn? Will the grassplots and parks where the olive-branches went gloved, &c., be dreamed of like the woody dells, where springs flashed up, and violets grew thick at the roots of old mossy trees? We cannot think they will; and, if we are right, the players in park and gutter are spared one dreary experience—the vague and reasonless pining for the old place which comes over one in far-off times, when all he once knew are changed and gone, and there is nothing to be seen but graves and strangers.

After all, it may be that early scenes have their hold on the heart only through association. It is not the violet dingles, but life's violet days we miss—not the home garden, but the fresh feelings with which we turned the mould. On that principle, what springs of pleasantness may well up from the memory of the back-street gutter—what summers may shine back through recollections of the grassplot in the square! There is, then, something like real childhood in cities, in spite of pinched play, in spite of early business, yea, and in spite of hats and tunics. Well, we wish it more room and better air, not forgetting its vested rights in butter-cups and daisies. Indeed, it has long been our private persuasion, that families should be brought up only in the country. The idea occurs often, particularly at Guy Fawkes's time; and now a sound of promise rises through the march of civilisation. Science will win back to the workman's children their birthright, that was sold for such a miserable mess. Has not everybody heard of the subterraneous railways intended to carry passengers from the utmost edge of London to its heart, for something between a half-penny and a farthing? Should that experiment succeed to the satisfaction of shareholders—and there seems no cause of doubt—the close of the present century will probably see our cities surrounded by huge village-like suburbs, full of cottages and gardens, where households will live and children play, and fathers come home when workshops close, leaving the crowded streets entirely to business, and citizens who own no other responsibility.

Reader, the time specified would not bring a raven to his discretion; but they that interrupt your meditations with, 'Here we go round!' or, 'All on a Monday Morning!' will be gray before it comes. Be entreated, then, for the luckless disturbers. If you must scold them from door or window—for human patience has limits—don't scold hard; and you, O gentle dames, who do the dressing of posterity, we know the awful necessity that requires the little Whites to be as fine as the small Greens; but do make allowances for tumbles in the mud, admit the possibility of a scramble through dust and dead leaves, and more will be gained than ever was expected by this plea for the little people of our great towns!

RELATIONS NOT ACQUAINTANCES.

It is surprising how many of our words, apparently strangers to one another, are, in reality, near akin. The wear and tear of accident and time have so disfigured some of them, that genuine descendants of the same stock daily rub shoulders without recognition. It is interesting to trace the affinities of these estranged members of our vocabulary. We like to meet a heretofore unknown cousin—in Scotland, even a second or third cousin; and it is no less pleasant to see a number of words made to shake hands as relations, that had hitherto looked on one another as strangers. The smile of recognition, that is reflected from one to the other, brightens up their faces, and throws a new light over the page in which they stand.

Much has already been done in clearing up these disguised relationships among the Greek and Latin words of our language. Even those who have never made a particular study of Latin, have been taught at school that such words, for instance, as *prospect, conspicuous, spectacle, species*, &c., are all of one family, the descendants of the Latin verb *specio* (*spectum*), 'to look at.' This is so far well; but we remember that, for years after we were familiar with this, and other families of Latin origin, we went on using daily such common Saxon words as *garden, girdle; ward, warren*, without perceiving any connection between them, although it is no sooner looked for than it strikes. We suspect our case is far enough from being singular, and that the majority of Englishmen and Englishwomen never think of *gate*, for instance, as coming from *go;* still less would they dream of finding anything in common between *war* and *beware*. And yet, to a right knowledge of the

English tongue, it is surely as necessary to have a perception of the fundamental notion common to all the words of each such group—to know something of the pedigree and relationship of the *wars* and *wards*, and of their French cousins the *guars* and *guards*—as it is to study the family tree of *specio—spect*.

But there is yet a higher step. We have been too long accustomed to look upon these Latin families as separated from the Saxon part of our vocabulary by an impassable gulf, with no more relation between them than if the former had dropped down from the moon. But the recent researches of philology have thrown quite a new light upon the subject, and have proved, nearly to demonstration, that almost all the languages of Europe must have had a common origin—are daughters of some one unknown mother, of whom many features are found, on examination, to be common to them all. This prepares us to look out for relations, not merely among Latin words by themselves, and Saxon words by themselves, but to find a Saxon group and a Latin group intimately connected; as if some old family in a distant land had branched into two lines, and those lines, after migrating in different directions, were found at last living side by side on our island, apparent strangers to one another, till some observant eye detects the family features, or some patient antiquary traces the genealogy of each back to the common ancestor.

A much more striking instance might be chosen; but having spoken already of the Latin clan of *specio*, let us see if they have any congeners among the words of our language not Latin. *Spy*, and its derivatives, occur readily enough. This word, in some form, is found in most at least of the Teutonic languages. In Dutch, it is *spien;* in German, *spähen;* which last will enable even the uninitiated to see how it could ever have been identical with *specio*. For, in the first place, *h* in the older forms of the German tongues was a strong guttural, much the same as *ch*—therefore *späch;* and, again, *c* in Latin was originally the same as *g* hard, or rather, like *g* in German, something approaching to guttural *ch*, which brings *spec* also to *spech*. Then, along with the *spy* family, which is not very numerous, having apparently not thriven on British soil, we have some French immigrants, evidently of the same stock, *espy* (espier or épier), *espionage*, &c., which have every appearance of having come into France at first, not from Italy but from Germany, from which we got our Saxon branch. Much more like the German is the Scottish provincial *spae*-wife—that is, 'a female *seer*,' 'one that tells fortunes.'

To give a richer example of the unexpected consanguinities that may thus be established, we start with the assertion that the following words, which are certainly far enough from being like, either in sense or sound, are all from the same root: *hand, prize, ten, hundred*. This we undertake to prove to the satisfaction of unprejudiced readers, without supposing them to be versed in Latin or Sanscrit, or any tongue but their own; and merely asking them to believe us when we state, that there are such and such words in such and such languages; which facts, we must confess, we take in several instances on the word of those who profess to have verified them. Well; there were in the Gothic language—the oldest form of any Teutonic tongue that we have any records of—two words: *hund-s*, signifying 'a dog;' and *handus*, 'the hand.' In many cases, the first syllable of *handus* passes into *hun*, shewing the same root in both; and they are evidently connected with the verb *hinthan* (*henden*), 'to catch' or 'seize'—both a dog and a hand being 'catchers' or 'seizers.' We have traces of this verb in our own language as late as Chaucer, who has 'he *hente*,' for 'he held' or laid hold of. This is one of those words common to all the Indo-European languages. In Latin, the root has not survived in its simple form; but we know a Latin word, *prehendo*, 'to put forth the hand and seize,' from which were formed compounds, since adopted into English; such as—*apprehend, comprehend*, &c. The participle of *prehendo* was *prehensus* or *prensus*, 'seized;' which was changed by the French into *prense, prinse, prise*, 'something seized,' 'a prize;' and in this form it came over to us. The blood-relationship, then, of *hand, hound*, and *prize*, we believe to be established beyond dispute; and the idea they have in common is that of *seizing*. But how bring *ten* into the brotherhood?

Nothing more simple. The Goths, barbarians as we think them, had already a notion of the decimal notation; the foundation of their system, in the higher numbers at least, was *ten*. The sensible representation of this number was two hands held up, with their ten fingers; and the word they expressed it by was *taihun*, a mutilated form of *tvai-hund* or *twai-hand*. This is the oldest form of the word; but as it descends the stream of time, it gradually contracts into *tehun, tehen, ten;* in High German, it is *zehen* or *zehn* to this day.

The case of *hundred* is not more difficult. In Gothic, it was ten tens, two hands × two hands, *taihun-têhund*. This might be tolerable so long as the possession of a hundred head of cattle was a rarity, but not longer; and as the busy Londoner makes short work of *omnibus*, and says *'buss*, so, as the Goths got more articles to count, they would content themselves with the last part of the expression, with a difference—*hunda*. And this, in fact, was done from the beginning, with all the hundreds except the first: two hundred was not *tvai-taihun-têhund*, but *tva-hunda*.

Our readers might fancy that we were imposing upon their credulity if we asked them to believe that *cynic, canine, cent, decade, quintessence*, &c., have all sprung from the same prolific stem that we have seen to give us *hound* and *ten*. Yet in these, and a great many more as unlikely cases, we believe that philologists have made out their point, though the array of outlandish words, and of reasonings by which it is made to appear, would be out of place here. We prefer returning to the great Teutonic clan of the *Wars*, which we alluded to above, and endeavouring to clear up the relationship of some of its branches, that are living quite estranged from the rest.

It may be well to premise, that, though the great bulk of the French language is derived from the Latin, it retains many words from the original languages of the northern tribes that from time to time settled in ancient Gaul. Among others, there are several descendants of the stock we are speaking of; but there being no *w* in French, the Teutonic syllable *wer* or *war* is transformed into *guer, guar*, or *gar;* just as in Latin the northern name *William* was written *Gulielmus*, and our *Wales* becomes in modern French *Galles*. These French *guars*, then, came over to England with the Normans at the Conquest, and settled alongside of the Saxon branches, retaining their French dress to this day. There will, therefore, be no difficulty in looking upon *guard* and *ward*, for instance, as the same words differently spelled.

The ground idea, that pervades nearly all the members of this group, is that of *defence*. Yet there is reason to believe that the primary meaning of the root, from which they all sprung, was 'to look at.' Starting

from that notion, we have *regard* (from the French *regarder*, 'to look at'), *award*, *reward*, *guerdon*, all involving the idea of 'looking' favourably at a case (compare the phrase, 'a consideration'); *wary*, *aware*, *unawares*, *warn*, *beware*, 'to look out' so as to be on our guard.

In the remainder of the series, the idea of 'looking' becomes less prominent; the secondary meanings predominate. The very different significations of the same expression in the two sentences, 'Look to yourself!' and 'Look to it!' enable us to see how the same root could give rise to a series of derivatives, some meaning 'to guard,' 'keep,' or 'protect,' and others 'to guard *against*,' implying also 'to attack.' The principal are—*ward*, *guard*; *warden*, *guardian*; *wardrobe*, *warrant*, *guarantee* (French, *garantir*); *warren*, for keeping rabbits; *wear* or *weir*, for confining the water of a river, or for fish (compare the French *gare*, in a canal or river).

The English *war* and the French *guerre*, with their numerous progeny, involve the idea of the offensive as well as the defensive; in the *wehr* of modern German, which has another word to signify 'war,' the idea of defence predominates—as in *Landwehr*, 'the national *guard*.' The root occurs in the word *German* itself, which is merely the Latin way of spelling the name *Wehrman* or *Warman*, which the warlike tribes of Germany arrogated to themselves. The name of their national hero, Hermann, who destroyed the legions of Varus, is the same word slightly modified. We need not pursue the direct line further; many more will suggest themselves to the reader. Let us see if there are any collateral branches, where the relationship is more obscure.

Whoever thinks of our sportsman's exclamation to his dogs—*ware!* and of the French term of the chase—*gare!* (the same word once familiar to Edinburgh ears in the warning *gare-l'eau!*) and would explain them by 'look out,' 'have a *care!*' will feel that in his explanation he has used the same word. The relation of *care* to the Latin *cura* increases the probability of this, when we reflect that the Latin letter *c* was originally *g*. We thus seem entitled to claim *care*, *cure*, with all their offspring, *careful*, *secure*, &c., as collateral branches of the great *War* family.

Again, we are told that in Sanscrit, which is older than either Greek or Latin, there is a root *vri*, or *var*, 'to protect;' recollecting that *w* is pronounced *v* by most people but ourselves, we recognise in this our old friend *war*, or *wehr*. Now, there is also a Sanscrit noun formed from this root, *vri*—namely, *viras*, 'a warrior,' a hero. The Latin *vir* is clearly the same word; it, too, signifies not 'a man' in general, but 'a brave man;' and *virtus*, formed from it, signified originally 'efficiency in war;' the only kind of 'virtue' of much account in those days. Here is another numerous addition to our clan.

What would our readers think to be told that the same alliance is claimed for *hero*, *aristocracy*, *Mars*, and others of the like heterogeneous aspect?—But their faith and patience have already been taxed enough for the present.

In the meantime, we take the liberty of recommending this curious and interesting subject to all that are fond of classifying, and of tracing analogies and resemblances. It is a kind of natural history particularly suited to this season of the year, when flowers and butterflies are equally scarce; and with all respect for botany and zoology, we must confess it has for us at all times a deeper human interest—*mentem mortalia tangunt*. We like, as well as another, to contemplate the tooth of a pre-adamite pachyderm, and picture to ourselves the unwieldy creature munching its strange-looking herbage; but we often find still greater attraction in some obsolete word, or worn-out form of speech—those *exuviæ* of once living thoughts. To trace how, and with what resemblances and differences, men have, in different ages and countries, striven to embody and make manifest to their fellows their thoughts and emotions, is surely of more concern to a man, than to know the habits and habitats of all the other animals on the earth.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOUSE THROWN OUT AT WINDOW.

Simple Lodge, to do it justice, did not very soon forget the poor youth it had ejected; but still things appeared to go on pretty much in their usual course. Even the advent of a governess made no commotion in the family, for Miss Heavystoke settled quietly down in it, in her own place. What is a governess's place? Strictly speaking, it is that of a person hired with money, and money's worth, to perform certain services not menial; and who must, therefore, neither be treated as a servant, nor be permitted to assume as her right a position of equality. When this position is conceded—which it frequently is—it is not to the governess but to the woman. The social qualities of the individual fit her for a social rank quite apart from her professional rank; and the lady of the house finds it very convenient to have a family friend in the instructress of her children. The instructress herself labours for an hire, and the labour is not necessarily of an intellectual character, although sometimes rendered so by talent and zeal. We have known good governesses very ignorant women—women who had not the mental power of assimilating the information they imparted.

As for Miss Heavystoke, she did not trouble herself about questions of position, and in this family she had no occasion to do so. She went conscientiously through a certain routine of teaching she had studied at a boarding-school on purpose, and became gradually attached, in a motherly way, to her pupil. She accepted without demur the chair that was offered her, next to Elizabeth's, and rather preferred it to the arm-chair, as in cold weather it gave her more of the fire, while it always afforded her the luxurious use of the table. The chivalrous captain treated her, of course, as a gentlewoman; and although his courtesy was a little alarming at first, she got used to it. As for either he or his sister thinking of dispossessing her, in any emergency whatever, of her accustomed seat, or of leaving her out in the calculations of a dinner—such were impossible ideas. For the rest, Miss Heavystoke was a good listener to the captain's stories: they kept her curiosity in a chronic state of sub-excitement, and she was never tired of being disappointed. After a time, however, she did not scruple to controvert some of the philosophical opinions of Elizabeth, but in a quiet, undemonstrative way, which answered well with the coldness of her adversary. To these arguments the old soldier listened attentively; but he considered himself to be on the side of Elizabeth, and the governess, therefore, was sure to get the worst of it. On such occasions, he was always more kindly gruff than ever; and when the tray came up, would make a perfect point of putting some consolatory sherry into her customary glass of water.

The life led at the Lodge was slow for Sara; but at least once a month there came a letter from Robert, which stirred up her ideas, and set them working for some weeks. The letter was always about his studies. He had always something new to communicate, some-

thing to direct her attention to, some book or passage to note for her reference. In fact, the poor lad fancied that this was the only return he could make for her uncle's kindness; and he never learned anything new himself without trying to impart a portion of it to her. This was fortunate for Sara, for Miss Heavystoke was just one of those excellent governesses who teach everything necessary but the art of thinking; and her lessons, therefore, without some such supplementary aid, would have left the mind of her pupil as dark as ever. As it was, Sara received everything her governess could give—and the amount was not small—supplying herself the intelligence that was necessary to digest information into knowledge.

But this was, of course, a gradual process. Time wore on, and Sara's body grew with her mind, till the generation she belonged to left juvenile tea-parties behind, and took their places in quadrilles. Here Sara was of some consequence; for, having lived longer than her contemporaries—thought being life—she looked and felt older. But, besides this, she was known to be an orphan heiress; and more than one mother in the neighbourhood whispered anxiously to her son to be sure to ask her to dance, and try to be first with the lemonade. No one knew the amount of her fortune; but as the captain alluded to it with respect, it was usually set down in figures, with a gratuitous 0 at the end. The veteran, in fact, really regarded it as a very considerable sum. His experience of money was confined to income, and it never occurred to him that the handsomely sounding amount of Sara's fortune would have been fairly represented by a moderate portion of his own annual outlay.

Among the young men who neither required nor received any maternal hint of the kind, was the son of Mrs Seacole, the widow lady who, as the reader may remember, had assisted in unmasking the wickedness of the captain. The Seacoles, it is well known, are an ancient family, and this branch of it possessed a very tolerable estate, to which Adolphus would succeed at his approaching majority. The young man was good-looking, and not ungentlemanly in appearance; and although, on his first presenting himself in these pages, we find him engaged in an attempt at petty tyranny, for which he was properly punished, all such foibles of boyhood were now, it is to be supposed, past and forgotten. Sara saw few or no foibles in him. How could she? He was the first who had paid her those undefinable attentions that are so well comprehended even in the first stage beyond girlhood—attentions which, in a person of his prospects, were beyond question disinterested, and to which even his age—for he was somewhat older than herself—added an almost irresistible flattery. Young, good-looking, rich, and loving, what more could she want? Sara did not know. She was very well pleased with her admirer, and with herself for being admired; and, if she had had a confidential friend, would have doubtless filled a heavy correspondence with her sentiments and feelings on the subject. As it was, she had no confidante, and only one correspondent; and even Adolphus she saw only during the long vacation, for, like Robert, he was placed at a distant boarding-school.

The correspondence of Robert did not change so much with the progress of time as might have been expected. His letters were full of general information, but they disclosed no idiosyncrasy. He never mentioned the school, his masters, or his companions. No one knew whether the treatment was good or bad, whether he was happy or miserable. He gradually became an abstraction in the mind of Sara—an invisible Mentor, who inspired her studies, and whom she was never to see in corporeal presence. With the captain and Elizabeth he was just what he had been on the day he left them; and his letters to Sara were for them so engrossing a study, that in the week they arrived, the Sunday newspaper had no chance. These documents were of great interest, too, in the kitchen; for the good-natured Sara read them, word for word, to Mrs Margery, while Molly listened with astonishment always ending in disappointment. The faith of her patroness, however, remained unshaken.

'Things don't turn up all on a sudden, Molly,' said she; 'fate is a slow coach, and the denowment is not till the end. Wait, girl—wait!' As for Mr Poringer, when such reading began, he always left the kitchen, or else set to work to brush something, making the hissing sound with his lips which appears to be essential in the occupation of an hostler. Mr Poringer, not to mention the caricature, and sundry other treasured matters, never could forget the degradation of that moment when he had been seduced by the audacious vagrant into touching his hat to the son of a woman of the name of Sal.

At the epoch we have arrived at in the history of Simple Lodge—it was very near the end of Robert's educational term of three years—a gifted seer like Mrs Margery would have pronounced that matters were to proceed quietly as usual for a little while longer, and that then the captain's niece would become Mrs Adolphus Seacole, and the Lodge go on and flourish more than ever in the protecting shade of the Hall. But things did not come out in this way. Captain Semple all on a sudden received intimation that the agent through whom he had been accustomed to draw his private income had become bankrupt, and he was at once reduced from comparative opulence to the straitened position, or not far from it, of a half-pay officer. This did completely away even with the prestige of his whiskers; and some of the neighbours—those whose gawky sons had never had any chance with the heiress—did not scruple to hint that his silence with regard to the amount of Sara's fortune was in all probability a deliberate swindle. Mrs Seacole, however, was a quiet, dignified lady, and quite above being betrayed into such demonstrative vulgarity. She doted on her son with the passionate fondness which only a mother can feel, and would not have scrupled to gratify him with the toy he had set his mind on, if it was of any tolerable pecuniary value. But to throw away the heir of the Seacoles upon a portionless, or comparatively portionless girl, was not to be thought of, and it was necessary to proceed with caution till she could ascertain how the land lay. This was difficult in a case where no proposals had been made, or could be made beforehand; and Augustus, too, exhibited a generous pertinacity which somewhat surprised his mother. But there was nothing really surprising in it; for human nature is an excellent nature in itself, and if let alone by the circumstances which try the strength and weakness of character, it would remain excellent to the end. What nice people we should all be were no such trial to take place! We talk of the generosity of youth, and the selfishness of age; but age is merely youth

modified by circumstances. Some men there be who grow old in the mysteries of life almost at once; others, though old in years, remain boys in heart to the last breath. Mrs Seacole determined very wisely, if the result of her inquiries into Sara's fortune should render it necessary, to send her son from home, to try the durability of his calf-love in collision with the hard corners and soft sponges of the world.

It is hard to say how the captain and his sister, if they had been left to themselves, would have arranged to meet their altered fortune. The veteran seemed at first merely surprised; then his mind wandered away into some old apropos story, which turned out to relate to an unexpected legacy; then he sympathised with the poor bankrupt, whose poignant feelings of distress had been alluded to in the intimation of his misfortune; then there rose before him, like twin spectres, the dependent condition of Sara till she was of age, and the commission which never could be Robert's; and then, last of all, came the puzzlement as to how to accommodate his expenses to his shrunken income. Elizabeth contributed to his relief a declamation on the propriety of submitting tranquilly to the dispensations of Providence; and Sara, although she appeared to comprehend more clearly than either of them the grave circumstances in which they were placed, could do nothing more than give forth a burst of wishes that she was twenty-one, and able to enrich her uncle with her fortune. Fortunately, however, Miss Heavystoke was at hand. This lady, although a good mechanical governess, was not intellectual, or even clever, but she was well up in that science of the world which may be acquired even by the narrowest natures. She saw, as if by instinct, what was necessary to be done, and how to do it; and it was surprising how implicitly the captain gave himself up to her guidance. On one point, however, he was inflexible: he would not consent to let the Lodge, and retire to a cottage. It was his own property, he said, and at his death it would be Elizabeth's. Let her do what she would with it; but for his part, though willing to make any other sacrifice, he would live and die in his own house. It was arranged, therefore, that a general reduction of the expenses should take place; that the servants should be dismissed, and a strong countrywoman got to do the work of all three; and that the governess herself should seek elsewhere the salary which Captain Semple could no longer afford to pay. This last proposal Miss Heavystoke made in the same practical matter-of-course tone as the rest.

When all this was agreed upon, the only difficulty that remained—and the captain felt it to be the grand one—was the settlement of Robert in the world. He had pledged himself to buy him a commission in the army, but the pecuniary accumulations made for this purpose were not nearly sufficient. What was to be done with the unfortunate lad?

'Make him an usher,' said Miss Heavystoke; 'his letters are exactly like those I used to write home to my brother from the boarding-school; and I should say he is just cut out for the scholastic profession.'

'I doubt that, madam,' said the captain; 'a governess is another thing: it is a ladylike situation, and suited for a lady; but the task of flogging a parcel of fellows is only fit for a drummer—for a drummer, madam: I could tell you a good story about that.'

'He will be an author or an artist!' exclaimed Sara. 'He will teach men, dear Miss Heavystoke, not boys, and will leave the impress of his intellect on the soul, not the memory.'

'An author!' repeated the captain indignantly, 'and live in a garret, sleep on a bulk-head, and be choked with a penny roll! Never! Better that he had eaten no bread of mine—better that he had been lost in the mist—that he had been left in the Gravel Pits—that he had even been sent to the workhouse! Poor lad, poor lad, what is to become of him!' This thought appeared to distress the captain much, and for several days it was obvious he was thinking of nothing else. It was necessary, however, to take Robert from school at once, for this was the vacation, and a new term could not be suffered to commence. Sara was therefore commissioned to write to him of what had occurred, and request his immediate return home; and the veteran appeared to derive satisfaction from the idea that the whole affair would be broken to him tenderly before he saw his protégé face to face.

Sara, like many young women, had a considerable facility in letter-writing; but, on the present occasion, she found her task a difficult one. Her epistle ran thus:—

'My dear Robert—I have no heart to thank you for your late beautiful letter, or to tell you how little I have been able to benefit by it; for a very sad affair has occurred here within the last week, and an affair, I am sorry to say, that will require you to look out for some new path to fame and fortune. But why should I be sorry to say this? The army was not your own choice, and ever since I began to think and to reason, I have persuaded myself that a mind like yours was fitted for a nobler field than that of war. Not that I despise a military uniform, for I think it very charming; but you know, after all, it is only a livery—a badge of servitude—and the mercenaries who wore it first were looked upon with dislike and disdain by the generous warriors of old.

'You are aware that I could not have written this if my letter was to receive its usual supervision; and you may conceive, therefore, the state of confusion that reigns in King Agramant's camp. The cause, you will be grieved to hear, is the failure of a private agent—a circumstance which will curtail very considerably my dear uncle's income. All sorts of expenses are to be reduced; the three servants are to be exchanged for one; and you and I are to bear our share of the calamity. You are to be removed from your studies, and my governess, dear Miss Heavystoke, is to be dismissed. My uncle bears up like a man—in all things save one. He is distressed to think that the fund intended for the purchase of your commission is quite inadequate, and that you will be compelled to lay it out in opening for yourself some other path of life.

'Come home, then, at once, dear Robert, and let us all lay our heads together, and see if we cannot contrive something for the good of the whole. I am ashamed to tell you of how little use your poor pupil has been in the emergency—how mere a child I found myself when brought for the first time into contact with the business of life. Had it not been for Miss Heavystoke, I don't know what would have become of us. Come home; your presence will be a great comfort to my dear uncle and aunt.—Always your faithful friend, and grateful pupil, Sara.

'*P.S.*—I was called away, while about to seal my letter, by a disturbance in the hall; where I found Molly and the captain, the former with her rich cheeks deluged with tears, plaintively entreating to be kept, and declaring that she was as strong as any cart-horse, and would work like two. No mediation of mine was required; for my darling Ogre told her in a gruff voice, broken with feeling, to get away with her for a pest, and dry her ridiculous eyes, and stay till doomsday if she liked. I am so glad! Poor Molly!'

On the third morning from the dispatch of this letter, as the captain and his sister were standing at the parlour window scanning the weather, they observed a gentleman crossing the common from the village. It was not one of the neighbours. Could it be Robert? No: there was hardly time for an answer by return of post; and besides, Robert was only a lad, and this was a gentleman grown. But as he came nearer, the grown gentleman waved his hat; and the brown hair, lifted by

the wind from the pale brow, shewed that it was Robert indeed. The captain ran out to the hall and opened the door himself; and his protégé, clearing the road with a light run, was in his arms in an instant. Elizabeth's greeting was as cordial for her undemonstrative nature; and as the young man stood in the parlour holding a hand of each, the flush of emotion mantling over his cheeks, and his calm deep eyes lighted up with affectionate joy, his two protectors looked at him with surprise as well as love.

Robert Oaklands had, in fact, filled out into a remarkably fine young man. He was somewhat above the middle height, and of rather a robust than delicate make. His features, although sufficiently regular, owed more to expression than to regularity, a soft, harmonious light seeming to be diffused over them by the contemplative eyes. In his pose, and in his whole manner, there was that air of calm and dignified self-possession which, although it sometimes comes from nature, is more frequently the result of habitual intercourse with refined society, and is justly regarded as one of the grand external distinctions of a gentleman.

'And Sara!' cried he at last, 'where is my dear little friend—my pupil, as she calls herself?'

'There she is all the time,' said the captain, 'as large as life!' and Robert, sweeping round, would probably have caught her in his arms if he had not been arrested by astonishment. Sara was, like himself, older in appearance than her years, taller than the middle height of woman, and her exquisitely proportioned figure had nothing of the attenuation which bespeaks fragility rather than delicacy. Her face, however, in former days so thin and pale, was what struck him with the most surprise. Her features, although such as were chiseled by the genius of the old sculptors, had been awakened into life and love by influences unknown to the antique world; and her ingenuous but modest eyes had a light which seemed welling from some fountain of thought within. Half stepping forward to welcome her early friend, half arrested by surprise at finding him so much older, so proud-looking, so altogether different from what she had pictured, her finely developed figure presented a perfect model of womanly grace; rendered still more interesting when his astonished and admiring gaze sent a crimson flush of beauty at once over face, brow, neck, and shoulders. But when she did move in advance, ashamed of the awkward feeling she was conscious of in herself, and bashfully observed in him, the picture was complete. Till a woman is in motion, it is impossible to be sure of what she is in reality. Before, it is only our own imagination that lends her the finished charm we profess to admire. Thus, when Æneas, wandering in the wood, is accosted by Venus, although seeing at a glance that she is not of the common mortal nature, he does not recognise her as the goddess of beauty till she moves: *Vera incessu patuit dea*—

And by her graceful walk the queen of love is seen.

The mutual observation passed in a few seconds, although it has taken so many words to describe it; and then Robert, recovering from his surprise, took hold of his young friend's extended hand, and instead of kissing her, as he probably intended to have done, raised it, gravely but affectionately and admiringly, to his lips.

It was Robert's intention to have paid on this occasion only a very short visit to his patron's house, to which Sara in her letter had given the name of *home*—a word which thrilled the poor lad to the very centre. But circumstances prolonged his stay. He found himself useful—almost indispensable in saving the captain from pecuniary outlay. There were a thousand things to do about the house and garden, and the ready, ingenious, and untiring young man was mason, carpenter, and gardener in one. He would brook no interference, however, with the amusements, such as they were, of Simple Lodge. He pitted Elizabeth and Miss Heavystoke against each other in an argument, which he then perplexed by his remarks, and made just sufficiently ridiculous to puff out Sara's ripe cheeks with suppressed laughter, without awaking the suspicions of the belligerents; he played chess and fenced by the hour with the captain; and danced as far into the night with Sara as she would permit, Miss Heavystoke being now the performer on the piano. On these occasions he sometimes insisted on having Molly up as of yore; and she now made an admirable partner for the stiff and phlegmatic chair. Molly, be it said, was grown a fine young woman, with a nose as broad, flat, and good-humoured as you shall see on a summer's day, and great round eyes that were not merely astonished themselves, but the cause of astonishment in others—as the son and heir of the village-baker could testify. But after getting through all this business, Robert was up and at work with the first gleam of daylight.

Perilous work it was for the retired and generally abstracted student, who thus called back the recollections of his boyhood to cheer sufferers so dear to him!—Perilous work for the learned ignoramus, who had never spoken freely to another young woman in his life, and who now found in the one he was thrown into hourly companionship with, a mind that seemed a dimmer reflection of his own, and was the more piquant from its comparative dimness, and an external form, looking a congenial temple for the ideal beauty that haunted him like a passion! And all the more perilous was this companionship for its frank, domestic character. The feelings excited in formal society are no more genuine than its own aspect. They are founded on a prophecy, almost always a false one, of what the woman could and would be at home—a gay, sad, steady, froward, strong, ailing, laughing, weeping sister of humanity—lovely in her smiles, lovely in her tears, and beloved in all.

But the day was at length at hand when the domestic changes that had been determined on were to take place; and on that day Robert, as well as the governess, the footman, and the cook, was to bid adieu to Simple Lodge. In the forenoon previous, having finished his work in the garden, he went into the parlour in his shirt-sleeves, to say a word to the captain before going up stairs to resume his coat. The captain was not there. No one was there but Sara—and another. The two were sitting close together; and when he appeared at the door, Sara flushed up to the eyes, averting her head for an instant, while her companion looked full at the intruder, a blaze of triumph lighting up his face.

Robert's brow, glowing from hard work, grew slightly pale. He hesitated for a moment, but then walked calmly in, and bowed slightly to the visitor.

'I expected to find the captain here,' said he to Sara.

'He is gone out. Allow me to introduce you to'——

'That is unnecessary. Mr Seacole and I know each other sufficiently well.'

'You surprise me. You did not mention this, Mr Seacole?'

'Because I did not know that you were specially interested in any of my schoolfellows: indeed,' and he hesitated as if from delicacy—'I thought the name might possibly be embarrassing to you.'

'Why so?' demanded Sara imperiously, and bending her flashing eyes full upon him. 'Robert Oaklands was my early friend and playfellow here at home; when at school, he was my untiring correspondent and instructor; and in this day of calamity, he has been the support and solace of us all.'

'He is happy in your approbation, Miss Sara,' said Seacole meekly. 'He is no doubt laudably anxious to shew his gratitude to his patron's family; and his only mode of doing this is by the performance of such manual labour as he is acquainted with. The services,

doubtless, are gratuitous. He was a good worker, too, at school.'

'And a good debtor, likewise, Seacole,' said Robert, with a sarcastic smile; 'you know I always repaid the favours I received!'

'I took no account of your payments,' replied Seacole, flushing; 'but I repeat,' he added, in a tone of suppressed passion, 'that it is nothing more than your duty now to repay with your manual labour the goodness of a gentleman who rescued you from the life of a vagrant!'

'Oh, Mr Seacole!' cried Sara, springing from her seat, and looking with terror at Robert.

'Be tranquil, Sara,' said Robert, with a faint smile: 'he speaks nothing more than the truth—a truth that is known to you, to the whole neighbourhood; and, I need not now tell you, to the whole school.' He walked up to the window, and looked steadily out upon the common. What phantasmagoria passed there before his mind's eye, we need not tell; what wild and desperate figures came trooping across, as the mist tumbled and thickened around them; what poor little ragged boy lagged behind, till he stood alone—alone—in the middle of the waste, and was covered over by the vapour, as if with a pall. Robert turned away from the window, calm and pale.

'You have once more taunted me with my origin, Seacole,' said he: 'do you forget that at school it did not prevent me from being your Master—in play, in study, in fight, even in number of adherents?'

'You will find the field of the world different,' replied Seacole—'in its weapons, as well as in everything else. It is there we must now meet, if your walk be high enough.'

'"Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then."' And with this quotation, Robert, bending his head slightly to both, left the room.

That evening was a comfortless one at Simple Lodge. It was not worth Miss Heavystoke's while to begin a new argument with Elizabeth, even if the latter had been in good enough spirits, and they both sat silent. The captain was gloomy and disconcerted; for Robert had obstinately refused to take more than a very trifling portion of the fund collected for his own behoof, and his patron could not conceive how the young man was to keep himself afloat in London, even for a few weeks, till he should get into employment. Sara, agitated with a profound emotion she could not analyse, was mute and pale; and once when, at her uncle's request, she had drawn the window-curtains aside, to look at the appearance of the night, and had thrown a glance at the black sky beyond the desert common, she fixed upon Robert a long, terror-stricken gaze, and sank into her chair, forgetting to make the report, which the captain forgot to ask for. Robert alone was calm and firm. Robert alone forgot nothing.

The next day the silence of the Lodge was broken. A hired gig came and carried off Miss Heavystoke. Then the baker's light cart drove up to the side of the house, and received the portly person of Mrs Margery; the captain, who was standing at the parlour window, striving in vain to obtain a view of more than the reverse part of this mysterious figure. Then came forth two lads, bearing staggeringly along a great hair-trunk, on the top of which Mr Poringer laid his hat-box, greatcoat, and umbrella, following it himself with dignity, burdened with nothing more than his cane. Lastly, Robert Oaklands appeared, with a flushed face and glistening eye; and swinging upon his shoulder his portmanteau, which awaited him at the door, he crossed the road, and took his solitary way through the common. The captain stood looking out of the window long after he had disappeared. Elizabeth sat in her customary chair, staring at the blank wall, her work lying in her lap, and her idle hands crossed over it. Sara was kneeling at her own little lattice, following the solitary figure upon the common, her eyes half-blinded with tears, which, when it had disappeared, were accompanied with passionate but inaudible sobs. There was silence in Simple Lodge, broken at intervals only by a voice of lamentation from the kitchen—the burden of Poor Molly.

THE MONTH:

THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

THE LIBRARY.

THE principal feature of the literature of last month is undoubtedly the unprecedented shower of Christmas illustrated books which was poured upon the metropolis, and from hence over the whole kingdom. Formerly, a few annuals—the *Keepsake*, the *Picturesque*, the *Amulet*, the *Forget-me-not*, and the *Book of Beauty*—were the only literary and artistic offerings to the Christmas-tide; but this season has been characterised by the outpouring of at least a couple of hundred Christmas-books, by far the greater proportion illustrated. It seems, indeed, that not only as regards Christmas-books, but in respect to the ordinary literature of the day, we are fast verging to a state of universal pictorial illustration. Neither is it the bibliopoles, whose special department is works of art and engravings, that are the main promoters of this revolution. Even the sober Longmans and the majestic Murray have caught the infection, and both are issuing illustrated works. The times are, indeed, brave for artists on wood, both with the pencil and the graver. As to the literature of these books, many of them, we are happy to say, are standard works, or meritorious new ones; but one large portion is trash of the most puerile description, whilst another is composed entirely of children's story-books, mostly taken from the Swedish or the German. These tales are frequently connected with animals in the quaint Teutonic style, and they sometimes contain a good deal of odd and eccentric fancy; but, after all, we cannot but think that the fashion of writing down for children is too generally pursued. A smart child cares very little for conventional stories about Tommy and Sophy, and of being put in the corner, or sent supperless to bed. Why not try narratives of adventure, or striking passages of history, particularly of the mediæval and chivalresque periods? We warrant you that Jack and Fanny would fling Tommy and Sophy into the corner, if they were introduced in a simple form to Joan of Arc leading on the chivalry of France, or to Charles II. hiding in the oak.

But we must turn from Christmas fare to the ordinary literary dietary of the month, which includes several sound and interesting works, with the usual quantum of those that are neither one nor other.

The biographies of Thomas Moore and Edmund Burke shew how little great men may be in private life. Moore is revealed in all his pettiness of character—his constant absence from the domestic circle, his incessant toadying of the great, his weak procrastinations, and his insane love of empty pleasure. This man, who had made scores of thousands by his pen, died a pensioner on the Marquis of Lansdowne.

As for Burke, the mystery of his early life is solved by the fact, that his brothers were great and successful gamblers in Indian stock; that Edmund shared the spoil; that he withdrew great sums from speculation; and that he was the proprietor of the Gregories' mansion and estate in Ireland, and of the Beaconfield mansion and estate in Buckinghamshire, when his brothers, ruined in the smash of Indian stock, were bankrupt and penniless. We have only to add, that the present biography was copied by wholesale from a memoir by a Dr Bisset, which and whom the plagiarist had perhaps fondly hoped had fallen into oblivion.

A *Life of Martin Luther*, contained in fifty drawings, artistic and expressive, and of course decidedly Teutonic, by Gustav Kœnig, the illustrative text by a Mr Gezler, written in paragraphs descriptive of each picture, forms one of the prettiest of the illustrated volumes of the season. The life is followed by a sketch of the Reformation, intended to supply the links between the events recorded by the pencil of Herr Kœnig.

Another illustrated volume is a reprint of an old series of *Picturesque Views in England*, by Turner, and an artist whose name is too much forgotten—Girtin. This Girtin was Turner's early friend, and his teacher in the art of water-painting. Girtin, however, who was of a delicate constitution and social habits, died young—at twenty-seven years of age; Turner, who was the very reverse in both points, died at a good old age. The plates, which, from their rarity, were frequently picked up at comparatively great sums by collectors, do not seem to us worth sixpence apiece. The best part of the work is the biographical sketch of Turner, exposing, in a number of pithy and highly characteristic anecdotes, his insufferable meanness, and his misanthropic perverseness. The sketch is drawn up by Mr Thomas Miller.

Mr Macaulay's indignant letter regarding Vizitelly's edition of his speeches, has been replied to by that gentleman, who states that he had nothing to do with the getting up of the edition; that the speeches had been copied from *Hansard;* and that he should prosecute Mr Macaulay for slander. There was a passage in Mr Macaulay's letter, which will afford unmixed pleasure to a host of his admirers. Reports had got abroad that, from bad health, he was relaxing in his great work. Now, here we have the assurance that Mr Macaulay, in order to prepare, which he was very unwilling to do, an edition of his speeches, suspended with great regret the publication of 'that work which was the business and the pleasure of his life.'

Two works have been lately published—one within the month—in both of which Benjamin Disraeli is mentioned. In the first instance, the name occurs in the dedication of a couple of volumes by Miss Disraeli to her brother, which, as they consist of an unintelligible rhapsody about Mendelssohn and music, may be passed without more words. In the second, we have a political biography of the ex-minister, written for the purpose of displaying him in the least favourable light, every redeeming feature of his character being suppressed. It is a pity to have treated this subject in so partial a tone, because it certainly affords opportunity for an impressive lesson regarding the consequences of a career in which mere selfish ambition has been the main impulse. There was lately a paragraph in the newspapers, giving the recollection of a school-companion as to a resolution expressed in early life by Mr Disraeli to become a famous man. *There* was a text for a judicious writer! a youth enters upon life with the resolution to be great or famous. He makes himself be talked of or wondered at only. Had he set out with the design of accomplishing some great good for his fellow-creatures, with no thought of fame or greatness for himself, he would have obtained, with equal fame, a true happiness, instead of something little better than entire disappointment.

THE STUDIO.

The attention of artists is at present naturally directed to the report and the evidence taken by the select committee in the National Gallery. The recommendations of that committee seem to us limited, meagre, and unsatisfactory. It recommends a continuation of management by trustees—a system which has been found quite inefficient—and then contradicts itself by recommending that, as the trustees die off, the vacancies shall not be filled up. The trustees are recommended to be appointed by the Treasury; but what does the Treasury know about art or its professors? A salaried director is recommended to be appointed—we presume to select the new pictures which he thinks ought to be bought—a system practised in almost every gallery on the continent. Selection, however, according to the report, is to end his powers. The purchase is to be decided on by the trustees; but how are trustees to decide when, by the inevitable operation of nature, there are no trustees? Two of the best of the recommendations are—that a fixed sum be annually voted by parliament for the purchase of pictures; and that the present site not being well adapted for the erection of a new gallery, Kensington Gore, on ground which had been offered to the nation by the royal commissioners of the Great Exhibition, be chosen for the purpose. Still, all these are but matters connected only indirectly with art. The art-world and the country call for a great institution on the most liberal scale—for schools of drawing, painting, sculpture, open at the smallest practicable fee; for models, specimens of every species of art; for the best teachers, and plenty of them; for the extension of the associates to any number that might be deemed proper; and for the election of new members by the general body. It has been even proposed to intrust the election of the academicians to the associates. At present, that body is nothing but a rotten borough; and it is notorious that every one of the associates is capable of producing finer works than a certain twenty which might be named of the academicians, who, confident of having their pictures hung, take no pains to strike out new conceptions, but have sunk down into a conventional school of contented mediocrity. These are the days of the reforms of institutions, and we confidently expect that the National Gallery and the Royal Academy will come in for a sweeping share.

A question imported from Italy relative to painting marble statues, and which is at present being much debated in the sculptor world, is one which we hope the good sense and good taste of English artists will never permit them seriously to entertain. An admirable protest against the system and its upholders has been written and published by Mr Power, the American sculptor, with every word of which we fervently concur. The gist of his argument is, that sculpture has to do with form, and nothing but form; that the spirit, the soul of the statue, is to be indicated by the nobleness of its expression and the grace of its attitude; while, if coloured, it would convey the gross idea of flesh, and in an instant the goddess would wither down to a mortal. The spirit, instead of residing in noble proportion and tenderness, or majesty of expression, would be degraded into something closely connected with the sensuous, dependent for its existence on the free play of blood and the unimpeded action of certain fibres. In pictures, these ideas are not excited; but from the incongruous junction of two anomalous arts, they undoubtedly are so. The advocates of coloured sculpture contend that the tints would be made exceedingly light; that the hair would be adorned with a bright golden hue, like that of the Venetian Madonnas; that lightly purple veins of a hair's breadth should wander over a pearly skin, the whole to be viewed under a subdued medium—green or blue light, we should not wonder—with a gauze between the object—in the worst sense of the word—and the spectator. Such are the miserable tricks which a certain clique would have art submit to. Let such persons become artists to the representatives of Madame Tussaud—that is their proper element—or paint the spotted dogs and the green parrots that English venders of English art carry on their heads on boards!

Pre-Raphaelitism is dying out. Good sense has prevailed in spite of Mr Ruskin. Those who liked flat men and women, flat towers, flat hills, flat

everything, with no perspective whatever, but leaves and vegetation at twenty yards' distance, painted as though they were at twenty inches' distance, must make such monstrosities for themselves. The leaders of the movement—Mr Millais and Mr Holman Hunt—are rapidly returning to reason. The former has painted a scene in the Trosachs, in which Mr Ruskin is introduced gazing at the rainbow in the spray of a waterfall. We have reason to believe that Mr Millais and others consider this painting as the finest of his works; Mr H. Hunt, we hear, is engaged upon a Scripture subject from the Old Testament; Mr Dyce is at present at work in painting the frescos in the beautiful church of St Margaret, Margaret Street, near the Polytechnic. For a wonder, Mr Ruskin praises this church, the spire of which is certainly one of the noblest we have ever seen—wonderfully light, and exquisitely proportioned. It has got among artists the name of 'Beauty.' Mr Ruskin writes that there is no Gothic artist in England, save the architect of Mr Hope's church, in Margaret Street, 'which challenges fearless comparison with the noblest work of any time;' and in which, 'if either Holman Hunt or Millais could be prevailed upon to do even at least some of the smaller frescos, the church would be perfect.' Another favourite of Mr Ruskin's is Mr Watts, an able fresco painter; and it is whispered that some unpleasantness has occurred between Mr Ruskin and Mr Dyce, by the former in one of his volumes placing Mr Watts as an artist above the latter—one of Mr Ruskin's unaccountable whims.

Art has lost a patron and a professor—Mr James Wadmore, and Mr G. P. Harding. Both died at the same age—seventy-three. Mr Wadmore's face was well known at all private views, and he was always seen amongst a group of contemporaries. He was also a great frequenter of the studios, and a ready buyer, when his judgment, which was excellent, was satisfied. His collection of Turners is said to be extensive and choice. It is rumoured that the gallery will be sold. Mr G. P. Harding may be recognised as the indefatigable copier of family portraits; hardly an historical portrait-book exists without his name being upon a corner of the plate. His life was not a prosperous one, but he laboured on steadily and faithfully, and increased his annual income by periodical sales of his works.

PROGRESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The establishment of the Royal Society was opposed because it was asserted that 'experimental philosophy was subversive of the Christian faith;' and the readers of Disraeli will remember the telescope and microscope were stigmatised as 'atheistical inventions which perverted our organ of sight, and made everything appear in a false light.' So late as 1806, the Anti-vaccination Society denounced the discovery of vaccination as 'the cruel despotic tyranny of forcing cow-pox misery on the innocent babes of the poor—a gross violation of religion, morality, law, and humanity.' Learned men gravely printed statements, that vaccinated children became 'ox-faced,' that abscesses broke out to 'indicate sprouting horns,' that the countenance was gradually 'transmuted into the visage of a cow, the voice into the bellowing of bulls'—that the character underwent 'strange mutations from quadripedan sympathy.' The influence of religion was called in to strengthen the prejudices of ignorance, and the operation was denounced from the pulpit as 'diabolical,' as a 'tempting of God's providence, and therefore a heinous crime;' and its abettors were charged with sorcery and atheism. When fanners were first introduced to assist in winnowing corn from the chaff by producing artificial currents of air, it was argued, that 'winds were raised by God alone, and it was irreligious in man to attempt to raise wind for himself and by efforts of his own.' A route has just been successfully opened by Panama between the Atlantic and Pacific. In 1588, a priest named Acosta wrote respecting a proposal then made for this very undertaking, that it was his opinion that 'human power should not be allowed to cut through the strong and impenetrable bounds which God has put between the two oceans, of mountains and iron rocks, which can stand the fury of the raging seas. And, if it were possible, it would appear to me very just, that we should fear the vengeance of Heaven, for attempting to improve that which the Creator, in his Almighty will and providence, has ordained from the creation of the world.' When forks were first introduced into England, some preachers denounced their use 'as an insult on Providence, not to touch our meat with our fingers.' Many worthy people had great scruples about the emancipation of the negroes, because they were the descendants of Ham, on whom the curse of perpetual slavery had been pronounced. Many others plead against the measure for the emancipation of the Jews, that the bill is a direct attempt to contravert the will and word of God, and to revoke his sentence upon the chosen but rebellious people. —*Abridged from the Scottish Review.*

RETROSPECTION.

FOR A SWEDISH AIR.

Winds in the trees
  Chant a glad song;
O'er fields the bees
  Hum all day long:
Night lulls the breezes, the bees' hum is o'er—
Nature, like *thee!* changes evermore.

But sunshine bright
  Wakens the bees:
Airs warm and light
  Stir the young trees:
Morn is returning with joy-laden store—
Thou wilt return to me—never more!

A BRIDGE IN CASHMERE.

The bridge over the Jhelum is not a couple of hundred yards from the Fort of Oorie, though considerably lower, and is not more than from thirty to forty yards long. The two piers are of equal elevation—that is to say, from the water—and are constructed of wood and unhewn stone. The bridge itself is entirely made of *twigs*, and the bushes which are despoiled for this material grow close to the banks of the river. These twigs are twisted into ropes of an inch and a half or two inches in diameter, and three or four of these twig-ropes form each of the sides of the bridge. The flooring of the construction is of twigs formed into ropes, and placed lengthwise from pier to pier, across the gulf. The width of this footway is about six inches, just enough for a passenger to walk across, putting one foot before the other. The side twig-ropes are about three feet high. Short ropes join the sides to that part of the bridge where the passenger walks across; but these twigs are two and three feet apart, and the trembling wayfarer has plenty of opportunity to gaze at his leisure on the roaring flood, a few yards only beneath his feet, dashing madly on! However, I have seen many worse bridges of the kind; and the one below Khōksur, in Lahoūl, is twice as long and twice as frightful. The longer the bridge is, the more sickening is the swinging to and fro of the frail construction.—*Mrs Hervey's Adventures.*

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THE GRACE AND GLORY OF LIFE.

HAVE a respect for life. It is a great and beautiful thing, notwithstanding all the gloomy and depreciatory views that have been taken of it. The Giver puts it at your disposal, as so much raw material for you to work upon, leaving you, in accordance with that system of general freedom assigned to you, to turn it into silk or into serge as you may please. What a superb tissue it becomes in some hands, and what a horsecloth in others! Overlooking altogether the ambitious few who seek for mere distinction in the eyes of their fellow-creatures, as being set upon the glorification of their own little personalities, let us view the rational and cultivated man addressing himself to the duties placed before him, and the enjoyments within his reach, and making out of these a self-consistent respectable life, in conformity with the natural conditions in which he is placed—that is, with the divine rules that hedge his being—and then turn to any one of the numberless unfortunates who abuse this inestimable possession by sloth, folly, and wickedness, and what a contrast is presented! the one so fair a scene, the other such a desolation—a queen's robe compared with a beggar's rag! Yet what the one makes it, the other may. Each and all of us, whatever our position, may cultivate in some degree the grace and glory of life.

We wake into this world, and, after seventy years, go to sleep again. Of that rounding sleep, the phenomena are unknown. The waking interval, which is the subject we have to deal with, is tolerably well understood. It includes labour for the supply of wants, thoughts, affections, aspirations; a pursuit of happiness that never appears quite successful, but only because, if happiness were attained, we should find in it just the misery of having no more to seek for. Well, then, we must work, and work is always more or less, you say, antagonistic to the grace of life. Grant that it is, God has at least made it a hardship to no man—so much the reverse, that its activities and excitements are indispensable to our having a pleasant life at all. What we have here to observe is, that, if work be conducted in the advantageous ways that our ingenious faculties suggest, it need not so much engross any of us, not even the humblest hand-labourers, as to preclude some decent share of attention being given to the cultivation of the grace and glory of life. The poorest drudges may have their times of cleanness and neatness; care may surround them in their dwellings with things lovely and pleasant to look upon; they may walk the upright walk of manliness and self-respect, if they only will think they are men, and believe that to be a Man is something in this grand Economy. There is a spiritual life which such persons have often exemplified in fairer forms than those placed above them in this world; to none is this denied, not even to the slave, whose every bodily power is the property of another. It is a sad truth that, as things have hitherto been, the life of the hand-worker has everywhere been one in which hardening, coarsening toil has borne too large a part. But the existing modes of working are not necessarily permanent. Continually are men discovering means of reducing the amount of labour required to produce certain results; and this process goes on at an increasing ratio. It is a mistake to suppose that the condition of the labourer has not consequently been improved. Though it were true that he still worked as hard as ever, it would be for larger wages, or for wages that could purchase a larger amount of gratifications. But it is not true that labourers in general work so hard now as they did in the last age. They have very wisely determined to have more of their time exempt from toil, and we would fain believe that this time they have not wholly disposed on objects apart from the grace and glory of life. Where it has been given to mental cultivation, or to pleasures that awaken and gratify the higher feelings and tastes, it has been bestowed in perfect conformity with our maxim.

It were hard to say whether the worker, under the compulsion of the master's eye and the need of a trifling addition to his weekly wages, is under a greater temptation to neglect the grace and glory of life, than the master, who, having great and pressing affairs, feels called upon to give them his days and nights, that he may maintain his position, and have the chance of securing some provision for those dear to him. Lamentable it is that so many of our middle classes thus sell themselves to a self-imposed slavery, leaving scarcely a space for intercourse with their families, much less for the cultivation of any intellectual gifts or elevating tastes, or for the duties of social life. Such a man feels that all is not right. His neglect of the grace and glory of life cannot but tell upon his consciousness in some obscure way. But he always hopes that the leisure time will come at last and make up for past deficiencies. He might as well omit taking his breakfast for a week, and then think to take seven breakfasts at once. It is worse. Habits have set their chains upon him. The mind, narrowed down to a beggarly routine, is totally unprepared to enter upon the more refined pursuits and occupations proper to a wealthy retirement. The heart has lost its native liberality. A set of prudential maxims, very useful in different circumstances, assert an impertinent empire over him. Such, in a greater or less degree, is the ultimate state

of those who have neglected, for the sake of money-making, the true grace and glory of life.

Just as we believe that improvement of tools, machines, and working arrangements, will add to that leisure which the worker is enabled to employ in cultivating this grace and glory, so do we expect that better plans and maxims of business will by and by allow the middle classes to follow their industrial pursuits with the same results. The unsatisfactory character of a life wholly given to the materialities in which they deal, must be seen and acknowledged. They will find, that what they follow as the substance, is apt to prove but the shadow; while what they used to neglect as the shadow, is the true substance. Already, we are told, the progress of a conviction to this effect is beginning to be observed in some of our principal seats of industry. Streaks of rational, graceful, philanthropically social life are beginning to checker the once incessant round of business cares and duties. We begin to find men getting above considering things merely by their prospect of *paying;* a mean word which should be banished from all decent society. This is a great reform, and we sincerely trust it will go on, till no one shall have the face to sport Mammon's maxims as other than the partial and temporary truths which they are, but all will take a pride in promoting, by their precept and example, the true grace and glory of life.

It would go some way to advance this great cause, could we convince all that life is a thing capable of being made as beautiful as we have asserted. We feel that it were equally out of place and needless for us to use arguments on the subject. We merely would wish those who come within our influence to observe what a wonderful work Man is, in his powers and susceptibilities, and how many fine things surround and stand in relations to him! To employ his powers on these things, so as to bring their benefits to bear upon his susceptibilities, is, in a word, the secular destiny of man. If, walking humbly with the Giver, and not forgetful of an ultimate and higher destiny, he could fulfil this perfectly, he would come as near to happiness as a being of indefinite desires ever can. Seeing what admirable things these powers and susceptibilities are, and what a beautiful relation it is in which they stand to external things, how sad to see so many men misusing them, making life, consequently, a mere series of blunders alternating with sufferings, till the designs of creative Providence itself come to be called in question! Not one of us but might do better with this fine thing called life, if we only believed it possible, and were to make a resolute endeavour.

A PREDICAMENT, AND HOW I GOT OUT OF IT.

Perhaps few of our colonies are so little known as Guiana. Its very name, ten years ago, was seldom either heard or seen, except in the counting-houses and ledgers of the comparatively few merchants trading to one of its three great divisions—Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice. It is better known amongst us now, by name at least, as the home of the Victoria Regia; to say nothing of the impetus given to its timber trade by the fine collection of its woods shewn in the Great Exhibition. Perhaps I may just say, that Guiana is the north-eastern portion of South America, extending from the Orinoco southward to the Amazon. It is divided amongst the British, Dutch, and French. British Guiana is the most northern portion, extending on the sea-board from the Orinoco to the Corentyn, and inland to the sources of the last-mentioned river and the Essequibo—an area of perhaps 50,000 square miles. Dutch Guiana, or Surinam, extends from the river Corentyn to the Marony, and between them inland to their sources—the area being not much less than 30,000 square miles. French Guiana, or Cayenne, extends coastwise from the Marony to the Oyapock, which separates it from Brazil. Its extension inland is uncertain, but the area is supposed to be 14,000 square miles. With all these divisions of Guiana, I have had occasion to become more or less acquainted, though chiefly resident at George Town, the capital of Demerara—indeed, of the whole colony, there being perhaps as many whites in George Town as in the whole of Essequibo and Berbice together.

My business in Guiana was an odd one. It was the collecting of skins—alike of beasts, birds, and reptiles—and such other specimens of natural history as could be dried and transmitted to Europe, to become reanimated in the hands of the professional stuffer. Perhaps I do not overestimate my success, if I say that for some years two-thirds of the specimens exported from the colony were the produce of my expeditions. These were, of course, undertaken only in the dry seasons, of which, in Guiana, there are two—the long dry season, from August to November, and the short, February and March. The course of proceeding was this:—My Indian scout, an Arawak named Barra, got his corial ready, and laid in a supply, according to the time we purposed being absent, of Indian corn, cassava, &c. For the meat to accompany this, we depended on my double-barrelled gun or rifle, as the case might be. As to clothes, Barra's course was the reverse of that usually adopted by travellers. Instead of adding to his stock, he discarded the decent suit he used to wear in town, and contented himself with a single strip of cotton cloth bound tightly round his loins, and serving to hold a large knife. My own wardrobe was somewhat of the scantiest, but we each had a bag slung round us—Barra's to hold provisions when we left the corial for the forest; and mine to receive such feathered or other spoil as we might be able to collect. One part of our equipment must not be forgotten—a strong, but not thick rope, about eighty feet long, knotted at intervals of half a yard, and having at one end a two-pound iron ball. This was used when, by good-luck, we came on a bush-hog or other animal, and did not wish to scare the forest by our firearms. It was of still more essential service in another way, to be described presently.

It was a lovely morning in August, when Barra and I stepped into the little corial, and paddled leisurely up the noble Essequibo. As we landed at two or three islands on our way, we had not made above twenty miles when evening drew in; soon after which we pulled ashore to an Arawak encampment for the night. The next day and night were spent in the same way; and on the third morning we paddled a few miles higher up still, to the foot of the rapids, some fifty miles from the river's mouth, where we secured the corial. Having slung our bags, I took the rifle, Barra the fowling-piece, and we started for the forest—which indeed came down to the water's edge—carrying the coil of rope by turns. As my object was to secure birds, we did not care to fire until we should see something worth firing at. We had been tracking the mazes of the forest, assisted by Barra's knife, for about two hours, when we came upon a small patch of savanna, at the further side of which stood a noble greenheart (*Nectandra Rodiæi*) of large girth, and without a branch for perhaps fifty feet. The tree, however, might have been passed unnoticed, had it not been crowned by an unusually fine group of toucans. Had I fired at them from the ground, I must have used shot that would have commercially damaged them; while, if we could only get up the tree pretty near them, small-shot would secure them almost uninjured.

Uncoiling the rope, Barra tied to the end opposite

the ball a long piece of string, and then taking the ball in his right hand, retreated some twenty paces from the tree, measuring with his eye the distance from the ground of the lowest limb. Poising himself, the ball flew from his hand and fell over the limb, round which, by a dexterous jerk at the same instant, the rope was coiled some four or five times. He had hit the distance so nicely, that the end of the rope now dangled down to within a couple of feet or so of the ground. The string was therefore not needed, and was untied; the object in affixing it being to have a means of readily recovering the rope from the underwood if, as was sometimes the case, it overshot the mark, or became entangled in the branches. Resting my rifle against the trunk, I prepared to ascend, taking with me the string and my game-bag, with the ammunition contained in it. Barra now laid hold of the knotted rope, and kept it as steadily to the ground as possible, while I climbed it hand over hand, and was soon on the limb to which it had been fastened. By means of the string, I now drew up my gun, and proceeded along the limb to the fork of the main trunk. In a minute or two, Barra had joined me, with the provision-bag still round him, there being too many monkeys about, he said, for him to think of risking it below.

We now, as quietly as possible—and that was very quietly indeed, for we were both almost in a state of nature—crept towards the top of the tree, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the light dancing through the topmost boughs, and our covey of toucans still quietly preening their feathers, their brilliant breasts glittering in the sun. Barra now took off his waistcloth, and went immediately beneath the birds, some fifteen feet below them, and made ready to spread the cloth, so as to catch the game with the least possible damage, the moment I had fired. All being ready, I gradually, inch by inch, advanced the muzzle to within perhaps twenty feet of the toucans, and let fly with both barrels. The shot was one of my best. Five first-rate birds fell into Barra's cloth, three only getting away.

As the provision-bag was so handy, we thought we could not now do better than lunch in our leafy retreat, and so spent perhaps half an hour. So luxurious a bower can scarcely be imagined in any but a tropical country. The surpassing richness of the forest scenery was seen to great advantage from our lofty perch; and had there been but a few songsters to relieve the silence, nothing would have been wanting. These, however, were in the thickest shade for an hour or two, to say nothing of my gun having driven them beyond us.

Descending, which required more care than the ascent—not only because it is always easier to climb than to return, but because I was burdened with my toucans, and had to guard them from injury—we came in sight of the limb to which our rope was affixed. Well might we start dismayed! A grave-looking aragnato, one of the howling monkeys (*Mycetes ursinus*), was coolly seated on the limb, with the ball in his hand, he having unwound the rope in order more leisurely to inspect it. The weight, as I afterwards remembered, seemed greatly to astonish him, as he passed it from one hand to the other, balancing it as he did so. On the impulse of the moment, a shout burst from me at the unprecedented sight—more shame for me!—as a hunter I should have had more presence of mind; but perhaps, after all, nothing could have averted what followed: the monkey, dropping the ball, leaped in an instant to a neighbouring tree, and disappeared. Never did any sound so smite upon my ear, as the sound of that ball bounding on the ground. Even Barra's unconcern in ordinary forest dangers was overcome, and he stood behind me grave and almost trembling. We were, in fact—I did not joke then—a pair of tree'd 'coons.

It was some minutes before we fully realised our position—on the lowest limb of the tree, some fifty feet from the ground, and without any means of reaching it but the string which had drawn up my gun, and which was almost as great a weight as it would bear. It was therefore quite useless so far as we were concerned. On taking counsel together, no way of escape suggested itself, for our scanty clothing, cut into such shreds as would bear us, could not reach, when tied round the limb, above ten feet down. Our bags added would scarcely have diminished the certainty of a broken neck, and, as the trunk was almost too smooth for a jaguar, we were fairly at our wit's end.

We now took a narrower survey of the tree itself. There did not seem to be anything to fear—no cougar or jaguar marks were visible, nor was there much probability of snakes being found in it, as none but the very largest could compass such a trunk, and they generally prefer a tree overlooking a stream or pool, their prey being thus attracted within an easy distance for the fatal spring. Should anything approach us, however, we had both arms and ammunition. As to food, we were well enough off even for some days, Barra having brought the bag with him, to say nothing of my dearly-bought toucans; but water we had none, nor was there the smallest probability of a drop falling. Our chance of being observed by any passing Indians was small indeed, in a forest the nearest footpath through which was a mile distant; and as to attracting attention by firing, that seemed equally hopeless, as we were known to be out on business, and the report of our arms would, therefore, be thought nothing extraordinary. Time had passed during these cogitations, and it became unpleasantly certain that the night, at least, must be spent in the tree.

As evening drew on, we made a sparing meal, and prepared for such rest as we might be able to obtain. Barra's knife was of good service in cutting some of the smaller branches, which we so disposed in a fork a little above the main one, as to render us tolerably secure from falling if either of us should doze—sleep we hardly expected. Darkness now came on apace—a darkness that might almost be felt. Even in the day, these forests are sombre enough, though pleasantly so, as they shield one from the rays of a blazing sun. Looking towards the patch of savanna, the outlines of our tree could, after we had become used to the 'dim obscure,' be faintly traced; but, towards the forest, all was solid blackness. While coming on, indeed, the darkness seemed more as if it were something tangible being poured into the forest from above, filling up the spaces between the trees, and the smaller interstices between their branches—more like this, than a simple deprivation of light. It was oppressively, terribly grand. Soon after night had thus set in, nocturnal sounds began to greet our ears. They were, of course, not new to us; but in our present situation, they seemed invested with double significance. A jaguar came moderately near—to the opposite edge, we thought, of the savanna; on the look-out, probably, for some hog-deer in the open space. Upon the whole, however, the most striking feature was the deep silence that prevailed, except when invaded by these sounds. It made us both, at first, almost afraid to break it by a word, as if we should in some sort be committing sacrilege in thus aggressing upon Night's domain. How strange that this dead silence and darkness, and the ceaseless roar and brightness of Niagara, should affect the mind exactly in the same way! It was so at least with me.

Man's power of adaptation to circumstances is a benign provision. If our misfortune had come upon us at the close instead of in the middle of the day, the probability is that we should not have slept a wink. But having brooded over it for some hours, it was scarcely, I should judge, past midnight, when, in spite of the chilly though calm atmosphere, and our scanty protection from it, we both began to doze, and at length fell asleep. I awoke once or twice afterwards, but Barra slept on as though

he was swinging in his hammock at home. About an hour before dawn, which I could somehow *feel* was coming, apart from the warning-cries of nocturnal birds and beasts, I became thoroughly aroused, and awoke Barra just as the first streak of light cut like a knife into the forest gloom. He was more rigid than I, not having changed his position for some hours, but soon roused himself, throwing a wondering glance round our nest. A frugal dip into the bag was followed by renewed consultation as to how we should get down. We at length agreed that by the aid of Barra's knife, the string, and our cloths, we should try to make some kind of ladder, by which to release ourselves from our leafy prison. The prospect was not an inviting one, greenheart being one of the heaviest and hardest woods of the colony; and Barra's being the only knife, only one of us could be employed—unless, indeed, that one could tie what the other cut.

This plan was again revised, and at length we commenced making a pole intended to reach the ground, down which we could slide without further damage than perhaps some slight laceration. It was agreed to join the pieces of which our pole must necessarily be composed by a peg and socket—the latter foreshadowing an uncomfortable amount of difficulty and enforced patience. We had not long commenced chopping off a branch, pretty high up, as the first length of our pole, when the three toucans, as I verily believe they were, which had the day before escaped, again settled on the topmost bough. Speedily hearing, however, the noise below them, they flew off, and we saw them no more. From morning to night, with the exception of a short visit to the bag, we worked away, and after all, had not been able to complete more than eighteen feet at most, in three lengths. The two joints, however, answered admirably, having been made sufficiently tight to require some force in screwing home the peg. We suffered much from the want of water, especially as the labour caused us freely to perspire; and we felt some faintness of heart creeping over us as we lay down to rest for the second night.

We slept, notwithstanding—deeply, heavily—and awoke in the morning as before, to recommence a toil that now seemed hopeless. The branches that answered our purpose became scarce; our knife was blunted by the hard wood; and suddenly we at the same moment gave up work, and looked in each other's faces. Whatever he may have found in mine, I read only despair in my companion's, and I turned away my eyes for relief. They made a discovery which caused my heart to leap. On the further side of the next tree to us—that, in fact, by which the monkey had escaped—was a huge liana, large even here, where they twist among the forest, and bind the trees together, like stout ships' cables. It reached within about ten feet of the ground, depending some twenty feet from a limb which our weight would put into no sort of danger, if we could only reach it. And why should we not reach it, by bridging the space between the two trees by means of our pole? It was already long enough, and the idea was no sooner conceived than we set to work it out. Having decided on the most eligible point whence to make the experiment, a careful hoist sent the further end of the pole neatly into a fork of the further tree. The joints bore the jerk almost without a sound, and Barra was over in a trice, running catlike along the pole, at a height of perhaps seventy-five feet from the ground. Being a much heavier man, there was the more reason why I should cross in the same way, as quickly as possible; but I confess I was afraid; and, on Barra's assurance that it would bear me, I crossed astride, and without mishap—thanks to the exceeding toughness of the wood. We had hardly congratulated ourselves on our success so far, when it simultaneously occurred to us both that the gun, bags, &c., were all in our late nest, and very blank we looked. Barra, however, insisted on immediately returning, and lowering them at once to the ground by the string.

In the meantime, I descended to the limb whence the liana hung, and saw at once that our troubles were at an end. Barra soon joined me, and first slid down. It would not break with him, he said, even if it did with me. On reaching the bottom, however, he told me to follow him, which I did as soon as the oscillation caused by his descent had ceased. Taking up our guns and baggage, which seemed twice as heavy as when we last carried them, we made the best of our way to the river, and never found water so delightful before.

Barra was none the worse for his arboreal sojourn. I contracted a fever, not severe, which lasted for a week or ten days, and which I regretted chiefly because of its shortening the dry season by the term of its duration.

We several times visited the tree afterwards, in our rambles through the forest, and on the very last occasion the space between the trees was still bridged by our peg-and-socket pole. It may be there yet, liana-bound, to render it the more secure.

PRINTING BY MAGIC.

In a recent number of the Journal, was given an account of certain improvements in lithography, capable of affording a great impetus to the commercial spread of the art. It has occurred to us, that it might be well to group together a few short statements and descriptions, calculated to shew how numerous are now the varieties of printing, wholly distinct from the old-fashioned letter-press and copperplate processes. This we are further induced to do, on account of a remarkable and important novelty lately introduced in Austria, and from thence into England.

Chromotype, or printing in colours, does not imply the use of any one printing-surface in particular; it simply denotes the fact, that coloured as well as black inks are employed. Albert Dürer practised a sort of colour-printing, or imitation of chiaro-oscuro, or light and shade, by the use of oil colours and surface-blocks. The late Mr Branston the engraver, and the late Mr Vizetelly the printer, were mainly instrumental in introducing colour-printing into England; and it is a curious fact, that the chief application of the art, soon after its introduction, was in printing lottery-tickets; the lottery contractors vying with each other in making their tickets and placards as attractive as possible. After the abolition of lotteries, colour-printing fell comparatively into disuse for some years. It was revived in consequence of improvements in preparing coloured inks for printing playing-cards in oil, about twenty years ago, and since that time the art has progressed rapidly. The very remarkable labels for Day and Martin's blacking-bottles, were among the early specimens of colour-printing. There is a lace-work ground pattern printed in red ink; waving lines in red and black ink; white and black and red letters of various sizes and shapes; a wood-cut picture of the factory; and the copied autograph of the manufacturers. The mode of producing these labels will illustrate colour-printing in many of its varieties. There is a small printing-machine with two cylinders, one for black, and the other for red ink, each large enough to print eight labels at once. For each label, two stereotype plates are prepared, by a combined process of casting, stamping, and modelling; so accurately adjusted, that every raised spot in one plate has a corresponding sunken spot in the other. One plate contains, in relief, the whole of the letters and devices which are to be printed in black; while the other contains those for red; and both plates are bent to the exact curvature of the two cylinders. Eight plates are accurately adjusted to each cylinder; and the inking rollers are so placed that the inking of the black plates is completed just as the paper is brought near; while the red plate

is similarly brought in readiness to seize and impress the paper as soon as it is liberated from the swarthy plate.

Simple and humble as this blacking-bottle affair may seem to be, it really contains the pith of many varieties of colour-printing. Mr Baxter has devised a mode of producing beautiful pictures, by printing in oil-colours from wood blocks and steel plates conjointly. Some colour-printing is effected from wood blocks only; while other specimens are worked off by the wood-cut method, from mezzotinted metal plates, of which as many are used as there are tints in the picture. Nothing can be more varied and beautiful than the chromotypic productions of the present day: they may be obtained from engraved steel, or from mezzotinted softer metal, or from stone, or from wood, or from stereotype plates; they may be by Baxter or Hanhart, or Hulmandel or Day; they may be copies from the old masters, or from our own landscape painters, or book illustrations, or decorative ornaments, or architectural designs, or fruit and flower pieces; they may be as simple as the paper covers of our own *Miscellany* and *Repository*, or as elaborate as some of Mr Baxter's *Gems from the Great Exhibition*—they may be any of these; so widely has the art of colour-printing now become extended. There was a most interesting group in the Saxon section at the Great Exhibition, comprising a series of sheets, each exhibiting one stage in the chromotypic process, shewing how many times the print itself had to pass through the press before its final completion. Among the simply beautiful printing processes now adopted is the cameo-embossing, in which the surface of the die is inked or coloured; an example of this kind is furnished in the oval postage stamps on the post-office envelopes. The patent-medicine labels, supplied by the Excise department, are printed in two colours at one impression, by a very ingenious arrangement of the printing machinery. Printing in gold is in some degree allied to chromotype. Sometimes gold-leaf is applied, by means of a gum or size, to type or stereotype when made hot; sometimes bronze-powder or gold-powder is rubbed upon letters printed with gold-size; while in other varieties of the process, gold-powder is mixed with oil to the consistence of an ink, which is then used like printers' ink.

Some of the productions briefly adverted to above are almost magical in effect; but we are inclined to think that 'printing by magic' is more remarkably shewn in other processes which have recently presented their claims to notice. Some of these depend mainly on intense pressure, some on chemical action, some on electrotypic action, and some on casting or moulding; while others comprise two or more of these varieties of action. Let us briefly glance at a few of them.

There is a galvanoplastic process, in which a mould in gutta-percha is obtained from any raised or sunken device; a galvanotype or electrotype cast is obtained from this mould in copper, and impressions on paper are printed from the mould. There is a galvanographic process, in which an artist paints a picture or design, on a plate of silvered copper, with a paint or pigment varying in thickness; this plate is electrotyped, whereby is obtained a copy in intaglio of every line produced in relief on the plate by the lines or markings of paint; and impressions are printed from this electrotype as from an engraved copper plate. There is a galvanoglyphic process, in which a drawing is etched upon the varnished surface of a zinc plate: a coat of ink is applied to this varnished surface, to which it adheres everywhere but in the engraved lines; other coats of ink are applied by a roller; and from the plate thus prepared an electrotype is obtained, which can be printed from by the wood-cut method. There is a chemitype process, in which casts in relief are taken from an engraving; a design is etched on the etching-ground of a polished zinc plate, and bitten in with aquafortis; the etching-ground and the acid are removed; a coating of fusible metal is applied to the zinc plate by melting fusible filings; the fusible metal is scraped down to the level of the zinc; the plate is immersed in an acid solution, which eats away the zinc and leaves the fusible metal; and thus the latter is left in relief, so as to be printed from by the typographic press. There is a paneiconographic process—a long name, which seems to imply a power of copying or reproducing any or all kinds of engraving; the design is drawn with lithographic ink, or is transferred from any kind of engraving, upon a plate of polished zinc; this thin layer of ink is thickened by passing an inking-roller over it, and by dusting it with finely powdered resin; the plate is immersed in acid; the acid eats away the zinc surface in the parts left unprotected, and the remaining portion serves as a raised plate whence impressions may be taken by the common printing-press. There is a stylographic process, whereby a copper plate may be engraved without the aid either of graver or of etching-acid: a black composition is poured upon a smooth metallic surface; a thin coat of silver is applied to the composition; the artist sketches his design with a sharp tool, cutting through the silver to the level of the black composition; he obtains an electrotype cast, on which the design is of course in relief; he obtains a second cast by the same means, with the design sunk or in intaglio; and from this second cast impressions are taken by the ordinary copperplate-printing process.

There are doubtless other 'graphies' and 'typies,' the names of which escape us at the present moment, but the above will give a familiar idea of the very ingenious modes in which chemical action and mechanical pressure are now made available in printing. There is, however, one method, which made a great noise a few years ago, and of which a little description may be desirable. This is anastatic printing. Towards the close of the year 1841, the *Athenæum* startled its readers by the announcement of a new discovery, which seemed at the time to promise very serious consequences. The proprietors received from a correspondent at Berlin a reprint of four pages of the number of that journal which had been published in London *only* on 25th September. The copy was a very perfect fac-simile, differing only from the original in the impression being somewhat lighter, and the body of ink less than usual. In 1845, it was announced that the inventor or introducer of the method was a M. Baldermus. The proprietors of the *Art-union*, as a means of shewing the nature and capabilities of the method, printed two pages of one of their numbers thereby. They proceeded as follows: The compositors set up in the usual way sufficient matter to fill two quarto pages of the work, leaving spaces for three wood-cuts, three drawings, and a few lines of writing in pen and ink, which were properly adjusted to the blanks left for them. The two pages were then copied or transferred to zinc plates, from which the printing was effected. The impressions were fainter than those from the original types, but in other respects were perfect fac-similes.

Now, it is evident that the whole gist of the matter must depend upon the nature of the 'copy' or 'transfer' just adverted to; and Professor Faraday soon afterwards explained the *rationale* of the process with that felicity of manner which so distinguishes him. The process is, in fact, another example of that *chemical* printing which is now brought about in so many ways. We know that water attracts water; that oil attracts oil; that water and oil repel each other; that metals may be wetted with oil or with gum-water, but not so readily or completely with clean water. Now, these few facts are really the foundation of the whole affair. A sheet of printed paper, whether printed by the letter-press or by the plate-press, is first moistened with dilute acid, and then rolled forcibly on a clean zinc

plate. The acid runs off the ink, but remains on the paper, and etches or eats into the zinc; while a very minute portion of the ink becomes transferred or 'set-off,' as the printers term it, from the paper to the zinc plate. That ink will thus set-off, is a fact necessary to be borne in mind; if a corner of a newspaper be fixed on a white sheet of paper, and be then pressed or rubbed with a paper-knife, the letters will be distinctly seen in reverse on the white paper. A similar effect is produced by the heavy pressure of the roller on the paper placed upon the zinc plate. The plate, with the faint transfer thus upon its surface, is washed with a weak gum solution; this solution freely wets the etched zinc surface, but is repelled by the ink of the transfer. An ink roller is then passed over the plate, with a converse effect; that is, the ink attaches itself to the already slightly inked portion, while it is repelled from the parts wetted with the solution. In this condition, impressions can be printed from the plate by the common lithographic press. When the printed page is too old to allow the ink to set-off by pressure, it is wetted with a peculiar salt solution, to bring about the required conditions.

It is impossible to avoid seeing that this anastatic method has many points of resemblance to lithography, and zincography, and other of the modern 'graphies' and 'typies;' and it is not a matter for much surprise if two or three persons may have claimed the discovery or invention. It has since been shewn that processes almost exactly identical with anastatic printing were practised in England some years before the German invention was announced. There have been attempts to ascertain how far the anastatic process might be made available as a substitute for lithography, by transferring or printing from drawings made on paper with lithographic chalk; but there have been obstacles, arising from the difficulty of producing a kind of paper which shall possess a surface similar to that of lithographic stone. At one period the anastatic process excited some uneasiness, under the idea that it might afford too great a facility for forgery or piratical publication; but we are not aware that the process has yet been applied to any considerable extent, either honestly or surreptitiously.

The last few months have witnessed the introduction of another curious and remarkable invention in printing, chemical and mechanical, like many of those which we have already been considering, and applicable, as it would appear, to many novel and useful purposes. M. Louis Auer, of the Imperial Printing-office at Vienna, has brought forward a process which he designates the *Naturselbstdrück*, or natural process of self-printing, or natural history printing. An extract from a pamphlet of his, translated in the *Athenæum* a few weeks ago, gives the following account of the process: 'How can, in a few seconds, and almost without cost, a plate for printing be obtained from any original, bearing a striking resemblance to it in every particular, without the aid of an engraver or designer? If the original be a plant, a flower, or an insect, a texture, or, in short, any lifeless object whatever, it is pressed between a copper plate and a lead plate, through two rollers that are closely screwed together. The original, by means of the pressure, leaves its image impressed with all its peculiar delicacy, with its whole surface, as it were, on the lead plate. If colours, or inks, are applied to the stamped lead plate, as in printing a copper plate, a copy in the most varying colours, bearing a most striking resemblance to the original, is obtained by one single impression from such plate. If a great number of copies are required, which the lead plate, on account of its softness, is not capable of furnishing, it is stereotyped, if to be printed from a typographic press; or electrotyped, if to be worked at a copperplate press. This is done as many times as may be necessary; and the impressions are taken from the stereotyped or electrotyped plate instead of from the lead plate. When a copy of a unique object, which cannot be subjected to pressure, is to be made, the original must be covered with dissolved gutta-percha; and this gutta-percha, when removed, and washed with a solution of silver, becomes a matrix, whence an electrotype may be obtained.' The impressions of natural objects produced in this way are exceedingly beautiful. In agate, the various layers have different degrees of hardness. Now, if we take a section of agate, and expose it to the action of strong acid, some parts become corroded, and others not; and if ink be applied, very beautiful impressions may at once be obtained; but for printing any considerable number, electrotype copies are obtained, and printed from in the same manner as etchings. The process, in short, may be characterised as a mode of enabling fossils, agates, leaves, plants, mosses, sea-weeds, insects' wings, and other delicately constructed natural substances, to print copies of themselves without the aid of designer or engraver.

The very next number of the *Athenæum* to that which announced this interesting discovery or invention, illustrated these two facts: that inventors in different countries are often ignorant of each other's doings; and that there is, at the present time, a large amount of steady attention and active exertion being applied to these curious novelties in printing. It appears that a Birmingham firm holds a patent for adorning metals, comprising the essential elements of the Naturselbstdrück, inasmuch as sheets of German silver and Britannia metal receive an adorned surface by having a piece of lace placed between two sheets or plates, and then rolling them with some considerable pressure. It has been found, also, that not only lace, but figured paper, perforated zinc, and other thin substances, can be made to stamp their mark upon the soft plates, and that these plates have been printed from in brown ink upon paper. Another fact which this correspondence brought out is, that an eminent London publishing firm holds a patent for a process analogous, in many respects, to the Austrian Naturselbstdrück, and contemplates the printing of a particular class of book illustrations by its means.

There is so much that is beautiful and surprising in many of these novel processes, that we feel half disposed to group them all together as 'Printing by Magic.' It is a magic, however, destined speedily to have a commercial or £ *s. d.* value, which cannot be said of all magic.

BROADSHEETS OF THE PESTILENCE.

On a recent occasion, when looking over some old pamphlets relating to the city of London, we happened to light upon three or four broadsheets, published at or about the time of the Great Plague. They are so curious, that we have thought a brief account of them may not be without interest to the reader. Of the Great Plague itself we need hardly speak, for Defoe's vivid description of it, the scattered articles respecting it in the Journal, and the romances which have been furnished by it with a basis and plot, have rendered it more or less familiar to most persons. It is rather in a literary point of view that we notice the matter: to shew what were the kinds of works produced by publishers at the time of, and in relation to, the great calamity.

One of these productions is a sheet measuring about eighteen inches, by fourteen in width. It was printed at London 'by T. Mabb, for R. Burton and R. Gilberson,' in 1665, the year of the Great Plague. Round it is a wood-cut border, made of death's-heads, cross-bones, skeletons, hour-glasses, and old Father Time, with a scythe in his hand, and cloven hoofs instead of feet. The title of the sheet is long but expressive:—

'London's Loud Cryes to the Lord by Prayer: Made by a Reverend Divine, and Approved of by many others: Most fit to be used by every Master of a Family, both in City and Country. With an Account of several Modern Plagues or Visitations in London, with the Number of those that then Died, as well of all Diseases as of the Plague: Continued down to this Present Day, August 8, 1665.' Under the title-page is a wood-cut representation of London, with an inscription in one corner—'Oh London, repent, repent!' an angel hovering over the city is darting arrows, daggers, and fiery tongues on the devoted metropolis; while in the foreground are coffins, hearses, people kneeling in prayer, and Death digging a grave. The upper part of the sheet is chiefly occupied by a prayer, written in quaint, but mournful and earnest language; the purport of the prayer being, of course, that the great national affliction might be averted. The margin contains about forty references to texts of Scripture, on which certain passages in the prayer are founded. Underneath this, the religious portion of the sheet, comes a statistical table, containing, as we are told, 'An exact and true Relation of the number of those that were buried in London and the Liberties, of all Diseases, from the 17 of March 1591, to the 15 of December 1592.' This was the period of one of the greatest pestilences with which London had been previously afflicted. In one week during this period, 987 persons died of the plague; while in the whole period, the number was 11,503. By the side of this were similar tables for 1603, 1625, 1630, 1636, 1637, 1638, 1646, 1647, and 1648, for so often had the plague afflicted our metropolis in that half-century. The numbers stated to have died in certain weeks of the autumn of 1625 were 2471, 3659, 4115, 4463, 4218, 3344, and 2550, being nearly 25,000 in less than two short months. The sheet was published while the plague of 1665 was still going on. At that time, 8th August, there were said to be forty-four parishes clear of the plague, and eighty-six parishes affected. The number of deaths from the plague in that week were 2817. The compiler of the sheet finds room just at the bottom to put in a recipe 'against the plague.' We are directed to 'Take leaves of sage and wormwood, of each an ounce and a half; rue, six ounces and a half: wash them in spring water; cut and beat them; let the juice run from them, and put it in an earthen pot, with half a pint of strong white-wine vinegar; cover it close for 24 hours; strain it, and add an ounce of turbish finely powdered: cover all close 24 hours more; afterwards strain it, and then use it.' How or when it is to be used is not stated.

Another of these sheets, about the size of the former, is called *London's Lord have Mercy upon Us*. Like it, too, it has a wood-cut border of skeletons and heads and grave-diggers' tools, and a picture of London under the visitation of 1665. The tables of deaths in the various plague-years are nearly identical in both, for the two sheets appear to have been published within a few weeks of each other. A few manuscript entries bring down the dates to September 5, from which we learn, that the dread affliction had by that time reached a height far surpassing that which any former plague-year had exhibited: the deaths by plague had increased from 2817 in the week ending August 8, to 6978 in the week ending September 5. Instead of a prayer, this broadsheet contains a versified exhortation to the people, consisting of sixty-four lines. The writer, as an exhortation to repentance, reminds his readers of what had already befallen the country:—

> Seventeen years since, a little plague God sent;
> He shoke his rod to move us to repent.
> Not long before that time, a dearth of corn
> Was sent to us, to see if we would turn.
> And after that—there's none deny it can—
> The beasts did suffer for the sin of man:
> Grass was so short and small, that it was told,
> Hay for four pound a load was daily sold.

Further on, he entreats:

> Let all infected houses be thy text,
> And make this use, that thine may be the next.
> The red-cross still is used, as it hath been,
> To shew they Christians are that are within.
> And *Lord have mercy on us* on the door,
> Puts thee in mind to pray for them therefore.
> The watchman that attends the house of sorrow,
> He may attend upon thy house to-morrow.

This second broadsheet takes up the medical side of the subject to a greater extent than the other. It finds a corner for 'certain approved medicines for the plague, both to prevent that contagion, and to expel it after it be taken; as have been approved in *anno* 1625, as also in this present visitation, 1665.' There is a 'cheap medicine to keep from infection,' consisting of a drink of garlic and milk, to be taken in the morning fasting. There is 'a posset drink to remove the plague from the heart,' consisting of warm ale with pimpernel seethed in it. And there is 'an approved remedy against the plague,' by eating figs every morning fasting, with sprigs of rue shred and put into them.

A third broadsheet, published still later in the year than the other two, shews that the highest number of deaths by the plague in 1665, was in the week ending September 19, when it reached 7165; after this date, the numbers rapidly decreased. This broadsheet dispenses with the wood-cuts, but it gives a greater number of medicinal recipes. We are told how 'to correct the aire;' how to make and employ perfumes; how to prepare 'inward medicines for the prevention of the plague,' and others for its cure when prevention is impossible. If the means to 'correct the aire' be not efficient, the liberality of the doctor is certainly not at fault; for he gives his readers abundance of choice. He says: 'Thyme, mint, rosemary, bay-leaves, balm, pitch, tarre, rosen, turpentine, frankincense, myrrh, amber; one or more of these, as they are at hand, or may be readily procured, are to be cast on the coales, to purify the house.' The advice also is given that 'such as are to walk abroad, or talk with any, may do well to carry rue, wormwood, angelica, gentian, myrrh, scordium, valerian, Setwall root, or zedoary in their hands, to smell to, and of those they may hold or chew a little in their mouths as they go.'

A fourth broadsheet, and the last which we shall notice here, is larger than the others, and has the title 'Lord have Mercy upon Us' set in a fine wood-cut framework, composed of foliage adorned with death's-heads. Up the two side-margins are little wood-cuts of the virtues, such as Constancy, Sobriety, Temperance, Repentance, Humility, Chastity, Perseverance, Prayer, Fasting, Faith, Hope, Charity, Patience, and two or three others; each is represented by a female figure, and most of them are kneeling in the attitude of prayer. The top and bottom margins are decked with spades, coffins, graves, and so forth. At the top of the sheet are a few prayerful exhortations. Then come wood-cuts of skulls, bones, and skeletons. Beneath these are three 'preservatives from infection—by smell, by drink, by food;' and three 'preservatives when infected—by sweating, by ripening the sore, by airing clothes.' The recipes for these purposes lead one to wonder how the herbalists of those days came to place reliance on such heterogeneous conglomerations of medicines. We are directed, in the preservative by smell, to hold to the nose a sponge soaked in herb-of-grace water—this liquid being formed of vinegar and rose-water in which rue and wormwood have been boiled. An 'aliter' or alternative is to smell to cedar-wood contained in a little box of which the lid is full of holes. The drink for a preventative is a pint of beer, with sliced lemon, wormwood, and herb-of-grace, taken

in the morning fasting; while the preservative by food is a roasted fig, containing walnut-kernel, salt, and herb-of-grace; observing, to 'fast one hour after, but use it daily;' and an aliter or alternative is a slice of toasted bread, spread over with butter, treacle, and herb-of-grace. The airing of rooms, and beds, and clothes, is directed to be done by means of cedar, juniper, lavender, bay-leaves, rosemary, rose-water, or vinegar, more or less heated. The mixture intended to produce the sweating, and the poultice 'to ripen the sore,' we will say nothing about, except that the variety of the ingredients is as remarkable as their number is considerable. There then follows a recipe so very curious in the tone of thought which it exhibits, that we cannot do better than transcribe a portion of it; it characterises a quaint conceit of those days, in mixing up Christian virtues as the ingredients, in a kind of posset or medicine. It is designated 'A Special Means to Preserve Health,' and runs thus:—'First, fast and pray. Then take a quart of Repentance of Nineveh, and put in two handfuls of Faith in the Blood of Christ, with as much Hope and Charity as you can get, and put it into the vessel of a clean Conscience. Then boil it on the fire of Love, so long till you see by the eye of Faith, the black foam of the love of this world stink in your stomach; then scum it off clean with the spoon of faithful Prayers. When that is done, put in the powder of Patience, and take the cloth of Christ's Innocency, and strain all together in His Cup. Then drink it burning hot near thy heart, and cover thee warm with as many cloths of Amendment of Life as God shall strengthen thee to bear, that thou mayest sweat out all the poison of Covetousness, Pride, Idolatry, Usury, Swearing, Lying, and such like. And when thou feelest thyself altered from the forenamed vices, take the powder of Say-well, and put it upon thy tongue; but drink thrice as much Do-well daily. Then take the Oil of Good Works, and anoint therewith thine eyes, ears, heart, and hands, that they may be ready and nimble to minister unto the poor members of Christ'—with a little more to the same effect. We may observe that the three broadsheets before noticed were published in the reign of Charles II., in 1665; but that this last-named example appeared twenty-nine years earlier, during the reign of Charles I.

Not one word anywhere of the true preventatives of plague—cleanliness, ventilation, and healthful food!

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE SCENE CHANGES.

Talk of the Great Exhibition as you will, it had little more than the merit of concentrating in one spot the common daily exhibitions of London. There are at least a score of streets in the metropolis, to which, if they were made exhibitions at a shilling a head, people would flock from the remotest corners of the country and the world. The shop-windows are full of the wonders of science and industry both home and foreign; and from them and the warehouses behind, a very correct idea may be obtained of the comparative status of the nation as regards the arts of civilisation. To such exhibitions the natives have been accustomed from childhood; and it is fortunate that it is so, or there would be no such thing as getting along the thoroughfares; but even among the natives, there are many determined window-starers, and it has often occurred to us, that these are the persons who really enjoy London, and benefit by its teachings. In general, however, you may set it down with tolerable certainty, that the spectators who are busy with such gratuitous shows, are strangers from the country or from foreign parts.

There could be no mistake at least about one individual, who might have been seen for several successive days studying the shop-windows as if he had paid his shilling for the privilege, and was determined to make the most of it. The survey Robert made of the metropolis was of a practical nature, and although he may at the same time have gratified his taste and curiosity, he did not suffer this to interfere with his business purpose. Frequently he went into the shops, and asked permission to examine the object that had attracted him, and this was never refused: on the contrary, although he made no pretence of purchasing, the dealer usually seemed gratified with the questions of a polite, earnest, gentlemanly young man, and was not loath to enter into conversation. The exhibitions of the fine arts and of scientific apparatus, even those that actually cost a shilling, came next; and lastly, from the corner of the lofty gallery, where he sat buttoned up to the throat in an old coat, he was the critical yet delighted spectator of the doings on the stage in some of the popular theatres.

Robert had no fear of being unable to obtain a living in London; but it was necessary to put himself properly in the way, so that no more time might be lost in experiments than was necessary. His survey, without daunting him in the main, had brought down a good deal the estimate he had formed of his own capabilities. There was a completeness, in its own way, about everything he saw, which shewed him that something more was wanting than the bent of genius. The rudest toy was obviously put together by accustomed hands, which did what they intended to do, and nothing more. The humblest actor, whose business perhaps was merely to deliver a letter, performed his part like a man who knew perfectly well what he was about. It struck Robert that the most gifted amateur imaginable could not construct a toy as well to answer the same purpose—that is, to sell for the same money—or deliver a letter as well, with the business-like propriety demanded, and the subordination required to the rest of the action. In the pictorial art, so far as he could judge from the depôts of the ordinary picture-dealers, the case was somewhat different. There the untaught, uncertain, inexperienced hand was often painfully obvious; and in periodical literature, likewise, there were specimens without number of jejune twaddle and feeble violence. These were not the rude completeness of the toy, the humble finish of the actor, but the floundering of weak and illogical minds in a pursuit for which they were naturally unfit.

When a few days had passed in practical observation and mental debate, it was necessary to determine upon some trial; but before doing so, he thought it proper to deliver his only letter of introduction. This was not from Captain Semple, who, with the exception of his bankrupt agent, had not a single acquaintance in the world whose whereabouts he knew: it was from Mrs Margery the cook, and addressed to a cousin of her own, originally a sign-painter, but now, she thought, a little higher in the world. Even Robert smiled at the nature of the introduction, and at the square letter containing it, with its blotch of wax, that seemed to have fallen by accident, and was stamped with a thimble. But it would be a comfort to one so new to the scene, and so solitary in it, to be able to converse upon his prospects with any habitué whatever; and our adventurer, for a very obvious reason, was hardly entitled to look down upon any calling, however humble. He was surprised, however, to find that the address led him towards the haunts of quality; and when he stopped at the private door of a respectable shop in Jermyn Street, St James's, he would have thought he had made a mistake, but for the name on a small brass-plate at the side: 'Mr Driftwood.' He rang the bell, and after a moderate time the door was opened in a great hurry by Mr Driftwood in person, with a

well-bedaubed pallet on his thumb, garnished with the accessory maulstick and bundle of brushes.

'Well!' cried the artist, in apparent surprise at the aspect of his visitor, 'if I did not think it was his lordship come by appointment; and I would not keep him waiting for that rascally boy. But never mind, it's no trouble, step in, sir;' and shuffling rapidly through the passage, he led the way. After ascending a stair, they went out upon the leaded roof of a lower building, and crossing it by means of a railed gangway, entered what seemed the upper part, or garret, of an outhouse.

This was obviously the artist's studio; a character conferred upon it by numerous unframed pictures, placed in all sorts of angles to catch the light from the roof, and a large easel supporting a painting recently begun. There was nothing else, however, to distinguish the place from an ordinary garret, if not its strangely uncared-for and ruinous appearance. The rough woodwork had never been painted; both the sky-lights were broken in more than one place, and the apertures stuffed with something to keep out the rain; the naked tiles bore little or no token of cement, and in one place, where they appeared to have suffered some damage, they were propped up with a thin spar, which the artist turned to account, likewise, by hanging upon it his coat and stock. The only furniture in the room was a small form covered with soiled baize; a large chest, which appeared to do duty as a table; and a screen adorned with caricatures, behind which the curious visitor might enjoy a peep at a truckle-bed. The master of the studio was a man approaching middle age, with a small black eye that would have been piercing, if it could have fixed for a moment; an untidy moustache, under a nose of the pug order; a brush of dark hair round his uncovered throat; and an unkempt mass of the same material, cut short and square at the upper part of the brow, but descending in clots upon his shoulders.

Robert had time to study this portrait while the artist was conning over, with considerable difficulty, the pothooks of the cook. At length, Mr Driftwood having come to the end of the missive, turned his restless eyes upon the introduced, and hopped him over from head to foot in a twinkling.

'Glad to see you, Mr Oaklands,' said he; 'hope cousin Margery is well—never ashamed of poor relations—best families decay sometimes. But what can I do for you, my dear sir? An artist or a patron? Never could make Margery out. Oh, I see; merely a stranger in the metropolis, come to have a peep at the works of genius. Well, I own I am one of the victims of art. Here are a few originals and some copies not unworthy, perhaps, of a moment's notice.'

'I shall be happy to be allowed to look at your collection, sir,' replied Robert; 'but I was in hopes Mrs Margery had explained that I came here not so much to gratify my taste, as to look out for employment; she fancied that I should derive some benefit from the hints of a man of your experience in London life.'

'To be sure you will—Margery was right. But are you in a hurry? Can you wait for the tide, or do you mean to take the city by storm?'

'I must get something to do in as much less than a fortnight as possible.'

'Vastly well. But, you see, we are all employed here at this moment—all tearing the bread out of each other's mouths. What part do you mean to take in the mêlée? If you are an artist, you must get me down, or somebody else, to step upon. That is the difficulty: nobody thinks of working up—we all want to be top sawyers, every mother's son of us.'

'To be sure we do,' said Robert, smiling; 'but if we can't be top sawyers, why we must just jump down, with a will, and try it the other way.'

'You are right, my boy,' cried the artist; 'that's the ticket! But what do you propose to do? It is very well to say you want employment; but what employment do you want?—what employment are you fit for?'

'I know a little of sketching and colouring, and I can copy in oil when a thing is before me. I write a tolerable style. I am acquainted with several languages, and could teach them at a pinch; likewise arithmetic, and, to the usual point in Euclid, geometry. I model a little in pipe-clay, but don't know as yet how to cast. I have a turn for carpentry, and might hope, with some experience, to rise to cabinet-making. I am not quite unaccustomed to bricklaying—house-painting—or gardening. I could carry a hod without blinking to the top of a wall as high as the Monument; and if all trades failed me, I think, with a very little practice, I could handle a musket as well as any bumpkin that ever came out of our county.'

'You will do!' cried the artist; 'you will do! One-third of these capabilities would be enough; for the grand thing is, the determination to work. Get work to your liking if you can; but anyway, get work. No use in waiting and wishing, and repining and starving: do something in the meantime till the other thing turns up. Yet don't be too sanguine, after all; for one gets into a circle somehow, and there's no getting out of it. Tried the out-of-doors line first myself, and not a bad thing it was; rose to the gallipots—nothing less than Latin there—got good stuff out of them; but on and up I must go; high art would have me—and here I am.' The ci-devant sign-dauber looked round with a kind of rueful pride; and Robert conceived a strong suspicion that he had been more comfortable when among the gallipots. He had already observed that the collection consisted of a few mechanical copies, and many original pieces, that looked wonderfully like sign-paintings, executed on canvas instead of wood. There was one picture, however, on which he gazed with admiration. It was obviously, he thought, the work of one of the old Italian masters, and must be worth an immense sum. It was this the artist was engaged in copying, and the piece on the easel had already rendered the design of the original with wonderful fidelity.

'That is a gem,' said Mr Driftwood, 'a genuine Correggio of the first class; and mine will be so like, that the old fellow himself would not be able to tell which is which. But what a marvellous difference in the pecuniary value! You see what prejudice does, my young friend.'

'If you could only wait for time to mellow your tints,' suggested Robert, with a smile—'say a few hundred years—who knows what the result might be?'

'Oh, as for that,' replied the artist gravely, 'there is no occasion to wait so long. It will be mellow enough before it leaves my hands, I assure you, and with *more* cracks in it than the original. All that is easy enough; but to get your hand into a glass gallipot, and paint the letters upside down, inside out—that is something to talk of. But it must be confessed it is not high art.'

'You, of course, make this copy to order?'

'To be sure I do. How otherwise could I get hold of a Correggio, the like of which is not to be found in any of the public galleries? The proprietor wants money, and so do I—that's how it comes about.'

'I don't understand—the proprietor wants money?'

'Yes: he wants to pledge the picture for a good round sum, and my copy in the meantime, will do duty on his walls instead. Being known to possess the original, nobody will suspect what they see to be Jack Driftwood's handiwork. But come, my friend, I am curious to discover what you can do. Take hold of this brush, will you? and dash away at the dark drapery, while I put in the lights on the left. Don't be afraid, but go right into it.' Robert *was* afraid, but only for a few seconds. He did as he was desired; and it would have been hard to say

which benefited most—the pupil, by the practical hints he received, or the master, by the rapid and intelligent execution of his orders. The young man was fond of work, and this was of an interesting kind. He threw off his coat and neckerchief, and entered into it with zeal and determination, and Driftwood was the first to tire; declaring heartily, that with the advantage of his advice now and then, his assistant, in the course of time, would become almost as good a painter as himself. Here the door-bell rung.

'Zounds! where's that rascally boy?' cried the artist, as he flew to answer it. Robert did not know, and he went quietly on retouching the picture. In a short time Mr Driftwood returned, ushering in with great formality, a lady and gentleman.

'Did you see that boy, Mr Oaklands?' said he—'never mind: only a friend of mine from the country, Sir Vivian. I have been giving him a hint or two while working at your Correggio, and he takes well to it for an amateur.'

'Upon my word,' said the stranger, who was an elderly man of a rather dignified presence, 'you appear to have taken your own hints to some purpose. There are bits here quite above the fidelity of your usual mechanical touch. Did you say Mr Oak——?'

'Oaklands, Sir Vivian.'

'Of the Devonshire family, sir?'

'Of no family at all,' replied Robert.

'That is, of no family to speak of,' put in the artist, frowning aside. 'Who would talk of his own family in the presence of Sir Vivian Falcontower?'

'You see, Claudia, there is a spirit here which Driftwood's material copies have hitherto wanted. He is improving. You are improving, Driftwood.' The artist bowed low. The lady called Claudia was a very lovely young person, and although rather slight and petite than otherwise in figure, of a still more distingué air than her father. Her nose might just incur a suspicion of being retroussé, and it was this, probably, that gave a certain piquancy to her otherwise still features; but the face owed its character chiefly to a pair of large, well-opened, brilliant eyes, which turned their full blaze upon those of the person she addressed, to the manifest discomfiture, sometimes, of the feeble or the sensitive. Those eyes were turned upon Robert when he said, 'Of no family at all;' and they remained fixed upon him with the interest one bestows upon a new or rare animal. Sir Vivian's visit was merely to learn what progress was being made with the copy, and perhaps to ascertain that the valuable original was safe; but his daughter seemed inclined to linger. She at length demanded of Robert suddenly, whether, as an amateur, he was an admirer of Correggio? Having satisfied her on this point, he added, with straightforward simplicity:

'But I am not an amateur, in the usual meaning of the word: I might rather be called an artist, for I would apply myself to the profession if I thought I could live by it.'

Miss Falcontower lightened upon him again, and this time from head to foot. 'If you desire to be an artist,' said she, 'you will doubtless make yourself acquainted with what is going on in the world of art. You perhaps do not know, seeing you are only recently from the country, that a new school threatens to supersede such objects of your admiration as this?'—pointing to the Correggio.

'I know,' replied Robert, at once pleased and surprised at being addressed so frankly by a young lady of Miss Falcontower's rank—'I know that Young Germany is indoctrinating Young England in the theory that the masters of art strayed in a wrong direction from the mediæval point; and that it is necessary, before any real advance can be made, to go back to the era before Raphael, and before Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci.'

'And do you not believe that this will lead to a school greater than that of Italy?'

'Not lead, in the ordinary meaning of the word; but it may give rise to a school that will avoid the errors both of the new and old. I have seen some specimens of the English heterodoxy, and they seem to me to be composed of the *disjecta membra* of art, not the whole body—far less the soul.'

'Do they not imitate nature with remarkable fidelity?'

'They imitate individual objects with remarkable fidelity, and then put them into the piece, as men put curiosities into a glass-case in a museum. Nature works differently in her pictures. The effects there are mainly produced by means of light and shadow. Shadow, so far as painters can deal with it, is merely an obscuration; and the things plunged in it become more or less rounded in their edges and indefinite in their figure. The new artists—if I may judge from the little I have seen—express shadow by a daub of dark colour, and give the objects within it as distinctly and definitely as if they were in the full blaze of the sun. They deal by distance in the same way. Yonder picture, near the door—I can hardly tell what the subject is, although my sight is reasonably clear; but the new artists, I have a notion, would make it a miniature copy. You, ma'am, are the centre of the piece I see before me: everything else is comparatively dim and disregarded; but in painting the scene, the new artists would do their best to injure the impression of interest or delight, by elaborating, as carefully as the principal figure, even the caricatures on the screen behind you, which serves as a background. This elaboration, it is true, would produce an exact copy of the actual thing; but not of the actual thing as it appears to me, faint and subsidiary to the figure in the foreground, which is the object of my interest and admiration. All this tends, I think, to shew that although the new imitations of nature would serve as exquisite illustrations for a treatise on botany, or zoology, or anything else requiring the minute depictment of individual objects, their authors have not yet risen to the conception of a picture.'

'But what *do* you mean by a picture? If everything in the piece, taken individually, is correct, is not the whole correct?'

'No. Nature, in her pictures, does not represent individual objects as they are, but as they seem to be, when observed through the media of air and distance, and modified by light and shadow; and the colour with which she glorifies the scene is no inherent property of its component parts, for that would sometimes be discrepant and irreconcilable.'

'The colours of nature irreconcilable with themselves!—that seems a strange idea. Is it not the province of art to copy nature as she is?'

'Not always—not often. Nature rarely—perhaps never—presents a finished picture, small enough for the canvas of man. Were it otherwise, photography would be the highest art. It is the business of art, or rather its high and hopeless study, to select and combine the forms of nature, and work with them towards the production of one grand impression. This was the aim of the great painters—great only from the noble conception. This was the aim of the great sculptors, who, out of the materials of mortal life, created gods.' Robert grew warm as he spoke on his favourite subject. His figure seemed to dilate; the veins of his finely chiseled neck swelled; and his kindling eyes pierced proudly through the blaze they encountered. Sir Vivian listened with interest to this dialogue, for he was himself an adherent of the old masters, while his daughter was infected with Young-Englandism.

'Do you write as well as paint?' said he with some cordiality.

'I do a little of both,' was the reply; 'but to do either

well, I must see and think more. At present, my aim is merely to secure the means of living.'

'I shall be glad to hear of your success. Your lucubrations, when they appear, will render me valuable assistance in my conflicts with a heretical daughter.'

'Nay,' said Miss Falcontower, 'if there are two to one, it is time for me to retire; but be assured it is only to collect my resources against a future occasion.' While she spoke she was walking towards the door, followed respectfully by Robert, with her head turned, Parthian-like, towards the enemy, till she was suddenly brought up by the thin spar that propped the frail part of the roof.

'For God's sake, come away!' shrieked the artist, smiting his hands together. The warning was of no use, for it only made the young lady look up; but our adventurer, darting his spread hands, with the speed of lightning, above her head, received on them a dislodged tile, the broken edge of which cut him to the bone, and splashed a drop of blood upon her face. Leading her away from the dangerous spot, he calmly wound his handkerchief round his bleeding hand; and then, requesting the loan of her own, with an air of tender deference, unmingled with the slightest touch of gallantry, he wiped carefully away the taint from a lovely face, which, but for him, would have been lovely no more. Sir Vivian stood looking on at this scene, pale and terror-stricken, unable to move during the few moments it lasted; and the artist was hardly less paralysed. Miss Falcontower alone was calm and collected; her cheek did not change its colour; and she watched the motions of Robert with a wondering but composed scrutiny, as if they referred to something in which she herself was not personally concerned.

'I thank you,' said she at length recollecting herself. 'My father, too, will tell you that he is grateful.'

'I am, indeed, grateful; but I cannot fitly express my thanks in this horrid den. Come, Claudia, let us leave it at once and for ever.'

'I beg to assure you, Sir Vivian,' said the artist, 'that the moment I can lay hands upon that boy, I will send him for a workman to repair the roof.'

'And if he should fail in laying hands on that boy,' added Robert, 'I will undertake the task of reparation myself to-morrow morning.' Miss Falcontower gave another flash; and the artist hastened to say:

'Let him alone; it is only eccentricity—all young men of genius are eccentric.'

'I shall be glad to see you at my house,' said Sir Vivian, after a look had passed between him and his daughter; 'and to shew you my insignificant collection.' Robert bowed.

'And soon,' added the young lady, with another of her brilliant flashes—for her face seemed unaccustomed to fall into the form of a smile.

'I shall be only too happy to avail myself of the privilege,' said Robert. After a momentary hesitation, she put out her hand, which he accepted calmly, bowing over it, too much in the Grandisonian style, it must be told, but gracefully withal. She then took hold of her father's arm.

'Where 's that rascally boy?' cried the artist. 'Never mind, I'll open the street door myself;' and then they all passed from the studio, leaving Robert to the luxurious feelings of a young man who has met with an adventure.

When the artist returned alone, his new friend expostulated warmly with him on the impolicy of suffering his studio to fall into so ruinous a condition; but Mr Driftwood denied stoutly that it was his fault—it was all along of high art.

'The public will not patronise the modern masters,' said he; 'and what can we do but let the tiles come down on them? An author is well off. He gives an address, perhaps at his bootmaker's or stationer's, in a genteel street like this, and lives where he likes; his whole stock in trade being merely a little paper, pen, and ink, which he may carry in his coat-pocket. An artist, on the other hand, has his works to exhibit; and exhibit them he must in a respectable locality. That is no joke, let me tell you; and then, again, look at the necessity he is under of keeping a boy!'

'Very well, Mr Driftwood, all you have to do is to borrow a ladder for me to-morrow morning, and a carpenter's plane, for I see you are well supplied with what you will call out-of-doors' paint; and before I am done with it, I will turn this into a new house for you.'

'Will you really? that is kind. But you are a queer fellow for the young gentleman cousin Margery speaks of! I can borrow a whole chest of tools, for that matter. However, you have already done a fair job for to-day, and you must dine at my expense. What do you drink?' and he thrust his hand into his pocket, apparently to examine the state of the treasury.

'Anything,' replied Robert, putting on his coat and neckerchief—'anything from claret to cold water.'

'Then, perhaps, you wouldn't mind doing with a pot of beer?'

'Nothing better.'

'Come along, then, old fellow. Boy!—never mind; we'll open the door ourselves.'

IMPRESSIONS FROM SEALS.

On approaching the precincts of that district of the metropolis called Bermondsey, the wayfarer is sensible that he has entered into quite a different atmosphere. The heavy odour he perceives resembles that of leather, and it is soon obvious that it arises from the principle to which leather owes its peculiar smell, and likewise its adaptation for the many industrial uses to which it is applied. The Ronel Tanneries are close by, and if he will peep into the courtyard, he will be able to account for at least a portion of the peculiarity of the region. The open space presents the regular equipments of a tanner's yard—pits, hills of hides and skins, and larger hills of refuse tan. Ovine, bovine, equine trophies, the tribute of Europe, India, Brazil, respectively, form mimic mountains in various parts of the yard—scattered in so much apparent confusion that we must take him in tow, or he will never be able to discriminate. But leaving these things without present examination, we turn to a heap in the corner, the deposits of several wagons: these are seal-skins. To a casual glance, they differ nothing from a dirty, hairy, raw calf-skin; but to the touch they are thick, oily, and heavy.

The seal-skin manufacture forms a very material part of the great business of these tanneries. After as much oil as possible has been expressed from the unctuous skins, they are put into the lime-pits near us, to loosen the bulbous roots of the hair, and prepare them for depilation. We may see the workmen hooking them up, turning them, and then allowing them to glide like sheets of slime through their leather gloves, from one pit into another, as easily as eels slip through the fingers. When by the 'handling' they receive, the action of the lime is hastened, the skins proceed to the long low fleshing-house at hand, where strange-looking beings—wearing only a shirt and leather breeches, and all with a pipe in their mouths—are to 'unhair' them on one side, and to 'flesh' them on the other. A thorough washing afterwards, and 'striking out,' currier fashion, on an inclined bench, leave them in a state fit to be turned into leather. But, in deference to modern taste, leather must not only be good, but fine. The seal-skin, in its natural state, would make leather too thick to please the customer, and take too much tanning to please the producer. These considerations have led to the invention of a skin-splitting machine, which, amongst the manifold contrivances that facilitate the operations of the

modern manufacturing world, stands very prominent for its ingenuity.

Two of these machines are working at the Ronel Tanneries, and through one or the other our seal-skins will have to pass. In each are a couple of iron rollers, which, as they revolve horizontally, one above the other, seize the skin, spread out before them by the workman, and present the edge, as it emerges on the opposite side, to a keen and rapid blade, moving parallel with the line of contact of the rollers. So nicely adjusted is this blade, that it gives us in the result two skins instead of one, of equal superficial extent, and of such thickness as may be desired.

Our utilising age turns everything to account. Seal-hair, if fine and long, finds its way, with cow-hair, to the feltmaker or the plasterer; but more usually it is fit only for the waste-heap, and, along with the refuse from the flesh-house, goes to fertilise our fields. Even the flesh-side of the skin from the splitting-machine is usually given up as manure. This splitting process is not gone through for the object of getting double the amount of leather, but to get the grain-side thin. Seal makes the toughest and most durable leather, and admits of being reduced—under the knives of fleshers, splitters, curriers, and finishers—to about a tenth of its weight. The pure gelatine of the under or flesh side, as it comes from the splitting-machine, makes now and then an inferior kind of leather. In general, however, it is unfit for this purpose, or even for glue or size, either of which would be of so deliquescent a nature as to retain the solid form only two or three days.

Let us now return to the vats. Round about them in various parts are hillock-ranges of seal-skins prepared for tanning. A busy crew of men handle these skins, and steep them in successively stronger baths of the astringent infusion of oak-bark. Another crew, in one of the buildings that skirt the open yard, are engaged, meanwhile, in tanning many of the skins more expeditiously by means of sumach. And a curious manipulation it appears, for the skins, sewn flesh to flesh round the edges, are filled with the liquid sumach, and then float about like gigantic bowls, in colour and consistence resembling green turtle. The sumach is the powdered leaves and stalks of a plant that sometimes decorates our shrubberies at home, but which grows abundantly in Sicily. It contains more of the tanning principle than oak-bark, and is very extensively used where expedition is desired.

The after-processes which the seal-skin undergoes are very much the same as with other leathers: it is dried and curried, and worked and grained, and finished, before the tanner has done his whole duty. It then gives occupation to the varnisher, and reaches the leather-dealers. Journeying onwards, it comes into the hands of Crispin, who makes it into the close, beautifully grained shoes for children's wear, or into the toes of the leather cordovan boots, with high military heels, of which our ladies during the last two seasons have been so proud.

Remember, these are the details of only one scene of manufacture. A larger community is busy at the Ronel Tanneries than at almost any other, with respect to seal-skins, but every tanner has something to do with them. The seal gives employment to a greater number of our human working-bees than is generally supposed. Both in the extent to which it pays tribute to some of our common domestic comforts, and in the particulars of its commercial and manufacturing history, it offers points of peculiar interest. Even before its arrival in England at all, its adventures would furnish matter both interesting and useful for a long gossip. The capture of the seal gives employment, in the proper season, to a fleet of three or four hundred vessels belonging to Newfoundland. The number has been gradually increasing during the last quarter of a century, and the trade is by far the most profitable part of the business of that colony. Although not so extensive a staple, nor so generally followed, as the cod-fishery, circumstances give it the precedence in importance. When we take into account the capital and time, and the almost certain and immediate return for investment, it is perhaps the most remunerative employment in the British Empire.

The most suitable vessels for the service are from 130 to 160 tons, and carry forty or fifty men. In 1852, the outfit consisted of 367 vessels, employing 13,000 men. A quarter of a million seals are sometimes captured: about this number was caught last year, although, in respect to loss of vessels, it was a very disastrous season. Young ones are destroyed by being literally knocked on the head; the slightest blow with a club or a bat on the back part of the head despatching them. Breeding-season is deemed the best time for the seal-hunt, as the animals are then in the best condition.

The seals frequenting the coast of Newfoundland are supposed to whelp in the months of February and March. This takes place upon the pans and fields of ice—whelping-ice as it is called—that float down with the north and north-east currents from Labrador to the coast of Newfoundland. The cubs are three months old before they take the water. They are often discovered in such immense numbers within a day's sail of St John's, that three or four days suffice to load a vessel with pelts, as they are called, consisting of skin and fat. The skin is taken off while the animal is still warm; and what little remains of the carcass—for it is nearly all blubber that is attached to the skin—is left upon the ice. Sufficient time being allowed for the pelts to cool, they are stowed away; and five-sevenths of them reach the market of St John's, the rest going chiefly to the United States. Formerly, they were disposed of by tale; now they are sold, fat and skin together, by weight.

A thousand seals are thought remunerative; but the majority of the vessels come with 3000 or 5000, and some with 7000, 8000, or even 9000. The season for starting on the voyage is from the 1st to the 15th of March; before this time the young seals would be too small to be remunerative. A voyage seldom occupies more than two months, and sometimes only two or three weeks. If the take is speedy, two, and sometimes three voyages are accomplished in one season.

There are four varieties of seals in these captures—the young *harp* and young *hood*, the old *harp* and the *bedlamer*, or old *hood*. Of the first two kinds, about equal proportions are taken. Generally, all four varieties are in a cargo. The young harp is the best and most productive of oil. It is only when the ice is jammed together so that no open water can be reached, that any considerable number of the old seals are caught. Their timidity, as well as their intelligence, teaches them to dive under water, whenever that is possible, upon the slightest alarm.

As soon as the pelts reach St John's, they are unshipped, and immediately begin to undergo a series of manipulations. The first operation after being landed, is that of separating the fat from the skin: a dexterous hand can manage 400 a day. The pelts are dry-salted for a month, and are then sufficiently cured for shipment. Nearly all of them reach the British market; the lion's share going to the Ronel Tanneries.

Although our attention thus far has been chiefly claimed by the pelts or skins, yet the oil is the most important product of the seal. The blubber, separated from the skin, is cut up and put into vats, where it is gradually subjected to great pressure, and the oil trickles out into a pan underneath, and is immediately ready for casking. The weight of the blubber itself is sufficient at first to render the oil, and this, called *pale seal*, is of the finest quality. As pressure is applied and time elapses, decomposition takes place, and the oil becomes darker. The operation is exceedingly dis-

agreeable from first to last, on account of the stench that accompanies it, and it makes St John's during July, August, and September, a most undesirable residence. We are told that, towards the latter end of the oil-season, the stench for many miles round is absolutely horrible; but it does not seem to affect the health of the inhabitants, owing, doubtless, to the naturally healthful position of the town. The workmen have a particularly hearty appearance.

The immense consumption of seal-oil in the United Kingdom is known to everybody. The increasing demand for it in the United States, where only the great cities are lighted with gas, may be supposed. We might also dwell upon its indispensable utility to those frozen children of the north who, without it, would exist in darkness half the year, or rather could not exist at all. The seal-skin is the covering for their boat as well as for their back — making both impervious to the water, and the fearless adventurer happy in the wild waves. The blubber illumines the half-year's night, and provides the food denied by the niggard plains. Important as is this view of the seal's use, and large as the number of seals must be that supply the northmen's wants, this is altogether insignificant compared with the demands of commerce. The demand alone for skins dressed with the hair on — more in favour twenty years ago than now — must almost equal the entire number of seals slaughtered yearly by the sparse tribes of Esquimaux and Greenlanders.

BLANCHETTE: A FAIRY TALE.

THERE was once a bad king of France, Louis XI., and a pretty little dauphin, whom they called Charlot, but who was looking forward to be one day Charles VIII. The old king generally reigned, trembled, and suffered unseen within the dismal walls of the castle of Plessis-les-Tours. But about the middle of the year 1483, he went upon a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Cléry, accompanied by Tristan his hangman, Poictier his physician, and François-de-Paul his confessor, for the old tyrant feared greatly men and death and God.

The remembrance of one deed of blood among a thousand—that of the death of Jacques d'Armagnac, Duke of Nemours—particularly tormented him. That great vassal had paid with his life an attempt at rebellion against his liege lord, and so far justice was satisfied. But the cruel monarch had compelled the three young children of the condemned noble to the same fate with their father, and for a long time after, the stings of a wounded conscience reproached him with the guilt of this unnecessary revenge. Frequently did he feel sorry for his crime; but he did not amend. By a strange inconsistency common to most wicked men, remorse did not awake pity in his heart; and at the same time that, in the trembling consciousness of sin, he interposed the image of the Madonna between himself and the unquiet spectre of Nemours, which always haunted him, one of the innocent children of the late duke was languishing and dying in the dungeons of Plessis-les-Tours.

That castle was a terrible and mysterious place: its vestibules black with priests, its court bristling with soldiers, its chapel always illuminated, and its drawbridge raised, gave it the double aspect of a citadel and a convent. Every one there spoke in a low tone, and trod with a measured step, as though they were pacing the avenues of a cemetery. Hopeless captives, buried by hundreds, groaned in the vaults beneath: some for having spoken against the king, some for having spoken against the people—the greater part, however, for nothing at all. Each slab of the pavement was a tombstone placed over the living. In this melancholy abode dwelt the Dauphin Charles, then in his twelfth year. Without employment for his mind, he lived nearly as solitary and secluded as his father's prisoners. In vain did the poor child look around him for some object to distract his attention from the miserable moans that from every side disturbed him. A forest, green and fresh, waved at the foot of the castle; the Loire, bright and joyous, meandered along the horizon; but the severity of the king was always creating some new horror, and there was not even the peace of solitude in this distressful place. Therefore, after notching his sword for a long time against the wall, and spelling the large characters, red and blue, of his *Rosary of Wars* and Holy Bible, this dreamy youth would pass his time leaning on the window-sill, and gazing for hours upon the beautiful sky of Touraine, and imagining in the changing forms of the clouds armies and battles.

One day, his manner as well as his look expressed a greater degree of ennui than usual. The *Ave-Maria* of mid-day had been already chanted. His breakfast, which was composed, at his own request, of sweetmeats and confections, failed to entice him, and remained untouched upon the table, which he occasionally struck impatiently with his hand. He rose at intervals, gaping and yawning with expectancy and inquietude, and frequently repeating: 'Blanchette, Blanchette! the breakfast will melt in the sun, and if you delay longer, the flies will eat your share;' and he listened for a reply. But as the forgetful guest did not answer to this invitation, the poor Amphytrion tormented himself still more, and stamped upon the ground. Suddenly a slight noise upon the carpet made him start up. He turned his head, uttered a faint cry, and fell back into his arm-chair, intoxicated with joy, and murmuring with a sigh: '*Child!*' You imagine, without doubt, that this Blanchette so earnestly desired was a fine lady, sister or cousin of the prince. Be not deceived: Blanchette was simply a little white mouse, so active that she glided along like a ray of light, and so gentle that, in time of war, she might have found grace with Grimalkin himself. Charles caressed the pretty little visitor. He looked at her with delight for a long time, whilst she ate biscuit from his hand; and then recollecting that it became his dignity to grumble, said, in a tone pleasantly grave: 'Ah, miss, inform me, if you please, what I ought to think of your conduct. I have forbidden my doors to Olivier le Dain, the cat, whose physiognomy and whiskers frighten you; even Bec d'Or, my fine falcon, is dying of jealousy; and you leave me, ingrate, in this way, to run in the fields all night like other mice! And where have you been, regardless of your own danger and my anxiety? Where have you been? Tell me, for I will know.' The interrogator pressed his questions, but, as may well be supposed, poor Blanchette answered nothing. She fixed her little intelligent eyes with a sorrowful air upon those of the grumbling child, and rumpled the pages of the Bible that lay half-open on the table. She stayed her pink paws, however, on the passage: '*To visit the prisoners!*' Charles became confused and surprised, as often happens to the presumptuous who receive a lesson at the moment when they intend to give one. He had many a time heard strange things of the underground inhabitants of Plessis-les-Tours, and many a time meditated a pious pilgrimage to the dungeon of the young Armagnac, whose age and birth more particularly excited his curiosity and sympathy. But the terror which his father inspired had hitherto restrained him. He now reproached his prudence as a crime, and determined the same evening to expiate his offence.

A few minutes after the curfew had tolled, he stole away from his turret, followed by a young page laden with a basketful of bread and wine and fruit, and descended into one of the interior courts of the castle. A company of the Scotch Guards was pacing along

its massive walls in the light of the moon. 'Who goes there?' cried a voice hoarse and menacing.

'The dauphin.'

'No one passes here.'

But Charles approached the officer of the watch, and whispered some words into his ear.

'If it be so, young prince, go on, and Heaven protect thee. If you are discovered, I am lost.'

Our hero employed the same means with the other guards of the castle, and dispelled their scruples with the like success. Perhaps you are anxious to know what were those magic words which, in the mouth of a child, could sheath the sword and open the bolts of the prison-house. They were these: '*The king is very ill!*' Charles had faith in that formula, the all-powerfulness of which he had often experienced: it recalled to the memory of the gentlemen attached to the old king, to the soldiers, the courtiers, the jailers, and the pages, that the dislike of a child might be suddenly converted into the rancour of a king.

The dauphin and his page, under the guidance of the jailer, ventured, not without some hesitation, into the humid and gloomy vaults, and down the slimy spiral staircase, that menaced them with danger at every step. All three proceeded by the uncertain glare of a pine-torch—sometimes struck by the wing of a blind bat, sometimes annoyed by the water that dripped from the frigid walls. At length a noise, vague at first, but becoming more and more distinct at each advance—a noise of moaning and wailing announced the limit of their expedition. Picture to yourself a cage of iron fastened into the wall, low and narrow, where each movement must be one of pain, and where sleep could be only a continual nightmare! In this, a child groaned and tortured itself. I say child, though the Duke of Nemours, guest of that frightful dwelling-place, would soon attain his seventeenth year; for, could you have seen him, thin and pale as he was, you would have supposed him to be hardly twelve years old. Not yet arrived at manhood, he had suffered so much that he astonished the keepers themselves by his tenacity of life: and the jailer, who brought him daily his cruise of water and black bread, halted upon the threshold of the vault, demanding each time if it would not be better to send the grave-digger.

To accost the prisoner, the dauphin sought for kind words, but only found tears. Nemours understood that mute salutation, and responded to it with a sigh of acknowledgment. Then the two conversed through the bars of the cage. When the one declined assuming in that place the dignity of the son of a king, the other could not suppress a movement of surprise and alarm; but the uneasy impression was soon removed by the frank and open manner of the dauphin. Shut out for ten years from the things of the world, the young recluse was asking his royal friend naive questions, such as remind us of those put by anchorites of the desert to occasional travellers—'Do they still build towns?' 'Do they still marry?'—when an unexpected incident gave a new and more lively turn to the conversation. A third person came and threw herself between these friends of an hour old; and that personage, so ill brought up as to intrude in this manner—I am ashamed to confess it—was no other than the messmate of the dauphin—the rival of Bec d'Or—Blanchette. Passing through the grating by favour of her small size, she mounted the legs and arms of the encaged Nemours, and lavished on the captive caresses as fond, if not more so, than those she had bestowed that morning on the young prince himself.

'Hey-day! you know Blanchette?' said Charles, surprised and piqued.

'Do I know her?' replied Nemours; 'for six years she has been my mouse, my friend, my sister.'

'The ingrate! it was only this morning she partook of my biscuit and breakfast in the turret.'

'For six years, monseigneur, she has come to my dungeon to share with me my black bread!'

'The little fiend!' murmured the young prince; but his childish rage vanished before the naive smile of Nemours.

'I believe, monseigneur,' said the young duke, 'you will willingly do me the honour to break a lance with me for the fine eyes of Miss Blanchette? It is impossible this moment to comply with the challenge; see'—and Nemours held up before the eyes of his rival his arms incased in irons.

Then ensued an original and touching badinage between the son and the prisoner of Louis. Each of them pretended to surpass the other in misfortune: the one made his adversary touch the clammy walls and the thick bars of his prison, the other painted the ennui and living bondage of his court existence, the weight of which was insupportable; the one shewed his tortured body, the other his bleeding heart; and both terminated their pleading by the same conclusion: 'You see well, Nemours—you see well, monseigneur—that I have need of Blanchette to help me to live in this suffering.' Thus, after a long dispute, they ended where they commenced. They resolved, then, to throw the matter into arbitration, and chose the object of the debate as umpire.

'You, mademoiselle,' said the dauphin to Blanchette, 'declare freely to which of us you would rather belong.' And suddenly you might have seen the little mouse run from one to the other with all gentleness, then stop between them, looking at them in turns with her brilliant eyes, and seeming to say: 'To you both, my children!'

Soon after, Tristan—that worthy associate of Louis XI.—and his master returned to Plessis-les-Tours. They were accompanied with distrust and alarm. The prince, however, did not discontinue his visits to the prisoner; indeed, they became from day to day longer and more frequent than ever; and what would not have failed to excite the suspicion of a child less candid than the dauphin Charles, the jailer, who up to this time had been only a reluctant and trembling accomplice in these interviews, now seemed to encourage and provoke them by his complaisance. One evening, the two friends chatted as usual, Charles leaning against a projection of the postern, Blanchette running from one to the other, and distributing her caresses with edifying impartiality. The conversation, a long time straggling, turned at last upon the projects of the young prince for his future reign.

'Let me see! what will you do when you are king?' gaily observed the prisoner, who, older in years, and especially in misfortune, had in the conversation a marked superiority over his friend.

'A fine question! I will make war.'

Nemours sighed sadly.

'Yes,' continued the dauphin, tapping his forehead with his forefinger, 'I have had the design for a long time. First, I will go and conquer Italy—Italy, you see, Nemours, is a marvellous country: there the streets are filled with music, the bushes laden with oranges, and there are as many churches as houses. I will keep Italy for myself—then I will go and take Constantinople in passing, for my friend Andrew Palæologus; and afterwards, with the aid of Heaven, I reckon upon delivering the Holy Sepulchre.'

'And after that?' inquired the young duke with a leer.

'Ah! after that—after that'—repeated the ignorant dauphin, somewhat embarrassed—'afterwards—I shall still have time to conquer other countries, if there be any.'

'And your anxiety for glory will make you neglect your people? Will you do nothing for them?'

'Yes, truly! and first, before I go, I will send Oliver and Tristan to Jericho; and, moreover, I will put

down all hangmen;' and as Blanchette at these words frisked more joyously and more caressingly than ever, he added in a gay tone: 'I will do something for you, Blanchette—I will put down the cats!'

The two laughed heartily at this sally, but their gaiety was only like a flash of lightning. They checked themselves suddenly, and looked at each other with alarm; for it appeared to them that other bursts of laughter, too different from theirs to be a simple echo, resounded against their gloomy walls. Nevertheless, they contrived to reassure each other.

'Hope and courage,' said the young dauphin to the young duke, holding out his hand as a sign of adieu. The poor captive raised himself up to seize and press that consoling hand, but his limbs, benumbed by long torture, refused to perform his affectionate wish. He uttered a cry of pain, and fell back upon his stool.

'O dear! when shall I be king?' cried the young prince, moved to tears.

'Soon, if God will,' replied Nemours.

'Never!' interrupted a third speaker, at the time invisible. But presently Louis XI. appeared, and then Tristan, and then Poictiers, and then others, the familiars of the king.

By the glimmering light of a lantern, which one of them till then had kept concealed under his cloak, Charles could see the terrible old man advance with slow steps, like a spectre, and murmuring these words, broken by an obstinate cough: 'Ah, gallant youth, you long for my crown, even whilst I am alive, do you? Pious and prudent son, you dream already of my funeral! Wretch, your sword!' A fit of coughing more violent than the other interrupted him. The dauphin made no other resistance than that of repelling by a gesture of indignation Tristan, who had sprung forward to disarm him. He then gave his sword to one of the gentlemen present, and, at a signal from the king, was dragged off by the guard. Before leaving this subterranean habitation, Louis threw a look full of hate at the cage of his victim; then, leaning towards his intimate, Tristan, whispered some words into his ear.

'I understand,' assented the hangman; 'he must be got rid off—depend upon me. This night at twelve'—and finishing by pantomimic play the sense of the sentence, already too clear, struck his right hand smartly into the palm of his left. The cortège then departed, and in the midst of the diminishing sound of footsteps, Nemours could distinguish for a long time the voice of the dying despot, who coughed and grumbled, and spat death-warrants through his last teeth.

Poor Nemours! that sweet ray of Heaven, hope, had glided into his dungeon, only to make the darkness appear more profound. 'To have numbered sixteen years,' thought he; 'to have met with a brother like the Dauphin Charles, and a sister like Blanchette, and now to—die!' And in each sound, vague and distant, of the castle-clock, which measured his last hours, he fancied he could hear a voice saying: 'He must die, he must die!'

At length the deep spiral staircase resounded with hasty steps. A streak of light, escaping without doubt from the lantern of the executioner, illumined the threshold of the prison. The condemned, feeling that his hour was come, hurriedly threw the mouse, which he had kept close in his bosom, to the ground. 'Adieu, my mouse,' said he; 'run away and hide thyself, or they will kill thee also.' In the meanwhile the sound had gradually increased, the streak of light became larger and larger, the gate creaked upon its hinges, and, thinking that he could already see the gigantic outline of Tristan on the wall, the young duke clasped his hands, closed his eyes, recommended his spirit to God, and waited—— He had not long to wait.

'Duke of Nemours,' cried out a tender and well-known voice, 'you are free!'

The captive started at these words, threw a timid glance around him, and fancied he dreamed. But Charles was there—no longer timid, constrained, dejected as the evening before, but calm, grave, speaking and walking as a master. An hour of royalty had apparently matured him to reign. The noble ladies, who had accompanied him into this abode of torture, contemplated the young prisoner in his cage with smiles and tears; the gentlemen, on the other hand, pressed their hands upon the hilt of their swords, as they stood before that outrage against infancy which they witnessed; and a similar thrill went through the whole crowd of varlets, squires, and pages, who held the dismal flambeaux, and shook the vaults with cries of 'Long live the king!'

'Yes,' said Charles, 'Heaven has made me within an hour an orphan and a king. Nemours, forgive my father, and pray for his soul.' Turning to his attendants, he added: 'Let this cage be instantly destroyed; let it be thrown into the Loire; and let not a fragment remain to keep alive a too painful remembrance.'

The workmen ordered to proceed, devoted themselves to the task with ardour; but, to their surprise, the file was blunted by the bars without making any impression; and the stone in which they were fastened immovable, responded to the strokes of the hammer only by a dull and mocking sound.

'Sire,' said an old monk, shaking his head, 'all human effort will be ineffectual to execute your orders, for,' added he, pointing to the cage, 'this is not human workmanship. I have heard say that a gipsy sorcerer built it formerly, to save himself from the gibbet. It will be necessary, in order to break it to pieces, to have the aid either of the wand of a fairy—but there are no fairies now-a-days that I know of—or of the infernal hand that constructed it—and the gipsy has long ago disappeared!'

'Let them search for the man, and bring him here,' said the king. 'To the person that shall find him, honours and rewards shall be given—a diamond of my crown, if he be noble; his weight in gold, if he be a plebeian;' and with a wave of his hand he dismissed his brilliant suite.

The two friends were left alone, except that some pages waited on them at a distance, looking at each other in silence. A terrible disquietude, which they dared not communicate, made their hearts beat in unison. 'If the magic workman is dead,' thought they, 'the enchanted cage can never be opened!' Then they wept; but, strange to say, Blanchette for the first time did not appear moved at their tears—an idea more vivid and very natural occupied her mind. The clock of Plessis-les-Tours was on the point of striking the hour. Suddenly the gloomy and fetid vaults of the castle were filled with light and perfume; the iron cage moved *en masse*, like the scene of a theatre, and sank into the earth—who can tell where, if not to the infernal regions, whence the artist had drawn his inspiration. The frightened orphans believed that lightning and thunder proceeded from beneath. 'Blanchette! Blanchette! where art thou?' they exclaimed, trembling for the life of their adopted sister.

'Here I am,' replied a soft voice over their heads. Lifting up their eyes, they beheld with amazement a figure in the costume of a fairy, standing upon a pedestal of clouds, and holding in her hand a glittering wand. 'Be not afraid, my children,' continued she: 'it is I whom you call Blanchette, but whom my companions name the *Fairy of Tears*, for I love to succour the helpless, and comfort the afflicted. For a fault I committed in Fairyland, I was condemned to assume the shape of some animal or insect. I chose that in which you have loved me, that I might visit the captive

in his dungeon. My time of punishment is expired, and my first act on restoration to power, has been to destroy the enchanted cage. Your tears are dried up, and my mission with you is accomplished.'

The little king and the little duke clasping their hands, exclaimed: 'Good little fairy, do not abandon us yet.'

'I must,' replied she with a grave air. 'You have no more need of my consolations, which are wanted elsewhere. I hear near at hand a little beggar-girl, whose sobs call me. I must run to her aid. Adieu, my children!'

She spoke, and disappeared in a flash of lightning.

ERRORS THERE IS NO RECTIFYING.

Men are tenacious of Error. There is an obstinate vitality in all clear definite mistakes; they grow with rapidity, propagate with profusion, like all noxious things, and are destroyed in one place only to spring up in another. To the philosopher there is something exasperating in this, to the satirist there is an object for his shafts. Once fling forth a bold and definite absurdity, it will make the hollows ring with echoes, and these echoes will reverberate for centuries. Say that a scientific hypothesis "leads to atheism," and atheistic it will be, beyond power of rectification. Say that Locke admits no other source of knowledge than the senses, and all over Europe men with Locke in their hands will echo the absurdity. How incessantly do we hear attributed to Bacon the aphorism, "Knowledge is power." No such phrase ever escaped him; but Bulwer, who first called attention to the fact, has written in vain to rectify the general error. In like manner, we hear attributed to Coleridge sayings which that archplagiarist appropriated from the Germans, and attributed, too, by men who have read them in the original. As long as history is written, men will believe that Wellington exclaimed: "Up, Guards, and at them!" and that the Imperial Guard declared, *la garde meurt et ne se rend pas*. Among the current quotations, there is one both in England and in France which is constantly attributed to Buffon—namely, *le style c'est l'homme*—the style is the man. He said nothing of the kind; it would have been an absurdity had he said it. What he really said was this: *le style est de l'homme*—a very different thing, indicating that style is all which can be considered as personal property in literature. The phrase occurs in his *Discours de réception à l'Académie*. In that Discourse, speaking of style as alone capable of giving a work a chance of duration, he distinguishes it from the contents of a work which must get pushed aside by fresh discoveries, he adds, *ces choses sont hors de l'homme; le style est de l'homme même*—these things are independent of the writer, but style is his own peculiar contribution. Will this rectification be of any use? Of none. Multiply it thousandfold, destroy the weed in every spot you meet with it, and before you have gone three yards it will reappear. *Magna est Stupiditas et prevalebit!*

CHINESE SHOPS.

Passing into some genuine Chinese streets, I came to the conclusion that, altogether, Canton presented the most extraordinary sight I ever beheld. The streets are very narrow, and hung about in all directions with signs and advertisements. Every shop has a large upright board on each side of the door, usually painted white, and on it, in red or black letters, is inscribed a list of all the articles sold. Other signs are hung out over the street, and some are fixed to poles reaching from one side of the street to the other. Many bore puffing advertisements, such as, 'This Old and Established Shop,' &c.; 'The Refulgent Sign. Original Maker of the finest Quality of Caps,' &c.; 'Canton Security Banking Establishment;' and 'No Two Prices at this Shop' was a very common notification. The Chinese writing looks very well in this way; and being generally red letters upon white, black upon red or yellow, and blue upon white, the array of signs had a most gaudy and extraordinary effect. In addition to this, the shops are all open in front, and a large ornamented paper lantern is hung over the door. The best street, the Regent Street of Canton, was called Curiosity or Physic Street, from the number of curiosity and druggists' shops in it. The former are very attractive, and have some curious collections of old bronzes and old china, which is always very highly prized by the Chinese, who value anything that is very old and strange, and will give higher prices for old china than we should give in England. Jade stones, which look like green opaque glass, carvings in bamboo, and innumerable other things, are among their wares. The carved rhinoceros horns are very handsome, and look, when fixed in a carved wood stand, like cornucopias. They are rather expensive, fetching L.8 or L.10; but it is difficult for a stranger to buy anything really good. The best carvings are done in the cities of the interior, and residents pick them up at the death of mandarins and rich men, when their effects are generally sold.—*Elwes's Sketcher's Tour.*

THE LAKE.

My life ofttimes seems like a stagnant lake—
Far hidden in some ancient forest dim,
Whose tall trees, growing close around its rim,
All change of light and shadow from it take;
And the joy-giving sun unable make
To throw upon its waters one bright ray:
So that amid the floweriness of May
No buds or blossoms on its margin wake.
These tall trees keep it neither cold nor warm;
But shield it from the wind that would be life,
Waking its waters unto healthful strife;
So keepeth it a changeless, sullen form,
Below which weeds and rottenness are rife,
Until it shall be purified by storm!

M. J. L.

SCIENTIFIC TRAVELLERS—RUSTIC SUSPICIONS REGARDING THEM.

Professor James Forbes, in his beautiful book on the Norway Glaciers, lately published (Blacks, Edinburgh), gives the following amusing note on the above subject:—'The inability of the peasantry to ascribe any other motive than interest or compulsion to such journeys, is amusingly experienced by every traveller off the beaten tracks, in the theories which are formed as to his vocation. This is nowhere the case more than in the more secluded parts of France. I once amused myself by reckoning up the conjectures as to my business, and the motives ascribed to me, during a journey of no very great extent, which included, as well as I recollect, the following, besides guesses nearer the mark:—An engineer of mines, a government surveyor, a *garde forestier*, a tax-gatherer, the descendant of a confiscated noble of the first Revolution surveying his paternal acres, a criminal escaping by bypaths from justice, an iron-merchant, a stone-mason, and a gold-finder. Of these various *aliases*, the last is probably the most inconvenient. I recollect travelling through the mountains of Cogne with a half-witted fellow, a sort of crétin, for a guide, who, after hearing all the explanations I had to give of my journey, constantly returned with a malicious leer to the loss the country suffered by ignorance of the treasure which lay about in it, *particularly under the glaciers*, and which more knowing strangers, assisted, he insinuated, by mystic arts, could turn to an excellent profit.'

NOTICE.

A Series of Articles on AMERICA, by WILLIAM CHAMBERS, is now in preparation, and its publication will commence in this Journal next week.

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THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

THE VOYAGE.

A visit to America is usually one of the early aspirations of the more impressionable youth of England. The stirring stories told of Columbus, Sebastian Cabot, Raleigh, and Captain John Smith; the history of the Pilgrim Fathers fleeing from persecution; the description of Penn's transactions with the Indians; the narratives of the gallant achievements of Wolfe and Washington, and the lamentable humiliations of Burgoyne and Cornwallis; the exciting autobiography of the Philadelphian printer, who, from toiling at the press, rose to be the companion of kings—all had their due effect on my imagination, and stimulated the desire I felt to cross the Atlantic, and see the country which had been the theatre of so many interesting events, and latterly the scene of so many social developments. The ordinary occupations of a busy life, however, had dispelled this early dream. Like other ardently but vaguely entertained notions, it vanished and was forgotten, when circumstances all at once recalled it to mind, and rendered its realisation possible. In short, towards the close of 1853, I was enabled to visit the more interesting portions of North America, where the rapid rate at which travellers are whirled from place to place, left me a reasonable time for observation and inquiry.

When a thing has to be brought down from the realms of fancy, to be considered in its practical details, it is astonishing how many little difficulties require to be encountered and overcome. In the present instance, I had to determine, in the first place, which route I should adopt. Should I go by way of the British American provinces, or leave them to be reached after visiting the United States? I resolved to set out direct for one of the nearest of the colonial possessions—Nova Scotia, and pass on thence to Canada, by this means taking the more northerly parts first. Perhaps, also, the fact of the Nova Scotian peninsula being ordinarily, and it may be said, unjustly, neglected by tourists, helped to fix my resolution, and accordingly I engaged a berth in the *America*, one of the Cunard line of steamers bound from Liverpool to Boston, and touching at Halifax.

It was on a dull September morning, with a thick fog overhanging the Mersey, that I found myself amidst a crowd of persons standing on the deck of a small steamer at the landing quay of Liverpool. In the forepart of the vessel was a huge pile of boxes, bags, and portmanteaus, the luggage of the passengers; while the middle and after parts were so thickly covered with human beings, as to leave barely standing-room. The duty of this little craft, called 'the tender,' is to carry passengers from the shore to the steam-ship that lies moored in the middle of the river, and which, having previously, while in dock, taken on board all its cargo, is now ready to start out to sea. As nine o'clock struck, the tender moved away from the shore, and in two minutes was enveloped in the fog—a most dangerous situation, for the Mersey was studded over with vessels in various attitudes, and at any instant we might rush violently against them. Such a catastrophe actually occurred. By what I must consider to have been incautious steering, the small steamer was brought suddenly into collision with the bows of a large vessel, and our instantaneous destruction seemed to be inevitable. With indescribable alarm I expected that the vessel would pass over us, and that we should all be immediately struggling beneath the flood. There was a rush to the roof of the small engine-room, as being likely to remain longest above water. I climbed to the highest point near me, and looked ahead for the coming shock. Crash went in the bulwarks of the tender, and down went its mast across the pile of luggage! I thought all was over. Fortunately, the bowsprit of the large vessel, in coming in contact with and breaking our mast, slightly turned off the collision, and we immediately lost sight of her great hull in the mist. We felt, as it were, a reprieve from death, and looked each other in the face with a feeling of congratulation. Then broke forth on the unlucky steersman a shower of those warm epithets which the English, in moments of indignation, scatter about with characteristic liberality. Idiot—ass—fool! with certain pithy adjectives, were pelted at him all the rest of the way; nor did we feel safe from a fresh calamity till we were alongside of the *America*, which towered like a castle above us, and till we had our feet securely planted on her capacious poop. The tender, it is needless to say, had a very damaged appearance. Her mast and cordage lay athwart the confused mass of baggage, some of which was broken in pieces, and some had gone overboard. Whether such incidents are common at Liverpool, I do not know. It is, at all events, clear that the method of putting passengers on board American vessels, in a foggy river, by means of small and overcrowded tenders, is a very bad one; and I have no hesitation in saying, that there is more danger to life from this practice, than in a whole voyage across the Atlantic.

The *America* did not immediately depart. The mails were still to be put on board, and these did not arrive in a subsequent trip of the tender till nearly noon. When they made their appearance, they consisted of at least two cart-loads of well-stuffed leather bags, with some

boxes containing special dispatches for Canada. The whole having been transferred to the hold in the large steamer, the captain and pilot took their places on the paddle-box, the other officers went to their appropriate posts, the bell was rung, the wheels moved, and we were off. Slowly at first did the great floating mass proceed through the water. The mists which lay to seaward were not yet quite dispelled by the sun, and to go down the Mersey required careful guidance. For half an hour, the passengers leant over the brass railings of the elevated poop, catching glimpses of the parting quays—some waving hats or handkerchiefs to friends far in the receding distance—some, myself for one, thinking of those dear to them at home, and half doubtful of our own safe return to Old England. Gradually, the ship got into greater speed; for an instant it paused in its career, to allow the pilot to descend to his boat; again it moved along, and we were fairly on our course. The direction it took was straight up the Channel between Ireland and the Isle of Man. It was going what is called 'north about,' which is preferred to the southern passage in certain states of wind and tide.

As the vessel gained the open sea, and left nothing to look at but the wide-spread waters, one by one the passengers descended to view the nature of their own particular accommodations, or to inspect the general mechanism of the ship. To me, at least, everything was new and curious; and, for the sake of the uninitiated, I will try to give an idea of what came under my notice.

As is pretty well known, there are two chief and distinct lines of steamers. One, the Cunard, so called after Mr Cunard of Halifax, who was its projector, is exclusively British property, and has a large money-grant from our government for carrying the mails. Some of its vessels sail direct to and from New York, the remainder to and from Boston, calling at Halifax. The other line, called the Collins, is American property, and sails only to and from New York; it is subsidised by the United States' government also for mail purposes. These two lines are in many respects rivals, but, by a judicious arrangement, the vessels depart from each port on different days of the week, so that there is no actual inconvenience from their competition. Latterly, there has sprung up a separate line of steamers to and from Philadelphia, and another to and from Portland; but of these I do not need here to speak. It is by the Cunard and Collins steamers that the intercourse with North America is mainly carried on, and on both sides of the Atlantic there is much keenness of feeling as to their respective merits. The Cunards are strong and compact vessels, built wholly in the Clyde, and possess engines of the most trustworthy workmanship. They are likewise in the charge of first-rate seamen. But, from the rounded form of their bows, or some other architectural peculiarity, they do not sail so fast as the Collins steamers, and they ship water on the decks to a somewhat unpleasant extent. They also fall considerably short of the Collinses in point of spaciousness and elegance of accommodation; and I am sorry to say that, in the ticket-dispensing department at Liverpool, there is great room for increased attention and politeness. On calling to get my ticket on the night previous to departure, I experienced such treatment as might be expected by a pauper emigrant who went to seek an elecmosynary passage. Nor was this the worst of it; for although paying the highest fare, L.25, which I had remitted ten days previously, and although informed that one of the best berths in the ship had been assigned to me, I found that this said excellent berth was among the fore-cabin passengers—a circumstance that led to much discomfort during the voyage, as I shall afterwards have occasion to notice. I allude to these circumstances with reluctance, and only under a sense of public duty.

On board the *America*, which bears a close resemblance to the other vessels in the line, there was nothing to find fault with, but, on the contrary, much to commend. Everything in the Cunards goes on, as the saying is, 'like clock-work.' In the striking of bells, changing of watches, posting of officers, throwing the log, taking solar observations, and other transactions, there is all the regularity and precision of a man-of-war; and this imparts a feeling of security even in the worst states of the weather, by night or day. The burden of the *America* is 1832 tons, and its length about 249 feet; it has two large engines, which act separately or together on both paddle-wheels, and in ordinary circumstances give a speed of from ten to twelve miles an hour. The quantity of fuel consumed is from fifty to sixty tons a day; necessitating a stock on board of about 900 tons of coal for the trip, and so leaving space for 900 tons of goods.

It is wonderful to see how much is made of the internal accommodation. A great deal is done on deck. There is really little deck visible. Along each side, adjoining the paddle-box, there is a row of small apartments, covered with wood, and over these are empty boats turned upside down, ready for launching in case of accident. In the open space beneath these boats, the cook keeps his fresh vegetables, and you occasionally see one of his assistants climbing up to clutch at a cabbage or bunch of carrots, and bring them from their repository. The apartments on the starboard side (the right side, looking towards the head of the vessel) have brass-plates on the doors, with inscriptions denoting what they are. The first in the row is the cabin of the second officer; next is the cabin of the third officer; next is the workshop of the baker; next is that of the butcher or flesher; next is the house for the cow; and further on are sundry smaller offices. The apartments on the left side of the deck (larboard) are—first, the cabin of the surgeon; next, that of the purser; and further on are various places for culinary operations, stores, and so forth. Along the centre of the deck, beginning at the stern, are, first, the wheel-house, in which a helmsman is seen constantly at his post, and who has an outlook in front over the top of the saloon. At each side of the wheel-house are apartments for the captain and first officer. The saloon comes next. It is a large sitting and dining apartment for the first-class passengers, and is lighted by a row of windows on each side. Separated from it by a narrow cross-passage, and on the same line with it, is the steward's apartment, surrounded by shelves of china and glass articles, and having in its centre a little bureau whence liquors are dispensed. Over the door of this bureau is a clock, visible from the saloon, which is altered daily in correspondence with the changing longitude. Beyond the steward's room, towards the middle of the vessel, is a kind of apartment open at the sides, and in which stands the capstan. At its extremity is the enclosed chimney of the furnaces, by which means the enclosure is kept tolerably warm even in cold weather. Provided with seats, it forms the outdoor lounge of cigar-smokers, and those who do not know what to do with themselves. Besides being dry overhead, the capstan-gallery is kept dry to the feet by means of open wooden work laid on the deck; so that when the sea washes over the vessel, passengers can remain here without being wetted.

Beyond the capstan-gallery is the kitchen; adjoining is the open deck, with the ventilators for the engine-room. Clearing this spot towards the head of the vessel, we have, first, the mess-room of the officers, a small apartment erected on the deck; and in continuation, the sitting and eating saloon for the fore-cabin passengers. All beyond, is the proper field for the sailors.

So much for what stands on the level of the deck; and with so many incumbrances, the space left for walking amounts only to a stripe at each side of the saloon, unless we choose to mount to the poop, which

is the entire roof of the saloon, steward's apartment, and capstan-gallery, united in one long sweep. The indoor space is necessarily circumscribed. Below the saloon are the sleeping-berths, two beds in each, in long rows; a certain number with a small parlour being set aside for ladies. The descent to this sleeping region is by two good stairs. The fore-cabin passengers, in like manner, occupy berths below their saloon, and in this respect, at least, enjoy accommodations no way inferior to those of first-class passengers.

The conducting of this magnificent vessel from port to port across the ocean, exhibits a remarkable triumph of human skill. A body of officers, dressed in a uniform like that of the royal navy, is charged with the management of the ship. The chief command in the *America*, for the time being, was in the hands of Captain Shannon,* a Scotsman of experienced seamanship, and most agreeable and obliging in his intercourse with the passengers. Under him are three officers. The laborious duties of the ship are performed by a boatswain and an efficient corps of mariners; there is likewise a head-engineer with his assistants, having the special charge of the machinery. In the ordinary working of the ship, it seems to be a rule, that two officers shall always be on the alert—one stationed on the gangway at the side of the paddle-boxes, to look sharply ahead; the other stationed at the binnacle, to communicate orders to the man at the wheel. When an order is issued by the captain, or first officer on duty, it is repeated aloud by the second officer; and you thus hear it rapidly echoed from point to point till acted upon by the helmsman. Orders to the engineer to slacken speed, to stop, or go on, are communicated by pulling the wire of a bell at the paddle-box; by which simple contrivance, the movements of the ship are under the most perfect control. The watches, as must be known to many, are four hours each, and are regulated by striking a bell placed near the wheel, the sounds being answered by a bell at the forecastle. The bell is struck every half-hour. Half-past twelve o'clock is indicated by one blow; one o'clock by two blows; half-past one o'clock by three blows; and so on to four o'clock, which is marked by eight blows. At half-past four they begin again; and in this way the twenty-four hours of the day are divided.

Although ably assisted by his officers, the commander of a vessel of this class holds a situation requiring sleepless vigilance. I observed that in his room at night a light was kept constantly burning, to illuminate the charts, compasses, and barometers, with which the apartment is furnished; and at various times a mariner came to report the progress of the ship, and the state of the winds. It is also noticeable, that any order despatched by the captain to the officer on duty, is given in writing, so as to avoid the mistakes incidental to verbal messages. Latterly, a tell-tale compass has been invented, for the purpose of checking irregularities in sailing. By means of an ingenious kind of mechanism attached to a compass, its dial-plate is punctured in the line of direction of the ship. Should the vessel be kept unsteadily on its assigned course, the deviations will be marked on the dial like a cloud of zigzag punctures; but should the vessel be kept steadily to its proper path, the punctures, accordingly, will be in a straight line. Fresh dials of paper are supplied daily. With one of these tell-tale compasses, the captain, on awaking in his berth, can discover whether his orders have been carefully attended to or otherwise.

Captains of ocean steamers differ considerably in their attention to exactness in compasses. Good compasses are doubtless furnished to all vessels of this important class; but the very best compass may be rendered worse than useless, by a disregard of the petty circumstances on board that derange its action. Captain Shannon related to us a curious instance of a derangement in the compass, which had since rendered him punctiliously cautious. He had left Halifax with his vessel on the homeward-bound voyage; it was during one of the cold winter months, when fogs prevail on the American coast. His directions at night to the officers of the watch were to run for a point thirty miles eastward of Newfoundland, so as to make sure of keeping clear of its rock-bound shores; and the point of the compass that would lead in this required direction was fixed upon. On coming on deck in the gray of the morning, what was his horror on seeing that the ship had just entered a small bay, and seemed about to be dashed in pieces on the lofty precipices that revealed themselves through the mist! By instantaneously shouting orders to the man at the wheel, and by reversing the engines, he barely saved the vessel from destruction. After some trouble, it was paddled out to deep water. His first impression of course was, that the compass had been neglected. But to his surprise, he found that his orders in this respect had been exactly followed. The head of the vessel had been kept in the direction which, by compass, should have led to the open sea, thirty miles from land, and yet here was it running full inshore. To all concerned, the deviation seemed perfectly magical—not on any ordinary principle to be accounted for. The truth at length dawned on the captain. The error must have arisen from some local derangement of the compass. He caused all the compasses in the ship to be ranged on the deck; and soon it was perceived that no two agreed. The seat of the disorder was ascertained to be at a certain spot close to the funnel of the stove of the saloon. Could this funnel be the cause? It was of brass, and had never before shewn any power of distracting the needle. On looking into it, however, the captain discovered that, when at Halifax, a new iron tube had been put inside the brass one, without his knowledge, and the circumstance had never been mentioned to him! There, in that paltry iron tube, was the whole cause of the derangement, 'which I speedily,' added Captain Shannon, 'made to shift its quarters.' How near was thus a fine vessel being wrecked, from a petty circumstance which no one could have previously dreamt of; and it may be said, how many first-class steamers, assumed to be diverted towards rocks by currents, may have been led to destruction from causes equally trivial.

By a strict regard to compasses and to lights, and by careful pilotage on approaching the coast, the danger to well-built seagoing steamers is exceedingly small. Rocks, collisions, and conflagrations, are the things that need alone raise a feeling of apprehension. On board the *America*, as in similar vessels, lights are hung up at sunset on the fore-mast and on each paddle-box, so as to warn ships that a steamer is approaching, whereby collisions may be avoided; and as regards fire, extreme care seems to be taken. All the lamps below, excepting that in the captain's apartment, are put out at midnight; nor is any one allowed to burn lights on his own account. There is, also, in connection with the steam-engine, a set of force-pumps, by which a deluge of water could be immediately propelled to any part of the vessel. To avert the danger and delay incidental to breakages of machinery, duplicates of various parts are kept on board, and could be substituted if necessary, without materially interrupting the progress of the voyage. Such precautionary arrangements cannot but give a certain degree of confidence to the most timid class of passengers.

The *America*, as I said, quitted her moorings in the Mersey on Saturday at noon; and passing north about, it was not until about seven o'clock on Sunday evening that we lost sight of Ireland, and were fairly afloat on

* Now in the *Europa*, to and from New York.

the Atlantic. Without any land in view, the ship now seemed to be fixed in the centre of a circular piece of water terminating in the sky. And on and on, day after day, did the noble vessel go ploughing her way across this shifting liquid disk. Seldom did any sail make its appearance on the track we were pursuing. Our ship was seemingly alone on the waste of waters—a thing enchanted into life by the appliances of science and art, hastening across the trackless deep, and transferring a living portion of Europe to America. How suggestive, to sit down to dinner, amidst the splendours of a hotel, and to see so many refined people about you, yet know that you are a thousand miles from land—a mere speck amidst the tumultuous waves! The greatness of this marvel is probably lessened to most minds by the pressure of common-place circumstances. The slightest touch of sea-sickness takes away the poetry of the ocean; nor, when a man is hungry, does he indulge complacently in fanciful speculations. One of the first things which passengers do on coming on board, is to select the place where they propose to sit at table; which they do by laying down their card at the spot. In this way, a party of persons acquainted with each other make choice of a locality; and the seat each selects he keeps during the voyage. Let us pause for a moment on the appearance of the saloon, in its varying character of sitting and eating room.

It is one of the many well-managed matters in these vessels, that the meals are served peremptorily to a minute, according to the striking of the bells. No matter what be the state of the weather, the dishes are brought in at the appointed time; and I verily believe that if the ship were sinking, the stewards would still be continuing to serve the dinner. The stewards, in fact, twelve in number, the whole under a *chef*, and dressed in smart blue jackets, are but a variety of the waiter genus, and know only one thing—which is to supply the wants of passengers. At eight o'clock in the morning, they ring their first bell, which is the signal for rising; and at half-past eight they ring again for breakfast. Irish stew, cold meat, ham, mutton-chops, some kind of fish, eggs, tea, coffee, and hot rolls, are placed in profusion on the two upper tables. The tables in the saloon are eight in number—that is, four on each side, with sofa seats in red velvet plush. Seldom more, however, than the upper tables are covered for breakfast; for the meal is drawn out till ten o'clock, and for two hours people come dropping in and going out as suits their fancy. At ten, the tables are cleared: after this, nothing hot can be obtained; but any one at any time can have such other fare as is on board. At half-past eleven, the tables are covered to a larger extent, and the bell at twelve o'clock is the signal for lunch. This is a well-attended meal, and there is usually a considerable consumption of soup, cold beef, and roasted potatoes—the latter served with their jackets on, and a great favourite with the more moderate hands. Again the tables are cleared, and so they remain till half-past three o'clock, when they are covered from end to end in *grande tenue*, and the bell for dressing is rung. This bell might as well be spared, for not one makes the slightest preparation; and when the bell at four o'clock is sounded, there is a general rush from the poop, smoking-gallery, and other quarters, into the saloon. The number of passengers during our voyage was a hundred and sixty, and the whole of these, with two or three exceptions, sat down to dinner daily. At the top of each of the eight tables is a silver tureen of soup, and the signal for taking off the lids is the entrance of the captain, who appears in the saloon only at this meal, and takes his seat at the upper end of the first table on the left-hand side. The stewards are drawn up in lines, and confine their attendance to their respective tables. When dishes are sent in to the apartment, they are handed from one to another along the lines, and in the same noiseless manner are they handed out—the whole thing going on silently like an adroit military manœuvre. Every day fresh bills of fare are laid on the tables for the use of the guests. Iced water is served in abundance, and it is observable that not many call for wines. Those who do, give their orders on cards furnished for the purpose, which they settle for at the end of the voyage.

The elegance and profusion of these dinners is surprising. They consist of the best soups, fish, meat, fowls, and game, with side dishes in the French style; followed by a course of pastry of various kinds, with a dessert of fresh and preserved fruits. How so many things can be cooked, how there can be so much pastry dressed up daily, is a standing wonder to everybody. And the wonder is greater when we know that from the same apparatus must be daily produced not only all this profusion for the saloon, but also copious dinners at different hours for the fore-cabin passengers, the officers' mess, and the working departments of the ship. Dinner in the saloon is drawn out to upwards of an hour, but towards its conclusion numbers drop off to their accustomed lounge in the capstan-gallery or on the poop. A few, here and there, linger over a bottle of wine; some recline on the sofas; and some take to reading. There is now a cessation in eating till seven o'clock, when the bell is sounded the last time for the day, and tea and coffee are served. For these beverages there is always abundance of milk; the cow on board being an assurance that there will be no want in that particular. As regards this poor animal, which was certainly an involuntary passenger, I observed that she was carefully attended to in the way of food and cleanliness; nor did she feel the want of company; for most persons talk to her in passing her little house, over the half-door of which she keeps her head poked out to see what is going on, and to receive the caresses of the sailors. In rough weather, she lies down in a comfortable bed of straw, and is untouched by the spray of the sea; yet, she is sometimes sick, and on such occasions, like others on board, probably wishes she were safe on dry land.

It will appear, from this brief description, that eating goes on with short interruptions from morning till night. One feels as if living in a table-d'hôte room, with the same company always sitting down or rising up; and I should think that, if a person be at all well, he can scarcely fail to add to his weight during the voyage. In tolerable states of the weather, the greater number of passengers take walking exercise on the poop, which is the great airing-ground. The younger men amuse themselves in a different manner, with games of shovel-board, on the stripes of deck outside the saloon. Here, with thin circular pieces of hard-wood, they play at a game which resembles that of bowls, only that the pieces thrown are made to slide along instead of being rolled. On fine forenoons, the ladies are spectators of these games, or indulge in walking exercise, if able to bear the unsteady motion of the ship. In the saloon, much is done to kill time by card-playing, chess, and backgammon. Some keep playing on for hours, morning and evening. They have crossed the Atlantic a dozen times, and to them the whole affair is hackneyed and tame. Their only solace is whist, and accordingly no sooner is the breakfast off the table, than the cards make their appearance. At night, when the candles are lighted, these whist-parties increase in number, and to look down the room, you would imagine yourself at a large evening-party in a watering-place. Occasionally, towards ten o'clock, when certain youngsters are finishing the day with deviled legs of fowl and 'glasses of something warm to put away that nasty squeamishness,' you may hear a song break forth, and there is for a time an air of joviality among the various scattered parties. Yet, on no occasion does one ever see any approach to boisterousness; and notwithstanding the mixture of

nations—English, Scotch, American, Canadian, German, and Italian—there prevails from first to last the staid demeanour of well-bred and select society.

Our voyage was rather more rough than usual. Head-winds from the west tumbled the sea about, and retarded the progress of the vessel. At starting, the ship was able to make upwards of 200 miles a day; but on Thursday, the run sunk to 101 miles; on Friday, it rose a little, being 120; and on Saturday, it was 166. During these three days, the beating of rain and wind, and the dashing of spray from the paddles, were the least of the discomforts. As the vessel ducked down in front to meet the billows, she constantly, and just as a spoon would lift water, shipped a sea, which came rolling along the decks ankle deep, and finding only an imperfect outlet at the scuppers. The concussions of the heavy surging waves on the bows and paddles were sometimes awful, threatening, as they appeared to do, the destruction of everything that opposed the repeated shocks. Yet under these pitiless blows, the vessel scarcely quivered, so well were her timbers put together; and calmly she made her way, though at moderated speed, through the raging and foaming ocean. Now was it apparent that mere power of engine is of little avail during storms in the Atlantic, and, indeed, will only aggravate the concussions, unless the prow of the vessel be of that sharpened and vertical form that will enable it to cleave its way, and at the same time sustain a level course in the water. A vessel of this improved shape, and of increased length, is, I believe, in course of construction by the Cunard Company, and it will be interesting to watch the result. Meanwhile, the frequent shipping of seas in bad weather is an intolerable nuisance. As regards myself, the deluging of the decks of the *America* poisoned the whole comforts of the voyage. In going from my berth in the morning, and returning to it in the evening, I had to walk amidst sea-water; and one night, by the plunging of the ship, I was thrown down, and bruised and drenched to a serious extent. For this there was no redress. Some other gentlemen among the first-class passengers had to undergo the like torment of occupying berths in the forepart of the ship. We were in the predicament of persons who, every night after supper, and amidst a storm of wind and rain, had to go out of doors in quest of a lodging. May our sufferings be a warning not to pay for a passage in these vessels without first seeing a printed plan, and being assured that the berth required is actually under or in connection with the saloon.

While the head-winds lasted, and kept the decks in disorder, the smoking and talking assemblages in the capstan-gallery were kept up with redoubled energy. Collected in this sheltered spot, and grouped on camp-stools, the English and Americans carried on earnest discussions on matters of social polity: an Americanised Irish gentleman from Ohio told stories of the early settlements; a Californian, in a shaggy pea-jacket, and with breastpins made of great nuggets of gold, related tales of Lynch law and Colt's revolvers; and from a grizzly-haired little man, who spoke emphatically through his teeth, the captain of a South-sea whaler, we had daily narratives of shipwreck, which would have gone far to fill a volume. It was remarkable, that during even the worst weather, and when the motion of the vessel was considerable, there was little sickness among the passengers. Altogether, I experienced no feeling of this kind except for an hour on the second day. The length and solidity of the vessel, with its power of overcoming the short broken waves, give an easiness that is wanting in the small class of steamers; so that a voyage to America is really attended with less painful consequences than an ordinary trip from Dover to Calais. While the bad weather lasted, only two of the passengers ventured on the poop. One of them was a grave gentleman, clothed from top to toe in India-rubber, who defied the rain and wind, and became a subject of jocularity to the young men on board. The other was a handsome young Swiss, who had never been to sea before, and was always in a state of extreme alarm lest the vessel should sink. In the midst of dinner, if there was a particularly loud concussion against the paddles, out the poor Swiss would bolt, and hurry to the furthest corner of the wheel-house, as if resolved to be among the last to perish. A hurricane of laughter from the young Nova Scotians followed these demonstrations, which were among the standard subjects of merriment.

On the eighth day out, the weather mended very considerably, and at noon our run by log was 231 miles. Being Sunday, preparations were made for performing divine service. At one o'clock, the principal steward entered the saloon with a tray-full of Bibles and prayer-books, which he distributed among the passengers. He then adjusted a red plush sofa-cushion on the inner side of one of the tables, by way of pulpit; and after these simple arrangements, the bell on the forecastle began deliberately to toll. Several passengers from the fore-cabin now entered along with the officers in uniform, and about a dozen sailors in their Sunday jackets. In the whole scene there was an air of considerable solemnity. The bell ceased to ring, and a perfect silence prevailed. The officiating minister now took his seat at the cushion, on which lay a large Bible and service-book. When no clergyman is on board, the service for the day is read by the captain. In the present instance, a clergyman belonging to the college of Toronto was a passenger, and by him the service was conducted according to the usual forms; including the preaching of a sermon, which was listened to with as great attention as if delivered in a parish church. The rest of the day was spent with the ordinary decorum of Sunday in England.

On the following Tuesday, being the tenth day out, sailing vessels began to be seen on the horizon, being probably barks engaged in the fishing on the banks of Newfoundland, which we were now declared to be upon. We also enjoyed an agreeable clearing up in the sky, and the colour of the sea changed from blue to a light greenish tinge. From this time, too, more gulls were seen on the wing, and the ship had become a refuge for a flight of small birds resembling larks, which had been driven from land by stress of weather, and were glad to rest their wearied wings by perching on the more prominent parts of the vessel. This day, about noon, a large steamer from New York to Liverpool, came in sight, and was watched with deep interest by the passengers. It passed at the distance of two miles. There were, as usual, mutual greetings by signal. The system of communication at sea, by signals, is one of the most remarkable inventions of the day, and merits a word of explanation.

The inventor, or, at all events, perfecter, of the code of naval signals, was the late Captain Frederick Marryat, of the royal navy, well known as a popular novelist. By Marryat's signals, as they are generally termed, a conversation on almost any subject can be carried on between two ships, as effectually as if the respective captains spoke to each other in distinct words. The signals employed consist of fifteen different small narrow flags, which are run up at a point over the stern, and fully visible through a glass at a distance of several miles. Ten of them represent the ten figures in arithmetic, and by these any number is expressed. The other five refer respectively to certain departments in the code, and are designed to lead at once to the subject of conversation. When a particular number is expressed, the code, which is a volume resembling a dictionary, is turned up by the party addressed, and he sees a sentence or part of a sentence opposite that number in the book. So expert, however, do mariners become in reading the signals, that they seldom require to refer to the code. On

both sides, the signals are run up and pulled down, and questions asked and answered with the rapidity of ordinary conversation. In this way, vessels passing within sight of each other at sea, no longer need to bend from their course or stop in their career to put questions through speaking-trumpets. The merchant ships of nearly all countries have embraced Marryat's code, which is now therefore the universal language of the sea —a symbol of brotherhood among nations.

Thursday, the twelfth day out. The joyful intelligence of land being in sight, was reported at breakfast. Through the misty distance, rugged headlands and brown rocky hills were visible on the west. We were now going southward, down the American coast, which was kept in view all day. The prospect was not cheering, for the land facing the ocean about the Gulf of St Lawrence has a generally bare and deserted appearance. Why steamers from England to America should for the most part hold so northerly a course before running south, is not clear to the understanding of landsmen. The practice may be connected with the principle of great-circle sailing, or that of crossing where the degrees of longitude are comparatively narrow. On this point, there were learned but not particularly lucid discussions in the capstan-gallery; and here also, by the older sea hands, were given accounts of the Gulf-stream, and its wonderful effects in tempering the climate of the British islands. These and other themes of the capstan parliament, as we named it, came abruptly to a close in the evening, when the lights at the mouth of Halifax harbour shone in sight. Swiftly the entrance is made; the lights of the town make their appearance; mails and baggage are brought on deck; guns are fired and rockets sent up; lanterns flit about the wooden quay where we are to land; ropes are thrown out; a gangway is pushed on board; and, along with some half-dozen fellow-passengers who go no further, I scramble ashore, and have my foot on American soil.

The voyage, so far, had occupied nearly twelve and a half days; which, with a delay of several hours for coaling and the subsequent run to Boston, would, to the bulk of the passengers, make a voyage of fourteen days. W. C.

LIFE WITHIN LIFE.

When old Leeuwenhoeck, prying with his microscope into all sorts of out-of-the-way places, first discovered plantations of algæ growing in the human mouth, he little thought he had opened the way for a series of researches which are now among the most interesting in natural history. Since his day, our knowledge of parasitic growths, both animal and vegetable, has largely increased, and we have obtained an insight into some of their causes and effects. Our forefathers were content to account for singular stains on the walls of houses, for rust, smut, blight, and mildew, by assuming witchcraft as the universal cause, as many people now-a-days ascribe everything they cannot understand to electricity. The witchcraft was believed to exercise itself in baleful blasts of air, in sunshine of a peculiar and mysterious quality, or in deadly fogs and mists. But the labours of naturalists have made us acquainted with a microscopic animal and vegetable world not less wonderful than that which everywhere meets the eye; and no witchcraft could be more surprising. There are *epiphytes* and *entophytes*, or outside plants and inside plants; and the animalcules which choose the interior of other animals for their habitation, are generally described as *entozoa*. It is one of the entophytes, the *Uredo fœtida*, which produces the disease known as the pepper-brand in wheat: a true parasite, it begins by preying on the heart of the plant, and shews itself at the surface only when the spores are ripe and ready to be dispersed for further mischief. Other kinds attack the leaves of trees, and produce those unsightly brown, gray, or yellow blotches; and among these there is one particularly dreaded in Herefordshire, as it always makes alarming ravages on the pear-trees. On the continent, too, the growers of grapes have had to lament the visit of a parasite that destroys half their fruit, with a disease known as the *oidium*. Some confine their depredations to hawthorn hedges; some, more choice in their taste, will locate themselves only on the under side of the skin of ripening fruit, singling out always the reddest peaches, and the roses of deepest blush, to the dismay of the gardener, who sees his produce and his hopes at once blighted. At times, these merciless hangers-on cover our favourite flower-bearing trees and shrubs with white filaments, curiously jointed, and ramifying in all directions; others make white fairy-rings on the leaves of cabbages, or coat the stalks of onions with a velvety-looking meal, or interweave a gray cobweb network through whole rows of pease. They flourish alike in heat and cold; growing into large fungoid heaps in the tropics, and dyeing the snow red on mountain-tops and in the polar circle. Some select languid plants, others will have none but those of the most vigorous circulation, and upon these they establish and organise colonies with a rapidity that human beings, even with their Australian experiences, can never hope to imitate. Some confine themselves exclusively to the roots, and a tree is often seen to droop and die before any outward signs of malady become visible. Who that has ever taken a country walk has not seen the dodder growing from and twisting round the stalks of nettles, thistles, flax, and clover, like bright red threads trimmed with small tufts of orange? No lasso ever inlaced its victim tighter than do these ruddy parasites the stems they entwine. Most of them, derive all their nourishment from the substance to which they adhere; but there are a few, classed as false parasites, which are content with a point of attachment merely, and depend on themselves for sustenance. A peculiarity among the latter is worthy of notice: their leaves are unaffected by the light. The sun sheds his rays upon them in vain, they never relax or turn towards him, but keep a fixed position, as if bound by a spell.

From their greater variety, the animal parasites are perhaps more interesting objects of study than the vegetable. Strange little creatures many of them are! Some we can follow through several successive stages of their existence, and then all at once they are lost; and while the puzzled naturalist is trying to account for their disappearance, he finds them again in some unexpected habitat, but in an advanced state or form of development, and with no signs of what they have been doing or where they have been hiding in the interval. To the discovery of this secret, some of the most distinguished observers have devoted themselves with a perseverance which appears ridiculous to those who do not appreciate the engrossing nature of scientific pursuits. The question is a difficult one, for many of these tiny beings need a different habitation with every successive stage of their growth. Now they are found in one organ now in another, now in the viscera now in the veins; and in some instances they have to forsake one animal and take up their abode in another of a different species before their developments can be continued. It is by this shifting of quarters that the inquirer is thrown out; he loses the trail, and recovers it with extreme difficulty or not at all. The shiftings are indeed curious. Some which have lived and flourished in a full-grown animal disappear, and when next found, they will be snugly brooding in the interior of hybernating larvæ. Others, again, pass a portion of their life on the excrement of *salamanders* and *tritons*, or efts, as they are popularly called, and nowhere else, until the succeeding period commences, when, true to their

instinct, they seek another dwelling. Numerous tribes are met with in the intestines of cockroaches, beetles, and other insects; and at times they are discovered in situations where one would have still less thought of looking for them. Among recent examples of these singular facts, we may mention the results obtained by Dr Joseph Leidy, of Philadelphia, who has devoted some years of study to the subject—with what success may be inferred from the history of his labours having been published by the Smithsonian Institution in the fifth volume of their valuable *Contributions to Knowledge*.

'Almost everybody,' remarks the doctor, 'is familiar with the *gordius*, or hair-worm, vulgarly supposed to be a transformed horsehair. The animal is rather common in brooks and creeks in the latter part of summer and in autumn, occurring from a few inches to a foot in length. No one has yet been able to trace it to its origin. The female deposits in the water in which it is found millions of eggs, connected together in long cords. In the course of three weeks, the embryos escape from the eggs, of a totally different form and construction from the parents, their body being 1-450th of an inch long. No one has yet been able to determine what becomes of the embryo in its normal cyclical course.'

The doctor then observes, that the grasshoppers found in the damp meadows near Philadelphia are much infested with a species of gordius, which he thinks may be the same, but in a different state of development. 'The number of gordii,' he says, 'in each insect varies from one to five, their length from three inches to a foot; they occupy a position in the visceral cavity, where they lie coiled among the viscera, and often extend from the end of the abdomen forward through the thorax, even into the head. Their bulk and weight are frequently greater than all the soft parts, including the muscles, of their living habitation; nevertheless, with this relatively immense mass of parasites, the insects jump about almost as freely as those not infested. In time, when the grasshoppers die, the worms creep from the body and enter the earth; for, suspecting the fact, I spent an hour looking over a meadow for dead grasshoppers, and having discovered five, beneath two of them, several inches below the surface, I found the gordii which had escaped from the corpses.'

Here we have a glimpse of the mode by which one numerous family of parasites is perpetuated: they find their way from the ditches into the bodies of grasshoppers, and when those habitations become unsuitable, they escape into the earth. It would be curious to know what next becomes of them. The more the question is examined, the more is the theory of equivocal or spontaneous generation weakened; for though there are certain animals and plants which appear to reproduce themselves without assistance, there is yet found, by steady and long-continued watching, to be at last a sexual admixture, without which the race would inevitably die out. Recent discovery has demonstrated that most of the cryptogamia—ferns, mosses, and algæ—do actually possess the sexual elements; and who shall venture to say that they will not be ultimately discovered in all, even in the fungi, which have hitherto baffled all attempts to detect in them a difference of sex?'

Entozoa are more abundant than entophyta: of the former, there are thirty-nine species which infest human beings. They do not, as is commonly supposed, fix their dwelling in the intestines exclusively, for they are found in the eye, in the bronchial glands, the kidneys, liver, and gall-bladder, in the muscles and in the venous blood, as well as in the viscera—different species being peculiar to the different organs. Of entophyta, the hitherto known species are ten in number, and these also are peculiar to certain parts. The *sarcina* is found in the stomach, some grow on sores and the mucous surfaces, and others appear numerously in those disgusting diseases, porrigo and *plica polonica*.

Dr Leidy has added to the number of entophyta, by his discovery of some new species in the intestinal canal of a myriapod, the *Julus marginatus*, and of a coleopterous insect, *Passalus cornutus*, both found in decaying stumps of trees in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia. To the plant met with in the *Julus* he gives the name of *enterobryus:* it exists in three varieties—*elegans*, *spiralis*, and *attenuatus;* all of which are remarkably beautiful in form and appearance. Though so small as only to be seen by the aid of a microscope, they present highly interesting objects of study. The *Enterobryus elegans* attaches itself to the membrane by means of a discoid pedicle, from which shoots a hollow stalk or thallus, the whole not more than from two to three lines long, and 1000th of an inch diameter. This stalk has a single spiral bend at its foot, and contains within it a number of minute transparent vesicles, which, at the fitting time, escape by the bursting of the outer skin of the stalk itself, and grow into new plants. A group of these thalli presents a pleasing sight under the microscope, their graceful bends and curves, their dottings of light and shade, as the vesicles are more or less abundant or dense, exhibit effects reminding one of the vegetation seen on the banks of rivers in the tropics. Parasite though it be, it sustains another parasite, the *arthromitus*, which grows in small hairlike tufts from the stalk, and adds to its beauty. It is, moreover, the parasite of a parasite, for it attaches itself to several kinds of entozoa which infest the *Julus*. One of these, the *Ascaris infecta* had not fewer than twenty-three of the plants growing from its body, and yet it wriggled about, when placed in fluid, with such agility as to shew itself but little incommoded.

The *Enterobryus spiralis*, as the name indicates, has a number of convolutions or spirals in its stalk, and the *attenuatus* has a sigmoid flexure, all of which add greatly to the beauty of these singular plants, while adapting them to the circumstances in which they are placed. By means of this arrangement, they are enabled to bear the peristaltic movement of the bowels, and the passage of the food; without it, so delicate is their structure, they would be inevitably broken and expelled. It is another among the numerous instances afforded by nature of elegance arising out of utility.

Another plant found by Dr Leidy is the *eccrina;* it is an allied species of the *enterobryus*, and is, if possible, more remarkable, because in full-grown specimens the multiplication of cells from the earliest to the latest stage can be seen at once. Their subsequent developments are not less interesting than those which take place in larger plants and animals. Some are reproduced by division; secondary cells detaching themselves from the primaries, the form in which they are first seen being that of a transparent ovate vesicle, not more than the 2500th of an inch in diameter. Numbers of the cells are no sooner separated, than they at once fix themselves to the membrane or to the parent plant, which is of the same minute character as the *enterobryus*. The *arthromitus* has no pedicle, but it grows profusely in tassel-like tufts from granules on the membrane, as the algæ of the mouth grow from granules that collect between the teeth and in hollows of the gums. Another, the *cladophytum*, is the smallest of all, being not more than the 700th of an inch in length, and the 30,000th in diameter. There appears to be a strong disposition to fraternise among the species here mentioned; for where one is found, the others are also found in greater or lesser quantity.

Besides these, there are various growths which have not yet been fully made out, but which, so far as examined, are found to possess characteristics equally remarkable. In the mass, they present the appearance of a jungle that half conceals the better-known species;

yet when observed in small groups and in detail, such are the delicacy and grace of their form and structure, so exquisite their colouring, as to produce effects of beauty which we seek for in vain in the larger kinds of vegetation, however luxuriant. In one place will be seen clusters of peacocks' feathers on yellow stalks, the central eye of deepest carmine, shaded from the centre to the circumference, and surrounded by divergent orange rays, all bending and waving at the slightest motion of the fluid in which they are placed. Among them are scattered stems, growing cactus-like, a dark vein running up the centre of their amber-coloured interior, and streaked outside with velvety lines of red, while sable hairlike tufts droop from their crowns like flowing horsetails. In other places stand little forests of what appear to be Scotch firs, denuded of their acicular leaves—dark masses, against which the brighter colours form an admirable contrast. Others, again, resemble hairy artichokes, with a resplendent star at their base; and in others we see clumps of bulrushes, their spikes of pale straw-colour containing a crimson core that shines through its downy covering. Here and there gleams an oval disk, that might be taken for a microscopic feather screen, fit to adorn a fairy's mantlepiece; and all around is a thick undergrowth of plume-like plants of a grayish hue, set off by touches of the richest brown. On such a scene the eye lingers delightedly for hours.

In addition to these vegetable parasites which grow so abundantly within the insects, as to make the beholder wonder how their functions can be carried on, there are seven species of entozoa which infest the *Julus*, and range at will through its internal forests: the *Passalus* has only three kinds, but its thoracic cavity is generally found to be filled with an imperfectly developed worm. Narrow and encumbered as such quarters are, the males and females find ample room to disport themselves, to breed and rear their young.

The presence of entozoa within the body, as a rule, causes neither harm nor inconvenience: they frequently appear, establish a numerous colony for a season, and then disappear, without the individual having been at all aware of their presence. Entophyta, on the contrary, do positive harm: silk-worms are liable to a disease which kills them in great numbers, and shews itself on their bodies as a bluish-green mould, but which is an insidious minute vegetation. The *Cicada septendecim*, or seventeen-year locust of the United States, is also preyed upon by parasites, which grow within it in the form of a white moist fungus that ultimately destroys its life; in which we probably see a natural countercheck to the too great multiplication of a destructive insect. People of sluggish habits are more subject to the invasions of parasites than those of an active disposition; and persons who live much on innutritious food, or substances slow of digestion, will be infested, when those who diet themselves generously, and with well-cooked food, will be exempt. Cooking is one of the means of prevention; and it is often remarked, that those who live chiefly on vegetables are constantly troubled with parasites. The Swiss peasantry are a striking case in point. Seeing, however, that foreign bodies are more readily introduced with liquid than with solid food, aquatic animals are more infested than terrestrial.

Dr Leidy combats the notion that diseases are produced or propagated by parasites taken into the body, as none of the well-known animalculæ are poisonous; and he adds: 'At various times, I have purposely swallowed large draughts of water containing myriads of *Monas*, *Vibrio*, *Euglenia*, *Leucophrys*, *Paramecium*, *Vorticella*, &c., without ever having perceived any subsequent effect.' And although we know that vegetable parasites cause disease, there is no satisfactory proof of their having floated through the air on their deadly errand. It is quite possible to distinguish particles of matter which are not more than 200,000th of an inch in bulk, and as the smallest vegetable spores are large in comparison, being from 20,000th to 30,000th, they could hardly escape notice were they floating about in the atmosphere. On this point Dr Leidy adds: 'I have frequently examined the rains and dews of localities in which intermittents were epidemic, upon the Schuylkill and Susquehanna rivers, but without being able to detect animalculæ, spores, or even any solid particles whatever. I have examined the air itself for such bodies, by passing a current through clear water. .... Ordinarily, when the atmosphere was still, early in the morning, or in the evening, neither spores nor animalculæ could be detected. When piles of decaying sticks or dry leaves were stirred up, or the dust was blown about by the wind, a host of most incongruous objects could be obtained from the air; none, however, which could be supposed capable of producing disease.'

'To assert, under these circumstances, that there are spores and animalculæ capable of giving rise to epidemics, but not discernible by any means at our command, is absurd, as it is only saying, in other words, that such spores and animalculæ are liquid, and dissolved in the air, or in a condition of chemical solution. That the air may be poisoned by matters incapable of detection by the chemist, is proved by the emanations from such plants as the *Rhus vernix*, *Hippomane mancinella*, &c.'

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

I OFTEN think there must be a greater difference between looking back in the present day, and at any former period; and although in this idea there may be some of that feeling which makes us ready to believe ours to be the age *par excellence*—after us the deluge!—yet, on consideration, it will be found that, looking back on the past thirty or forty years of the present century, gives us a view of greater social and physical strides than they who had the misfortune to be born before us could ever have dreamed of. What is there in ancient history, in the annals of any former peoples, to compare with the advance from broad-wheeled wagons to express trains, from Leith smacks to Atlantic steamers? Some of the greatest nations of old prided themselves on remaining stationary, on retaining fixed habits and customs, as the Japanese do in our day. What did the Egyptian, Greek, or Roman peasant or tradesman ever see at all comparable to that which we have seen in England, going back only to the days

When George the Third was king?

We can hardly believe that a people who spent ten years in taking such an insignificant little town as Troy, could have been particularly remarkable for progress. It is true, they began with huts made of sticks, and ended with the Parthenon; but the masses, as we call them, were not materially affected by the change; and seeing that they had no newspapers to tell them, day after day, and week after week, of what was going on, and how clever they were, and how discontented they ought to be, we may safely conclude that advancement was not the subject uppermost in their thoughts. It would be easy to illustrate the question by abundant examples, were this the place for such a performance, and were it not that most readers will be able to recall instances for themselves from their historical readings. And besides, the subject in hand must first be treated of.

Short as is our experience of going to New York in ten days, to Edinburgh in ten hours, and of flashing messages to the other end of Europe and back again in ten seconds, we have come to regard them as things familiar; and even at times as things to be critical thereupon, as if there was nothing about them so very

astonishing after all: so readily does the human mind adapt itself to new circumstances. And yet, when I look back, as I often do, to the time when I was a boy—and that is not so very long ago, for half a score of summers will have to pass before my number is made up to fifty—I see that 'twixt now and then' the change is indeed great: it certainly cannot be matched in the past, whatever it may be in the future; and if we can recall the former features, their unlikeness to the present will perhaps afford us the means of comparison.

Go back as far as we will, there is always something connecting us with a time still more remote, which presents itself as the starting-point. I was going to begin with my recollection of having been carried in some one's arms into the street, where half the town was dining in the open air, in celebration of a respite in hostilities with France, and of a lump of pudding being placed in my hands; but there came up the vision of my paternal grandmother, a rather grim old lady, whom I saw but once, and who, as I was told, had seen the heads of the rebel lords exposed on Temple Bar, in one of her visits to London. Think of being linked, though ever so slenderly, with such a state of things, when Jacobite and Hanoverian were cries that would stir the blood of thousands! We may form some idea of it, by considering what would be the effect produced in 1853 by similar cranial decorations on the top of the old city gateway. It would not be that of strengthening the government.

I can remember that nearly all the men of our town, my father among the number, wore what were familiarly called knee-breeches and gaiters. There are a few who wear them yet, but the majority took long ago to trousers, and left the short tight garments to grooms and gentlemen who go to court. I should hardly recognise my mother, were she now to put on the dress she then wore, with the waist almost close to the armpits, and a long cloak, reaching to her heels, with a very large hood. There is a faint memory of the clink of her pattens lingering in my ears; and when these were superseded by clogs, an epoch was established in the family annals which was referred to for many months afterwards. There was more need of such appendages to the female foot then than now, for the side-walks of the town were formed of two stripes of ill-laid flagstones, worn by long usage into hollows so deep that a couple of rivulets were always flowing down them whenever it rained. My sisters wore tippets and sleeves in summer, and spencers or pelisses in winter, and exchanged straw-bonnets for queer-looking beavers as soon as the cold weather began to set in. Winter *was* winter then, and people had to resort to sundry comfortable expedients in order to circumvent him, which they seem to have forgotten now-a-days. As for myself and my brothers, we wore what were called skeleton-suits, the jacket and trousers buttoning together, and fitting close to the body, and round our necks a small white plaited frill—a dress by no means convenient or graceful, but at that time the only one available for boys; and in this particular the contrast with the present variety of material and of style, is not less striking than in objects of national importance. Between this jacket and the regular coat there was but one gradation: it was a jacket made to button outside instead of inside the trousers, and with a pinched-up tail, evidently modelled on that of the bull-finch. From such a garment to real coats and waistcoats, was an advance too great for our philosophy; and we looked like very young men indeed, and very shamefaced, when we first went into the streets wearing our long-tailed, brass-buttoned habiliments.

There is a difference, too, in domestic servants, which is not all in favour of the present. Our maids were generally strapping rustic girls, who were not afraid of work, and who thought £5 a year handsome wages. Their morning-dress was a very dark blue cotton gown, with short sleeves that left the arms bare, and a close-fitting cap, perfectly innocent of the freaks of fashion. The afternoon-dress was also of cotton, but more showy and varied in pattern than the blue—a clean white apron, a handkerchief pinned over the shoulders, and a cap shewing a full border, and now and then a slip of pink ribbon in some of its folds. There was little or none of that pretence and elegance which female servants now exhibit, but there was contented industry, and a loyalty of feeling that manifested itself in attachment to the household, and care for its interests. In these days of progress, such servants are rare, and as a class, they will soon become a subject for history. What would be thought now of an interdict against shewing the hair? and yet but a few years before my recollections begin, this was a great fact. I have heard my mother say, that it was the talk of the whole town when old Lady Hornblow's servant was seen one evening standing at her mistress's door, shewing a small straight fringe of her hair below the border of her cap. What a daring innovator! If I knew her name, it should have all the immortality these pages could confer upon it.

I can remember, too, that there was a good deal of coarseness of manners which would not be tolerated now; and as you descended in the social scale, the blackguardism became perfectly revolting. What gangs of idle vagabonds we used to see on the outskirts of the town playing at 'pitch and hustle,' 'odd or even,' 'hookem-snivey,' &c., on Sunday mornings when we took our accustomed walk before church-time! Idle, depraved vagabonds, for the most part, who were frequently condemned to the whipping-post or Bridewell; herding together in a miserable street by themselves when no mischief engaged them elsewhere; and there they lived, the very pariahs of society, for no man cared to visit their squalid haunts, until the first Wesleyan chapel was built, and then a few earnest-minded individuals began to go among the outcasts. I often wonder what it was that kept such dangerous elements under control, for at times there would be terrible fights among them; and if any one cared to run for the constable, hours would sometimes pass before that functionary made his appearance. Was it that they were unconscious of their strength, or that they had a wholesome fear of the whip? I shall never forget unexpectedly seeing a man flogged in the market-place: how he shrieked and writhed as the lash fell on his shoulders; and to my young imagination it seemed impossible to do wrong with such a punishment in prospect. One or two very incorrigible scoundrels were flogged round the town at the cart's tail, though with what beneficial effect I never heard.

Those Sunday morning walks! You went to the end of the street, and then another step and you were in the country, with tangled hedges on the top of grassy banks on either side of you, enlivened with plenty of flowers and milk-veined thistles, that made the walk a delight and a wonder to us. There were tall trees, too, bordering the road as it curved gently onwards: now the trees are all cut down, the banks are levelled, and the road straightened; and although it may be true, as some say, that the highway is more useful than before, it is neither so picturesque nor so pleasant; and you have to go a mile or two before you can feel that the town is left behind. The sweet, alas! is not always blended with the useful.

There was then but one postman for the whole town; and how small was the number of letters compared with that now delivered by the three postmen twice a day! Then we paid sevenpence for a letter from London, and twice as much if it came from Bristol; and well do I remember how grudgingly these charges were paid, and how many shifts were resorted to to evade them. Any of our friends going to town were always burdened with a budget of letters for the Two-

penny Post; and that one of our members who lived nearest to his constituents was remorselessly besieged for franks, perhaps to the hurt of the besiegers, for he who had hardened himself into begging for franks, would not find it so very difficult to beg for something of more importance, especially when there were rumours of a dissolution of parliament.

Then the elections used to last for ten days or a fortnight, as long, indeed, as any one of the contending parties could poll a vote per hour, the town meantime being in a state of the utmost excitement and confusion. Such occasions were the saturnalia of the pariahs, and of all the rabble of the borough, and, it must be added, of many who ought to have known better. Sometimes there were four or five candidates, and then the streets were never quiet, for processions of 'free and independent' voters were going about from morning to night with flaunting banners of the rival colours, and noisy bands of music, always preceded by a squad of old women carrying long poles, surmounted by grotesque garlands. Sometimes two processions would meet, and then—the combined excitement of beer and music produced hostile demonstrations and a rattling fight, whereupon would arise a cry for constables; but the constables were partisans also, and, while making a show of keeping the peace among those who were only spectators, they left the belligerents to fight it out, especially when their own side was likely to win. O those elections! What scurrilous placards were sent out, four or five in a day! Every possible source of scandal was ransacked, whereby one party could damage the other. The spirit of mischief had ample time for its work, and profited by it. How cunningly the dodge of polling a vote per hour was resorted to when one candidate wished to tire out another; and behind the scenes, what artifices of corruption were employed to buy the sweet voices of such as had a difficulty in making up their minds! To me, as a boy, the elections were a holiday scene; but I could go down to the old town now, and put my finger on some fourscore helots who used, as a matter of course, to sell their birthright for sums varying from L.3 to L.10. It is better now, for although bribery and corruption still diffuse their dirty miasma, there is not the same protracted social disturbance, and evil passions have not so much time for their work. Truly, it is better now than when I was a boy.

The great road from London to Bristol ran through the town, and as some twenty or thirty coaches then travelled every day from one of those cities to the other, we were indebted to them for no small amount of bustle and business. It was a cheery sight to see the compact, well-appointed vehicles come dashing along the road, and pull up at the stopping-place, where four vigorous horses were waiting to relieve the panting team that had just arrived. How well the hostlers understood their work, and with what celerity they got through it! Nothing but sleight of hand, acquired by long practice, could have sent the coach speeding on again in less than two minutes. The mails, up and down, always went through about midnight; and I heard so many stories about their swiftness, the red-coated drivers and guards, that I had a painful longing to see one of those, to me, mysterious vehicles, which, however, was never gratified in my boyhood. Besides these, we had four or five coaches of our own, distinguished one from the other as the 'nine o'clock,' the 'ten o'clock,' &c., according to the hour at which they set off. Some of these were mainly supported by farmers, millers, and others of the genus, who 'went up' regularly to Mark-lane market. I remember when they used to be six or seven hours on the road, and how everybody was surprised when a spirited 'properioter,' as the hostlers used to have it, started the *Telegraph*, to do the journey in from four and a half to five hours. What was the world coming to! At all events, the slow coaches had to transform themselves into fast ones, and another proprietor 'put up' a coach to run to London and back in the day. You started at five in the morning, winter or summer, and were put down at the White-horse Cellar, Piccadilly, at ten, or at the Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet Street, half an hour later, with about five hours wherein to transact your business. At four in the afternoon, you started for the return-journey, and got home to supper. How we youngsters once stared at our father after his first day-trip; it seemed impossible that he could have gone to London and back since five in the morning! We should be less astonished now to see him return from a journey to the moon, now that the express train flies over the same distance in forty minutes.

'Time innovateth slowly,' says Bacon: our turn came at last. One of the first improvements, I remember, was the lowering of the crown of a hill in the main street some two or three feet, which made it an easier descent for the coaches, and enabled us to see from one end of it to the other. Then the worn-out footways were entirely renewed and widened, and finished on the outer edge with a heavy solid kerb of Aberdeen granite. Some of the roadways were macadamised, others levelled and repaved with large flints and pebbles, of which a good supply existed in the neighbourhood. Then—O wonder of wonders!—came gas, and the whole town was given over for a time to excavators and pipe-layers; and soon the miserable twinkling oil-lamps that hung few and far between from iron brackets, was replaced by rows of iron columns, from the top of which shone afar the steady and brilliant blaze of the new light. It was more than the most inveterate hostility to improvement could bear; and shop-fronts, with their little panes of rough glass and heavy mouldings, found their way into back-streets or to the warehouses of dealers in second-hand furniture; and in their stead came stately fronts with mahogany mouldings, vast panes of 'flatted crown' or plate-glass, brass guard-rails and name-plates, while inside the dazzling flame was reflected from large mirrors and glittering chandeliers. For many weeks after their opening, these shops were surrounded every evening by a crowd of admiring beholders. Then a tall tower was built, with a cistern on the top of it that would hold a surprising number of thousands of gallons of water, which, being forced up by machinery, was to run down again of itself, and find its way to the highest parts of the town. Such instances of enterprise made us feel quite proud of our borough, and not without reason; for as it began to thrust out a new street here, a new terrace there, and detached villas in pleasant spots still further away, the extremities of the town underwent improvement. Filthy lanes were cleansed, levelled, and widened; putrid ditches, the cesspools of a whole parish, were covered over or purified by a stream of water made to flow constantly through them; the gang of foul-mouthed bargemen, who used to be always lounging on the bridge, to the annoyance of every one who passed, was dispersed, never to reassemble; troops of rascallions were no more to be seen playing in the outskirts on Sundays—not that they had all reformed, but that they betook themselves to remote nooks and corners, where vigilant eyes could not spy them out. Then the houses in every street were numbered, and a tradesman, instead of advertising that he lived opposite the *Bell and Bottle*, or ten doors from the post-office, could publish his number with the satisfaction of a man who feels himself possessed of a new capability. Then the old watch-boxes were pulled down and sold for firewood, the watchmen, with their rattles and lanterns, retired into private life, no more to cry the hours, or proclaim the meteorology of the night. As they went out, the new police came in, with their neat uniforms, their strict watchfulness, and searching bulls-eyes. No more larking of fast young men at the small hours; no more practical jokes on the Charlies. Then,

one afternoon, Mr Gurney rattled into the town with his steam-carriage, on his experimental trip from Bristol to London; and solemn folks shook their heads, and said it was 'a tempting of Providence;' and some of the knowing sort sneeringly remarked, 'that's a cock that won't fight.' But ere long came tidings of wonderful doings in the north, followed soon after by the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which was a fact that neither the solemn ones nor the knowing ones could in anywise explain away.

By and by, a railway from London to our town and many miles further was talked about. My stars! an earthquake could not have caused greater alarm. Hundreds who foresaw damage to the coaching-trade became virtuously indignant; hundreds more predicted the utter ruin of the town; and hundreds more vowed that if a railway should be made, they, for their part, would still travel by stage-coach. Many were the clever circumventions used, and public meetings held, and bribes of shares judiciously administered, before the idea could be made palatable. Even in the end, it found but small favour; but the beginning had been made, and every day the rails came nearer and nearer, till at last we had a station of our own, and those who had mocked at steam found out their mistake, and chewed the cud of bitter fancy with such philosophy as they were capable of.

Here I must stop, for no one needs to be told what has been the march of improvement since railways were opened; and my purpose has lain more with the past than with the present. Numerous other points I might have touched upon, such as the common schools, the books available for children—how few they were—the habits of workmen, and of the older class of tradesmen, the establishment of the Mechanics' Institute, and other social subjects, which contrast strikingly with what is now to be seen before our eyes. But for all this there is not room; so I must conclude with the hope, that I have shewn there is matter for not unprofitable reflection in looking back to the time when I was a boy.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE OF THE STUDIO.

As the mysterious Boy could not be laid hands on, the professional workman could not be sent for—a circumstance the artist regretted much; and so Robert commenced his task of reparation in earnest, painting between whiles, and always adding to his store of information touching the life of the studio. What he heard was not very encouraging; but still he considered that Mr Driftwood's representations were, in all probability, coloured by his own feelings of disappointment—disappointment which his pupil did not scruple to set down to want of talent. There were other wants, however, about the poor artist: want of industry, and want of sobriety. But the latter was not a general defect in his character: it was only on extraordinary occasions he took to the 'ramble;' and on his return Robert could easily guess from his conversation that the victim of high art had been among his *premiers amours*—the gallipots and blue lions. At first our adventurer was a good deal startled at finding himself for days together alone in the garret-studio; but by that time he had received some employment from the picture-dealers, and the working-hours passed away agreeably enough, though very unprofitably.

He did not scruple to make use of Driftwood's premises as his own, for, in fact, he had made them his by putting an entirely new face upon them. The roof and windows were now as good as new; the wood-work was painted throughout; a portion of the screen was metamorphosed into a small table, and the rest converted into a case that concealed handsomely the truckle-bed. Driftwood was enchanted with the change; and he assured his visitors with the most truthful air in the world, that he had chosen the place on account of its incomparable light; that he had been solicited in vain by the first men in the profession to exchange with them; and that if his rascally boy would only be in the way to answer the door, he should find himself as comfortable as any modern master could expect. Driftwood's air could never be otherwise than truthful; because when he told a lie he was always the first to believe it. But Robert paid with his assistance in art, likewise, for the use of the studio, and more liberally than was strictly just. It was here he gave his business address on a gentlemanly card, engraved by himself; while he condescended to sleep in a small three-pair back—by which Londoners will suspect an attic—in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square.

In London there seems to be a mutual attraction among persons of the same occupation. The publicans are aware of this natural law, and write upon their sign-boards, 'House of call for Carpenters'—'bricklayers,' &c., with the design of making their establishment the rendezvous of the whole fraternity in the district. There are places, however, where persons who pursue quite another sort of calling, gravitate together without any public announcement; for it would hardly do to advertise a place of meeting for thieves or blacklegs. In like manner the artists, in the lower branches of the profession, are usually to be met with consorting in numbers without any signal for the muster. Into this society Robert was introduced by his friend; and we are compelled to say that it awakened in him much more surprise and curiosity than respect. It consisted chiefly of the slaves of the picture-dealers—we mean of the picture-dealers of a certain class, for we would not stigmatise a whole trade—of men who obviously possessed sufficient talent and ingenuity to make their way respectably in the world, but who, from some social fatality, or some original defect of character, had given themselves up, soul and body, to their taskmasters, for a pittance which enabled them merely to live. It was some time before he knew that the employment of a large proportion of these men, if stripped of the prestige of art, would have been called forgery and swindling; but even from the first he saw before him a gulf into which he was able to look steadily only by the knowledge that he was himself safe through his own strength of character. The business, which he was at length able to distinguish in all its curious and contemptible details, was the copying of old pictures—the imitation, by means of chemical and other preparations, of the effects of time—the sale of the forgeries, when thus duly prepared, as works of the great masters—the imitation of the style of eminent living artists, for the purpose of duping the ignorant and wealthy; and the trapping of the intended victims by frauds that under other circumstances would have introduced the perpetrators to the tread-mill or the hulks.

By degrees he came to see clearly enough the process by which men so ingenious had sunk into the mere tools of wholesale rogues. Frequently did the pregnant question of Driftwood occur to him—*Can you wait?* for on that question depends the fate of the artist. We

are not talking now of the few great men who start up in art as in letters by the energy of their own genius, but of the masses of the profession, who must toil and hope, and bide their time, or perish. Robert found that he made no progress, because, having no capital, he could not wait. Pictures are not purchased for their merit, unless that is something extraordinary, but for the name of the artist; and a name requires time to grow. He *could* not wait; he could not bestow elaboration upon a piece on which his next day's meal depended; and he would not lend himself to copy, when he came to know that in nine cases out of ten, it would be making himself art and part in a fraud. He tried the print-shops with water-colour drawings; but this cost too much time, and brought too little money. As a last resource, he resolved to attempt cheap portrait-painting; and, with the aid of Driftwood's studio, and its respectable address, he hoped he had at length hit upon a means of living while his ulterior plans were going on. These plans had reference to literature. He had determined to give that career a trial, but without committing himself, and to begin where periodical writers usually end—with the Quarterly Reviews. The subjects he chose did not belong to the belles-lettres; they were of national importance; and his views being original, and, he flattered himself, correct, he calculated on their attracting some attention, if it was really his destiny to be a top-sawyer. If literature failed him, he was determined to throw off his tailed-coat at once, take to the round jacket, work hard, live frugally, and await patiently the turning of fortune's wheel.

He went, betimes, one morning, to Jermyn Street, to announce his plan of portrait-painting, and to consult his friend as to whether he should offer to take off the lieges at a guinea, or a guinea and a half apiece. Driftwood opened the door to him with a flushed face, which indicated some unusual disturbance of mind.

'Excuse the boy!' said he abruptly, and, wheeling round, walked with an unsteady step towards the studio. When they were in the sanctum, and the door shut, the artist turned to his friend, and pointing grimly to a vacant spot on the wall—

'You see,' said he—'I have done it!'

'You have sold your Holy Family?'

'I have sold my Holy Family. *My* Holy Family. It cost me two months' labour, for the little jobs between were nothing. I painted out Joseph twice, and paid sixpence a time to a real beggar-boy to sit for John the Baptist. The picture was fit for any collection in Europe, and I gave three pound for a frame that had cost five guineas only a month before. Well! It was brought to the hammer, and at a sale swarming with amateurs. It was put up—it was bid for—it was knocked down; and what do you think it fetched?'

'I really can't guess.'

'That picture should have brought me A.R.A.; and it *did* bring me—I know you will not believe me, but it is true; I pledge my sacred honour to the fact—I declare solemnly I tell you the severe truth—it brought me two pound twelve!' Here the artist, choking with indignation, snatched up his hat, and clapped it on so violently, that he bonneted himself.

'Think of that!' said he, fighting his way out of the eclipse—'A five guinea frame, and *my* Holy Family for two pound twelve!'

'Then, in point of fact, your picture sold for nothing?'

'Less! less! The frame was worth the three pound I gave for it to any bargain-hunter in England; and the price of the picture, therefore—two pound twelve—was just eight shillings less than nothing! Think of this example, my young friend; keep it before your eyes morning, noon, and night; let it teach you that high art is a humbug, patronage an ass, and if you ever formed the hope in your heart of being a modern master—paint it out!' Notwithstanding Robert's sympathy with his friend, there was something so ludicrous in his anger, that he might have been tempted to smile, but for the conviction he felt that this misfortune would result in a ramble. The foreboding was correct; for it was a fortnight from that day before he set eyes on Driftwood again.

Portrait-painting did not answer very well. He tried a guinea and a half first, but had only one glorious nibble. The intended sitter found the size he proposed too small for the money, and after his canvas was prepared, dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision. At a guinea he was more fortunate, but the sitters were few and rarely satisfied. That is no wonder; for if one is at the expense of having his portrait taken, it is a hard case if he cannot get a little beauty for the outlay. In one instance he was fortunate enough to please; and the comely mother of a countless family, most of whom attended the sittings, gave him when the piece was finished not only smiles, but excessive laughter of approbation, echoed by her whole progeny. By that time, however, she had become familiarly acquainted with the artist; and in paying him his fee kept back the odd shilling, being 'sure he would not expect more than a sovereign from *her*.' Robert smiled good-naturedly when mulcted of his five per cent.; but for several days after he had not even a nibble, and he had begun to calculate curiously whether it was possible for him to hang on much longer, when he suddenly received a polite intimation that one of his quarterly articles was accepted. The note was addressed to Robert Oaklands, Esquire, Jermyn Street, St James's, with the number put quite into the corner, to signify that it was of no consequence—merely a matter of form—as the residence of so distinguished a person must be well known. To say that the adventurer was not elated would be untrue. For an hour after receiving the missive, he continued to pace up and down the deserted studio, with elastic step, and with glowing cheek and flashing eyes; and he then went home to his three-pair back, to arrange his toilet that he might call once more at the house of Sir Vivian Falcontower.

Once more. He had already been there, only a few days after their meeting; but neither Sir Vivian nor his daughter was at home, and having then no card, he had not had the rawness to trouble the servant with his name. He was not sorry for this afterwards, for his sinking hopes made him feel that there was little chance of his being able to prosecute such an acquaintance; but now that he had a card to leave, and dreams of distinction flitting before his eyes, he summoned courage anew. This time there could be no possibility of disappointment; for on approaching the splendid mansion of the baronet, he saw Miss Falcontower alight from a carriage and enter the house. When the carriage drove off, he went up to the door and knocked; his pleasant anticipations only dashed by the fear that the lapse of time might have effaced him entirely from the young lady's memory. He handed his card to the dignified-looking porter; saw it sent up by a lacquey in splendid livery; and awaited quietly the result. Miss Falcontower was 'not at home;' and the visitor withdrew, smiling at his own folly, and endeavouring to believe that there did not mingle with the smile a grin of wounded self-esteem.

A considerable time passed away in humble labours, and the ceaseless struggle for bread. The quarterly review was published, and without his article. This was not surprising, for the editor had not mentioned any time for its appearance; but still the omission proved that no unusual importance could be attached to the piece, and his hopes were damped—so much damped that he now longed for the end of another quarter of a year, not that he might see himself in print, but in the sturdy independence of a round jacket. That quarter of a year had not yet expired when the Falcontowers were recalled to his recollection by a

circumstance characteristic of the profession on the outskirts of which he still lingered.

One day when dining at a cheap eating-house, frequented by gentlemen of the pallet, he learned from their conversation that an interesting job was going on in an establishment for which he had himself executed some copying before arriving at a knowledge of the true nature of the business. This was the underhand imitation of an exquisite picture on which a considerable sum had been advanced by a capitalist. Robert's questions were answered frankly, as he was considered to be 'one of us,' and he discovered that it was the identical Correggio that had been honoured by his own maiden efforts in copying, and that the gentleman whose property was to be thus injured in conventional value was Sir Vivian Falcontower. The latter fact was unknown at the establishment, the name of the owner of the original being of course kept a profound secret by the capitalist, a man who was supposed to have already realised a large fortune by such fraudulent business.

Our adventurer did not hesitate as to what should be done; but he hastened to Jermyn Street to consult Mr Driftwood on the best mode of doing it. The artist was not at all surprised to hear of a circumstance so little uncommon; but he agreed with Robert in thinking that to put Sir Vivian up to the fraud would be doing him an important service.

'Anonymous!' cried he, and his small eyes rested with wonder upon his friend. 'Upon my word, you have less sense than any young man of genius I ever knew. Why throw away the merit of such a service? Go to Sir Vivian and tell him fairly what you have learned; and when he inquires eagerly for the address of the copiers, let him know distinctly—but in any roundabout way you choose—that you have your fortune to make. He will not bid money for your secret, for he has none himself—not a rap; but he has things in his power that are worth money, and if you play your cards well, he will make a man of you.'

'And you would actually have me offer to be bribed for doing the bounden duty of an honest man?'

'Tush, tush! I know nothing about honest men—never met with any in all my life. As for Sir Vivian, he will book you for a natural if you do otherwise than I have advised; or else he will suppose that you speculate upon his gratitude and generosity, and he will half choke himself with laughter at the rich idea.'

'Then I shall certainly not place myself under so degrading a suspicion. Do you go to him, since you have no feeling of honour. I present you with the secret; make your market of it as you will.'

'No, hang it!' said the artist, 'I have more honour than that comes to. You are a young fellow, and don't know how to wriggle yourself on in this dirty world. The patronage of Sir Vivian would place you above it. You have already saved his daughter from having her face seamed like a mended China mug; and now, in preserving the unique character of his great Correggio, you will establish a double claim that he cannot blink. Go, my dear boy, and tell him all, but tell it prudently; just put a few of your scruples into your penniless pocket—there's a good fellow—and leave old Gallipot to paint for a future age, and starve in the present.'

Robert pondered for awhile on the mixture of greatness and meanness, baseness and honour, presented in the character of poor Driftwood; but his conclusions were, upon the whole, favourable, and he saw, in the midst of the dark stains thrown upon it by circumstance, an original strain of good he could not but admire. This time he did not go home to dress, but walking westward with a steady and determined pace, he soon reached the mansion he sought.

Since he knew by experience that his card alone would not admit him, he wrote upon it with his pencil, that 'Mr Robert Oaklands requested to see Sir Vivian Falcontower on business of importance to Sir Vivian;' and after a brief interval, he was ushered up stairs. There was no one in the room he was shewn into. It was the first of a suite of three drawing-rooms, the folding-doors of which were open; and it was with a flush of gratified taste he looked along the rich and noble vista. Although crowded in the fashion of the day, there was a masterly arrangement throughout which excluded the idea of confusion; the more sumptuous pieces of furniture were here and there relieved with others of exquisite simplicity; and the whole received value and importance from the objects of taste and virtu distributed around. The curtains, the walls, the gilded mirrors, the few but delicious drawings—all were in admirable harmony of colour; while the drab carpets, artfully subdued and chaste, left to its full effect the gorgeous yet elegant character of the scene.

While Robert was surveying with the eye of a connoisseur the most charming and remarkable interior he had yet seen, he observed advancing from the further end of the vista a female figure, which at first appeared to be out of keeping with the picture. As she advanced, however, calmly and gracefully, the sombre hue of her attire assumed a richness corresponding with that of the inanimate objects of the scene, and the same fresh and lovely face he had admired in the studio seemed to bring sunshine into the room. Change of place, time, feeling, had no effect. Miss Falcontower was so absolutely the same, that it was impossible to detect in her physiognomy 'one shade the more, one ray the less.' He could have thought that the life-struggles, disappointments, and miseries that had marked his lot since they parted were only a momentary dream, and that she still stood before him in the painted garret.

Her observation of Robert was widely different. Time and the world had done their work on him. The lines of care were on his brow, and the light of experience mingled with the light of thought in his eye. The newness of look, the solitariness, the abstract curiosity of the provincial and the scholar had vanished, and with them the youthfulness of air indicative of the youth of the heart. He was a man—watchful, ready, resolute, doubting, despising, defying, yet withal frank, simple, and generous. In external appearance, he was more erect than formerly, his face more pale, his lip more rigid, and his countenance more masculine—the effect, probably, of a pair of full but not heavy whiskers, of the richest brown, extending to the chin.

While Miss Falcontower was advancing, the two exchanged a steady glance which learned all this of each other, and she then offered her hand as to an old acquaintance.

'You have been here before, Mr Oaklands,' said she.

'Twice.'

'But only one card?'

'It was the first I ever possessed: I had by that time turned a gentleman artist.'

'Why did you not repeat your visit sooner?'

'Because,' replied Robert, half amused by the coolness of the question, 'because I had only too good reason to suppose that I should not be received.'

'Why, what was the matter?—Oh, perhaps you knew I was at home—that is so rural! Never take a denial amiss unless you have collateral reasons: it means nothing whatever in itself, but that circumstances render it inconvenient or improper to receive you at the moment. Well, you have turned a gentleman artist—and with what success? Have you begun to rival Correggio?'

'It is Correggio who brings me here, and as the business is of more importance to Sir Vivian Falcontower than my success or failure as an artist, I beg you to listen to me, for I have come on purpose to speak.' He

then mentioned succinctly the discovery he had made respecting the picture, and gave the address of the place where it was in the process of being copied. Miss Falcontower was obviously interested, and even indignant; but Robert observed that the conduct of the capitalist appeared to anger her rather by its insolence than dishonesty.

'Oh, as for that,' she said, in reply to his remark, 'they are all alike; from the rich lender down to the poor colour-grinder, there is not a grain of difference —they all cheat to the best of their ability. Sir Vivian, however, knows how to deal with them; but you, Mr Oaklands, you seem above our reach. This time, thank goodness, it is papa you have made your debtor; and by the same achievement of chivalry, too, by the way—the preservation from outrage of a paltry bit of perishing colour. You are an unknown artist, you are young, you are'——

'Poor,' assisted Robert.

'Poor: and what shall I say to Sir Vivian?'

'That there is nothing in art, youth, or poverty, inconsistent with honour,' said Robert, as the blood mounted to his brow. The young lady's cheek seemed to reflect the suffusion. It was the first time he had seen her colour change; and she fixed upon him the admiring, melancholy, and dreamy look called up when the sympathies are stirred by some vision of poetry or romance that has nothing to do with the realities of life.

'But, come,' said she starting. 'You were to tell me of your fortunes in the world, and I will save you the trouble. You have failed to secure the certainty even of a living, because you will not stoop to baseness, and cannot wait the turn of events: is it not so?'

'It is.'

'What, then, are you now doing, and what are your plans?'

'I am supporting myself by means of cheap portrait-painting, till I can ascertain the fate of an article of mine which is to appear, though at no stipulated time, in a quarterly review. If that should attract no attention, then I must give up for the present the hope of being what Mr Driftwood calls a top-sawyer, and gravitate downwards to my allotted place, wherever that may be, in the social scale.'

'An article in a quarterly review! That is good—there is hope in that, for it brings you within the sphere of Sir Vivian's influence. But you must not trust to it alone. Do you hit portraits well? Could you take *mine* in a style that would do you credit?'

'I cannot say; but it would at least enable me to take others in that style. Such a study would be inestimable!' and he scanned her features with the enthusiasm of a connoisseur, and pierced into the blaze of her eyes as if he would have sounded its depth. Miss Falcontower looked at him with surprise and amusement; but the gaze of mere admiration had no power to kindle that experienced cheek with the glow even of vanity.

'Understand,' said she, 'that you need not expect anything for the work, however well executed, but notoriety and sitters; and that understood, when will you come? To-morrow?'

'To-morrow.'

'Then come at an early hour—come at twelve, that we may be sure to be uninterrupted.' Robert thanked his patroness warmly, and took his leave.

We may here, in order to get rid of the subject, relate the sequel of the history of the Correggio. Sir Vivian, accompanied by a police-officer, proceeded to the place indicated by Robert, painted out with his own hand the valuable parts of the imitation, and carried away his picture, the master of the establishment, under the awkward circumstances, not daring to interfere. The loan was thus converted into an unsecured debt, and the lender took his place with a crowd of other creditors, who knew that their only chance of obtaining a return of any kind for their money was to leave their debtor unmolested. Sir Vivian then hung up his darling gem in its own place, shipped off for St Petersburg the copy manufactured with Robert's assistance by Driftwood, and sold it to a private collector there as an undoubted Correggio, for more than twice the sum it had been pawned for.

Sir Vivian Falcontower was of an ancient family, although a baronet of recent creation. The son of a baron, and of the eldest daughter of an earl, and brother of the now Lord Luxton, he was a person of considerable consequence in the aristocracy. At an early age, he became the possessor of a large fortune, which, coming suddenly into his hands—through the caprice of an old female relative—he squandered as suddenly; and he was now living, like many other men of rank, in hollow state and splendid poverty. He was, however, a political man, and supposed to possess considerable shrewdness in that line, although not the sort of talent requisite for office; and as the two noble houses he was related to were on opposite sides, and the baronet no enthusiast in his opinions, he did not suffer much from party vicissitudes.

His daughter, an only child, lost her mother at an early age, and having natural gifts as well as acquired accomplishments, became her father's companion even before she had done with her governess. As years passed, her mind overmastered his; and although much too politic to shew purposely that she was a woman of business, it was her will that was the law of the house. Her marriage was the grand card of the politic pair; but somehow they were not fortunate in playing it. She was very near the point, however, more than once; and at the first serious trial so near being a duchess, that when the affair was suddenly brought to an end, the world of ton went into fits, and the *Morning Post* went out of print. What was the cause of the duke's inconstancy no one knew. Sir Vivian was for an action, with damages laid at L.50,000; but Claudia, although her colourless cheeks and staring eyes told what a crushing blow it had been, had more sense.

'I could not bear the indignity,' she said; 'and besides'—the words were hardly audible through her white and quivering lips—'besides—it would destroy every other chance!' Instead of an action, therefore, a musical soirée was determined on, the grandest by far of the season. Claudia's magnificent voice was heard on the occasion for the first time in public, in the midst of the best voices of the Opera; and she hid her willow handsomely with leaves snatched from the chaplet of the prima donna.

The chance was tried again—and again—and again; but there seemed to be some fatality in the cards. Not that she was not loved, and madly too; but her object was not love, but rank united with fortune. Claudia's determination, however, some people thought, held out too long; for this blooming girl, apparently about four-and-twenty, was in reality a great many years older—we shall not say how many, although her age certainly overstepped that prosaic thirty, the object of so much dread to young ladies. The secret of this perennial bloom is very simple for those of the sex who enjoy a good constitution and a good complexion. Claudia took equal care of her health and her dress. Even in the full season, she vanished at an early hour in the night, and got up at as early an hour in the morning. Her attire, always elegantly simple, was arranged upon the strictest rules of science. The most vagrant-looking curl had its fixed place and mission; and it was observed that she never sat long at one time in company, a periodical visit to the dressing-room and its cheval mirror being indispensable. She avoided cosmetics, both from taste and on principle. She would as soon have perfumed herself with garlic as with anything else than

the very slightest possible suspicion of musk. She cleansed her pearly teeth with soap, not odoriferous soap, but the only kind she employed for any purpose —namely, the finer variety used in the kitchen and laundry, with the technical name of pale yellow. Finally, she never indulged in laughter or even smiles, for these, she knew, are the prolific parents of wrinkles; but instead of such mechanical demonstrations, her expressive eyes threw gleams of light over her face, that answered all the purpose.

Such were the new friends of Robert Oaklands. By twelve o'clock on the following day, they were prepared to receive him, in a small but elegant room, with a single north window, the curtains of which had been arranged by the baronet himself, in such a way as to admit the light only from the upper part. The hour of noon strikes; a straightforward, resolute, but not loud or long knock, announces a visitor: enter Portrait-painter.

THE ZAPTI OF THE JEB-EL-TOUR.

The scene of the following anecdote is laid in a mountainous region but little known to the European traveller. The few who have extended their wanderings through the north of Mesopotamia towards Assyria and Persia, have generally followed the caravan route, which runs along the plain from Diarbekir towards Jezireh and Mosul, passing through Nisibin and Mardin, towns of Roman celebrity. However, on our arrival at Diarbekir, we learned that a shorter, though much more difficult route, lay through a range of mountains which run parallel to the right bank of the Tigris, and form the last outlying bulwark of the great chains of Asia Minor and Armenia. Through these we accordingly took our way; and if we suffered from the toil and difficulty of our journey, we were amply repaid by the change from the monotonous scenery and stifling atmosphere of the plains to the bracing air and constant variety of the mountains.

We had been clambering all day over the rugged passes of the Jeb-el-Tour, when, towards evening, we gained the summit of a ridge which overhung a beautiful valley, green and cultivated, and in marked contrast with the savage rocks around. Abdurrachman reined up his horse, and pointed out the flat roofs and mud walls of Achmédi, which we joyfully hailed as our resting-place for the night. But our guide looked on the scene with far different feelings, and while our caravan was picking a precarious way down the mountain-side, he told me the story of his life.

Ere the days of the renowned Kurdish chief, Beder Khan Bey, Achmédi was a flourishing Christian village. Secluded in a narrow valley of the Jeb-el-Tour, and accessible only by one or two difficult mountain-passes, its inhabitants had enjoyed in peace the fruits of their industry, whilst the surrounding country was devastated by the incessant feuds of Mussulmans and Christians, or the incursions of Kurdish and Arab plunderers. But, in an evil hour, Beder Khan Bey rose to power, and extermination to the mountain Christians was proclaimed. Towns and villages were sacked, whole districts depopulated, and such of the unfortunate inhabitants as escaped death by the sword, were doomed to drag on their existence in a state of hopeless slavery.

But as yet this little valley remained untouched, almost unnoticed. Abdurrachman's father was one of the chief men of the place, but in consequence of his age and infirmities, much of his authority devolved upon his son, who naïvely informed me of the respect in which he was held by all the young men of the place, on account of his prowess in feats of arms, and his skill in the chase of the panthers and wild-goats which haunt the surrounding mountains.

It is to be supposed that these accomplishments had won him the heart of the beautiful daughter of the kiayah, for Sâfi had promised to be his wife. In a few days the marriage was to have taken place, when one evening a lonely fugitive, galloping for life, entered the village, and threw himself upon the hospitality of the kiayah. He was instantly received and kindly entertained; his wounds were dressed by his host's daughter, and not until he was thoroughly recovered was he allowed to proceed on his journey. But the beauty of his nurse had attracted the young Kurd, and as she rejected all his protestations of affection, he vowed as he left the roof that had sheltered him, that, willing or unwilling, she should be his bride within three days.

He was a favourite and near relative of Beder Khan Bey, and towards his camp he immediately turned his horse's head. The Kurdish forces were absent on some errand of devastation, but a band of a dozen bold spirits was soon collected, and as Sâfi and the other damsels of Achmédi were bathing in the cool and shady waters of the mountain stream which skirts the village, they suddenly swept down, and before the alarm could be raised, the loveliest of the maidens were secured, and being hurried across the mountains.

But little had the marauders dreamt of the energy despair could give their victims. Towards noon, having put many a mile between them and the scene of their exploit, and thinking themselves secure from pursuit, they halted to rest their jaded steeds. The arms of their prisoners were unbound; but scarcely had they found themselves free, when, as if by one consent, each maiden endeavoured to bury a dagger in the breast of the nearest Kurd. Many fell, and, amongst others, the young chieftain; but the survivors took a bloody revenge, and, after massacring their captives, hurried away to the Kurdish camp.

At this moment Abdurrachman, hot in pursuit, reached the spot, and found his intended bride in the last agonies of death. It took but a moment to sever a lock of hair, wet with her blood, and, alone as he was, he rushed upon the retreating party. Many went down before his sword; but at last, overpowered by numbers, he fell covered with wounds, and was left for dead. Days, he said, must have passed ere he recovered his senses; but as soon as he could travel, he left the friends who had discovered and nursed him, and returned to Achmédi, to find it a smouldering heap of ruins. The Kurds had swept down to avenge the death of their comrades, and of the once happy inhabitants of the valley, not one remained.

With every tie to home thus severed, he left his native mountains, and enlisting in a body of irregular cavalry then forming at Diarbekir, tried to drown the recollection of his sorrows in the excitement of war and plunder. This was the first time he had returned to the Jeb-el-Tour; 'But,' he said, 'what is it to me? Achmédi yonder has risen again, but there are none of my kindred to dwell there; and of the happy days of my youth, the only record that remains is this;' and he drew from the fold of his zuboon a long tress of raven hair, heavy and clotted with blood.

Such was our Zapti's story, and it is but too common a one in the mountains of Mesopotamia and Armenia. The reader will probably remember the graphic account of the persecutions of the Tiyari, contained in Mr Layard's first work on Nineveh. Since then, this unfortunate people have enjoyed comparative peace and freedom from oppression. Secluded in their native valleys, which can only be approached by the most rugged mountain-paths, scarcely practicable even to the sure-footed mules of the country, and governed solely by their own meleks or chiefs, they mix but little with the rest of the world; and, now that the incursions of the Kurdish marauders are repressed, they are again returning to their homes, carrying with them a lively remembrance of the name and power of England, which supported them in exile, delivered

them from their oppressors, and restored them to their native hearths.

The anecdote we have given above is characteristic of the difference between the Kurd and the Arab. An Arab who had once received hospitality, even from his bitterest foe, would for ever consider his host's house and person as sacred, and would protect him from injury, even at the peril of his own life. So strong is this feeling that, in battle, if an enemy can claim the *dakhêl* or friendship of one of the members of a tribe, his life is instantly spared.

With the Kurd it is different. Guided by no principles of honour, and amenable to no laws of society, he is alike the dread and the scorn of his neighbours, and his name is used by the Arab muleteer to goad on the very mules and asses, as one of the most disgraceful epithets he can shower upon them; while the proverb, 'as bearish as a Kurd,' is a saying in common use throughout the East.

SOAP AS A MEANS OF ART.

Dr Fergusou Branson, of Sheffield, writing in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, says: 'Several years ago, I was endeavouring to find an easy substitute for wood-engraving, or rather to find out a substance more readily cut than wood, and yet sufficiently firm to allow of a cast being taken from the surface when the design was finished, to be reproduced in type-metal, or by the electrotype process. After trying various substances, I at last hit upon one which at first promised success—namely, the very common substance called soap, but I found that much more skill than I possessed was required to cut the fine lines for surface-printing. A very little experience with the material convinced me that, though it might not supply the place of wood for surface-printing, it contained within itself the capability of being extensively applied to various useful and artistic processes in a manner hitherto unknown. Die-sinking is a tedious process, and no method of die-sinking that I am aware of admits of freedom of handling. A drawing may be executed with a hard point on a smooth piece of soap almost as readily, as freely, and in as short a time as an ordinary drawing with a lead pencil. Every touch thus produced is clear, sharp, and well defined. When the drawing is finished, a cast may be taken from the surface in plaster, or, better still, by pressing the soap firmly into heated gutta-percha. In gutta-percha, several impressions may be taken without injuring the soap, so as to admit of proofs being taken and corrections made—a very valuable and practical good quality in soap. It will even bear being pressed into melted sealing-wax without injury. I have never tried a sulphur mould, but I imagine an impression from the soap could easily be taken by that method.' Dr Branson has also employed bees-wax, white-wax, sealing-wax, lace, as well as other plastic bodies; and in some of these cases a heated steel knitting-needle, or point, was substituted for the ivory knitting-needle. He has sent several specimens to the Society of Arts, which shew, that from the gutta-percha or plastic cast, a cast in brass may be obtained, with the impression either sunk or in relief.

MODERN TURKS.

I have lived much among Turks of every nation and class—more, I am happy to say, among the uncivilised than the civilised; and here is the comparative description I should give of them:—*Uncivilised Turk*: middle-sized; of powerful frame; blunt but sincere character; brave; religious, sometimes even to fanaticism; cleanly, temperate, addicted to coffee and pipes; fond of a good blade, and generally well skilled in its use; too proud to be mean, cowardly, or false; generous to prodigality; and in dress, fond of bright colours and rich clothing, of which he often wears three or four suits at one time—one over the other. *Civilised Turk*: under-sized; of delicate frame; polite, but insincere; not overbrave; often boasting of atheism; neglecting the ablutions of his religion, partly because the Franks are dirty, and partly because his new costume won't admit of them; given to cognac and cigarrettes; fond of a showy sheath, if a militaire; or of a pretty cane, if a civilian; no pride whatever, but lots of vanity; possesses no Oriental generosity; and for dress wears a frock-coat; stays, to give a small waist; a gay-coloured 'gent.'s vest;' ditto ditto inexpressibles, often of a rather '*loud* railway pattern,' and strapped down very tight, so as to shew to advantage the only distinguishing Oriental features which remain to him—a very crooked pair of legs; his chaussure consists of a pair of French gay merino brodequins with patent leather toes; his head-dress is a ridiculously small red skull-cap, worn at the back of the head, and often containing a small piece of looking-glass, whereby on all occasions to arrange the rather unruly coarse hair it frequently covers. Straw-colour Naples imitation gloves, at two dollars a dozen, and an eye-glass, are generally considered as indispensable parts of the 'getting up a la Franca.' In point of manners, the lowest *real* Turk is a nobleman; the best of the Europeanised lot is barely a gentleman.—*Parkins's Life in Abyssinia.*

WINTER.

[From a volume of elegant poetry by Dr Waller, just published.* Many of the pieces are already extensively known, having made their appearance originally in a popular periodical of the day—the *Dublin University Magazine.*]

Dreary old Winter! weary old Winter!
Snow-blanchèd carl, all dripping and chill;
Ice chains have bound thee, winds whistle round thee,
Heavily, gloomily plodding on still.
Yet when we meet thee, kindly we greet thee—
Sit by the hearth-blaze and melt all thy snow;
With wassail and gladness we'll charm all thy sadness,
Make thy eye brighten, thy icy blood glow.
Dreary old Winter! weary old Winter!
We'll make thy eye brighten, thy icy blood glow.

Cheery old Winter! merry old Winter!
Laugh, while with yule-wreath thy temples are bound;
Drain the spiced bowl now, cheer thy old soul now,
'Christmas *waes hael!*' pledge the holy toast round.
Broach butt and barrel; with dance and with carol
Crown we old Winter of revels the king;
And when he is weary of living so merry,
He'll lie down and die on the green lap of Spring.
Cheery old Winter! merry old Winter!
He'll lie down and die on the green lap of Spring.

* *Poems.* By John Francis Waller, LL.D. Dublin: M'Glashan. 1854.

MORTALITY BY WAR AND PESTILENCE CONTRASTED.

It appears from a privately printed paper lately handed to us, that while our total loss of men in the last war was 19,796 killed and 79,709 wounded, the total loss in England and Wales alone by cholera in 1848-9 was 72,180 dead, besides 144,360 attacked. It is calculated that there is an average annual loss of 115,000 by typhus fever and other diseases resulting from unhealthy living—in short, from preventable causes—being about six times the entire loss caused by the twenty-two years of war. In the Peninsular war, 8799 were killed in battle or died of their wounds, while 24,930 perished by disease.

NOTICE.

In the present number is presented the first of a series of articles, by William Chambers, the result of a recent excursion through some of the British American possessions and United States. The remainder will follow as quickly as circumstances will permit. Not to encumber the articles with matters of detail, certain statistical and other facts will be reserved till the conclusion of the series.

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AWAKING OF WINTER.

THE sleep of Winter, and the dead time of the year, are old poetical expressions, which we trace back to our Saxon forefathers; but they more properly belong to the wild old Scandinavian imagery, such as in elder times was used by the worshippers of Woden on the bleak and rocky shores of wintry Norway. Equally grand was their conceptions of the Virgins, who bent over their blue looms in the everchanging sky, and wove the texture of the richly coloured clouds with shuttles of gold and silver, the motions of which were seen when the floating fleeces changed. Such, and similar images, have in all ages been conceived by imaginative and poetical minds; and the out-of-door aspect of nature — so changed, wan, and lifeless in winter—dead even to appearance, but for the warm colour given to the cheeks by the crimson of the holly berries, fills the picture-chamber of the thoughtful eye with endless illustrations of their truthfulness. The emptiness of the fields, usually enlivened with flocks and herds; the absence of the birds and of their voices; the want of human figures to fill the scene, as when they moved to and fro following their rustic employment, as well as of animals, most of which are now either hidden under the snow or wrapt in their winter sleep; are accessories to the picture of the deathlike and dreaming year. *There* grim old Winter is stretched out, his hoary head resting on the hills, his cold feet on the river, which froze and became dumb beneath his icy touch. The trees, on the summit of which the snow-flakes fall, are his bushy brows; his broad body, powdered over, covers miles of plain; his snow-clad limbs fill up leagues of road; and while he sleeps, the few birds that remain with us peck about him, and sometimes pause with their heads hanging aside, as if listening to hear whether he is awake or not. All nature is silent while he sleeps; the sun keeps back for hours, as if afraid lest the light should affect his eyes, and disturb his slumber; the brief day, like a jerked curtain, is drawn suddenly to a close around him; and those who have seen him so stretched out full seventy times, seem more afraid of his presence than when they first beheld him, and sit huddled up, trembling beside the hearth. He reigns everywhere—we feel his hand within the bed, and he seems loath to withdraw it as we press the cold imprint he has left behind. All night he lingers outside the room, and amuses himself by drawing fantastic figures on the frosted window-panes. He lays hold of us when we rise, and enjoys our contortions over the cold ewer, for he hears all our cold shiverings in his sleep. The heavy breathings of his slumber drive aside the fleecy snow-flakes, and pile them up in high drifts in deep and hollow places; he puts up his foot, and the giant-jointed railway-engine is brought to a stand; he feels not the weight of the thousands of tons of snow that cover him, no more than he did the first few flakes that melted as they fell. Only the great sea-waves seem to heed him not, as they come and go with a hungry roar to and from the whitened beach, as if they would fain draw him seaward and swallow him up, as they have done all his sky-filling storms of hail and snow.

The little field-mouse awakens from his long sleep, uncoils himself, and while he munches a seed or two, and eyes the dim gray light that faintly streaks the entrance to his little garner, wishes that Winter would waken up and be gone, and the sun come and melt the snow that lies across the threshold of his home. The bats become weary of clinging to and overhanging each other in the hollows of trees, and caverns, and walls, and roofs of deserted dwellings, and snapping in their restless sleep at imaginary insects, loosen their hold and fall, but finding that Winter still remains, fold themselves up again in their leathern wings, and slumber once more with an increasing appetite. The cattle that low from the sheds and farmyards which you pass, seem to ask you in a language of their own, if you have heard tidings of Spring anywhere, or can tell them why the trees and fields are no longer green. The frozen pond is to them a mystery; and as they stoop and send their steaming breath across the ice, they seem as wonderstruck as if turned into a new world, where all things are changed to stone. Still Winter sleeps; though sometimes the robin, leaving traces of his little foot-prints in the snow, perches above the icicles that hang from his beard, and tries to awaken him with a song. The buried buds, hearing that sound, try to break their way through the brown bare branches, and soon begin to peer about with curious green eyes, to see the light; for though so long imprisoned, they begin to feel that the days are growing longer, through the sun beating upon the snow, and hearing the wagtail walking about the unfrozen water-courses.

And now old Winter begins to feel his sleep disturbed, and to turn himself occasionally; for there is a sound of the bleating of lambs ringing through his dreams, and a stirring of snow-drops upon the ground. He feels the crocus bulbs swelling beneath him, though he is not fully awake, for the millions of hard daisy buds have not yet begun to knock below the grassy sods, to be let out: their green round hammers will awaken him. Sometimes the flap of the wings of the building-raven fans his face, and he lifts up his heavy hand with a drowsy motion as if to feel what it is. He hears a noise of rooks among the elms, and just moves his

sealed eyelids, as the first twitter of the lark comes down through the momentary sunshine. The streams which he held so fast have already slipped through his icy fingers, and go stealing along, noiselessly at first, as if afraid to be again imprisoned, until they feel themselves far beyond his reach, when they increase their speed, and go singing through the fields, where there is already some little show of green. The young fry feel a stir of life within them, and wriggling out from the fissures of the sand and gravel, and the hollows of the banks, begin to try their strength against the escaping current.

And now, everywhere long-hidden objects shew themselves; they seem to have less dread of grim old Winter every day; they go out and in, as if they did not care for him at all; they begin to find that he is not half so terrible as Time. Had his snow been summer dust or desert sand, like that which Time has heaped over buried cities and hidden monuments of the early world, but little of this vegetable and animal life could ever again have struggled back into existence; for saving the trees and shrubs, the earth would have remained brown, and bare, and desolate, to have been only beaten closer together by the rain, or baked harder by the sun, until one great gravestone had been laid over all the grass, and all the flowers; and then Winter would never have awoke, but have been buried where he first lay down. But now the yellow crocus opens its petals, and where it unfolds makes a patch of sunshine on the earth, which dazzles the gaze of old Winter as he turns and looks at it while lying on his side, causing him to wink and blink and rub his eyes, as if doubting whether the golden flush is caused by the sun or the flowers. On the spot from which he has shifted, and on which he has been sleeping, we see the green from whence the coming bluebells will spring, and the downy cups out of which the pale primroses will rise. At the foot of the hedges, along the sheltered banks, the starry celandine is already running a braid of gold, while the open spaces along the underwood are laced with the silver gray of the anemone. Slowly the sap begins to rise, and as old Winter inhales the aroma of the trees, drawing at each sniff a longer breath, he stretches himself, and thousands of little branches instantly seem liberated, on which may be seen a blush of purple, a warmer brown, or a faint flush of green, out of which the black-bird and thrush begin to call. With a yawn, old Winter raises his hand to his ear, as if to make certain of those sounds; and while he listens, the bleating of the lambs becomes stronger, the song of the lark louder and higher up. Then he slowly rises, baring the hidden violets by the stirring of his feet, for he feels that his time is come to depart, and that Spring is somewhere on her way, journeying from the land of flowers, and that he must be gone, lest his course should be impeded, and he should meet on his way the returning swallows over the sunny sea.

He shakes himself, and hundreds of imprisoned insects, which he had pressed down, rise into the air, and the merry gnats dance up and down before the slowly opening doors, between the crevices of which they catch glimpses of the cloud-woven and primrose-coloured garments of Spring. Grumbling, and following his retreating storm-clouds, he turns his face towards the surly north, catching views, as he goes, of unmelted snow-wreaths in cold, low-lying, and shady places, where he rests himself for a little while, until he is disturbed by some solitary bee that has come in quest of the first opening flowers. With angry look and half-averted head he pauses a moment to listen to the choir of birds that is deepening behind him, and he hears the same voice that he heard three thousand years ago in the days of King Solomon, exclaim: 'Lo! the Winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.' On the sunless dike-side he leaves the last traces of his footsteps in a few patches of lingering snow, above which there is a warm yellow light from the opening and overhanging primroses.

Spring has breathed upon the open spaces where Winter was lately laid, and her warm breath has changed his cold white flakes into showers of snowdrops, millions of starry and silver-rimmed daisies, and long leagues of nodding lilies of the valley. The cuckoo will soon be heard calling from the tall windy trees on the high hill-tops, and at the sound of his voice all the lingering songsters will hurry over the sea, and muster once again in their old cathedrals, the woods, to sing to the shimmering sunlight, which, like golden lamps, burns between the openings of the branches, and flashes on the shrine-like stems of the surrounding trees. For Winter has wakened and gone, nor will he return again until the leaves that are now unfolding have changed from the pale sea-green of Spring and the darker emerald of Summer, into the fiery red and blazing orange of decaying Autumn, and then fallen over the graves of the flowers, and there formed another couch for Winter to spread his snow-white sheet upon, and on which he will lie down again, and sleep until awakened by the coming of a future Spring. Until then, Winter has retreated, and will hide himself where 'the face of the deep is frozen.'

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Stepping ashore at Halifax, I found myself among friends, acquaintances, and a people generally who may be said to have vied with each other in welcoming me to the new world, whether British or American. Everything was new, yet familiar. Thousands of miles from home, I was still, as it were, in England, with nothing differing around me in language or in usages from what I had been previously accustomed to. But without any generic difference there was novelty. Driving at night through imperfectly lighted streets, I could see that the houses were principally of wood, and Woodenness, as I may call it, is really the one great distinctive feature of America—wooden houses, wooden door-steps, wooden slates, wooden pillars, wooden palings, wooden wharfs, and here and there wooden roads and wooden pavements!

Yet, though wooden, how neat, how beautiful! On looking out in the morning from my window over the town and scenery beyond, I thought I never had seen anything so pretty. No dingy brick with a canopy of smoke, as in London; no dull gray walls incrusted with the soot of centuries, as in the older parts of Edinburgh; but all smart, fresh, new, and seen through an atmosphere as clear as crystal. A town composed for the most part of detached houses, and painted a clear white, was seen stretching with a sunny exposure down the declivities of a hill to a sea-water lake dotted with islands; while on the further side of the lake, which was apparently about two miles wide, there lay a picturesque range of country, ornamented with white cottages, and on the brink of the water the small town of Dartmouth imbosomed among trees. Then the lake itself—quite a Highland firth, reminding one of Loch Fyne—lay glittering in the morning sun, and boats with flowing sails were tacking in different directions on its bosom. All was charming; nor did a nearer inspection alter the original impressions of the scene. Halifax, with wide streets laid out in lines at right angles with each other, an abundant intermixture of trees and

gardens, and a population of forty to fifty thousand souls, is as pleasing in its outlines when seen from the harbour as from the higher grounds. With a fair proportion of church spires, public edifices, and a fort with flag-staff crowning the hill on which it stands, and with a long series of wharfs lined with shipping, it is a complete and respectable-looking city, and may challenge comparison with any town of similar size in America.

If an Englishman can entertain little respect for a city whose very churches—one of them a handsome Gothic edifice—are built of wood, he must confess unbounded admiration of the natural beauties of its situation. One of the finest inlets on the American coast is the harbour of Halifax. Running up seven or eight miles from the open sea, it abruptly narrows a short way above the town, and then expanding, becomes a spacious land-locked sheet of water, probably six miles long by from two to three broad. This inner lake, with deep water and good anchorage, is surrounded by ranges of high ground, picturesque cliffs, and overhanging woods of brilliant foliage. Along the Halifax side, and perforating rocky knolls, there is a fine drive which nearly skirts the water; and it is here, on an eminence a few miles from the town, that the late Duke of Kent built and inhabited a neat villa, the site of which is still visible among the trees. No one can see this remarkably beautiful sheet of water, without reflecting that it offers a harbourage of almost unexampled excellence, and will possibly, at some future day, grace the site of a great emporium of commerce.

Travellers, who have but a few hours to spare, should not omit a drive along the borders of this inner lake; and when about half-way up, by taking a cross-road to the left, they will soon be brought to a smaller but equally beautiful arm of the sea, bounding the peninsula on which stands the city of Halifax, with its spreading suburbs, open common, gardens, and small farms. A drive of this limited extent is in some cases all that travellers indulge in who visit and describe Nova Scotia. In the course of such a ramble, and pushing here and there into scenes beyond, as I did on two or three occasions, numberless picturesque views are presented; affording, too, such developments of the most ancient series of rocks as may well delight the geologist. Forests of shrubs and tangled woods, amidst which you hear the tinkle of bells hung round the necks of the cottagers' vagrant cows, derive support from a thin soil, reposing on vast masses of granite, while boulders of the same imperishable material are scattered about in endless profusion. Some of these detached blocks are so rounded by attrition as to remain poised on a very narrow basis; so that, without calling in the agency of the Druids, you have rocking-stones fit to be the playthings of a race of giants.

Travelling through these woody and rocky solitudes, and now and then coming to a clearing of a few open fields, the property of an industrious settler, you are occasionally startled with the apparition of an Indian woman and children loitering around a wigwam of the most slender materials. The sight of these members of the decayed tribe of Mic-macs was to me afflicting to the last degree. It was the spectacle of human nature reduced to the level of the brutes; and that such things existed within an hour's ride of a populous and refined city, seemed to me exceedingly anomalous. The degraded condition of the Indian races, however, is more easily lamented than cured. Much has been done to Christianise and to improve the habits of the Mic-macs, and a spirited society in Halifax is now engaged in this work of spiritual and temporal reclamation, which we must hope will not prove altogether fruitless. At no great distance from the frail huts of these poor Indians, it was my fortune to alight upon a number of little cottages, each with a small clearing about it, and to appearance the abode of an order of beings superior to the native races; for between a habitation which consists of a few sticks hung over with dirty blankets and skins, and a dwelling built of wood, with a door, windows, and chimney, there is a great stride. I had the curiosity to look at the interior of these dwellings, and found them to be occupied by negroes—free, of course, but not seemingly much the better for being at their own disposal. I was informed that a large number of these blacks had been carried away, by one of our admirals, from the States, during the war of 1812, and landed at Halifax, where, along with other coloured refugees, they were little better than a nuisance. Some of the blacks live in Halifax, and others in the small cabins I have spoken of as occurring amidst the rural scenery of the neighbourhood. They are not all idlers. I saw several employed in various ways; but, as a class, they are not well spoken of. In the long winters they require to be supported by charitable contributions—this in a country where any man able and willing to work, can never be at a loss for permanent employment at a wage beyond that of the English labourer!

During my stay in Halifax, I had an opportunity of attending an agricultural fête, which took place through the liberal and considerate policy of the lieutenant-governor of the province. First in the series of proceedings, there was a ploughing-match, in a grassy field outside the town, where, with the best kind of ploughs, each drawn by a pair of horses, there was a highly creditable display of provincial taste in husbandry. Wandering about the field, enjoying the sight of the eager competitors, and also the graceful spectacle of ladies on horseback and in carriages, and the *élite* of the provincial government surveying the proceedings, I derived an additional gratification in knowing that the spot was in some sort classic ground. It formed part of the experimental farm of the late John Young, an enthusiastic Scotch agriculturist, who, writing in the local press under the name of *Agricola*, was the first to stimulate a spirit of improvement in the province, and lived to see the principles and practice of East Lothian husbandry naturalised in this part of America. Men not very aged remember the time when the only vegetables consumed in Halifax were imported from Boston, and when butter, pork, and other edibles came from Ireland. All this has been changed, and not a little of the progress in various branches of culture is due to John Young, whose son, the Hon. William Young, Speaker of the House of Assembly, very appropriately opened the proceedings on the present occasion. On the day after the ploughing-match, there was an exhibition of horses, cattle, and other animals, also of implements of agriculture, and some fruits. I do not profess to be a judge of such things, but there could be no doubt that the show evinced a high degree of skill in the selection and rearing of livestock, and in conducting the business of the farm. The exhibition, in various ways, afforded a pleasing indication of the interest now taken in rural improvement. It was attended by people from all parts of the province, and while it lasted the town had altogether a holiday aspect. As a public dinner and ball formed part of the programme, possibly it was not cattle alone that brought so many strapping young farmers from their distant fields. Indeed, it would be a wonder if it were so, for the ball offered to the eye a wonderful constellation of 'youth, beauty, and fashion;'

and if any one has taken up the fancy that American ladies are destitute of the charms of Englishwomen, I only pity his ignorance, and would ask him to look in at a Halifax ball.

At these entertainments, I was introduced to a number of persons of respectability and influence. Speaking of Halifax, they said it had many recommendations as a place of residence, and as was evidenced by the number of persons who had realised large fortunes, it offered good prospects for really industrious and enterprising men. The only complaint against it, was a general want of that spirit of commercial adventure, so strongly evidenced in the States, where realised capital knows no rest, but, greatly to the public advantage, is continually pushing into new channels. By way of keeping up the conversation, I said I could not help remarking, though scarcely entitled to allude to the circumstance, that there appeared to prevail a much more gay and free-and-easy style of life among persons in business, than I had been accustomed to witness in the old country; instancing the number of young men who kept horses, and lived as if independent of any inducement to assiduous labour. The truth of this was admitted; the explanation being, that the Nova Scotians, besides knowing scarcely anything of taxes, had all the luxuries of life at a comparatively small cost, and were enabled to get through existence in a far more enjoyable manner than was known 'at home.' The long winters, in which much of the ordinary business is suspended, and sleighing and parties of amusement are the order of the day, were also spoken of as productive of those gay and somewhat unsettled habits I had alluded to. As a natural consequence, emigrants from the old country, trained to mind their affairs, and whose whole aim is to succeed, were described as finding little difficulty in improving their circumstances in the colony.

One of the days during my stay was devoted to a glance at the educational institutions of the town, which I examined dispassionately, without regard to sect or party. At a large school for poor children, supported by the subscriptions of the benevolent, I was overwhelmed by a complimentary and undeserved address from the body of managers. In a Roman Catholic orphan seminary, which appeared to me a very model of order and cleanliness, and in the National School, the general routine of procedure seemed to me highly satisfactory. Latterly, a system of common-schools has been organised in the province, and is supported by the state and local rates. But the very fact that it leaves a number of children in Halifax to be educated by begged money—that is, by chance—is indicative of its defects as a system of universal application.

Among the public buildings to which my attention was drawn, was the handsome edifice used for the meetings of the Provincial Assembly, and for conducting the colonial government, and likewise the mansion occupied by the lieutenant-governor; this last being pleasantly situated in the midst of a garden near the eastern environs of the city. In the main streets there are numerous stores on a large and elegant scale; but the establishments most interesting to a stranger, are certain commercial depôts situated on the wharfs which project into the harbour. Here fishermen are supplied with all the requisites for carrying on their perilous profession, and here are received and stored up the fish that are caught. The quantity of dried fish piled in these establishments, floor above floor, is enormous, though, after all, only a fraction of what is drawn from the adjoining coasts. The export is chiefly to the West Indies.

In the streets of Halifax there was no lack of scarlet uniforms, and this leads me to remark that the military forms no inconsiderable, and I should think no very advantageous, element in the society of the town. The sight of English soldiers on this side of the Atlantic is not very intelligible to the traveller who sees neither disaffection to be kept down, nor a foreign enemy threatening; nor, when he reflects on the enormous expense at which the apparatus of force must necessarily be maintained, does this military system seem consonant with justice to the mother-country, which enjoys nothing in return but the honour of calling Nova Scotia one of her dependencies. It is true that Halifax, with its fort, forms a strong military position; but the experience of the past tells us that fortifications in America have been built only to be left in ruins, or handed over to the very power which they were intended to repel. Nothing produces such melancholy emotions in the Englishman who wanders over the United States, as the frequent spectacle of large military works which cost his country vast sums of money, and are now, in their state of ragged decay, only objects of interest to the draughtsman and the antiquary. Admiring the fort at Halifax as a work of art—its strong walls of granite, its fosses and casemates, its trim grassy mounds, its barracks and water-tanks, all unexceptionable—I must, nevertheless, consider its erection as a species of error, and look upon the cost of the large military establishment with which it is garrisoned as completely thrown away. It could perhaps be shewn that the expenditure is even injurious to the place. Relying, in one way or another, on the outlay of public money, the people fail to exercise that energetic industry and self-dependence which would naturally be developed were they entirely free from all state patronage. Hospitable and highly polished in manner, the general society of Halifax is, exteriorly, everything that could be wished; but, as might be supposed in the circumstances, there prevails a most unhappy spirit of party politics, which, disuniting those who ought to be friends, substitutes narrow and personal for broad views, and is seriously adverse to the prosperity of the province.

At the time of my visit, the subject uppermost in every man's mind, was that of a railway to extend from Halifax across the country to Amherst, on the borders of the province, there to join, on the one hand, with a projected line to St John's, in New Brunswick, and on the other, with a projected line to Quebec. There can be no doubt that such a line is so exceedingly essential, not only for developing the resources of Nova Scotia, but for maintaining its present position, that any delay in maturing and executing it is actually suicidal. Yet, in the face of this pressing necessity, the greatest disunion prevailed. All wanted the railway, but there was a quarrel about details, which was as ridiculous as if the commanders of an army were to go by the ears about some trifling matter of belts and buckles, while they ought to have been gallantly leading their men into action. One party wished the railway to be purely a government measure; another desired that it should be a joint-stock speculation, with merely some assistance from the state. To render the confusion still worse, the provincial authorities had received some kind of promise from the English capitalist, Mr Jackson, to the effect, that he would make the required line on some expressed conditions involving a public guarantee. The provincial legislature had already passed acts to authorise certain lines; but even these were inoperative, in consequence of the Home Colonial-office having for several months had the subject in consideration before appending the consent of the crown. One had only to see and hear of all this, and observe that *nothing was done*, to feel a degree of pity for the people, who were the victims of such strange complications.

As the nearest available harbour to England on the American coast, Halifax seems to be pointed out by nature as the place where much of the steam

navigation should properly concentrate. It should, to all appearance, be the portal for traffic between Great Britain and her Canadian possessions; and if these possessions are deemed worthy of being retained, one would think that a means of getting to them by land, without going through a foreign country, would be very desirable. But without railways, Nova Scotia remains an isolated peninsula, interesting to nobody, and utterly cut off from Canada. Already she sees her neighbour, Portland, in Maine, become that medium of intercourse which she might reasonably have expected to be. Recently, as may not perhaps be well known in England, a railway was completed, and opened from Portland to the St Lawrence, by which you may travel from the Atlantic to Montreal, a distance of 292 miles, in twelve hours; and in the course of a few months a branch, now nearly completed, will carry you in the same space of time to Quebec. As Portland is also connected with Boston by railway (five hours), and has become a harbour during winter for two British steamers, it may be assumed that she has, without more ado, become the port for a large section of Canada. As Portland will further be soon connected by railway with New Brunswick, she may be said to fly off at a sweep with various important branches of colonial trade. In this manner, by keenness and self-reliance, does a small town in the United States carry away the traffic of the British possessions, leaving us to sigh over the insanity of colonial squabbles, and the apathy, or at least intricacy, of colonial administration.

One thing has been done well in Halifax; and that is, the establishment by a company of an electric telegraphic communication through the province to St John's, New Brunswick, whence the wires are carried on to Portland and other parts in the States. By this line, intelligence arriving by the Cunard steamers from England, is at once despatched over thousands of miles of country. The news brought in by a vessel at night is found next morning in the papers of New Orleans, Cincinnati, Toronto, and a hundred other cities—the whole, as by a flash, being communicated to every newspaper reader in the United States and Canada. On visiting the telegraph-office in Halifax, I could not but admire the rapidity with which messages are sent to and from St John's—the wires of communication, be it remembered, being carried on the tops of rude poles, along miserable highways, and through forests and across water-courses, far from the habitations of civilised man. A young person in charge of the telegraph had become so marvellously acute in the ear, that he could distinguish the various intonations made by the ticking noise of the mechanism; and without waiting to see the markings, he could tell you everything that was indicated at the other end of the wires. Being placed in communication with a gentleman in St John's, I requested the ingenious operator to be the interpreter between us. He did so, and inclining his ear to the machine, he said: 'Mr —— welcomes you to America, and hopes to have the pleasure of seeing you before you quit the country.' The success which has attended the enterprise of this telegraphic company, might surely have pointed out a method for practically carrying out the railway undertakings of the province.

On general grounds, it is to be lamented that Nova Scotia is still without any proper means of internal communication. The province abounds in mineral treasures, that need only to be developed. Perhaps in no part of the world are there beds of excellent coal of such vast dimensions—one of them, at Pictou, I was told, being thirty feet in thickness; iron, in various forms, is likewise found in profusion; and as for gypsum, it is inexhaustible. The fisheries all round the coast, including the shores of Cape Breton, are in themselves mines of unexcavated wealth. In some places, mackerel are said to be in such dense shoals as almost to impede the progress of the boats that try to push their way through them; and as this fish, thanks to the ingenuity of a Dublin merchant, can now be kippered and exported as a delicacy, there can be no limit affixed to the future trade. The country abounds in lakes and rivers, suitable for water-power. And the adaptation of certain districts for cattle-rearing and other purposes, is by no means generally understood.

Nova Scotians complain that their country is spoken of as being all rocky and barren. This has arisen from the difficulty of travelling beyond the exterior and ungenial border of high grounds near the sea-coast. Determined, if possible, to overcome the obstacles which usually deter tourists, I made a journey of several days through one of the most favoured regions of the interior. My object was to cross the country to Annapolis, and there procure a steamer to St John's. For this purpose I took the stage-coach, in the first place, to Windsor, that being a good point of observation at the distance of forty-five miles from Halifax. The stage was somewhat of an oddity. It consisted of a coach-body slung on two great thick belts of leather, which went beneath it from stem to stern, and to appearance it had not been cleaned for years. Inside, it had three cross seats, designed to accommodate nine persons, to whom tarnished leather curtains gave an imperfect protection from the weather. This queer-looking conveyance was driven by a stout burly man in a shaggy dress, who walked on his knees; his feet, as I was informed, 'having been bitten and shrivelled up by frost.' Thus equipped, we drove off in tolerable style, our route taking us along the inner harbour, and thence up the valley of a small river which falls into it at the further extremity. The day was not warm, but it was clear and pleasant, and was said to mark the commencement of the Indian summer. The trees, robed in their autumnal tints, were variegated and lovely. The green leaves of the vines, which climbed on the white walls and verandas of the cottages, were already edged with red; the dark spruce and the more delicate toned *lignum vitæ* were set off by the yellow of the American elm; the sumach, now leafless, hung out its ripened purple blossoms to the morning sun; and, conspicuous over all, shone the brilliant crimson of the maple. Our way was through natural woods, round jutting rocks, and along the borders of pretty little brooks. The land never rose to any great height, but it was seldom level, and whatever was the character of the surface, the road was always so bad, that travelling had in it a curious mixture of the ludicrous and the painful. Now, I saw the use of the great belts on which the coach was poised, for on them it pitched and rolled without serious dislocation to the passengers, and without damage to itself. Occasionally, on coming to gently sloping ground, we saw openings in the woods, with a few fields lately cleared of their crop of Indian corn, but still dotted over with yellow pumpkins and squashes now ready for being harvested. These gourd-like vegetables, scattered about in the fields, were the most foreign-looking natural objects which came under notice.

In the course of my journey, I saw no large trees worth speaking of, though it is stated that good timber is abundant. Wherever the country was uncleared, it was covered with a thicket of wood, so dense as to be scarcely penetrable, and into which, without a compass and some local knowledge, it is extremely dangerous to intrude. Much of the wood was small, and only fit for rails or similar inferior purposes; my impression being that it was a second growth filling up the space which had been cleared by fire or the axe. Now and then a huge white pine, scorched and leafless, the survivor of a long-past conflagration, shot up like a giant among dwarfs, or lay prostrate and rotting amidst the underwood. Much of the soil of America may be said to abound with the germs of timber. Unless cleared land be kept under a system of culture, trees spring up; so that the agriculturist is called on

to wage continual war against a volunteer growth of shrubbery as well as of weeds.

Half-way to Windsor, the coach stopped, professedly for dinner; but the meal, according to what I afterwards found customary in roadside inns, was of no such distinct character. In a neat upper room, with a blazing wood-fire on the hearth, a table was spread with an entangled complication of dinner and tea. As I never could acquire the habit of taking tea at one o'clock as a finish to a solid meal, I declined the offer of a cup; but all the rest of the company, chiefly farmers, made this their only beverage; a circumstance which shewed the remarkable extension of temperance principles in the country. Not a drop of intoxicating liquor was consumed; and I may add, that during all this journey in Nova Scotia, I saw no beverage stronger than tea or coffee. I cannot say I admire the fashion of taking tea to dinner, any more than that of beginning breakfast with potatoes, which seemed everywhere common; but anything is better than an everlasting appeal to the gill-measure or pint-pot. I was beginning to see new social developments—farmers solacing themselves with tea instead of whisky, and commercial travellers who can dine without consuming half-a-crown's worth of sherry.

At Windsor, which we reached about four o'clock, the country assumed an old and settled appearance. The lands were cleared for miles, and laid out in good-sized farms with suites of handsome buildings. Here and there patches of timber, for ornament and use, enlivened the scene; and orchards, loaded with cherry-cheeked apples, seemed to form an appendage to every rural establishment. As regards these orchards, they possessed an interest which usually attaches to antiquity. They were originally planted by the French, the first European settlers in the province, and who, at their expulsion by the English, were forced to leave behind them the apple-trees which reminded them of their beloved Normandy. The quantity of fruit now produced in Nova Scotia from this source is immense.

Windsor is a pretty little town of white wooden houses, with trees, American fashion, growing in the main street. It occupies a low site on the river Avon, where it joins a navigable estuary in the Bay of Mines. Remaining here a night and part of next day, I had an opportunity of visiting several places in the neighbourhood. Among these was the villa of Judge Halliburton, which, situated on a lawn among trees, with a pretty look-out on the town and bay, reminded me of an English country-seat. I was sorry to find that the judge was from home, on circuit. Within the precincts of his grounds, I was shewn a vast quarry of gypsum, which is carted off by a tram-way to the port, for shipment to the States. At the distance of about a mile inland, and occupying a fine exposure on the face of a ridge of land, stands a large but plain building, known as the College of Windsor. The institution I found to be in a state of extreme decay, the number of students having declined to fourteen. Near the college there is a preparatory grammar-school, in better circumstances.

From Windsor, I proceeded with a friend in a hired calèche, along the west side of the estuary of the Avon, which we crossed by a wooden bridge of five spans, covered with a roof, which gave it the appearance of a long dark gallery. On the west side of the Avon, and towards an inlet of the Bay of Mines, the country continued to improve. At Lower Horton and Wolfville, it seemed to be as beautiful and prolific as a garden. The orchards increased in number; huge tall willows, memorials of the early French settlers, and neat white cottages, dotted the sides of the highway. On our left, on a rising-ground, we passed a handsome large building, a college of the Baptist connection. Arriving at Kentville, as the limit of our day's ride, we paused for the night, and spent the ensuing day in visiting the adjacent township of Cornwallis.

Kentville is a small thriving town, with some smart villas, and the drive from it in a northerly direction to Cornwallis, over some irregular woody heights, was highly exhilarating. Cornwallis, which has the reputation of being one of the most fertile regions in Nova Scotia, may be described as a great open plain, with slight inclinations to small water-courses, and bounded and sheltered on the north by the long range of a well-timbered mountain. Behind this mountain is the Bay of Fundy. A creek of the bay bounds the eastern extremity of the plain of Cornwallis; and, in point of fact, this plain, in pretty nearly its whole extent, is but a stretch of land secured by diking and other processes from the waters of the creek. Here, again, we hear stories of the doings of the old French settlers. It was they who built the first rampart to keep out the sea; the present occupants only following their example in fresh diking. Conducted by a young and intelligent farmer over the district, I was shewn the great Wellington dike, a recent work of art requiring enormous labour in the construction, and esteemed the main curiosity of the kind in the province. Composed of earth and brushwood, and rising about thirty feet in height, with a similar breadth, it forms a barrier to the ocean, securing a large tract of dry land for purposes of agriculture. The land so enclosed is called *dike land*, and the wealth of a farmer is measured by the quantity of this species of soil, a rich muddy residuum, which he possesses. So fertile is this land, that it is known to have yielded heavy crops for a century without manuring. In consequence of the wheat-crops being somewhat precarious, owing to the destructive attacks of a fly, the most profitable culture at present is that of potatoes, which are exported in prodigious quantities to the United States. Various small havens in the Bay of Fundy offer ready means for this export, which has latterly been so remunerative, that the farmers who were before in difficulties had cleared off the mortgages on their properties. Farms of fine diked land may be purchased here for from L.30 to L.50 per acre; the cleared uplands, of less fertility, being to be had at a third of these prices. I asked if there were any farms at present for sale, and was informed that here, as almost every where else in America, there were few persons who would not sell and clear out on being tempted with an offer in cash; the explanation of this fact being, that there is in all places a restless desire of change, induced by the universal prospect of improvement in circumstances.

In my interviews with the Cornwallis settlers, I saw an agreeable specimen of those farm establishments in which the occupants were the proprietors of the soil. Being of comparatively old date, there was here no such roughness as is observable in newly opened districts of country. Things did not differ materially from what is seen in England. The houses resembled neat villas, and with pretty little dining and drawing-rooms, were as well furnished as dwellings of a moderate size in the neighbourhood of London. Each family possessed a light four-wheeled gig, in which to make visits and to drive to church; the style of dressing and manners was all that could be wished; and there prevailed a hearty desire to try all proper means of improvement. The aspect of things was altogether calculated to give one a favourable impression of that kind of farming in which each husbandman tills his own land, and has neither factor nor tax-collector to trouble him. Yet life, even in this Arcadia, is not unmixed happiness. A duty of 30 per cent. imposed by the United States on potatoes imported into that country, was felt to be a serious grievance; though, doubtless, the Americans themselves were the chief sufferers by this artificial enhancement of price in a prime necessary of life. Besides this, the farmers whom

I conversed with complained of the want of labourers. They could give plenty of work to steady men, at a remuneration of L.20 per annum and their board. One farmer mentioned that the persons in his employment lived on the best of every thing, and were discontented if they got a dinner without a course of puddings or tarts!

The profusion of food was everywhere remarkable; and it is dispensed with a liberality which gives the assurance that it is easily obtained. This abundance is naturally attended by low prices. At the comfortable hotel at Kentville, and also at Windsor, I had occasion to remark the cheapness of accommodation for travellers. For tea, bed, and breakfast, my bill was only three English shillings; and 5s. a day may be said to be a fair average charge for living in these hotels, in which, though on a scale very inferior to what is seen in the States, everything is clean, neat, and well managed.

From Kentville I proceeded in the stage, a long day's journey by Aylesford and Bridgeton to Annapolis. Much of the country we passed through, midway, was uncleared and swampy, and much consisted of poor-looking sandy plains, locally called the Devil's Goose Pasture. Here we saw geese and pigs browsing, in a state of greater contentment and obesity than could be expected after the account of the district by Sam Slick, who tells us that the plain hereabout 'is given up to the geese, which are so wretched poor, that the foxes won't eat them, they hurt their teeth so bad!' On the confines of this territory, and where the country was beginning to look a little better, the stage stopped at the house of a Scotsman, who had emigrated thirty years ago from Aberdeenshire, and in the course of that time had cleared a considerable tract of land, and formed a large establishment, including a handsome store, kept by his son. The success of this personage, now a wealthy squire in his way, offered a fine example of what any poor but industrious man may do in any part of the British American colonies or the States. He seemed gratified, during the few minutes the coach stopped, in having an opportunity of making the acquaintance of one of his countrymen. He spoke feelingly of Scotland, which he would like once more to see before he died; but he said he was now too old to think of so distant a journey.

Some miles beyond this point, we got into the valley of the river Annapolis, which we crossed at the thriving town of Bridgeton. The country was now green, beautiful, and devoted apparently to cattle-grazing. After a long ride, we arrived in the town of Annapolis, a place which has a historical, almost an antiquarian interest, in being the oldest European settlement in North America: it was planted by the French in 1605, and has endured the fate of being conquered, burnt, and rebuilt several times. It is situated at the head of an inlet of the sea, and at present derives some importance from being a point of steam communication, to and from St John's, across the Bay of Fundy. Unfortunately, it did not come up to this character on the present occasion. The first news communicated to us was, that a telegraphic message had just arrived from St John's, stating that the steamer was laid up for repairs, and that the mails would arrive by a pilot-boat. A sad disappointment this; for as I declined risking the passage of this dangerous bay in any kind of small boat, my proposed visit to New Brunswick was now impracticable. The advance of the season rendered every day precious. I could not risk delay. Not to lose time, there seemed to be only one line of procedure open, and that was to return to Halifax, and take passage to Boston in the next Cunard vessel touching there on its way from England. This retracement of my journey I immediately effected, with no other benefit than the painful experience that Nova Scotia, owing to its want of external communication, is a kind of trap from which the unwary traveller has little means for escape. By good-luck, I caught the *Canada*, steam-ship, as it arrived in Halifax, and felt thankful when, after a toilsome journey, I found myself comfortably seated in its saloon. W. C.

THE IDEAL AND REAL, AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

Long before we had ever seen the ocean, we had an exceedingly vivid ideal of the men who battle with its stormy waves; and this ideal is, we more than suspect, cherished not merely by school-boys, but by a large majority of all individuals whose avocations are not such as to bring them in frequent personal contact with sailors ashore and afloat. We ourselves happened to be brought up in a country-town where the temporary presence of a real blue-water tar was quite an event; and the sudden apparition of one in the street would at any time cause all our school to suspend play, that we might gratify our curiosity. He had usually a red silk real Indian bandana jauntily tucked half in and half out the larboard pocket; the wide, snowy trousers of Russian duck, tightly bound at the waist with a broad black leather strap and polished steel buckle in lieu of braces, and falling in such amplitude as almost to hide the neat shoe; and the low, well-varnished tarpauling hat, with its broad, shiny brims brought well down over the eyes, and a yard or two of black ribbon floating bravely behind. We could hardly sufficiently admire this ship-shape rig-out; and the sailor himself, with his bold, bronzed hairy face, his reckless air, his rolling gait—so pleasantly suggestive of a ship at sea—and his tar-stained paws, with their fish-hooks of fingers, was to us the very beau-ideal of all that is manly and romantic. We knew not that this was his holiday, go-ashore attire, and thought he always dressed precisely the same, and looked the same daring hero. We believed implicitly all Dibdin told us, and felt a glow at heart when we read in his veracious pages that

> Jack dances and sings, and is always content,
> In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her;
> His anchor's atrip when his money's all spent;
> And this is the life of a sailor!

Of which popular quotation we only wish the two first lines were one-half as true as is the third! How many of us, in those happy days, talked of how we should like to be sailors, and how we secretly vowed that we *would* be sailors, and not stupid, plodding, prosaic tradesmen, or merchants, or lawyers, or doctors, as our parents and guardians so absurdly and cruelly intended! How we used to gloat over Marryat, Cooper, and *Tales of Shipwreck and Adventure at Sea!* How we almost quarrelled among ourselves as to whether Dick Fid in the *Red Rover*, or Long Tom Coffin in the *Pilot*, was the highest conceivable specimen of a sailor! Our own private predilection was, if we recollect aright, decidedly in favour of Long Tom; and we are not at all ashamed to confess having a sincere admiration of that renowned hero even at this day.

Let us consider further what is the ideal sailor of the popular faith. And, first, for Jack at sea. There he is in his element—in his own peculiar sphere—in his glory.

> Alert in his duty, he readily flies
> Where the winds the tired vessel are flinging,
> Though sunk to the sea-gods, or tossed to the skies,
> Still Jack is found working and singing.

Let cannons roar loud, burst their sides let the bombs,
Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle,
The rough and the smooth he takes as it comes,
And laughs at the storm and the battle.

All this has a good deal of truth; but Jack afloat has the easiest, jolliest, happiest, and most enviable life that can be conceived. When there is a fair wind and all sails set, he has nothing in the world to do but to freshen his quid, spin yarns with his merry messmates, overhaul his old love-letters, and enjoy the picturesque and romantic scenes around, or muse on the sublimity of the ocean over which he is sailing. Ah! who can tell how many an adventurer the popular idea of 'Saturday Night at Sea,' and 'Sweethearts and Wives,' has sent for a sailor?

'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling stars
Shone on the rippling sea;
No duty called the jovial tars,
The helm was lashed alee.
The ample can adorned the board;
Prepared to see it out,
Each gave the girl that he adored,
And pushed the grog about.

Delightful picture that! is it not? Then, what must the reality be?

Next, let us look at Jack ashore. He is an impersonation of everything that is generous, eccentric, manly, merry, and reckless. He

Pays his score,
With spirit on shore,
And that's all the use of a guinea.

Having earned his money like a horse, at the hazard of his life and limbs, he surely has a right to spend it like an ass; for although, as the truthful poet has already told us, he never will fail in his vows to his lass, it is just as truthfully told that a sailor never has a wife and family ashore to require support out of his canvas-bag. The curious part of the story is, how he keeps his vows to his lass, and yet never finds an opportunity of redeeming them in the matrimonial way. The explanation given by some authorities is, that he has 'a lass in every port;' in this case, it would be unreasonable to expect him to marry them all; and so he spends his life in a state of manifold constancy and chronic love.

Thirdly, there is the ideal retired sailor, who is always called 'captain.' Smollett's Commodore Trunnion is probably the most perfect specimen of this rare and curious animal. To those who are not familiar with that celebrated character, we would briefly say that the retired sailor is popularly imagined to be a thickset, grizzled, copper-coloured, obstinate, bigoted, dogmatic fellow, knowing no more of life ashore than a four-year old child. He is redolent of the ocean, and cannot possibly speak the language of ordinary mortals, but must interlard his discourse with sea-slang to such a degree as to be nearly unintelligible to landsmen. He lives in a house he has had expressly built of oak-timber and planks, to resemble as nearly as possible the hull of a vessel, the rooms being fitted precisely in the style of a ship's cabin, with beams, lockers, &c., complete; a mast being planted before the door, with cross-trees, shrouds, vane, and halliards to hoist a Union Jack on festival-days. He growls continually about the hardship of being compelled in old age to live 'under gingerbread hatches ashore,' and subsists entirely on salt junk and hard biscuits, drinks daily a bucketful of grog, and regularly sings the *Old Commodore* every night before turning into his hammock—he having a proper sailor-like contempt of four-post bedsteads and feather-beds, which he deems effeminate and unship-shape.

So much for the ideal sailor, afloat, ashore, and when retired from his profession. Now for the other side of the medal. So far from Jack having a wonderfully easy and jolly time of it at sea, his life is one of constant, prosaic *work*—performed under very strict discipline in all vessels of size—and work, be it said, in many respects as monotonous as factory labour in Manchester. For ample details of the daily routine on shipboard, we would refer to a former paper.* He wears rough, tarry jackets, blue checked or woollen shirts—according to the climate—and coarse canvas trousers, in most instances made by himself; for both in the merchant service and in the royal navy the men are generally their own tailors, and make nearly all the common working-clothing they wear at sea. All able seamen pride themselves on their dexterity as tailors; and in the navy, cloth and canvas are served out to them at prime cost, to make their own jackets and trousers—the petty officers frequently even embroidering the anchors, &c., on their jacket sleeves, in clever style. Fine blue cloth go-ashore clothes are, of course, usually purchased of a professional Snip. They also wash their own linen, &c., at sea, and these prosaic duties they have to perform as they best may, in the time they can spare from their watch below, or on any occasion when all hands have a leisure hour. Saturday nights, with flowing cans, and all that sort of thing, are fast becoming mere matters of tradition; and nearly the only time when genuine salt-water yarns are, or can be spun, is on a Sunday, or in a dog-watch, and not very often even then, for comparatively few sailors can spin a really good yarn, although all like to hear one. As to Jack's personal appreciation of anything romantic and heroic in his calling, depend on it, he thinks a great deal more of an occasional allowance of plum-duff than of the grandest and sublimest phenomena of ocean—to which he would perchance prefer the tricks of a street conjuror and mountebank, as more interesting and entertaining; and he cares tenfold more about the quality of his junk, and a quiet snooze in his hammock, than for scenes that would enrapture poet and painter. He dearly relishes fun and frolic, poor fellow, whenever he can indulge in a bit of skylarking, for it is a delightful relief from the severe and monotonous routine of his daily life; and he does his duty manfully, and is as brave and daring, when there is any necessity in the case, as we were in the days of Drake and Frobisher: but the hard reality of his daily lot generally deadens or destroys everything tending to a feeling of enthusiasm for his profession, which he probably would gladly quit for an easier berth ashore, were it in his power. We speak not of any exceptional cases, but of sailors in the bulk; and we must also add our own belief—which may or may not be mere fancy—that the prodigious alterations and scientific improvements in the building and navigation of ships, have tended materially to render the calling of a mariner still more commonplace, matter-of-fact, and mechanical, than formerly.

As for Jack ashore, it is quite true that he not unfrequently does commit extraordinary freaks, and squanders his hard earnings in the most prodigal and eccentric fashion, but this is by no means so universally the case as is popularly imagined. The truth is, Jack in a majority of instances has at least *one* wife ashore, and perchance as many young Jacks as would man a jolly-boat, to provide for and support out of his pay (to say nothing of clothing for himself—and a sailor wears out an enormous quantity of personal apparel); and if he is at all a respectable seaman, he *does*, to the utmost of his ability, save up his cash for them. So that, except in the case of young unmarried tars, and of reckless

* 'Twenty-four Hours of a Sailor's Life at Sea,' in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, No. 431, Second Series.

good-for-nothing older ones, the sailor ashore cannot possibly have money, in these piping times of peace, to squander. In many cases, the ship's owner makes advances to the family of the sailor whilst he is on his voyage, so that when it comes to be deducted from his earnings on his return, the sum he has to receive may be very small. Even where seamen have no family to provide for, they now-a-days, in very many instances, hoard up their money for a rainy day, or with a view to marry hereafter, or advance themselves in their profession; and the establishment of Sailors' Homes, with the savings-banks connected with them, is doing wonders in this respect. Scotch seamen, especially—that is, so far as our own experience goes—seem to do credit to their national character for prudence and forethought. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that seamen, as a body, are far better educated now than they formerly were, and are beginning to have a clearer and more manly perception of their personal responsibilities and opportunities of improving their condition. This view is well illustrated in a dialogue—by whom written we are not at present aware—between a tar of the old school, and one of the modern school—a small portion of which we may here quote:—

'"Then, again, your peace-trained tars are all such chaps for holding on the dibs. In my time, when rousing out the rhino, a fellow never looked to see if he pulled from his pocket a shilling or a guinea. Paying for a pint o' purl, a glass o' grog, or a coachee or guard a-travelling, a fellow stood as good a chance o' getting the one as the t'other."

"But then, you see, Bill," said one of his auditors—"then, you see, men are beginning to get more sperience, to larn more the vally o' things, and to consider themselves as much 'a part o' the people' as now other people do in the world."

"*People!*" returned Thompson indignantly—"I like to see the fellow as dares call *me* 'a part o' the people;' *I'd* people him! That's your shore-going gammon, your larning as capsizes your brain till it boils over like a pitch-kettle, and sets fire to all afloat. Is it because you can prate in a pot-house, you're to call yourself 'part o' the people,' and think yourself as big as Burdett or a bishop? No, no; larn your trade; larn to keep your trousers taut in the *seat*, to blackguard a steamer and puddin' an anchor; and then, instead o' callin' yourself 'part o' the people,' perhaps you may pass for a bit of a tar."

"Well; but, Bill, d'ye mean to say that the present race o' seamen are not just as *good* men as before Trafflygar?"

"I does. I means to say they haven't the mind as they had; they doesn't think the same way (*that is, they thinks too much*); and more, they're not by one-half as active aloft as we were in the war. Chaps now reefin' topsails crawl out by the foot-ropes, and you now never see a weather-earin'-man fling himself out by the to'-gallant-studdin'-sail halliards!"'

Finally, as to the retired sea-captain, we may, without further waste of words, declare the popular ideal to be ridiculously erroneous. The race of Commodore Trunnions is extinct, or nearly so, and master-mariners live and talk pretty much the same as other respectable citizens. It is also, by the by, a great error to suppose that common foremast Jacks interlard their discourse with sea-slang to such an absurd degree as works of naval fiction would lead the public to believe. Of course, when Jack is ashore his conversation to some extent smacks of the sea-breeze, and he is apt to eke out his chat with professional reminiscences and phrases, or occasionally to draw the long-bow, and come the ideal sailor, just to quiz the land-lubbers—but all this in a limited degree. We do not mean to say that there are not plenty of rum 'old sea-dogs, both afloat and ashore, who will talk rich, rare, and racy sea-slang by the hour at a spell, and spin astounding yarns as long as a main-top-gallant bowline, but they are decidedly 'characters,' and, as such, the majority of their brother tars regard them.

However, we must now coil up and belay—otherwise our own yarn will be as long as a short cable!

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Largely as the ways and means of travelling were multiplied last year, the present year already shews signs of far greater advancement, and the limit to that sort of enterprise seems further off than ever. That magnificent screw-steamer, the *Himalaya*, which the Peninsular and Oriental Company have just despatched on her first voyage, is a specimen of ship-building craft too good and too promising to pass without a word of notice. Her real burden is said to be 4000 tons, so that she is one of the largest ships afloat; and the ease with which she can be navigated has given rise to a suggestion, that the Admiralty might build vessels of 10,000 tons, to serve as floating-batteries, wherever war might render them necessary. If War, as is said, protects Peace, truly may we add that Peace helps War to means for his destructive work.

A line of steamers is projected to trade between London and Morocco, calling at Gibraltar on the way; and it is believed that a line will be running to the ports on the Black Sea before many months are over. Western Africa, too, will want a fleet of trading steamers, for the vessel built by Mr Laird for the exploration of the Niger and Tchadda is to be ready in March, and, it is expected, will ascend the river in July. Light metal boats are provided for crossing the shallows, and to avoid loss by sickness, there will be not more than about a dozen Englishmen on board, the main body of the crew being chosen from among the negro natives of the coast. Dr Vogel has got beyond Mourzuk on his way to join Dr Barth; and Dr Irving has volunteered 'to go out and examine the country between the Niger, Bight of Benin, and Lander's route, between Badagry and Boussa—a country never yet visited by white men, except at one or two points where our missionaries have been the pioneers.' The doctor's offer is accepted, and government has supplied him with instruments, &c. for his adventurous journey.

While the interests of commerce and science are thus being promoted in foreign parts, the progress is not less active at home. The Great Western Company talk of running a line of steamers from Milford Haven to Waterford, to maintain speedy communication between the South Wales Railway and the railways of the south of Ireland. While locomotive facilities are thus increasing, we see with pleasure that the experiments for increasing the safety of travelling are every day acquiring greater value. A meeting has been held at the London Tavern, to consider the merits of Mr Tyer's electric railway-signals, which, if verified by further trials, will be highly useful. In the words of the report, the inventor's plan is: 'That the train itself, upon entering any station, shall give notice to the station it last left that the line is so far clear: that, upon quitting a station, the train shall transmit a signal to the next station in advance, directing attention thereto by sounding a bell: the transmission of signals from any intermediate point between stations, so that an alarm can be given, and assistance obtained in the event of a break-down, or other stoppage on the line: that the engineman be signaled from the station he is approaching at any distance deemed requisite, auxiliary signals and fog detonators being thus rendered unnecessary.' The apparatus will also sound the steam-whistle, and keep a register of the signals; and all this is to be accomplished by galvanic agency and the wheels of the engine. The latter, in certain places, press a system of springs which open or close the circuit.

Then there is Professor Gluckmann's contrivance for effecting the long desiderated communication between the guard and driver of a train, which has been tried on the London and North-western Railway. The means employed are two constant batteries, one at each end of the train, connected by wires enclosed in tubes of vulcanised India-rubber passing under the carriages, and fitted with hooks to lengthen or shorten at pleasure. The connections are to be 'turned on' at either end before starting, and 'so long as the wire communication between the engine and guard's van is complete, no action takes place; the batteries remain quiescent, and the bells are silent; but the moment the communication is broken, either by design or accident, the bells commence ringing violently at both ends of the train, and do not stop until the communication is restored or the battery is exhausted.' Daniell's batteries are the kind made use of; and it is said that the apparatus will admit of signals being passed from any of the intermediate passenger carriages as well as from either end. Judging from a rough experiment, this contrivance will effect the purpose intended; but we think that what is wanted is something much more simple, and less liable to injury.

The success of the vessels built by Ruthven for the deep-sea fishery off Scotland, has suggested schemes of hydraulic propulsion, which, though they may some day lead to practical results, are at present too wild for sober attention. Ericsson, with sturdy perseverance, has been improving his caloric engine, and now we are told his vessel will erelong make the voyage from New York to Havre at the rate of nine knots an hour. The question of heat as a mechanical power is diligently discussed in many quarters, and with fruitful consequences. A paper by Mr Rankine, read before the Royal Society, 'On the Geometrical Representation of Heat, and the Theory of Thermo-dynamic Engines,' while defining the theory, shews how it may become available in practice. It is one that will greatly interest engineers and makers of machinery, for the conviction that a motive-power more economical than steam will have to be found grows stronger and stronger.

M. Foucault has made a communication to the Académie that will surprise some people. He has long held with Faraday, that liquids have a conducting power proper to themselves, and independent of all chemical decomposition; and starting from this fact, he makes a pile or battery without metal plates, using only such chemical liquids—the choice of such is great—as do not precipitate one another. Should this discovery bear the test of further investigation, a new field will be opened to students of electrical science. Here we may add that Faraday, as usual, opened the course at the Royal Institution with a lecture; but not being prepared with any especial researches of his own, he took for his subject certain electro-telegraphic phenomena—the results of those ingenious practical applications which, he said, delight and encourage the philosopher by their almost daily recurrence, while they reward him who reduces them to practice. He had eight miles of wire, half of it under water, to operate on, and shewed the complete identity, if further proof were needed, of static and galvanic electricity. The most striking experiment was the firing of gunpowder by the charge accumulated in one of the submerged coils, even after its disconnection from the battery.

Mr Grove has added another to the important series of facts with which he has enriched electrical science—namely, that the flame from a blowpipe is from twenty to thirty times more electric than an ordinary flame; and he has come to the remarkable conclusion, 'that there is a voltaic current, and that of no mean intensity, due to flame, and not dependent on thermo-electricity.' He believes, too, that 'by attaching to a powerful pair of bellows a tube from which a row of jets proceeds, and alternating pairs of platinum in flames urged by the jets, a flame-battery might be constructed, which would produce chemical decomposition and all the usual effects of the voltaic pile.' In such a combination as here described, we see a development of electric power which suggests many novel and highly important results.

There is an item of scientific testimony on another point which must not be left unrecorded, as it is interesting to all who drink tea, or wish to drink it. Dr Stenhouse has analysed a specimen of roasted coffee-leaves received from Sumatra, and finds them to be richer in that peculiar principle, known as caffeine, than the coffee-berry itself, and than some specimens of Chinese tea. Theine and caffeine, it should be remembered, are identical. From this fact, the doctor considers that coffee-leaves are likely to prove an acceptable article of diet, at about one-twentieth of the price of the cheapest tea. Should it come into favour, there will be no fear of deficient supply, seeing that in coffee-bearing countries there are extensive districts that will produce leaves in perfection, but not the berries. In another analysis—of *Xanthoxylum piperitum*, or Japanese pepper—Dr Stenhouse has discovered a new crystal, to which he gives the name of *Xanthoxyline;* but the quantity experimented on was too small to enable him to determine its general properties.

The Society of Arts were to open their meeting-room to a council of masters and operatives from Manchester and Preston, the object being to hear what could be said on both sides, or any side, anent 'strikes and lock-outs,' with the view, if possible, of arriving at 'a clear knowledge of the facts and principles involved in the questions at issue.' The president of the society, Prince Albert, has suggested to them the desirability of forming a gallery of 'a series of authentic portraits of distinguished inventors, either in art or science.' Here the intention is, to transmit the likenesses of ingenious individuals down to posterity, and thereby furnish a source of encouragement to them while living. A collection of such portraits would certainly be valuable and interesting; but in too many instances the painting would be the only 'encouragement' the inventors would get, for how rarely do they themselves derive any profit from their inventions! At the winding-up of the smoke-prevention discussion instituted by the same society, one of the speakers truly observed, that the mere abolition of smoke from factories would be nothing unless the thousands of dwelling-house chimneys were forbidden to smoke. Instead of rising into the atmosphere, he would have all the smoke led downwards by a series of fumiducts to some great central reservoir, there to be collected and utilised. This would not be impossible if Rumford was right in his estimate, that hundreds of tons of coal were always floating above London in the form of smoke. He said, moreover, that servants never knew how to put coal on a fire—a truth repeated in other words by another of the speakers at the discussion, when he said that, by proper stoking, the use of machinery to regulate a fire might be dispensed with. Another proposed to lay a tax on every chimney caught smoking. Perhaps the last would be the most effectual way of abating the nuisance. We may, however, mention here, that Prideaux apparatus for the consumption of smoke, tried a short time since at Portsmouth, has the advantage, while effecting its main object, of keeping the furnace-doors cool also, the radiant heat being taken up by the air that rushes in. The result is a saving of from 10 to 20 per cent. of coal, and the engine-rooms may be kept 'as cool as the captain's cabin.' What a relief to those who tend steam-engines!

We find in the proceedings of the Académie, a report concerning a new construction of oven introduced with satisfactory result into the *hospices civils* at Paris. It—the oven—is paved with large square slabs of *terra*

cotta, laid on a bed of sand, which rests on bricks that form the roof of a low vault supported by small columns of firebrick. Into this vault the heat and smoke of the fire are admitted by eight radiating passages, any one of which may be opened or closed at pleasure, so that one-eighth, one-half, or the whole of the oven may be heated or cooled as occasion requires. By this construction, the disagreeable task of cleaning the floor of the oven consequent on the usual mode of heating is avoided, the bread never has a smoky taste, and the bakers are not exposed to a scorching heat, besides which one-third is saved in the cost of heating. One of these ovens has been in use day and night for some months at Nimes without needing repairs, and others in different parts of France: wherever tried, they have proved successful. It should be added, that the vault communicates with the chimney by an opening kept under perfect control.

As bread and oven go naturally together, we may add here another subject brought before the Académie, which has a bearing on domestic economy. It is 'On the immediate principles of wheat-flour-bran, and their part in panification, and the nutrition of animals.' As some persons know, bread with the bran in it prevents constipation, and the tendency to cerebral congestion. Dogs fed on brown bread thrive; if fed exclusively on white bread, they die. The undersurface of bran contains certain azotised principles which, like diastase, have 'the remarkable property of liquefying the starch held in combination and converting it into dextrine and sugar.' It thus acts as a ferment, and hence its value in bread-making, and the process of digestion. Brown bread, soaked for three hours in water at a temperature of 40 degrees centigrade, became of a milky consistence, and might have been filtered; while white bread similarly treated, was but slightly altered. The fermentive principle of the bran is not injured by the heat of the stomach, which accounts for the benefit of eating bread with the bran in it.

And last—a new kind of varnish or coating for steel plates, by means of which heliographic engraving is possible, has been submitted to the same learned body, with an engraved plate, which, though imperfect, promises well for further experiment.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER VII.

FORTUNES OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

Miss Falcontower was looking, if possible, more beautiful than ever; the cause of which, as the painter saw at a glance, was the artistical arrangement of her dress, and its strict subordination in form and colour to the face. What was desired was evidently a portrait of the woman as nature, not the milliner, had made her; and Robert could not but admire the skill with which the background was arranged, so as to throw the whole emphasis upon the speaking features. The scene recalled to him at once the apparition of the day before, bringing sunshine into the drawing-room, as it advanced up the lengthened vista, and enabled him to establish a connection between the two in conception and design. So much the better for him, whose business it was to make a picture, not to estimate character; and he gave himself up to the intoxicating task before him with his customary zeal and determination. He was a study to her, as she was to him, and his deep steady gaze was no interruption to her thoughts; for it was evident that he regarded her, not in her individual self, but as a mere object of art. It may be a question whether Claudia had ever before in her life looked so long at a handsome man.

'You have a fair idea of your art,' said Sir Vivian, who had been watching the process with interest; 'but I would advise a portrait-painter to engage his sitter in conversation, interesting enough to draw out the expression of character. He cannot otherwise obtain a correct likeness.'

'I must get hold of the vehicle first,' replied the artist; 'the soul will then, I hope, come by degrees. As for a correct likeness, that is the result of a mechanical tact, sometimes possessed by the merest dauber. A true artist, such as I am trying to learn to be, paints the mind as well as the body, and renders in colours what the sitter is unconscious of himself. This marks the distinction between photography and art. The former, being without intelligence, can copy only the external features; while the latter, although less skilful in this part of the process, is able to seize upon the intellectual being. Even as photography represents surfaces with such exquisite minuteness as to trace phenomena invisible to the naked eye, so art brings out flaws or beauties of the character unsuspected before. This is called, though not with philosophical accuracy, idealising. This is what the Greek sculptors accomplished in regard to beauty, bringing perfection out of the straining womb of nature, and raising the human to the divine.' This was pursuing the subject into a channel where Sir Vivian was out of his depth, for it was precisely in surfaces he was learned; but his more accomplished daughter was able to keep up the conversation with the young artist, whom it was obviously, for some reason or other, her wish to 'trot out.' The sitting, however, was very brief. Miss Falcontower, true to her tactics, got up before the artist supposed he had well begun; and he was led off to view the collection of pictures and statuary which the baronet had always great delight in shewing.

Sir Vivian appeared to be well pleased with the young man, both as a speaker and a listener. In the former capacity, Claudia was industrious in drawing him out, and in the latter, he was himself very willing to be drawn in, for the baronet possessed abundant stores of information and anecdote connected with art. On a new occasion, Robert did not scruple to take the part of the father against his patroness.

'Look!' said Claudia, 'is not that fine? There is one of those grand cathedrals, in which the genius of Christianity, spurning the old heathen law, seems to symbolise the glorious liberty of the Gospel. The classic temples have passed away from men's reverence with their empty religion, and in this new form of art the new nations of Europe have stamped their own identity. Is it too much to hope that, in the advancement of taste, the whole land will become a field of Gothic architecture, and that men will turn away from classicism, just as they have turned away from the false gods it enshrined?' Robert smiled gravely.

'I should like to hear your sentiments on this point,' said Sir Vivian, 'for my daughter and I have argued upon it till we have nothing new to say on the subject.'

'I do not know that I either,' replied Robert, 'can have anything new to say on the subject, for my opinions lie quite on the surface. The classic style of architecture was adapted to a religion wanting in depth and intensity—to the same revelation of poetry which gave rise to the immortal sculptures of the Greeks, where the presiding divinities are Beauty and Repose. Early Christianity had its hidden temples in glens and

caves, in the mean rooms of cities, in desert solitudes where the cells of hermits, gathering other cells around them, formed the nuclei of populous convents. But when there arose out of the simple arrangements of the apostles, a hierarchy composed of secular as well as religious princes, when the symbolical crook became a kingly sceptre that made the world tremble, and when Christianity grew into a mystery too holy and too awful for vulgar eyes to contemplate—then was there reared a shrine fitted for the majestic worship—a shrine rising frequently from the ruins of heathen temples; then pinnacle upon pinnacle pierced the yielding sky; then gorgeous processions rolled along amid groves of sculptured stone,

> Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
> The pealing anthem swelled the note of praise.

For a Roman Catholic cathedral,' continued Robert, 'no architecture is so well adapted as the Gothic; but when the reform of Luther let in upon the religious gloom a portion of the light of day, a modification was demanded which, so far as I know, has not yet been supplied.'

'Then,' said Claudia, who saw with some discontent what was coming, 'you would have a new style for every form of belief?'

'I would have the genius of bodies of men give way to their impulses and convictions in art as in religion, and cease to copy forms that for them have lost life and meaning.'

'Then suppose you take the lowest sect, composed of worshippers who gather round the pastor with no more ceremonial than the literal sheep round their shepherd—what tabernacle would you devise for them?'

'Art is beautiful even in its austerest forms, because so is the nature it worships. Even the original shrine of the faith you allude to—a lonely nook among the hills, where it was born of persecution, and nourished with blood, and where the devotees listened to the word of life with their Bible kept open on their knees with their naked swords, was not wanting in this quality. For these I would revert to the classical model, but of an era prior, as we might suppose, to the time when the stern and simple superstition submitted to the elegant adornments of poetry. I would have the portico composed of Tuscan columns rising naked out of the earth, like the trunks of forest trees; the pediment either entirely blank, or inscribed only with a text of Scripture in the black austere characters termed grotesque, that are like the rudiments of Roman letters; and the external walls either wholly plain or strengthened more than adorned with Tuscan pilasters.'

'Well done!' cried Sir Vivian—'that is a good idea.'

'But why limit the classical model to a service like this? If we discard it for the less simple forms of Christianity, are there not purposes in which poetry is the presiding feeling, apart from religion, and where elegant repose is the grand essential? Could anything be finer or more harmonious than a Greek temple consecrated to works of painting and sculpture? For a gentleman's seat, set down in the midst of a tree-garden in an undulating and picturesque country, the abode of wealth and taste, and in itself a gallery of art, no model could be imagined better adapted than the classical villa. On the other hand, a country abode perched on a rocky height, and surrounded by natural woods, would demand the Gothic form; and so likewise would the simple hamlet and the solitary hut. But imagine a whole street—a whole town of this architecture—in which the multitudinous variety is confined to details, with the same unvarying character pervading the whole! It would be almost as bad—if anything *could* be almost as bad—as our present rows of stone or brick boxes, with oblong holes in the walls for the inhabitants to look through and indulge themselves with the sight of rows of boxes on the other side of the way, the counterpart of their own.'

'But the age and the men, my good sir!' cried Claudia—'would you not have architecture adapted to the circumstances that give it birth? and are not we Goths, to take that as the generic name, just as the classic builders were Greeks and Romans?'

'No: we are no more Goths than we are Greeks or Romans. We are the *result* of the collision which took place when the fresh and vigorous barbarians threw themselves headlong upon the senile refinement of the Empire, and gave a new character to the genius of Europe. The retrograde movement was changed for one of progress—for there is no point of rest for the human mind. The present age is merely one of a moral series which then commenced; and our grand distinction is an enlightened eclecticism, which gathers to itself the true and the beautiful wherever they are found, in the past or in the present, and hands them on in triumph to the future. To make the architecture of such an age exclusively Gothic, or exclusively classic, to bind down its pictorial art to the mediæval or the revival, is, I venture to think, a dream that can be realised only when the effect of the collision of races is worn out and lost, and the downward movement begins anew.'

In such conversations a great part of the forenoon passed away; and when the artist at length took his leave, Claudia confessed to herself that she had enjoyed a novel kind of amusement, in listening to the opinions of one who spoke thus plainly and zealously without reference to the rank or sex of the company. This was an enjoyment she had not experienced till now since girlhood, and a dim picture rose upon her dream of a new social world, invested with such colourings of romance as are thrown by the imagination upon strange and distant lands.

'You are interested by this young man?' said her father, who observed her reverie.

'Yes; he speaks as if he thought, and that is much. Whether his thoughts are just or not is another question. I like him, too, because he looks you full in the eyes both when he speaks and listens.'

'And, upon my word, the eyes are very handsome with which the young fellow does look!'

'That may be of some moment to him: it is nothing to us. But one thing is clear—that he will never be a painter. He thinks too much and too subtly of the theory of art to become great in the practice; for practical art is an instinct, the achievements of which may be followed, but cannot be preceded by theory. No; he has no more chance of becoming a painter in this way, than he would have of becoming a poet by learning to manufacture rhymes at the university. But he writes too. He has had an article accepted by a quarterly review; and I think we should see that. He is not vain, not selfish, not mercenary, and his feelings chance to be with the party now in ascendancy. Do you not see my thought? As a secretary without the name, and without consciousness on his own part, he might render you important service. You have retrograded of late, as he calls it, and you must renew the onward movement.'

'You are right, Claudia; I see it all. But why wait, since we know that he has words and ideas?'

'But we can only guess that he has the art of writing, that he has an elegant pen, and a logical head to direct it.'

'Well, be it as you will, but don't lose sight of him. I am now for the club.'

'Why wait?' mused Claudia when she was alone. 'Might it not be better if'—and she moved some paces after her father. 'No!' and her thought spoke with decision: 'what is he to us if he be not the tool we require?—Nothing but a mediocre artist, a fluent speaker, and a handsome and amiable man!' She turned round calmly, proudly. She looked tall—for

her medium size. The flash that served for a smile played over her still features, like moonlight—no, like sunlight on a marble statue. It may have expressed contempt of some idea that had swept across her brain; it may have indicated a joyous confidence in her own will and power; it may have flitted over those lovely lips in mere amusement and delight, as a butterfly hovers, on some breathless noon, over a rose. But so she glided, with that illumined face—slow, erect, silent, phantom-like—from the room.

This was interesting society for Robert, although he was probably unconscious at the time of the unspeakable benefit he derived from it. The introduction to the familiar acquaintance of an elegant and accomplished woman of society, forms an era in the history of a young man isolated from the world, an era from which may generally be dated his fairest prospects in life. But unluckily for our adventurer, this came at a time when his circumstances appeared to require something to lower rather than elevate his ideas. His business, small as it was, became still smaller, for he was now absent from the studio at the very time when sitters were the most likely to nibble; and perhaps Claudia had little idea of the sacrifices and deprivations the poor artist submitted to for the pleasure of painting her portrait. The pleasure was great; for in respect to female companionship, nine-tenths of the struggling young men of London might as well be in a huge monkery, where no such thing can be enjoyed, except when of a secret and criminal character. The pleasure, however, was supplemented by the hope of eventual profit; for Robert had not so humble an opinion of his talent for art as Claudia had formed; and he looked forward to the day when the exhibition of his work, which he intended to be worthy of the lovely and fashionable original, would fill his studio with clients and his coffers with money. The two motives acted and reacted upon each other. To arrive at fame and wealth, it was necessary to indulge largely in the pleasure; and to be able to indulge largely and continuously in the pleasure, wealth and fame were indispensable.

But Claudia's judgment was probably more correct than his own; for although he got hold of the vehicle easily enough, the soul seemed very unwilling to come forward. He was at length much downcast on the subject, and sometimes he even conjectured that there might peradventure be no soul to come; but again, when he looked into the blaze of her eyes, he could not conceive that so dazzling a light could be a quality of mere external beauty. His want of success did not seem to disconcert his patroness. He repeatedly breakfasted with her and her father on the mornings of the brief sittings, and sometimes when they were not quite alone; and at length he was invited to dinner, that he might be made acquainted with Sir Vivian's brother, Lord Luxton. This invitation was given when his hopes of being able to maintain the tailed coat were almost at zero, and Claudia mistook the gloomy perplexity of his look for some feeling of self-distrust.

'Do come,' said she, 'if you are not otherwise engaged; for as you say you are unaccustomed to society, you will be amused. By the way, I should not have conjectured that from your manner in company: it is just what it should be. The reason, I take it, is that you are calm, self-possessed, and observant. You are not thinking of yourself, but of the things and persons around you; and in order to secure this state of quietude, you fall into a natural imitation, carried only sufficiently far to avoid attracting observation in return.'

'Upon my word,' said Robert, amused in spite of his anxieties, 'you give me credit for more tact than I possess. I have really no motives at all, and no determinate line of conduct; I merely look, and listen, and speak when it is necessary, without thinking about the matter.'

'Precisely. A vulgar man *always* thinks about the matter. The bashful vulgarian described by our ancestors—that modest individual who used to suppose that the observation of the whole company was absorbed in him, and was ready to sink with apprehension at the idea that he was not looking or doing to the best advantage—seems to have died out as the present generation came in. The existing vulgarian is a gentleman of more nerve. He takes the most strenuous measures to conceal his vulgarity, to evidence his self-possession, to convince you that he is at home in the part. He considers it necessary to be constantly doing or saying something. Like Bottom the weaver, he is for playing everything in the piece, and would even take a portion of the business of the servants out of their hands, if they would let him. But the servants are now a great estate in the social realm: more and more every day is intrusted to their management, and the company have nothing to do but to be quiet and enjoy themselves.'

'But is there not something to learn in etiquette? Are there not new table customs, for instance, frequently coming in?'

'None that you will outrage, if you only keep quiet, and observe what other people do; and few, I may add, that do not come naturally to good sense and good taste: that is a striking characteristic of our age. But after all, the laws of etiquette are not like those of the Medes and the Persians; few people mind infringing them a little when it suits their whim or convenience. The grand thing is to take it easy, and be quiet. I had once a peep, through a glass-door, at a dinner-party at a tradesman's where I looked in at an unusual hour—and how the first glance astonished me! The table, and its paraphernalia of silver, porcelain, and crystal; the dishes, the dresses of the guests, male and female—all were the exact counterpart of what is seen at a fashionable dinner. But the second glance reassured me, and I trembled no more for the fate of my order. The whole thing was overdone—stiff, formal, and therefore awkward. It was a Belgravian picture cut in wood—and not by a Grinling Gibbons. Everybody at the table was thinking about the matter, hosts and guests alike—all determined to be rigidly right: it was, in short, the fashion you see in a stuck-up dress doll in a shop-window.'

'I see what you mean,' said Robert; 'fashion must be adhered to, but only in an easy, quiet way, and for your own, not for fashion's sake. But are there not some persons, even in your own circle, who carry things a little further; for instance, the Countess of Tassletop you talked of the other morning?'

'O yes, poor little creature! she takes a great deal of trouble, and we are all much obliged to her. But the small working-class of fashion, as we may call it, is quite distinct from the great, refined, and intellectual body who pay it external deference, profit by its labours, and laugh at it.'

'And the Tassletop—what do you call it? you all wear, was that invented by her ladyship?'

'Her ladyship got it from her ladyship's milliner; the milliner received it, after numerous throes of inventive genius, from her forewoman; and the forewoman, a clever person, but used-up long ago, extorted the idea from one of the hands she patronises, who works nineteen hours a day for the distinction. It is the distressed needlewomen who give the law of costume to the world of fashion.'

The dinner served as a good illustration to a portion of this lecture; and Robert, in spite of his gloomy forebodings, was certainly amused—although, as Claudia had recommended, in a quiet way. Owing to an accidental circumstance, he came late, when the rest of the party, which was in all eight in number, had assembled.

There were no introductions, and he heard no names. The *coup-d'œil* presented by the dining-room was magnificent, but he thought the quantity of plate almost, if not quite, overstepped the modesty of taste. The dinner was a more prolonged repast than he thought had been customary in this country, and he had time to observe his neighbours. These had no great distinction of aspect. One was a very fat, good-humoured-looking old man, jovial and hearty in his manner—just the person to have been vulgar to the last extreme, if not saved by a perfect *savoir faire*, and an air of gentlemanly ease which could have been the result only of life-long habitude. Another was a little, meagre, unwholesome, elderly man, looking marvellously like a journeyman tailor suffering from the consequences of an intemperance he now kept in check by means of the pledge. He, too, was obviously to the manner born, and withal tenderly, and not ungracefully, assiduous in his attentions to a pompous good-looking, middle-aged dame, the matron of the feast, whose neck, arms, and fingers glittered with diamonds. Another younger lady belonged to that class of women who have no character at all, and could be described only as having a sweet, insipid face, and as constantly saying: 'What a love!'—'Those dearest children!'—'How I do dote on that aria!'—'My darling Mrs So-and-so!' Robert sat next to this youngish lady, and turned away with a cloyed appetite from the sweets when they came upon the table. The remaining guest belonged, like himself, to the class of 'clever people.' He had only recently come into notice, and was a candidate for one of certain commissionerships which, from his services to the government and his literary reputation, he was considered sure of obtaining. He had taken reasonably well to the manners of the circle where he was now noticed, although born himself only in the respectable middle class, but had not entirely got rid of the feeling of novelty, and appeared to have every now and then a spasm of exulting surprise as the idea occurred to him of his present position and expected good-fortune.

The dinner passed quietly and agreeably away; the beautiful hostess dealing her lightning flashes with perfect impartiality round the table, and every now and then, with an admirable tact, quite distinct from the obtrusiveness of former days, contriving to attract the attention of any one who seemed to have fallen aside out of observation. When the ladies at length retired, there was some social and even merry chat; but little wine was taken, little time consumed, and Robert by and by found himself for a minute or two tête-à-tête with Claudia in the drawing-room. From her he learned, with some surprise, that the fat, jovial old man was Lord Luxton; that the elderly journeyman tailor was the Earl of Tassletop, the husband of the fashionable countess; that the sweet, youngish lady was the scion of a ducal family; and the pompous matron the wife of a wealthy parvenu, but herself allied to some of the highest families in the kingdom.

Our adventurer, on going home that night to his three-pair back, suffered from a little confusion of mind. His wonder was, how it was all to end—what was to become of the anomalies of his position—whether he was actually to be a top-sawyer, or subside into the pit? It wanted some time yet to the publication of the next review, and it was with something like alarm he remembered—a feeling he was by no means accustomed to—that after his sumptuous fare of to-day, he had to look to the chances of the world for to-morrow's dinner. His case was the more perplexing, that Miss Falcontower seemed to have cooled upon the business of the portrait. So far from being in any hurry to get it finished, she was evidently protracting the time. At the dinner-table, while bringing out the other clever man in his peculiar walk, she had suffered him to remain the great unknown. She had not even redeemed her promise of introducing him to her uncle. Was it not obvious that art had failed him, and that he was to receive a new trial in literature—at some indefinite time?

In considerable perturbation of mind, but with a stern resolve to trifle no longer with his fortunes, he sought his patroness the next morning. He saw at once that a shade had passed over the beautiful face, though without rendering it less beautiful.

'Mr Oaklands,' she said, 'I am glad you have come, for it is so formal to say adieu in writing, and I have hardly time for it even in speech. Papa has received a summons to his brother's bedside, Lord Luxton having been taken suddenly and, I fear, dangerously ill, and we shall be out of town for at least a month. Before we return, we shall have seen your article, and I feel sure that I shall have something pleasant to say on the subject. The portrait'—following his eyes—'must wait. It is of less consequence to you than the other; and, in fact, the two professions, or accomplishments, would clash. Good-by, Mr Oaklands,' and she extended her hand. Her voice softened as she pronounced the last words; and her fingers—could it be a gentle pressure which sent that sudden thrill through his frame? Robert did not know; his breath came quick, his eyes dazzled: she was gone.

'So,' thought he, fetching a long breath as he left the house, 'it is over—over—over! Friendless, penniless, hopeless in this walk of life, I must now try another.' But for all that, he walked straight to Jermyn Street, thinking, in spite of himself, that something would turn up, some honest job from the picture-dealers, or some expectant sitter, with a guinea in his pocket. Worse and worse. Driftwood had vanished; the contents of the studio were seized for rent, and the door was locked. It was hard that he, who owed nothing, should lose his painting materials, few and of trifling value as they were; but remonstrance was of no avail, and he turned from the house with a bitterness of spirit he had never felt before.

He knew what must be done, but he would not do it till the evening; for although a common, it seemed to him, from its associations of vice and misery, a degrading expedient. In the meantime he walked swiftly away in the direction of the nearest boundary of the wilderness of streets. He felt the need of air, for he was choking: the mist of the common was settling upon him. But as he walked, he grew more tranquil, for he looked his fortunes steadily in the face, and became accustomed to them. That evening he would collect a sum to pay the rent of his lodgings, and suffice for his support for the few days that might pass before he obtained employment. The financial object he could attain only in one way: by the hypothecation—a very short time before he would have said pawning—of his dress-clothes; and as for mechanical work, there was no risk of failure in the quest for that, since he had already, with a view to some such emergency, made acquaintance with a person whose trade was the finer kind of cabinet-making, and who would be very glad to accept his services, having formed a high opinion of his taste and inventive ability.

It must not be supposed, however, that in becoming more calm he became more cheerful. The crisis that had occurred was indeed a painful one; for, setting his new acquaintance out of the question, it interposed a gulf between him and the old. It postponed indefinitely his prospects of revisiting the Lodge—of seeing again the generous and true-hearted captain—the philosophic Elizabeth—the one whom he had never thought of for a long time after his exodus without a feeling of terror, but who had gradually assumed in his waking dreams the appearance of a faint and distant star, the only light he saw in the heavens.

When he had reached the utmost verge of London, his thoughts were drawn anew to the profession that

had so lamentably failed him, by the appearance of a sign-painter perched on a ladder, labouring away at his vocation. Robert drew near with some surprise—perhaps even a little amusement—and, himself unseen, watched the motions of the artist. The subject was Robin Hood, and it was boldly and skilfully treated, obviously by one of the great masters in the out-of-doors' line. The painter seemed highly pleased with it himself; getting down every now and then from the ladder to admire it at some paces off, then, after taking a mighty pull at a tankard of porter that stood upon the ground, rushing up the steps, and setting at it again with fresh enthusiasm. Driftwood was here in his element, and obviously very happy, bursting out occasionally with a snatch of song to carry off the steam. Robert considered that high art had much to answer for in inveigling from his business so capital a sign-painter, and he took the liberty with himself of thinking, with an inward sneer, that there might be more Driftwoods than one in the world.

'Why should I disturb the poor fellow,' thought he, 'with news of the catastrophe, if it is still unknown to him? He will hear of it soon enough; and knowing his haunts, I can always fall in with him when I choose, should circumstances enable me to be of any use.' So he turned away, and left Driftwood alone with his glory.

It was quite dark before Robert returned to his lodgings. Letting himself in with a pass-key, he went up, with a heavy heart, the long dark stair, and entered his room. He kindled a match, and then rubbed his eyes, thinking, for a moment, that their functions were impaired by the sudden glare. There was no candle to light. His portmanteau was absent—his books—his dressing-things; the bed was not prepared to be slept in; the room was cold, formal, and bare, like a room that had advertised for a tenant, and was waiting the result. When he had ascertained these facts, the match went out, and he was in the dark. The thing was quite inexplicable, for although some weeks' rent was due, the most perfect confidence was reposed in him by his landlady—an elderly widow, who made a scanty but certain income by letting a large house in lodgings, herself and children burrowing in the back-kitchen. He groped his way down stairs. There were cheerful family voices on the second floor; the sound of a piano on the first floor; somebody reading aloud in the parlour. In the back-kitchen were the widow and her children, all at work of one kind or other.

'What is the meaning of this, Mrs Dobbs,' said he; 'where are my things?'

'They are gone away, mister,' replied Mrs Dobbs; 'they were fetched—don't you know?—the rent paid, and the lodgings given up.'

'My things taken away, and the rent paid! By whom, in the name of wonder?'

'That I don't know, mister. I hope to goodness I haven't done wrong; but it was a respectable porter-like man who came, and he said he was ordered by a lady, a friend of yours; and I thought you knew about it, and that it was all right.' A lady! Robert flushed up to the brow—he knew but one lady in London! But the idea was as absurd as presumptuous. Presumptuous! It was his pretended benefactress who had presumed. But since the lady had turned him out of his lodgings, had she provided any other?

'Yes, mister,' said Mrs Dobbs, 'you have lodgings at the address on this paper—at Kensington Gravel Pits.' The address was not in any handwriting he knew, and the paper on which it was written could hardly have come from Miss Falconower. To think, however, was vain, when there were no data to proceed upon; and with a heavy heart, and a foot not the brisker that he had eaten nothing since the sumptuous dinner of the day before, he set out on his new walk of several miles.

When passing through the aristocratic quarter, carriages were rushing about in all directions, for it was the hour of the evening dinner. At one great mansion there was a temporary stoppage of the trottoir. The door was open, servants in livery were seen in the illumined hall, and a handsome equipage was just setting down its freight, consisting of a solitary gentleman. A double line of the passers-by was drawn up, as usual, to see him enter the house; and Robert drew back, with mechanical politeness, as he stepped out of the carriage. The gentleman turned his head, and their eyes met. It was Mr Seacole. He seemed surprised at first; but with a haughty stare, he immediately passed on, and entered the house. The door shut; the high-blooded greys pranced and pawed for a moment; and then the elegant equipage dashed away down the street.

Our adventurer walked on to the Gravel Pits again—the Gravel Pits!—the mist of the common blinding his eyes, tightening his breath, and pressing on his heart. Above, around, beneath, all was dark; the whole world was a mass of tumbling vapour, and only a spark of less intense shadow shewed the place in the heavens of the pale, faint star.

POPULAR MISTAKE IN NATURAL HISTORY.

There are few facts in natural history so universally known as the remarkable peculiarity which renders the chameleon so famous; and the researches of naturalists have long been directed towards the elucidation of the phenomenon. The chameleon is indeed not the only animal that is subject to a change of hue. The seasonal variations of colour exhibited by many of the feathered tribes, are sufficiently remarkable to have attracted general attention, as well as to have misled systematic naturalists; and the Alpine hare, whose summer dress is of a tawny gray colour, which is replaced in winter by a fur of snowy whiteness, is perhaps a more familiar, as well as a more striking example, to which many more might be added: in fact, the human species is not entirely free from the mutation, for the whitening of raven locks at a certain age is a great and alarming fact. But the change of colour in the chameleon differs essentially from all the other instances known: in birds and quadrupeds, the change of their dress is of periodical occurrence, and is well known to be a special provision for the regulation of temperature by means of the radiation or absorption of caloric. In the case of the chameleon, on the other hand, the changes are of a sudden and fitful character, and do not appear to be in any way connected with temperature, although they, no doubt, have importance in the economy of the animal. The popular opinion has long been, that the purpose of this singular faculty is to enable the chameleon to accommodate its appearance to that of surrounding objects; but the investigations of naturalists do not favour this idea, or rather, they seem to negative it. Van der Hövен has devoted an illustrated work to the subject; and more recently, Mr H. N. Turner, jun., in the *Proceedings of the Zoological Society*, and in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, has detailed his personal observations on the varieties of tint presented by a specimen of the chameleon which lived for some time in his possession. The general tints of this individual varied between different shades of brown, olive, yellow, and light green—the last named being the most rarely observed, and the yellow being the tint usually assumed when the animal was hidden from the light. When brought for inspection at night into the influence of lamplight, it appeared at first almost white, but soon began to darken, the side next the light changing rather sooner than the other, although all the changes in the colour of the animal are gradual. In the daytime, the colour is generally brown, sometimes of a uniform dull olive, and sometimes of a light drab colour. The ventral series of prominent scales remains constantly white,

and certain markings on the body do not participate in the general changes of colour.

The box in which Mr Turner's chameleon was kept was of deal, with a glass at the top, and a piece of flannel laid at the bottom, a small branching stick being introduced by way of a perch. He introduced at various times pieces of coloured paper, covering the bottom of the box, of blue, yellow, and scarlet, but without the slightest effect upon the appearance of the animal. Considering that these primary colours were not such as it would be likely to be placed in contact with in a state of nature, he next tried a piece of green calico, but equally without result. The animal went through all its usual changes without their being in any way modified by the colours placed underneath it. The general tints approximate, as may readily be observed, to those of the branches of trees, just as those of most animals do to the places in which they dwell; but Mr Turner did not observe the faculty of changing called into play with any apparent object. It is only when the light is removed that the animal assumes a colour which absorbs but little of it.

Thus the popular notion, that the chameleon takes the hue at pleasure of the objects near it—a notion cherished by us all from infancy, recited in every little 'book about animals,' and constantly used by the poet among his choicest illustrations—is now shewn to be erroneous. We look to the same science which has destroyed our illusion, to replace it with the true explanation of the phenomenon; and we hope we shall not long have to look in vain.

BRITANNIA'S SCENTED HANDKERCHIEF.

The wealth of England is aptly illustrated by shewing what Britannia spends, and the duty she pays to the Exchequer for the mere pleasure of perfuming her handkerchief. As flowers, for the sake of their perfumes, are on the continent principally cultivated for trade purposes, the odours derived from them, when imported into this country in the form of essential oils, are taxed with a small duty of 1s. per pound, which is found to yield a revenue of just L.12,000 per annum. The duty upon Eau de Cologne imported in the year 1852, was in round numbers L.10,000, being 1s. per bottle upon 200,000 flacons imported. The duty upon the spirits used in the manufacture of perfumery at home is at least L.20,000, making a total of L.42,000 per annum to the revenue, independent of the tax upon snuff, which some of the ancient Britons indulge their noses with. If L.42,000 represents the small tax upon perfuming substances for one year, ten times that amount is the very lowest estimate which can be put upon the articles as their average retail cost. By these calculations —and they are quite within the mark—we discover that Britannia spends L.420,000 a year in perfumery.—*S. Piesse, in Annals of Chemistry.*

THE WRITERS FOR THE TIMES.

Went with Barnes to his own room, and drew up my paragraph, while he wrote part of an article for next day. Says that he writes himself as little as possible, finding that he is much more useful as a superintendent of the writings of others. The great deficiency he finds among his people is not a want of cleverness, but of common sense. There is not one of them (and he included himself in the number) that can be trusted writing often or long on the same subject; they are sure to get bewildered on it.—*Moore's Diary.*

ITALY WITHOUT A NATIONAL AIR.

Alas! Italy, thou land of song! thou outcast of the nations of Europe! Ten thousand operas, and not three notes of a national hymn! Out of so many fathers of melody, not one who can find the motive that will sink to thy children's heart and dwell there; France has her *ça ira;* the Alpine people their cow-gathering; England her loyal anthem; Germany her fatherland toasts. In Italy alone nationality is mute. The sorry dittay that popular outbreak calls forth to-day, dies to-morrow amidst the yawns of thy listless populace. Proscription itself cannot secure a patriotic air against the fickleness of fastidious fashion. Strange to say, our composers have, in several instances, supplied less gifted people with the music that never fails to send a thrill through their hearts, that leads them to battle, that serves them as a rallying-point against all chances of future dispersion; and not a miserable chorus, not a paltry march, for home consumption!—*Castellamonte; Italian Life during the Insurrection of* 1831.

ON A PICTURE OF VENICE.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

'Tis she—the fairy city gay, 'built on the flowing tide,'
The throne of merchant princes proud, the Adriatic's bride;
E'en as in beauty's bloom she stood, in sunlit days of yore,
When myriad streamers fluttered bright her marble mansions o'er:

When evening rays of burnished gold lay sleeping on her halls,
And the music of a thousand songs re-echoed from her walls;
While glory crowned her palaces and Freedom's flag was there,
And perfumes from the Orient came through the summer air.

Fair Venice in her palmy days, bright, beautiful, and free!
Oh, then to view that pageantry, her bridal with the sea,
To mark the graceful gondolas the flowing streets along,
While the plashing of the boatmen's oar kept time with Tasso's song!

O marble in the starshine! O mansions gleaming white!
How dazzlingly your columned roofs reflected back the light;
The answ'ring chime of voices sweet came fluting down the breeze,
Like tones of fairy minstrelsy amid the forest trees.

Still, Venice, still the deep blue wave is trembling at thy feet,
And echoes of departed songs the list'ning spirit greet.
O glory's fading splendours! your requiem comes to me,
Like music sweeping mournfully athwart the azure sea.

Thou wert not wise in days of yore, O Venice, passing fair,
While flinging back with regal pride the sparkles from thy hair:
Thy sons were fettered to thy throne—in name alone the free;
O flashing eyes superbly proud! for who was like to thee?

How couldst thou hope for durance long, an everlasting name,
Thou, that to others didst deny what thou thyself didst claim?
'Twere well had all remembered this, all powers that e'er have reigned:
Who makes another's fetters strong, himself shall be enchained.

O fragile beauty fleeting fast! O loveliness supreme!
Gleaming across the sunlit waves, the city of a dream,
I mourn, but yet I lowly bend, and own the just decree
That made thy sceptre pass away from the empire of the sea.

Thine alabaster palaces are crumbling to the shore,
For their glory hath departed—their music is no more;
An undertone comes heaving up amid the waters blue:
'So perish all who dare enslave the many for the few!'

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A GLANCE AT MY INNER-LIFE.

BY A MUSICIAN ON THE CONTINENT.

MUSIC, in our time, is nowhere cultivated so earnestly as in Germany. Italy has been called the land of song, of poetry, of art; the great master-pieces of her sculpture and painting still reign—Dante and Tasso yet hold their undisturbed dominion; but it has been long evident that the popularity of her music is fast waning away. Germany is now the great school of music, of criticism, of philosophy; and the nations acknowledge her sovereignty. It has been observed by those who have watched the progress of this change, that the revolution in public taste has nowhere been more sure, and at the same time more gradual, than in England. Some five-and-twenty years ago, London rang with the melodies of the Italian school: Rossini, fêted and flattered, was placed at the head of all ancient and modern masters; Rubini sang; and Paganini played. Slowly this preference faded and declined. People were roused by the picturesque colouring of Weber, and the science of Spohr; Beethoven's spiritual, almost metaphysical, style was recognised and worshipped; the genius of Mendelssohn began to dawn; the unfamiliar name of John Sebastian Bach was listened to with respectful awe; and that of Albrechstberger was heard for the first time beyond the musical circles of Vienna.

Pages might be occupied in the investigation of these effects, but the cause may be readily resolved into a mere question of ethics. Italy is the land of physical, Germany of intellectual development. The genius of Italy is radiantly clad, and crowned with the poet's laurel; she murmurs impassioned melodies, and her breath is Love. The presiding spirit of Germany, clad soberly, holds science in her hand, and truth is written on her broad pale brow: her name is Moral Philosophy. So with literature; so with music. She encourages patient study and earnest enthusiasm; the works of her children are a perpetual tribute to Thought and Time; while the syren songs of her southern sister, intoxicating for awhile, pall at last upon the ear. The Sensual-Beautiful is left weeping upon the earth, but the Spiritual-Beautiful journeys onward to the stars.

The progress of this great moral change, slow at first, is now daily increasing. London alone furnishes ample evidence; for while the Italian Theatre struggles feebly through successive seasons, innumerable societies, institutions, soirées, and concerts for the performance of classical works, flourish and bear fruit.

Not so was it when the southern school had attained the height of its power; when music in Germany was silently growing in strength and perfectness, till the era should arrive for its recognition among men; when I, a child of fourteen years of age, left my native country to receive my education in a foreign musical academy.

I was born of English parents, but had the misfortune to become an orphan before I could fully appreciate the extent of my loss. A wealthy cousin undertook to provide me with a profession. Arrangements were concluded with the heads of an institution situated in a duchy of Central Germany, which I will call Hohenhausen; a premium was paid for my board, clothing, and instruction during the term of seven years. I was removed from the grammar-school of my native village, and after ten days of weary travelling, arrived at my destination. Here the guardianship of my relative ceased, and I was remembered no more. I received no reply to the letters I repeatedly wrote to him, and after I had been absent about sixteen months, he died. So ended my connection with England, and I had henceforth no prospect but through my own industry and perseverance.

The Musical Academy was one of the handsomest buildings in the little capital of Hohenhausen. The house was large and imposing, and was surrounded by a courtyard. It contained a concert-room, a library, four class-rooms, a suite of small private apartments for the resident professors, a spacious waiting-room, dormitories for thirty scholars, a large dining-room, and extensive kitchens. Four female servants and two men were kept, besides the porter at the gate. Each scholar made his own bed immediately before breakfast every morning; and we employed a shoeblack, whose little stall was close at hand, to varnish our boots; but those who could not afford to pay for his services had to perform that office for themselves. A matron attended to the housekeeping, and had especial charge of the female pupils; while a superintendent and librarian exercised the chief authority over the boys. The table was liberally provided, and a medical officer resided in the establishment. So did the masters of harmony, organ, piano, singing, and violin; and the rest of the teachers attended daily. Every year, six of the advanced students were elected as monitors, when it became their duty to attend to the practice of the rest. All branches of the science of music were taught in the academy, but never more than three to any one pupil; and one of these three was always selected for the leading study, to which the other two were deemed subordinate. Thus I learned counterpoint chiefly, and with it the organ and violin.

Our sovereign, the reigning Duke of Hohenhausen, honoured the institution by becoming our president, and we had honorary members and subscribers amongst almost all of the courts and crowned heads in the

German principalities. We gave annual fêtes, and quarterly concerts, and every year a great examination was held, to which all the chief musicians and amateurs from every quarter were invited. A committee of judgment was then formed of six eminent professors; medals were distributed to the deserving; and the most successful pupil received a laurel wreath, a certificate of merit, and a sum equivalent to L.12 sterling. To obtain this honour, and this almost inexhaustible fortune, became the ruling motive of my life. I was ambitious and industrious; I rose rapidly in the estimation of my teachers; I passed steadily upwards from class to class; and by the time I had been six years a student in the institution, I had obtained four of the annual medals. One year still remained to me, and this I resolved to spend in severe application, with the hope of gaining the laurel crown and the grant from the treasury.

I must now mention something of my companions. We had youths from all parts of Germany, some French, and two Spaniards. I was not only the solitary Englishman in the school, but I believe the only English resident in the duchy. It is not, therefore, surprising that I should be less English than German, that I should feel myself almost a stranger in my own country. The number of residents, exclusive of teachers and servants, was limited to thirty; and about ten of this number were girls. But, excepting at meal-times, we were never suffered to meet—our class-rooms and lessons were separate, and our acquaintance went no further than an occasional civility at the dinner-table, a dance at the yearly fête, a bow at the examination, or a stolen glance at chapel on the Sundays. Out-pupils were also received; but these attended daily, and their payments were made quarterly. A comfortable waiting-room, overlooking the garden at the back, was at their disposal during the intervals of tuition, where they could read, work, or practise; and those who came from a distance, were permitted to have refreshments sent in from a restaurateur's in the adjoining thoroughfare.

There is, perhaps, a musical institution in my native country, and another in the gayest capital of Europe, that might be advantageously remodelled on the principles of our Hohenhausen Academy, and thus accomplish the reform so greatly needed.

The accommodation for all was liberal, and thoroughly executed—the government paternal, and the rewards as generous as the resources of the foundation would permit.

Franz Kæmpfer was an out-student; he was an undoubted genius, and his compositions had, for two successive years, carried off the great prize I so earnestly desired. We had been friends from the day he first entered the school, which was about a year and a half later than myself; and he had been to me almost an idol. But one day I had poured out to him all my aspirations and my hopes—I resolved to prepare an opera for the last examination at which I should be suffered to attend; to put my whole soul into my work; to win the crown; and with the wonderful L.12, to journey up to Paris, and offer my piece for representation at the Conservatoire. Franz heard my communication with undisguised surprise and contempt, and from that moment I lost his affection.

One day, when I remonstrated with him upon the change, he laughed sarcastically, and bade me do my worst to wrest the prize from himself. 'I have the first place in the school, Herr Charles,' he said haughtily, 'and I mean to keep it.'

I was grieved, deeply grieved, but not discouraged by this alteration in my friend. Indeed, I think my loss nerved me to greater resolution, and, perhaps, a sentiment of retaliation lurking at the bottom of my heart, may have incited me to humble the arrogant self-sufficiency that would acknowledge no successes but its own. Besides this, I received every encouragement from M. de Savanne, our violin preceptor. He was an old French nobleman, whose property had been confiscated in the revolution, and who, from being one of the most accomplished of amateurs, had become one of the best of teachers. Patient, polite, indulgent, yet firm, he exercised an unbounded sway over his pupils. I had the good fortune to become his favourite *élève*. He was very poor, yet his appearance was always that of a courtier and a gentleman. I can now see the little diamond brooch in his ample shirt-frill, the massive signet-ring upon his attenuated finger, and the enamelled snuff-box which he carried in his waistcoat-pocket. Dear old M. de Savanne, can it be that thy familiar face and voice are but a memory in my heart? He often invited me to his little apartment in the evening, when the hours of study were past, and would then play duets with me, or sometimes sing little quavering French songs to the accompaniment of an old guitar which he kept under his bed, and which had never been revealed, he assured me, to any eyes but mine. He never mentioned his past history, the fearful events which had bereft him of wealth, rank, and country; but once he shewed me the miniature of his wife, and I remember, as if it were yesterday, how I turned away from the sight of his struggling emotions. Till then, I had never known that he had been married, and he alluded to the subject no more.

Now, M. de Savanne became my great prop and consolation. He urged me to spare no toil in the prosecution of my scheme; he placed his room at my disposal, for I could not write as I would wish in the public classes; and he even assisted me in composing the libretto of my opera. We took the Crusades for our subject, and called it *Richard Cœur de Lion*. Night after night I laboured when the rest had retired; but my undertaking was immense, and the time short for its completion. For the last three days and nights preceding the great event, I never rested from my task; and as the morning of the examination-day dawned grayly into the room, my trembling hand traced the last chord of the concluding chorus, and my opera, fully scored for band and vocalists, was finished as if for performance. I had tasted no food for thirty hours, and not all the persuasions of M. de Savanne could even now induce me to touch a morsel. I made a hasty alteration in my dress, drank half a tumblerful of brandy, and, with my precious manuscripts under my arm, took my place among the candidates in the concert-room. All the students were in attendance, and the examination was protracted till a late hour in the evening. Franz sat apart from the rest, with an expression of insolent assurance on his handsome face; and being one of the first to go up, was graciously received, and returned to his place with the evident conviction that his triumph was secure. I was one of the last examined, and when my turn arrived, I was utterly exhausted. I laid my opera upon the table. Glances of surprise were exchanged between the judges,

for no work more considerable than a symphony, or at the most a cantata of some three or four movements, had ever before been submitted to them by a competitor. For nearly an hour they were occupied in turning over the leaves, while I stood pale, trembling, and wearied out; for the rules did not permit a candidate to be seated during examination. At last they reached the end, and without expressing one word of praise or blame, desired me to go down, and the next student succeeded me. The business went on, but my head began to swim; I no longer heard or saw, and my veins seemed throbbing with fire. Then came a stir—a confusion—a silence; I heard, but had no power to reply to the voice of the usher calling me by name. Then M. de Savanne made his way over to me, and, taking me by the arm, led me forward. An elderly man with a portly presence, a red ribbon, and a jewelled order at his breast, rose and addressed me; but I could not seize the meaning of his words. He advanced, took a wreath of laurel leaves from the table, and descending the first step of the platform, laid it upon my brow, and placed a paper in my hand.

'Have you nothing to reply?' whispered M. de Savanne, shaking me violently by the arm. 'Do you know who it is? It is Spohr!—the great Doctor Spohr!' But the certificate fluttered from my nerveless grasp, and I fell heavily upon the floor! I had fainted!

Twelve days after this I started for Paris. My term had expired at the Academy about a week after the examination, and I instantly engaged a place in the next diligence for my journey. I parted with tears from M. de Savanne, and as I left his presence he forced three golden ducats into my hand. How well I knew the privation he would suffer from the gift, yet I dared not to refuse it!

My journey from Hohenhausen to Paris appears to me even now like a dream. I eagerly watched, yet scarcely remembered, the country through which I passed, so much was I distracted between the novelty of my present position, and the golden future my imagination bodied forth. Possessed of my opera, the sum of thirteen pounds ten shillings English, and the enthusiasm of twenty-one years of age, I felt endowed with an immortality of wealth and happiness, and took no heed of locality or time. My route lay through Holland and Belgium. There were now railways in many parts of France, and leaving Antwerp on the Saturday, I arrived in Paris at five o'clock on a bright autumnal Sunday morning. I was not long delayed in the custom-house, for all my luggage consisted of my precious manuscripts, my violin, and my valise. With these under my arm, I went forth from the station, and found myself in a new world—in the bright, dazzling, tree-lined boulevards of Paris! It had been my intention to seek lodgings immediately, but I forgot everything on beholding the wonders around me. The morning air was very clear; the sun shone vividly upon the tall white houses, with their jalousies and gilt balconies; theatres, shops, pleasure-gardens, and hotels, not yet opened, lined the great thoroughfares; columns, palace-like buildings, fountains, and churches, were passed in never-ending succession! At last I came to the front of a superb edifice, surrounded with pillars, and with statues of saints standing in niches round the walls. A noble flight of steps led up to the entrance, and a gilt cross surmounted the frieze. This was the Madeleine. The doors were just being opened, and an old sacristan, in a black serge gown, was placing the chairs in order for the matin-service. I went in. Several women were sweeping the floors, and some young acolytes were placing fresh flowers on the altar. The golden decorations, the gorgeous paintings on the ceiling, the chapels with their statues and wax-lights at the sides, all conspired to increase my dreamy joy. I gazed and wandered round and round; till, overpowered with fatigue and admiration, I shrank into a chair in a distant corner of the church, and fell into a profound sleep. How long it lasted, I know not; but sounds of chanting, and the deep voices of an organ, mingled with my dreams. When I awoke, the last lingering worshippers were leaving the aisle, the music had ceased, the lights were being extinguished on the high altar, the noise of life and rushing carriages came thickly from the boulevard beyond, and the service was over. When I went forth, all was changed. Where there had been silence, there was a confusion of sound; where there had been closed shops and deserted pathways, there was gaiety, business, and thronging passengers. The shops blazed in the sun with rich stuffs and bijouterie; the stone-masons were at work on the new buildings; the lemonade-venders and mountebanks were plying their busy trades; a troop of cavalry passed along with their bright accoutrements and martial music; loungers and ladies were feasting their eyes upon the milliners' windows, or sitting in the open air outside the restaurants drinking chocolate and eau sucrée!

I thought myself still dreaming. I stood still, and stared around me with bewildered amazement. Could this indeed be Sunday?—the sacred day which I had been accustomed to see so reverently kept? I can scarcely now recall how that day was passed, or the varying emotions of delight and mistrust with which I traversed the fairy-land around me. I remember dining at a magnificent restaurant, in which the walls were all paintings and mirrors, and being terrified at the sum which the refreshment stole from my scanty purse. I am sensible of having wandered through the gardens of the Tuileries, and gazed on the obelisk and fountains of the Place de la Concorde; of pacing round and round the marvellous arcades of the Palais-Royal, and of traversing some of the enchanted galleries of the Louvre; of shuddering as I hastened past the Morgue; and of kneeling, half-stupified with fatigue and pleasure, beneath the bare and lofty ceiling of Notre Dame. It was not till evening came on, and the lights blazed forth from theatres and cafés, that I remembered that I had as yet no place where I might lay my head.

After wandering through many broad and brilliant thoroughfares, I came at last upon a cluster of narrow streets, branching off through a massive stone gateway from the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre. This little nook was called the Cité Bergère, and there I found several houses, with the notice of apartments to let suspended from over the doors. There were two men in blouses sitting outside the entrance to one of these houses, with a little table between them, playing cards. A woman with an infant stood just within the hall, and a cat was purring close beside their feet. I stood still for some moments and observed them, but they were so absorbed in their game, that I remained unnoticed. The faces of both were dark, honest, and good-humoured; the picture was pleasant and domestic, and I resolved to address them. My inquiries for an apartment were instantly listened to by the younger *ouvrier* with respectful attention. He desired his wife to shew monsieur the unlet rooms, bowed profoundly, and resumed his seat, his pipe, and his game. There were chambers on the second, third, and fifth story vacant; all varying in price, according to their altitude. The first-named was too expensive for my modest means, and the last I thought scarcely good enough for the composer of an historical opera, with a certificate of merit, and a store of golden ducats in his pocket; so I engaged a single apartment on the third story, for which I agreed to pay twelve francs a week, with attendance and linen included. Such a child was I still in all worldly matters, and so little did I calculate how long my scanty finances would be likely to endure!

I scarcely observed my room; but entering imme-

diately into possession, threw myself hastily upon the bed, and slept profoundly. It was long past noon the next day when I awoke. The sun was shining in upon my eyes, and the air bore the early chill of autumn. I rose and inspected the details of my little home; admired the ormolu time-piece, the ornamental candlesticks on my chimney-piece, the little writing-table in the window, the chiffonnière with its marble top, the two easy-chairs, the pretty French-bed with its chintz hangings, and the pots of geranium placed outside the balcony. I was delighted with everything I saw, and thought myself the happiest fellow in the world! This day I resolved to call upon the manager of the Opera Française; and taking my precious work, inquired my way to the theatre. I reached the doors in the Rue Lepelletier; the entrance was crowded with gentlemen and livery-servants engaging places for the evening entertainment; and it was with difficulty that I could obtain a hearing from the keeper of the box-office, or make him comprehend that I desired an audience of the manager. He was busy, and his tone hasty and self-important. Monsieur had better come at an earlier hour the next day. At present, M. B—— was engaged. Had monsieur any very special letter of introduction? I replied in the negative, and was proceeding to state my business, when he turned his back abruptly, and commenced speaking to some one else. Once more I tried to address him, but he scarcely deigned me a reply; and, humbled and disconcerted, I drew away, and the next moment found me in the street.

I could not conceal from myself that I felt abashed and disappointed; yet I was not seriously uneasy at my first rebuff, and was soon strolling along as light-hearted and enjoying as before. Again I found my way to the Louvre, and spent the whole day in a trance of admiration amid the world of new life that opens upon us, from the priceless works that line its walls with 'riches fineless.' Leaving there, I dined at a brilliant restaurateur's in the Palais-Royal, and at night strolled into one of the theatres. I was hardly familiar enough with the language thoroughly to follow the business of the pieces; but I comprehended enough to enjoy the entertainment heartily, and I returned at night to my lodgings very tired and very happy. The next day I went to the theatre, and was refused an audience, on the pretence that M. B—— was absent. Still I staved off the doubts that were gathering over my mind. The next day I went again, but with the same result—and the next after that. The fourth time I was treated by the officials with absolute rudeness—they laughed together before my face, and as I entered, said one to another: 'Voilà, voilà, see the monsieur with the parcel of music!'

Almost broken-hearted, I turned away; but I yet hoped that all was not hopeless. I had chosen the hour badly—I had not been sufficiently explicit in my statement—I had not mentioned the certificate of merit! The last thought was a brilliant one; I turned back again instantly, and making my way once more to the *bureau des loges*, begged timidly, but with profound deference, to be allowed to explain to monsieur that I was a pupil of the Hohenhausen Academy of Music; that I had received the laurel crown, and been honoured with their certificate of merit. My communication was hailed by a burst of laughter from the loungers, and an angry *sacré* from the keeper of the office. How shall I confess it? I was ordered to the door, and threatened with the gendarmerie if ever I ventured to return!

Burning with shame and indignation, I left the place with as much dignity as I could assume, and, hastening to the gardens of the Tuileries, walked to and fro amid the shady alleys of limes and chestnut-trees, till I had somewhat regained my equanimity. This time I was not so much disheartened as angry. Was I, a musician, a gentleman, to be thus treated? I felt within myself the power to command respect—to earn distinction; and my blood boiled at the indignities to which I had been subjected. I resolved to write to M. B——, acquainting him with my treatment, stating the motive which had induced me to request an audience, naming my qualifications, and at the same time enclosing my opera for his perusal. I hastened home to the Cité Bergère, and after destroying five letters in succession, at last produced one which I fondly deemed a very model of eloquence, modesty, and respectful remonstrance. I was too proud to make my appearance again in the Rue Lepelletier, so I engaged a commissionaire, or public messenger, to carry the parcel. This done, I felt relieved and happier. My *Richard Cœur de Lion* was now fairly launched upon the world, and I again indulged in sanguine hopes of prosperity.

But for some days I had observed with anxiety that my expenses were great, and that my store of money was rapidly diminishing. I now sought a cheaper restaurateur's, and made up my mind to relinquish all theatrical or public amusements that must be purchased with money. So I dined at an humble establishment on the Quai des Orfèvres for ninety centimes, in the company of ouvriers and grisettes; and limited my daily recreations to the promenades, the churches, the Louvre, and the free exhibitions. Still my little store melted away from my fingers; I could no longer close my eyes to the black prospects before me; and I often sat for hours under the trees in the public gardens, gloomily brooding over the poverty by which I must speedily be overtaken. Another long, long week passed on, and yet no reply arrived from M. B——. I grew sick at heart, and no longer placed faith in the excuses with which I strove to account for his silence. It was in vain that I said: 'He is busy; he needs time to reflect upon so considerable a work; it is better that he should not decide too hastily.' Alas! my heart rejected the hollow comfort which my head devised; and when the third week's rent of my lodging had been paid, I found but eighteen francs remaining in my purse. I went up to my chamber, after settling with my landlady, and sat down on the edge of my bed in utter despair. The next week's rent would be twelve francs more, which just left me six for my board, and when that was gone—— The thought was madness!

At last, from the depths of my grief, a hope suggested itself to me. I had written nothing since my arrival in Paris—suppose that I composed some light attractive dance-music, and offered it for sale at one of the music-shops! A sunbeam of hope seemed to dawn over me; but first of all I arranged with Madame Lemercier, my hostess, that I should leave my pretty room, and occupy a garret on the sixth floor, at four francs a week. I instantly moved up; my possessions, which consisted only of my travelling-bag and violin, went with me in my hand. The room was clean, but cold and ill-furnished: a deal-table stood in the centre; a narrow uncurtained bed in one corner; and a chest of drawers and a couple of chairs completed the decorations. Here I sat down to write. Not an idea could I summon to my aid, and leaning my head forwards upon my hands, I stared hopelessly upon the blank music-paper. Suddenly a little sparrow perched on the sill of my attic-window, and peeping timidly in upon me, twittered a tiny note of welcome. The tears rushed over my eyes; a thousand recollections and emotions filled my heart; a stream of melody seemed to flow over my soul; and in an hour I had sketched a couple of light and brilliant waltzes for pianoforte and violin. I took my hat and my compositions, and was about to go instantly in quest of a purchaser. Just as I reached the door of my chamber, I heard again the twitter of the friendly sparrow. I turned back, and taking the last piece of my breakfast-roll from my pocket, crumbled it upon the window-ledge: 'Come, little friend,' I said with a faint smile, 'come, and eat thy fill! To thee I owe my work, and so long as I have food for myself,

thou shalt never want for a breakfast!' I then closed the window, and retreated. Presently he ventured back again, and I left him enjoying the feast.

That day I went to seven music-shops, and not one of the publishers would even suffer me to leave my waltzes for approbation. Paris, they said, was overstocked with dance-music; there was no sufficient profit now upon the sale of works to enable them to pay unknown composers, &c. The next day I tried one or two more, but with no better fortune. At last I gave myself up to a dreamy hopelessness: sometimes I would lie all day upon my bed; sometimes I wandered restlessly about the streets, as if seeking something, I knew not what. Another week gone, and still no letter from the Conservatoire! The worst was come; and nothing but starvation was before me. At last a terrible day dawned, when my last sou was gone, and a few chestnuts were all I had left. The weather was bitterly cold, and the wind howled dismally round the upper stories of the houses. I had no fire—no food. I remained in bed for warmth, and strove to sleep, that I might escape from the pangs of hunger. In the afternoon I could resist the enemy no longer, and I ate the remaining chestnuts with avidity. Still these did not suffice for my necessity. A deeply humiliating alternative suggested itself to my mind, and though I dismissed it many times, it kept returning with tenfold strength, and at last was no longer to be resisted. I rose from my bed; dressed myself hastily; drew my hat over my eyes; and taking my violin under my arm, went feebly down the staircase, out into the streets, and in the direction of the Champs Elysées. It was night. The promenade was brilliant with lights from cafés and exhibitions; actors were performing in the little *alfresco* theatres; the gardens of the restaurants were filled with people; bands were playing; lotteries, fruit-stalls, and merry-go-rounds were fully occupied; and throngs of well-dressed people were strolling in the avenues of trees, and along the broad paths beside the carriage-drives. Tears of shame and pride were stealing down my cheeks. I took up my station beside a group of elms, and drew my bow across the strings. With the first note, I seemed to wake as if from a cruel dream; I shuddered; I replaced the instrument in the case: 'No!' I cried half-audibly, 'I will die first!'

And I thought of dying, too, as I hurried from the place. I wandered up to the Pont Louis XVI., and gazed down, with an undefinable longing for peace, into the dark waters of the Seine. Then I turned away, and about midnight re-entered the gates of the Cité Bergère. Slowly, slowly I toiled up the weary staircase; slowly I entered my cheerless attic, and heavily I dropped into a chair .... Heavens!—a letter! I seize it—tear it open—can scarcely read it for anxiety! The blood rushes to my cheeks—suddenly the writing becomes confused—my eyes are blinded with hot tears, and, sobbing loudly in my joy, my head drops upon the table, and I yield to my emotions like a child!

My opera is accepted! my opera is accepted! There is a great deal more than this in the letter: M. B—— offers me three thousand francs for my work, and politely laments the rudeness of his servants; but all this is nothing to me: I neither read nor heed it—my opera is accepted, and that is all I care for in the world! Soon my wild intoxication of delight subsides; a sense of deep peace and gratitude pervades my heart; I sink upon my knees, and, thanking the Giver of this blessing, pray fervently for strength to bear my happiness, and guidance to employ it with humility and worthiness. Happy night!—pain, anxiety, hunger, all forgotten and unfelt! Happy sleep, and still more happy daybreak!

The next morning, at an early hour, I waited on M. B—— at his private residence, and received from him an advance of five hundred francs for my immediate necessities. It now only remains for me to add, that *Richard Cœur de Lion* proved himself as successful a crusader as ever, and achieved a signal triumph over the musical circles of Paris; that I am every day ascending higher up the ladder of prosperity; and that my first opera has been succeeded already by two others.

My fourth dramatic composition is now in progress; and perhaps, reader, if you visit Paris next season, you may chance to be present at its performance. If you are a critic, be kind.

THE ONYX AND THE CAMEO.

Few productions of art are more delicately beautiful than *cameos*, or, as some writers give the plural, *camei*. It is sometimes thought that a medal or medallion, or a similarly engraved article in relievo, is necessarily a cameo; but there is a needless confusion of terms here. Cameo has a special meaning, and a very pretty meaning too. It is understood that, in a good cameo, the ground shall be of a different tint from the raised device; and the difficulty is, to find a substance which presents this difference. It will not suffice to paint the cameo, as a means of producing the diversity; this would be a sham, a factitious and imitative affair, having no value in the eyes of a person of taste.

In olden times, the cameo engravers always employed gems or valuable stones, selected with especial reference to variations in tint; but the cheap cameos of modern days are made of shell, and the still cheaper imitations, of glass. The *onyx* appears to have been more generally selected than any other gem—obviously in consequence of the very remarkable tints which it presents. The true onyx of the mineralogist does not mark the limit of application; for the engravers give the same name to other stones which, though mineralogically different, are, in structure and appearance, very similar. The two chief kinds employed are the sardonyx and the carnelian onyx. The use of such stones for such a purpose is of so high antiquity, that no one can safely name the period of its introduction. There may be truth in the supposition that the art was invented in India, thence introduced into Egypt, and thence copied by the Jews, who practised it after the Exodus from Egypt. Be that as it may, the numerous passages in the Bible relating to engraved stones and jewels are well known, and point to the existence of the art among the Israelites. 'Onyx-stones and stones to be set in the Ephod, and in the breast-plate of the high-priest,' are among the gifts which the people were commanded to bring to the tabernacle. Moses was also commanded to take two onyx-stones, and engrave on them the names of the children of Israel, or rather of the twelve tribes—six on the one, and six on the other. The instructions are very precise, for they relate to the 'work of an engraver in stone, like the engravings on a signet.' It is true that this does not necessarily imply a production analogous to a cameo, since it may have been engraved in intaglio or sunken lines, instead of in relief. So far as can at present be judged, the Hindoos, Egyptians, Hebrews, and Persians, chiefly valued their engraved stones for the written or hieroglyphic characters wrought on them; but the more refined Greeks aimed at higher results—they sought to render their engraved stones works of art, and it was then only, properly speaking, that true cameos were produced. When heads and figures were introduced upon the gems, the fancy of the Greeks had at once a wide field opened for its exercise. The

Romans, likewise, practised the art with great skill, and some of their productions, still extant, are truly wonderful. The Italians, who derived their knowledge of the art from their predecessors the Romans, are at the present day the most skilful cameo engravers; the productions of France and England in this art being less striking.

In a recent number of the *Art Journal* was given an interesting account of the present mode of conducting the cameo art. We will present in a condensed form the more popular and easily understood details.

It appears that Oberstein, a small town in Prussian Saxony, furnishes the chief supply of onyxes for the cameo engravers. Some are brought from the Brazils and from the East Indies, but the European artists depend chiefly upon Oberstein. The onyx occurs in detached pieces in the ground, in rows, all separated like the nodules of flint in chalk. The value of each specimen depends mainly on the character of its markings or tints. Sometimes chalcedony and carnelian are stained to imitate real onyx; and this, indeed, forms one of the arts carried on at Oberstein. There are layers or strata in chalcedony, which, though presenting the same tint to the eye, differ in texture and compactness. The stone is capable of absorbing fluids in the direction of the strata; but this power differs in the different strata, some of which will absorb more than others. Hence it follows that one single stone, treated with one single liquid, may be made to present as many gradations of tint as there are layers or strata, owing to their difference in absorptive power. This fact renders clear a statement in Pliny, which was long a matter of puzzlement. He speaks of the Roman artists boiling the onyx-stones with honey for seven or eight days. This statement, once discredited, is now believed, for there are dealers in agate, onyx, chalcedony, and carnelian, at Oberstein and Idar, who have manufactories in which analogous processes are carried on.

This onyx dyeing is very curious. It was for many years a secret in the hands of one person at Idar, who is supposed to have derived it from Italy; but the art seems now to be regularly practised in the two towns above named. Suppose the artist to have a piece of chalcedony, or of red or yellow carnelian, which he wishes to convert into an onyx for the cameo engraver; he proceeds as follows:—The stone is carefully washed and dried; it is placed in a clean vessel containing honey and water, and is there maintained at nearly a boiling heat for a period of two or three weeks—the watered honey being renewed as fast as it evaporates. This done, the stone is transferred to a vessel containing strong sulphuric acid; it is covered over with a piece of slate, and the acid is heated to 350 or 400 degrees Fahrenheit. If the stone be soft, a few hours of this powerful ordeal will suffice; but a harder specimen may require immersion in the hot acid for a whole day. The stone is then washed and dried in a kind of oven, it is polished, and it is steeped for some days in oil. The oil is afterwards removed by rubbing the stone gently with bran. Sulphuric acid is used only in the cases when a dark or onyx ground is required; if a red or carnelian ground be sought, the acid is nitric instead of sulphuric. We have spoken of one stone only, but several are operated upon at once. Now, the conjoint action of the honey, the acid, and the oil appears to be this: the honey penetrates into the porous layers of the stone, and is carbonised in the pores by the acid; this carbonisation deepens the tints of the dark layers in the onyx specimens, and of the red layers in the carnelian specimens; while the heat increases the opacity of the white layers, thus rendering the contrast more striking.

There are mechanical processes carried on at Oberstein, besides this chemical treatment of a particular kind of stone for a particular purpose. Besides onyx, agate, chalcedony, and carnelian, the Oberstein lapidaries work upon amethysts and other stones and gems. The rough chalcedony or onyx stones are ground upon small mills formed of very hard sandstone, mounted on horizontal axes, and worked by water-power. The stones are generally ground until some particular layer or tint comes conspicuously to the surface; and then a polishing process succeeds. It is after this grinding that the singular chemical colouring operation is conducted, in those specimens which—whether onyx, or sardonyx, or carnelian—are to be used for cameos. A method very strange to all but those familiar with its adoption, is employed for determining the value of the stones. A small fragment is broken off, and is moistened with the tongue; the buyer carefully notes the rate at which the moisture dries away; he examines to see whether it be absorbed by the stone quickly or slowly, and whether in equal or different degrees by the different layers. According to the greater or lesser rapidity of absorption, and to the equality or inequality of the absorption in different parts, so does he judge the susceptibility of the stone to receive the peculiar colouring action by means of honey, on which its fitness as a cameo material so much depends. The cameo-stones prepared at Oberstein and Idar are estimated at about L.3000 annual value.

When a suitable piece of stone reaches the hands of the cameo engraver, he has many matters to take into consideration before he can commence his artistic labours. He has to determine what his design shall be, and how far the layers of the stone will be suitable for that design. Supposing him to select a head or bust on a dark ground, he would wish that the line of division between the light and dark layers of the onyx should be clearly defined, so as to coincide with the line of division between the device and the ground. When the stone consists of several layers of colour, considerable scope is afforded for the exercise of judgment in selecting a design, in which the whole of the colours can be rendered available consistently with true artistic effect. In reality, therefore, the cameo engraver does not resolve upon his design, and then search about for an onyx suitable for it; he rather takes an onyx, studies its layers and tints, and adapts a design to it. He may, it is true, have beforehand a general notion of the sort of cameo which he wishes to produce; but leaves himself open to modifications of plan according to the character and qualities of the onyx.

These preliminary matters being settled, the artist proceeds with his delicate labours. He makes a drawing and a model: the drawing is much larger than the stone, but the model is the exact size of the stone. The wax-model is gradually wrought so as to represent the exact device which he wishes to produce in relievo on the cameo; and this serves him as a pattern or authority during his work. The outline is sketched on the surface of the stone, and is cut in with a sharp instrument; after which, the whole of the white portion of the onyx, beyond the limits of the design, is cut away, leaving the dark portion as a background. The interior portion of the design is then worked, by gradually cutting away the parts that are to be sunken: the wax-model serving as a guide in respect to the depth to which the various points of the cutting are to be carried. This process of engraving is not effected, as some might suppose, by sharp chisels and gravers; the implements used are small revolving wheels made of soft iron. A sort of lathe is worked by a treadle; the little wheels are made to rotate rapidly; the onyx is held to the edge of a wheel; and the rapid revolution causes the wheel to cut away or abrade the surface of the onyx. It might perhaps be supposed that, as the onyx is harder than the soft iron, the latter would wear away rather than the former; but the stillness of the one and

the rapid movement of the other reverse this effect. A tallow candle fired from a gun, will penetrate a deal board, from an analogous cause. The little wheels employed vary in size and shape: some have edges as thin as a knife, while others have the edges more rounded; the largest are seldom more than a fifth or a sixth of an inch in diameter, while the smallest appear little more than mere points, although a magnifier shews them to possess the true circular or disk form. It is not the actual iron of the wheel which cuts the onyx, but a little diamond dust which, moistened with oil, is applied to it. Thus does the artist proceed with his slow and tedious work, cutting away the white part of the onyx until he has realised the full idea of his design. And when this is done, other little wheels of copper and of boxwood are employed to polish the dainty work.

It is little matter for wonder that cameos which require so much patience, skill, and taste, should be costly. A well-executed cameo, with the head of a single figure upon it, costs even at the present day from L.12 to L.20. Nor need we express any surprise that attempts should be made to lessen the expense by employing some cheaper material than prepared onyx. Of all substitutes which have been tried, shells have been found most suitable; and hence has been introduced a new candidate to public favour—*shell cameos*. Some sorts of shell have the advantage of being soft enough to work upon with ease, while they afford the necessary variety in colour. Among other kinds, the shell called the 'Bull's Mouth,' from Madagascar and Ceylon, has a red or sardonyx inner coat or ground; the 'Black Helmet,' from Jamaica, Nassau, and New Providence, has a blackish or onyx inner coat; while the 'Queen Conch' has a pink ground. These shells are formed of three distinct layers of calcareous matter, deposited one after the other in the formation of the shell. For cameos, the central layer forms the body of the bas-relief; the inner layer being the ground; while the third or external layer is rendered available to give a varied appearance to the surface of the design. If the three layers are of different tints, the power of producing beautiful results is greatly increased; but if the layers be not well compacted together, a durable cameo could not result; and the artist has therefore many requirements to guide his selection. The shell called the 'Black Helmet' is large enough to yield two or three brooch cameos. The shell cameos are not wrought by revolving wheels, but by sharp cutting tools held in the hand—such as gravers, hardened wire sharpened at the point, and darning-needles. This pretty art-manufacture is said to have been introduced in Sicily about half a century ago, and to have been confined to Italy for twenty years or so; but an Italian then began to make shell cameos at Paris, where the art has ever since been carried on more extensively than anywhere else.

Besides the cameos made of onyx and of shell, others are now made of glass. It has been found that some kinds of glass, if exposed for any considerable time to a high degree of heat, but below their point of fusion, are so far changed in their properties and texture as to become opaque, fibrous, tough, and extremely hard. It has also been found that two or more layers of glass, of different colours, may be cemented together into one whole. These two facts have rendered it easy to produce a material out of which cameos might be engraved by means similar to those which the flint-glass engraver employs in adorning decanters and table-glass generally. If done quickly and roughly, they are very cheap; if done carefully, they are very beautiful; so that it is not improbable that glass cameos may be produced extensively as illustrations of the finest specimens of ancient art.

It need perhaps scarcely be said, that seal engraving is, in principle, simply the reverse of cameo engraving. The seal is engraved, to use the artistic expression, in intaglio, while the cameo is engraved in relievo. The mode of cutting an onyx or carnelian seal would be by small revolving disks or cutters, as in the case of cutting a cameo in the same materials.

SHIELDS AND SALVES.

It is a very plaguy thing in this world, that one every now and then comes into contact with persons handsomer, cleverer, more accomplished, and every way better than ourselves—or presumed to be so—so that our *amour propre*, as the French call it, is liable to continual wounds. There is one way of avoiding all such injuries, which some few happily constituted persons find themselves capable of realising, and this is, to fall into a hearty admiration of the superior individuals, to love, follow, and delight in them, to make ourselves of their party, and, as it were, identify ourselves with them. In that case, all is well, and there is no occasion for further remark. But, as is well known, there is a vast number of persons who do not find it in their hearts to indulge in an appreciation of qualities strikingly superior to their own, and who consequently would pine under a sense of their lower position, were it not that nature has kindly furnished certain *other* means of protection for a harassed self-love.

At every ball, as you are well aware, there is one pretty girl, in the full bloom of young womanhood, lightfooted and gleesome, and usually dressed in a strikingly handsome style. The gentlemen appear generally to admire her, and two youths persecute her the whole evening with their attentions. She is a painful subject of contemplation to a considerable number of her own sex, matrons as well as maids; but there is even for this sore a salve. You begin, in a poetical rapture, to speak of her to one of these ladies, who quickly settles you with an inquiry, if you mean that showy girl in pink ribbons. Showy girl! Perfect loveliness reduced to the epithet *showy!* Or, if you begin with the decided remark that Miss —— is really a lovely young creature, you may be petrified with: 'Oh, do you think so?' followed by: 'I can't say I admire her complexion;' or, 'She has not good eyes;' or, 'Her manner is bad;' some detraction, in short, which may preserve her contemporaries from being utterly beat down by her superiority. The ingenuity which the sex shews in bringing up protectives on such occasions is surprising. Should there be no citable fault just ready, your friend will reply to your remark on the attractiveness of the young beauty: 'And doesn't she know it, too?' as if, though she did, there were any harm in it. The ordinary protection, however, from the superior beauty of these young creatures who flash forth in the ball-room for a season, is the simple word *showy*. Be always ready with this word, and you are safe.

If you are an author whom the public has unaccountably neglected, and hear a very popular one spoken of in terms of admiration, you may save yourself by a very simple expedient. *Regret that he is so conceited.* This always tells somewhat. If his praises be still pressed, cite his worst books, and state candidly your suspicions that he gets all his best ideas from the Germans. In an extreme case, cut him up in a weekly review.

To a lady who has no recommendations or accomplishments, we have a very serviceable course to suggest with regard to those specimens of the sex who, being

agreeable and accomplished, are apt to carry away the admiration of the gentlemen. Some one, we shall say, remarks: 'What a pleasant, accomplished person is Mrs Pennington! Plays and sings so well, and always ready to oblige.' Strike in with: 'Oh, but don't you think her very affected?' It is one of the most blessed things in the whole armoury of self-love, that you can always interpret away the brilliant qualities of others as *affectation*. A pretty woman is taken ill, and becomes a subject of attention—*all affectation!* A good pianist is asked to play a particular piece, and declares she cannot—*all affectation!* With a little dexterity, you may bring the most brilliant superiority down to your own level by insinuating—*affectation*. Sometimes extraordinary mental gifts are accompanied by great artlessness. Never mind that. The artlessness will be sure to exhibit itself in some sort of eccentricity; and this eccentricity can always be plausibly described as *affectation*. In short, we do not know any bright thing in human nature, that the term *affectation*, well managed, will not apply to, and do for.

Are you a prudent person, who see well to your own comforts, and allow everybody else to see after theirs without any interference on your part; in short, one who has no great character for benevolence? It is very likely that you will occasionally hear persons of an opposite kind much praised for their continual efforts and sacrifices in the cause of humanity; and this is apt to become rather galling, as tending, though indirectly, to set those said persons above yourself. What is to be done here? Set it all down to *vanity*. 'Yes, he usually subscribes handsomely—he knows that the money will not be lost.' 'Oh, ay, he rather likes a good case of misery to make a work about—it is so much to credit in the ledger of reputation.' If there be any objection to receiving this view of the matter, call up any circumstance you can remember—and there are sure to be many—in which he shewed himself not quite dead to a sense of his own worldly interest, albeit quite in a legitimate way: cite this as shewing him to be a worldly man, fully relying to be borne out by that well-known idiosyncrasy of the public, that they never can look on a character in two lights. Thus you pretty effectively dispose of his praises for benevolence, and leave yourself in calm enjoyment of your own reflections on the propriety of never attending to anything but your own interests and gratifications, all else being 'vanity and vexation of spirit.'

One cannot here fail to remark what a felicitous arrangement it is in mundane affairs, that the plain, the dull, the unaccomplished, and the selfish, are thus enabled to go on with some degree of comfort, in company with the beautiful, the clever, the accomplished, and the generous, who would otherwise be to them a continual eyesore and pest.

In the relations of domestic life, there are numberless occasions when the self-love is invaded; but here, too, by a merciful dispensation, there are always shields and salves to protect and heal. If you have been reproached or chid about anything, to save yourself from too great mortification, and throw back on the censurer some part of your own sufferings, try to reduce the principle on which he proceeds to the absurd. For example, a gentleman hints to his wife disapproval regarding the amount of money she has expended on some particular matter in housekeeping, and expresses some anxiety about her keeping nearer to a square with his general means and income. Say it is a rather fine family dinner which has excited his remarks. The lady, having at the moment expressed the usual regret that she *never* can please him, has only to take care next day to have nothing better on the table than boiled mutton and turnips, knowing well enough that it is a dish he dislikes, and that he decidedly prefers a variety of things for dinner. In this way she at once vindicates her taste for economy, and proves to him that he had better not interfere in such matters. Say he has vented a little impatience on having one day had to wait a quarter of an hour in the lobby with a cab at the door, while she lingered at her toilet, engaged in some interesting new experiment upon ringlets or bonnet-ribbons. Her unfailing resource is, next day, to be ready a full hour before the time, and harass him by taps at his dressing-room door, with inquiries if he is not yet coming. Whenever a husband counsels a course of proceedings the reverse of that which his wife has suggested, thus throwing a slur upon her opinions, she, if a woman of any dexterity or judgment, will be at no loss to repay the compliment and something more, by following that said course of his out to a point which he will feel to be inconvenient, or in certain relations of time and place which he never intended, and which will give it an air of folly utterly mortifying to him. For example, if he finds any fault with the way little Harry is dressed when sent to school, and recommends that the poor child should not be quite smothered in greatcoats and comforters, let that youthful scion of the family-tree appear next day in his very thinnest dress, and a mere ribbon-tie at his shirt-neck, notwithstanding its being perhaps colder weather than when papa made his unlucky observation. If he finds fault with this, let him know that you are acting under his directions, as you were led to understand that he preferred very thin dresses for his boy. A few such exemplifications of the *reductio ad absurdum*, will wear out in almost any husband the disposition to interfere in matters that more properly fall under his wife's jurisdiction, and, what is of more importance to the present question, they will effectually protect the *amour propre* of the weaker vessel.

Servants, who have feelings as well as their mistresses, may follow the same philosophy when they find their self-love in danger. If one has been rebuked by her mistress for the folly of putting on a large fire on a mild morning, she will know how to vindicate herself by putting on a very small fire next morning, albeit it is a comparatively cold one. Or, say she is chid for a small fire on a cold morning, she will have a large one the next, though, from a sudden elevation of the temperature, it is almost impossible to endure any fire in the room at all. This is merely a sample of what a clever servant may do in self-defence with an exacting or unreasonable lady. One of any spirit will be at no loss for similar devices on all suitable occasions.

We do not pretend to dictate to anybody; but it would be quite improper to conceal that there is another mode of conduct, totally the reverse of this, which, if it could be followed, would perhaps have a still better effect, at least in the long-run. We refer to the plan, followed by some, of having but a simple regard to what is most beneficial in the circumstances. A wife, for instance, may take a candid thought about her husband's means and tastes, and try to accommodate matters to the best results in both respects. By pleasing him, she may secure some satisfaction for herself. So may a servant, by taking a rational view of what is best for the comfort of the family she serves, obtain praise, approval, and, ultimately, higher wages. There

is such a thing as duty, and in its performance, many persons of good sense and noble feeling have, it must be admitted, found their highest happiness. This is at anyrate a point worthy of some consideration; and it may perhaps occur to most of our readers that, after all, it may be best to suspend the operations of self-love in the instances of which examples have been given, and try, instead, what may be the effect of simply doing what we ought to do.

AN INDIAN TRIP.

I HAVE nothing to tell that is more uncommon here than a railway trip from London to Brighton would be with you. But the difference between travelling in India and in England is so remarkable, that it occurs to me to dash down as rapidly as we speeded the impressions of the journey, and try the effect upon good-natured listeners at home.

It was in the month of April we left Madras for the Neilgherry Hills, and right glad we were to forsake the scorching plains for the beautiful Blue Mountains, of which I had heard so much. Madras was beginning to be unbearably hot, though the sea-breeze still set in every afternoon, and made the nights tolerable. The first part of our journey was performed in an open carriage; we left the city at ten o'clock at night, the most agreeable time for travelling in India, and, by changing horses every ten or twelve miles, reached Arcot about seven the next morning—a distance of eighty miles. It was delightful rolling along in the bright moonlight—the nights in India are so enjoyable, the air so balmy and soft, and the stillness and silence of the vast plains we traversed so impressive. The mere absence of the sun is delicious; and the bright cold moon shining on us instead, with the brilliant fireflies glittering in every tree, gave a charm to the scene the glare of sunshine would have destroyed. As we stopped at the lonely wayside bungalows to change horses, the horrid cry of the jackal broke on our ears. It is one of the most unpleasant sounds I ever heard, so sharp, so savage, and, as it dies away in the distance, so strangely sad—breaking, too, as it always does, on the stillness of night: often as my ears have been saluted with this sound, I never hear it without a shudder.

Our journey from Arcot was continued partly by palanquin, and partly on horseback—the pleasantest way of travelling in India, if one has health and strength. A description of one day's proceedings will be quite sufficient, as they were so much alike, varied only by the different scenery we passed through. We were marching, as it is called, and had our own servants with us. Along the whole route there are public bungalows, stationed about every ten or twelve miles; sometimes more, sometimes less, and always close to a native village, where supplies of milk, rice, or any other simple necessary, may be easily procured. These bungalows are built and supported by government, and have some one always in attendance, very often a pensioned sepoy. They consist generally of two rooms, furnished with tables and chairs, and perhaps a cot, but all of the commonest description; bathing-rooms are attached to each of the apartments, sheds in the compound for cooking, and shelter for our steeds. We always started before daylight, in our palanquins; and as soon as the eastern horizon began to brighten, I used to call to my bearers to stop, that I might mount my horse, which was always led by the side of the palanquin, ready for my service. How much I enjoyed these early rides! the morning air so fresh and pure, and the scenery in many parts very agreeable. Sometimes we rode ten miles: the sun was always well up in the heavens before we arrived at the bungalow, for we journeyed very slowly, the roads being generally stony and difficult. We were glad to find our servants ready to receive us, and busy preparing breakfast. Two or three of them always left the night-bungalow some hours before we started. A cup of tea was very refreshing after our long ride, and then a cool bath, and very often a sleep. The bungalows were disagreeably hot, not having the comforts and conveniences of our Madras home to alleviate the heat. An early dinner of the curry and rice, so delicious a dish in India, and then a chat, with work in hand, brought us on to sunset, when we strolled about for an hour. Tea in the veranda concluded our day, for 'early to bed and early to rise' was our motto. Sometimes we made a march in the evening, starting an hour before sunset, and riding along in the dusk till eight or nine o'clock—in the dusk, not in the dark, for it is never dark in India. Thrice we were obliged to travel all night, the resting-places being unhealthily situated: no European sleeps in such places if he can possibly avoid it, as fever is certain to ensue. One of these night-marches was rather exciting.

The bungalow where we had spent the day was situated in a thick jungle, at the foot of a very steep pass. On riding down this pass in the morning, we were guarded by a peon (a government servant answering to our police-officer), with pistols in his belt, and a long spear in his hand. The place was infested with tigers; and close on the side of our path was a bush covered with bits of cloth, where a man had been killed by one. These rags are contributed by the passers-by, to mark the tragic spot. As we were preparing to start, about nine o'clock in the evening, the servants came running in great alarm to say that a tiger had been seen close to the village by a man driving his buffaloes home from the jungle. It was arranged that we should all start together, as the servants were too much afraid to go on by themselves. What with palanquins, hackeries, horses, and servants, we formed a long cavalcade, the bearers and bullock-drivers carrying flaming torches, to scare away the tigers. One of the servants was armed with a pistol, which he fired off every now and then. I thought, as I gazed from my palanquin, that a spectator would have enjoyed the picturesque effect of the cortège, as we slowly wound up the pass; the peculiar cry of the bearers, the chattering of foreign tongues, and the sharp report of the pistol, adding much to the novelty of the scene. About half-way up the pass, the tappal-runner, or Indian postman, passed us. He was running quickly, and carried a flaming torch in his hand, to which a chain was attached, making a jingling noise as he passed. The letter-bag was strapped upon his back. I felt quite sorry for this poor man, threading his solitary way through the tiger-infested jungle in the obscurity of the night—for it was very cloudy, and we had neither moon nor star. The scene set me thinking of home and its comforts; but in the midst of my reverie I fell asleep, and did not awake till the bearers halted next morning at daybreak.

During our next night-march we had a little adventure, which I will describe. My sister and I had started in our palanquins, my brother was a little way behind, the children were in their bullock-coach, and almost all the servants had gone on ahead. I was just falling into a doze, when suddenly my palanquin was set down, and my ears were saluted with a storm of loud voices, the crying of women and children, and altogether such a din as only Easterns can make. I thought, of course, we were attacked by robbers, and sprang from my palkee. I found my sister close by me, asking what it meant; but nothing could be distinguished in the confused babel of voices. By the light of the bearers' torches, and a little bit of moon struggling through a clouded sky, we saw the bullock-hackeries without the team, and the bullocks unharnessed, lying quietly chewing the cud amidst all the turmoil around them, and a large convocation

of natives, all talking as fast as they could at the same moment. It was very trying to us, and we were glad when my brother came up and went into the crowd to inquire the cause of the disturbance; my sister and I retreated in the meantime to the shelter of our palkees, for it was quite chilly, and we were only in travelling attire. After a long altercation, we were allowed to go on our way peaceably, although too much excited to sleep after such an alarm, caused, as it turned out, by our servants having insulted some of the village people, which they had resented by an attack upon the hackeries. Of course, our people denied the charge against them; but it was evident that some were in a state of intoxication; and so believing that there were faults on both sides, my brother allowed the affair to pass, although he threatened the insurgents with informing the collector of the district, and having their village burned down.

It was on the 1st of May we arrived at the station at the foot of the ghaut, which led us to the Blue Mountains, having accomplished our journey of 300 miles in a fortnight. Very quick marching for India! The day was intensely hot, and we felt truly thankful it was our last in the low country for some time to come. The next morning we did not start till near sunrise. Wild elephants had been seen in the ghaut a short time previous, and one had attacked a party going up. Fortunately, none of the travellers was hurt; but the palanquin from which a lady had fled, not a moment too soon, was crushed to pieces by the huge animal! With this information, we determined on proceeding cautiously, and by daylight. We rode about five miles through a beautiful wood, and then stopped to break our fast, before commencing the ascent—and a charming breakfast we had, sitting on the ground close to a little stream. I never enjoyed a picnic more. The trees that surrounded us were magnificent, with the rich creepers hanging in clusters from the topmost branches. We were soon mounted again, as we had an ascent of ten miles before us. Although shaded from the sun, it was intensely hot. The scenery was splendid, equal to that of any Highland glen. The path was steep and winding; and every moment new beauties burst on our view. The ravine became steeper as we ascended, its precipitous sides clothed in the fresh and beautiful verdure of the East, among which shone conspicuous the graceful bamboo. Wild-flowers were everywhere around us; and little rills of delicious cold water—a luxury unknown in the plains—tempted us to stop every now and then to drink. The hum of insects was almost deafening.

About half-way up this lovely ghaut, we stopped to rest during the heat of the day. The bungalow is built on a beautiful spot, close to a waterfall, haunted with the most brilliant butterflies and dragonflies. We rambled about, enchanted with the views around us, which some of the party tried to sketch. After an early dinner and a short siesta, we again mounted our steeds. The path was steeper, but the air began to feel pure and fresh, and vegetation to assume a different character. I was now delighted to observe the fern by the wayside: it looked so homelike—and everything that reminds of home is precious in the eyes of an exile. My brother shot a black monkey here—a horrid-looking animal—and a pretty Malabar squirrel. It was nearly dark when we arrived at the bungalow at Coonoor, where we were to remain all night. We had still ten miles further to go before reaching Ootacamund, our place of destination; but we were on the hills, and in a climate so different from that of the previous night! Here awaited us a blazing fire, and a substantial English dinner of roast beef and vegetables. Oh, how cold we were that night!—I could scarcely sleep for the cold. We remained at Coonoor till late in the afternoon, enjoying the fine scenery around us, and visiting some mulberry plantations, kept here for the rearing of silk-worms. The fruits at Coonoor are delicious; peaches, grapes, and oranges ripening in the open air. Just as we were starting, one of the mountain-storms came on—thunder, lightning, and heavy rain; but in a quarter of an hour it was all over, and the sky bright and blue again. The road, as we neared Ootacamund, became more hilly, and lost the fresh green of Coonoor. Barley grows on some of the slopes near Kathee, a short distance from Ootacamund, where stands a house built by Lord Elphinstone, and where he passed a good deal of his time. It is a pretty spot, but wants shade. The Kathee Pass is steep. Lord Elphinstone endeavoured to cut a new road through it to his house, but was obliged to abandon the attempt.

The last steep is ascended, and we gaze on the far-famed Ootacamund. The spire of the pretty little church is the first thing to attract notice. The houses are dotted about the hills in all directions, and in various styles of architecture, from the simple thatched cottage to the white, two-storied, English-looking dwelling. All are surrounded with wood and gardens. We had a steep hill yet to descend, and then to canter up to our pretty new abode, where fires were blazing in every room to welcome us, and where we were thankful to alight, and feel once more at home after our long and varied journey.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER VIII.

GRAND DOINGS AT WEARYFOOT.

THE life of Simple Lodge was very monotonous after the departure of Robert Oaklands. Even the look-out from the windows was dull and dreary, as if the locality had fallen back into the condition in which it had been found, at a comparatively recent period, by the enterprise and industry of men. This condition was as desolate as can well be imagined. The distance was many miles from any town, or even any considerable village; on one side a natural wood covered a great part of the district; on the other was an undulating region of sand and gravel; and in the middle, skirted by the lonely road, lay an expanse of level ground overrun with coarse vegetation. From time immemorial this expanse was traversed diagonally by a footpath—the short cut already mentioned—by means of which many generations of wayfarers curtailed a little their dreary journey; and it was owing, probably, to this circumstance that the place came to be known by the appropriate name of Wearyfoot Common.

The first house that arose in the neighbourhood was the Hall, built by an ancestor—not very remote—of Mr Seacole. This gentleman bought a pretty extensive tract of land for a trifle, and chose a spot close by the Common for the seat of his family. Gradually some houses of less pretension arose in the neighbourhood, extending in line, with garden enclosures between, along the side of the Common, and simultaneously with them a public-house started up on the opposite side, at the entrance of the footpath, and was immediately followed by a gradually lengthening line of small habitations, known as the village of Wearyfoot. The first built of the range of comparatively aristocratic dwellings, and the nearest to the Hall, was Semple Lodge, so called by the captain, who purchased it on his retirement from active service: and to this house the story now returns, to note what the inmates have been about since it left them.

Sara's heart had been a good deal roused and alarmed

by the fit of sobbing into which she was thrown, as she watched from her little lattice the receding figure of the adventurer, and saw rising before her imagination, on the other side of the common, that cold dark world into which he was about to plunge. The contrast between him and Adolphus at their meeting the day before was very unfavourable to the latter, and she trembled at the mistake she had committed in fancying that her deeper feelings had been at all concerned in what she now believed could have been nothing more than girlish gratitude for novel and flattering attentions. She remembered that she had felt the taunts of the heir of the Hall as if they had been aimed at herself, and she reflected with absolute terror upon the encouragement with which she had met his advances. What if no such person as the outcast of the common had been in the way? Why, then, the young lady's illusion would have lasted till after the honeymoon; and when it was at length dispelled, the moralists would either have blamed her for the fickleness of her love, or have pitied her for throwing that love away upon a man who proved himself unworthy of the boon.

Adolphus called the next day, but Sara was indisposed, and could not see him. He returned on several successive days; but she took care to be constantly in attendance either on her aunt or uncle, and gave him no opportunity of speaking to her alone. But this could not last, for her reserve seemed to have the effect only of fixing the resolve of her lover; and she dreaded that he would increase the embarrassment of an interview that *must* come, by demanding it in the hearing of her relations. While in this state of hesitation and timidity, Molly came running to her one day when she was in the garden, and put a post letter into her hand: it was from Robert. On former occasions, Sara used to fly with the prize to the captain, without waiting to open it till she found him; but now she desired Molly to go and ascertain whether he was in the parlour, and as soon as her back was turned, tore open the seal, and finding an enclosure, a separate bit of folded paper, thrust it instantaneously into her bosom. This was not artfulness: it was instinct.

The letter was about London and its sights—about the writer's confidence of soon obtaining employment of one kind or other—and about his having already found a respectable address for his letters in Jermyn Street. It was soon finished; but then it had to be read again and again; and then the reader had to listen to, and take part in, a long series of comments and remarks; her face all the while flushed with excitement, and the enclosure burning in her bosom. At length she was free; she was in her own little room; the door was locked; even the window-blind was down; and Sara, drawing forth the paper, unfolded it with a trembling hand, and read as follows:—

'I am about to do for your sake what my nature shrinks from: I am about to lay myself open to the suspicion of mean and unmanly motives. You have observed that there is no good feeling between Mr Seacole and me, and you will naturally listen with distrust to the warning I am about to give you. Be it so. I do not wish you to form your opinion upon mine; I wish you to think for yourself, and for that end to pause, observe, and meditate before coming to a decision.

'To me, he appears to be haughty, selfish, and unscrupulous, and if I am correct in this, you will be able to ascertain the fact by simple observation. The feeling of distrust I would introduce into your mind can do no harm, for you are not only just but generous; while, without that feeling, your guileless nature will be only too apt to receive any impression of his character he may choose to convey. Distrust *me* likewise—distrust even my motives if you will: if I can only induce you to deliberate in a matter of vital consequence to the happiness of your whole life, that will be of comparatively little consequence. Whatever your opinion of me may be now, I confidently believe that the time will come when you will do me justice—when you will know that I am altogether incapable of allowing any selfish feeling to dictate a communication like this.

R. O.'

What sort of epistle it was that Sara expected, we cannot pretend to say, but this one seemed to freeze her very blood, and when she came to the end of it, she sat staring upon the paper, cold, pale, and motionless. Her bosom at length began to heave, and some unbidden tears rushed into her eyes; but dashing these haughtily away, she rose, and—no, not crushed—but folded firmly up the paper, put it away into her desk, and then unlocked the door, drew up the blind, and throwing open the casement, thrust forth her head into the reviving air. At that moment Molly came to tell her that Mr Seacole was in the parlour, and the captain and Miss Semple having gone out to walk, desired to see her that he might leave a message. Sara obeyed the summons, and descending the stairs with a grave and steady step, walked calmly into the room.

'This is kind of you, Miss Semple,' said the young man, clasping her hand, which was neither offered nor refused. 'I had almost begun to fear that a cloud had come between us which it would be impossible for me to dispel. But I wanted nothing more than to see you alone, to find myself on the same footing of friendly confidence as formerly, placing as I do the most devout reliance both on your justice and generosity.'

'So far as justice is concerned,' replied Sara, making a faint attempt to smile, 'you are right; but unless conscious of a crime, why do you plead for generosity?'

'I *am* conscious of a crime—or, at least, of what will appear in passionless eyes like yours to be so. Oaklands and I never understood each other, for there was nothing in his cold hard nature with which I could sympathise; but, so far from bearing ill-will against him on account of old school jealousies, it was often one of my dreams that I would some day use the influence of wealth and rank in helping on in the world a protégé of your family. When I saw him in this house, however, when I learned from the talk of the neighbourhood that he was your companion from morning till night, when he came into the room where you were sitting without thinking the ceremony necessary of even putting on his coat—I confess that jealous anger extinguished for a time every generous feeling in my breast. I taunted him with his origin—the very circumstance which, if I had been in possession of my senses, must have rendered jealousy impossible; and I need not say how deeply the shame I felt immediately on leaving the house was aggravated by my recollection of your upbraiding look.' Adolphus spoke with unction; his manner was warm and frank; and Sara thought his explanation at least probable—and all the more so from his so truly characterising the nature that could have dictated the hard and cold style of that well-intended warning!

But although they were soon on frank and friendly terms again, the warning had its effect; for Sara, in spite of herself, recognised a sort of authority in Robert. She felt that in this case he must have been deceived in his estimate of character, and yet she could not imagine how such a thing was possible. There was, besides, nothing mysterious now in her feelings towards Adolphus; and when he would have renewed the wooing to which she had so recently listened with only too obvious pleasure, she checked him with so much gravity, mingled with so much kindness of manner, that the young man was silenced without being offended.

'It may have been a mere trifle,' said she, 'that made me pause to think; but when thoughts come, there is no stopping them. My dear aunt is even more ignorant of the world than myself, and I am but a poor, motherless girl, with only my own scant wisdom to direct me. My friendship you have: it is all I can at present bestow. We do not know each other well enough for anything else, and perhaps never may, for your majority approaches, when you will doubtless enter into the world, like other young men of fortune. Go, now, Mr Seacole, and when you reflect coolly on what has passed, you will feel that I am right. We shall be happy to see you here as often as you can spare the time. For the present, adieu.' Adolphus accepted the congé, and went away more in love than ever, and perhaps not quite dissatisfied with the result of his visit.

Several times that day the warning was read anew, and by degrees Sara became more reconciled to its manner. The origin of the writer, it appeared, from what Adolphus had said, rendered jealousy of him impossible. Might not Robert have felt something like this himself? How could a moneyless, friendless, most solitary, yet high-spirited adventurer, on just setting out to push his fortune in the world, write otherwise to the near kinswoman of him to whose bounty he owed everything? But did he not write otherwise? Did not his heart betray what his pride would have concealed? Did he not say that he exposed himself to the risk of what his nature abhorred *for her sake*? This was a text on which Sara expatiated with the ingenuity of a village divine, whose seventeenthly and lastly is eked out with interminable improvements on the whole; and in a few days she had reasoned herself into a condition to reply to the communication in a style as passionless as its own. 'I have read your warning,' said she, in a private postscript to a public letter, 'not in the cold, stern words in which it is conveyed, but with reference to the context of your whole bearing towards your thoughtless and ignorant pupil. The "happiness of my whole life," however, not being at present, so far as I know, at stake, I look upon it as a general, not a particular lesson, and shall try to beware of forming an opinion on any subject without due deliberation.'

Here the private correspondence between these young people terminated. Robert's subsequent letters were of the varied complexion which one acquainted with his fortune might expect. Now, he told hopefully of his engagements with the picture-dealers, and anon of his determination to shun every connection with so equivocal a business. Then he spoke of his new trade of portrait-painting, giving humorous anecdotes of the sittings; interspersing the whole with hints of the stirrings of his literary ambition, and glimpses of the high life to which he had been introduced, and of the hopes it had raised—and overthrown. In fine, his communications became briefer and less promising, till he announced calmly his intention of seeking, in some mechanical employment, that certainty of a living which he found he could not obtain in any of the higher departments he had tried.

These communications were the *events* in Sara's history during the period; but in the midst of these there came one of another kind, which smote the still life of Wearyfoot like a tempest. This was the coming of age of the heir of the Hall, and the festivities with which the fortunate occasion was celebrated. It would be vain to conceal the interest and delight with which Sara looked forward to this great day—to the only entertainment she had ever been at since her girlhood grander than tea, toast, and twaddle at the rector's. Every day brought some new report of some unheard-of magnificence in coloured lamps, triumphal arches, and flags; and many an anxious thought did her dress cost her, for her wardrobe was by no means extensive, and she knew only too well the soundings of the captain's purse, of which she was herself the sole manager. The handsomer frocks she had received during her uncle's comparatively wealthy days were of no use, for the last tucks were out long ago, and it was impossible to stretch the fabric. Fortunately, however, the most elegant and becoming of all dresses, and one that never looks poor, is the cheapest; and Sara determined that her white muslin should be in the latest fashion of Wearyfoot, and that it should be so beautifully made by her own dainty fingers, that not Cinderella herself could have looked finer at the ball.

And she was right there, this young country girl; for when she made her appearance in the parlour of the Lodge on the appointed evening, with her snowy drapery so ample, yet so exquisitely arranged, and her glossy hair parted in plain braids upon her forehead, and surmounted only with a wreath of laurel leaves, she looked like a Greek statue that had come alive, and by mere contact classicised its modern dress. Nor was she without adornments of another kind, for there hung on her queenly neck a double string of oriental pearls of great value, that had belonged to her mother, and her full white arms were clasped with bracelets, likewise of pearls, but differing from each other in shape. When Sara entered the room, the captain rose from his chair with a flush of surprise and pride; nor were her feelings very different on beholding her uncle, for she now saw him, for the first time, in full military costume, with his breast hung with medals; and—facial appendages and all—she thought she had never seen so perfectly soldier-like a man. As for Elizabeth, thanks to the nimble fingers of her niece, one of the glorious satin dresses of her youth had been modernised, and having an ample stock of jewellery, the presents of both brothers, she made quite a rich appearance, and one not out of keeping with the air of antique virginity that was over all.

The captain was proud of his sister, proud of his niece, and proud of his own red coat; but there was something wanting to complete his satisfaction.

'Poor Bob!' said he, looking from one to the other—'if he was but here to see us now!' Sara grew as pale as her own pearls, but the next moment her eye caught the reflection of her figure in the opposite mirror, and she flushed over brow, neck, and bosom. The idea of his seeing her now, it seemed, was not disagreeable, and it perhaps more than balanced for the time her anxiety about him, for when she cast down her eyes, and remarked that it was time to go, a demure smile might have been seen playing at the corners of her mouth.

Molly now came in to announce that the lantern stopped the way, and her great eyes seemed to dilate with joyful surprise as she contemplated the trio. She was terribly demonstrative, was our Molly; and finding no other way to relieve her admiration, just as Sara was going out of the door, the last of the three, she snatched her hand behind, and kissed it vehemently. She then rushed to the front with the lantern—for that was the state held by the grandees of Wearyfoot—and the captain giving his arm to the two ladies, the inhabitants of Simple Lodge set forth for the grand soirée.

The whole affair was very imposingly managed. The costly bronze gates were thrown wide open, and a triumphal arch reared overhead, composed of branches, flowers, and intermingled lights. The trees of the fine avenue interlaced their branches at top, and this leafy vault was thickly hung in its whole length with coloured lamps; and when the visitors emerged upon the lawn near the house, the whole building was seen to be one blaze of light, every window being lavishly illuminated. Sara felt a kind of awe mingle with her delight, and when they were laying down their wrappings in the cloak-room, she almost envied the

demeanour of her aunt, who looked as composed as if she was merely throwing off her shawl at home after a walk. But when their names were shouted from the bottom of the stairs, and echoed by the servant on the landing-place, as he threw open the drawing-room door, the eyes of the country girl dazzled, and she found herself, she hardly knew how, leaning on the arm of Adolphus, and led up to his mother.

Although Sara, however, was in some sort confounded by the novelty of the scene, she took her revenge by confounding in her turn not a few of the company. Her style was so new, that is, in the adaptation of the dress to the head, air, and motion—she was so severely classical, yet at the same time so warm in youth and youthful beauty, that they did not know what to make of her.

'Who is she?' ran in a buzz through the strangers to the neighbourhood.

'The niece of Captain Semple,' replied some of the young men, 'and the finest girl in the county.'

'She is an heiress,' said some of the young ladies—'you may see that by the costliness of her pearls, and the affected simplicity of her cheap muslin gown.' Adolphus saw everything, heard everything; he watched both eyes and words; and with an impetuosity which in reality did not belong to his character, he gave himself up openly to the service of the star of the evening. Since his last private conversation with Sara, he had greatly relaxed in his attentions, rarely availing himself of her general invitation to call; but now the opportunity had come for which he waited, and in the midst of the splendour, hurry, and flattery of this fortunate evening, he hoped to gain her heart by turning her head.

'That is so kind and condescending of your dear son!' said the doctor's innocent lady to Mrs Seacole, who stood observing them from a distance. 'But indeed it is not a cheap muslin she wears, for to my certain knowledge it was bought at Simpson's in the village, and, therefore, you know, it must have cost at least a penny, if not three-halfpence a yard more than if she had gone for it with ready money to the town.'

'Oh,' replied Mrs Seacole, 'your good-nature will make it out to be very costly; but there is your niece, with the richest satin in the room—what a deal of money that must have cost!'

'I admit,' said the lady modestly, 'that it *is* a superb satin.'

'And yet Adolphus doesn't look near her, any more than if she was dressed in sackcloth!' But although Mrs Seacole turned smilingly away after demolishing the doctor's wife, she was not exactly easy. Her son seemed bent upon committing himself perhaps that very evening, and it was absolutely necessary that she should ascertain what were the real prospects of this charming girl. If she could but get the captain, to whom she had become more accustomed, into a snug, private conversation, she was sure she could worm out of him everything she wanted; but she was somewhat afraid of the philosophical Elizabeth, who was always putting in her 'hypothenuses,' as her brother called them, and the two had been sitting together ever since they entered the room.

'Fancourt,' said she, addressing a fashionable-looking man, a cousin of her own—'there is Miss Semple, sitting beside her brother, that hairy officer with so many medals and things—I wish you would pay her some attention. Come, and I will introduce you.'

'I'll ask her to dance.'

'O no, don't; I never saw her dance.'

'You'll see her now then: mark if I don't trot her out.'

Mr Fancourt was as good as his word; for to the great surprise of Mrs Seacole, Elizabeth assented at once to the proposal, as if it had been a matter of course, and stood up to a quadrille as composedly as she would have sat down to a game of whist. When Sara observed this from a distance, she was thrown into absolute dismay, for she had never seen her aunt dance, and was sure she must be acting through mere absence of mind. But the painful feeling was soon at an end, for Elizabeth glided through the tame, passionless movement with her habitual composure, and even with a certain old-fashioned elegance, which, with her rich dress, tall figure, and waxen features, now suffused by the exercise with a faint colour, attracted general and admiring attention. Everything went on well with our trio. Elizabeth was dancing with the most fashionable-looking man in the room; the captain was in familiar tête-à-tête with the hostess; and Sara, assiduously waited upon by the hero of the evening, was tripping away with some other young people, to throw on their wrappings and go out upon the lawn to observe the effect of the illuminations.

The group strolled about for some time, talking, laughing, and admiring; but when they came into the shrubbery, which was traversed by several paths, they gradually separated into committees, and by and by, in a pause of her animated conversation with Adolphus, Sara was surprised to find that they were alone—not even within hearing of their companions' voices. He made no objection to their returning; but the paths were intricate, and she was not slow of perceiving, that he was her master for the time, and determined that she should listen. Indeed, during the whole evening, there had been an impetuosity in his manner of addressing her, which at times she could ascribe only to his having, on this grand occasion, drunk more wine at dinner than usual.

'See,' said he, when they had gained the summit of an eminence in an open glade, 'there is the Hall close by; look at yonder hoary wood—those distant cornfields—those great pastures—and here and there the dwellings of the tenantry: all these are mine, and it will cost you but a single word to make them yours! This night I am my own master, and I use my power only to throw myself at your feet;' and literally kneeling on the ground, he seized both her hands and covered them with kisses. Sara was neither alarmed nor indignant: she was full of remorse for having encouraged a delusion so terrible, and it was with many tears she tried gently but firmly to dispel it. Adolphus sprang to his feet.

'Tell me,' said he imperiously, 'do you love another?'

'I answer no such question,' replied Sara, collecting herself, 'and no question at all put in such a tone.'

'There is only one you *can* love, for you have no other intimate in the world; and he is a born vagrant, and a beggar from his infancy to this day.'

'The individual you allude to,' said Sara, with the look of indignation he had seen before, 'entertains towards me, I trust, the feelings of a brother to a sister; and *he*, at least, whatever his circumstances may be, has the soul of a gentleman!'

'Forgive me, Sara,' cried Adolphus, half reassured and half ashamed; 'forgive me, Miss Semple, for I am mad! If you will only promise not to decide at once; if you will give me a week—a month—a year'—but at the moment some one thrust in between them, and Mrs Seacole, taking an arm of each, exclaimed with a laugh:—

'Foolish children, you must not be playacting any longer in the night-air! Come, a run, or you will take cold'—and she dragged them down the slope of the eminence. Presently they met some others of the company coming towards them; and Sara, glad that Mrs Seacole released her arm, escaped into the middle of the group.

'Adolphus,' said the mother, drawing her son into another avenue, 'what have you done?'

'Nothing as yet; but'——

'Hear me. She is a beautiful girl, that cannot be denied; but I have learned all about her, and she is

simply the niece of a half-pay captain, and the daughter of a merchant in so paltry a trade, that he could leave his only child—the heiress, as she is called—what do you think?—just two thousand pounds! Now, your estate is respectable, but nothing more, and what you must look for in a wife is either money or rank.'

'But I cannot and will not retract. I have asked a question, and must receive the answer.'

'Plenty of time for that, my dear boy. There are some of the first people in the county here to-night, and you will receive invitations from all the world. We have now visits to pay, you know, in different parts of the country, and we shall get to town just as the season commences. Come, you have a brilliant future before you: have more spirit than to stay moping here for the sake of a pretty face.'

By this time Sara had rejoined her party, and found little difficulty in persuading her uncle and aunt not to stay supper, but to retire at once from a scene that was becoming tedious. It was harder to get Molly away, who, ever since their arrival, had been displaying her Terpsichorean accomplishments in the servants-hall, among the other lantern-bearers, and the whole respectability of the lads of the village—including, of course, the baker's son.

After the fête, things gradually subsided into their usual tranquillity at Wearyfoot. Sara could almost have imagined that her adventure had been nothing more than a waking dream, for nothing whatever occurred to remind her that she had been formally invited to become the mistress of the Hall, and that the entreaty with which the scene had concluded, incomplete in itself, remained wholly unanswered. In the meantime, the history of Robert, as related in his letters, went on from bad to worse, till at length came the announcement we have mentioned, that he must sink into a mechanical employment for his daily bread; and then followed a silence, long, drear, and ominous.

What were the reflections of the young girl at this time, as day followed day, and week followed week, without bringing a line to say even that the unlucky adventurer was alive, or that, if so, he still retained, in the midst of manual drudgery, any recollection of her; whether she regretted the precipitation with which she had rejected the brilliant fortune that had been placed within her reach; or whether her heart still clung to its first phantasy, unconscious of anything else—it would be difficult to tell. Sara, however, was young, and comparatively new to society, and perhaps it might be fair, in such speculations, to give her the benefit of ignorance and inexperience. At all events, she heard, without any visible emotion, that Adolphus and his mother had left the Hall for some considerable time, and concluded, from their bidding good-by by means of P. P. C. cards delivered by a servant, that they did not consider themselves to be on terms of familiarity with the family of the Lodge.

But the dreariness of the time was broken a little, when one day Molly came to her young mistress, with her face radiant with smiles, and astonishment more visible than ever in her great round eyes. She had a large square letter in her hand, sealed with a wafer, which, although well intended for the middle, had missed its mark, and lay sprawling at one side, half within and half without the fold.

'What is this?' said Sara; 'the letter is addressed to you, Molly; why don't you open and read it? You know you can read now very well.'

'O miss, I can't this time! O it's the first letter I ever had—pray do, Miss Sara, read it to me!' Sara complied with a smile, which was soon changed to a look of interest and anxiety. The letter ran thus:—

'DEAR MOLLY—This comes hoping you are well, myself being the same. O Molly, I have so much news to tell, if the ironing did not put me out; but, thanks be to goodness, I have a good business as a Clear-starcher; and it cost me a pretty penny to buy it. I can tell you, and intends, next week, to have a light-cart and a nice horse, to send to wait upon ladies. But O, Molly Jinks, to think of what has come to pass! As soon as I settled down in the gravel-pits, I went to call upon my cousin in Charming Street, to inquire about you know who—and I went at the right time. The stoody-oh was seized for rent, and Master Robert without a place to paint in. But I managed as cunningly as the Countess of Picklesteifel herself. I knew it was no use offering him money, for although I went on my knees to him at the Lodge, he would not take ten pound; so I sent a decent man to his lodgings, who paid his rent, left the address, and carried his things clean off to the pits.

'How Master Robert stared when he came, and saw it was me! How he shook me by both hands, and how he then sat down in a chair, away near the door, and turned his head that I might not see the tears that had risen into his eyes! But he soon fetched to, and we had supper, and gin and water—it's all gin in London—and such despiseable ale!—and he went out the next day, and got fine cabinet-work, and is as steady and respectable as if he was not a gentleman at all, and, in spite of my very soul, pays regular to the last penny for his board and lodging. But see if I don't get him to go out at night in his gentleman's clothes!—and see, when the horse comes, if he doesn't ride round the Park of a Sunday with the best of them! It will come to pass, Molly Jinks, depend upon it. Remarkable things happen in London at night; and the Park is the place where all the great folks go; and Master Robert has a family face that will be known at a mile's distance. But you will hear all in good time, Molly; so no more at present from your most obedient well-wisher, MARGERY OAKLANDS.'

'*P.S.*—Molly, I could not send this when it was written for the clear-starching. But only think! Master Robert has written forty pages in print in a large quarternly, and so far beyond me, although you know I am a great reader, that I can't make head or tail of it. When the book came, I could not get him to be proud of it—he was quite down-hearted; but I tried to cheer him up a bit, telling him that although the Capting and Miss Simple were no great scholars, Miss Sara would read it to them aloud, and understand every word, and be as proud of it as a peacock. O my! if you had seen the start he gave, and the flush of his cheek, and the blaze of his eye, and how he walked up and down the floor for an hour together like any Trojan. Think of that, Molly! But it has done him good—he is now cheerful, more hopeful, more like what he was when I used to peep through a chink of the door to see him dancing with Miss Sara, and the chair, and you, Molly. *Don't tell this to Miss Sara, on no account*, mind that: I have a reason.'

Sara had read the letter with a pale and anxious face; but the postscript sent the hue of all the roses in the garden into it. For some time after she was very unquiet, bouncing from one end of the parlour to the other on the slightest errand, and then forgetting what she had to do, till at length Molly, who was standing by the water-butt at the side of the house, saw her come suddenly out, and glide into the garden like an apparition. Presently she heard from among the trees at the further corner what might have resembled a prolonged scream, but for its musical intonation. 'Tril-il-il-il-il-illa!' went up the song, laden with the odours of the flowers, and steeped in the hues of the sky. 'Tril-il-il-il-il-illa!' and the birds, startled at first, joined unconsciously and spontaneously from every tree in the heart-chorus. 'Tril-il-il-il-il-illa!' and the leaves seemed to glance and quiver to the strain, the fleecy clouds above to move and mingle, the face of nature herself to change, as if there was a new heaven and a new earth.

When the performance was over, Sara returned to the house, soft, tranquil, and self-possessed; her lustrous eyes not so brilliant as before, but sweet and tender, yet resolved; and her unquiet footfall, though still light and glancing like a sunbeam, as steady and devout as the step of a pilgrim or a martyr.

THE MONTH:

THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

THE LIBRARY.

A FLOOD of literary announcements, from all the publishers, each after his kind, has inaugurated the new year. There are new books—good, bad, and indifferent; but the principal features of the outpouring are the reprints of standard works, newly edited and annotated, comprehended in the genus of the series. From the West End, Mr Murray announces a new set of British classics, to be published in demy octavo monthly volumes, and to lack nothing either in literary care and accuracy, or in beauty and substantiality of adornment. The series has already commenced with the first volume of the works of Goldsmith, edited by Mr Peter Cunningham, of which more anon. Gibbon's Roman Empire follows, by Dean Milman and M. Guizot. An edition in double columns was published, with a biography and notes by M. Guizot, by Mr Virtue some years ago: whether these are the notes of the edition in question or new ones, remains to be seen. The editor of the Marlborough Street edition is Dr Smith, the classical examiner at the London University; and the work will be completed in eight volumes. Mr Murray, however, has an antagonist in the field. Mr Bohn, of Covent Garden, advertises another Gibbon, 'complete and unabridged, with variorum notes, including, in addition to all the author's own, those of Guizot, Wenck, Niebuhr, Hugo, and Neander.' 'This edition includes every line and every letter of the original work;' 'and where Gibbon's religious views are disputed, both sides of the argument are given unflinchingly.' Murray's edition, eight volumes at 7s. 6d., will cost L.3; Bohn's, in six volumes at 3s. 6d., only 21s. But Gibbon is not the only work in which Covent Garden opposes Marlborough Street. New editions of the works of Addison, of Pope, of Goldsmith, of Dryden, are announced by both publishers. Bohn's Addison is Bishop Hurd's edition, and his Pope is Roscoe's; Murray's Pope editor is, of course, John Wilson Croker. So much for the contending publicists. A word for their brethren. The Longmans are bringing forth new editions of M'Culloch's *Commercial Dictionary;* of Dr Ure's *Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines;* and Maunder's *Biographical Treasury:* a perfect deluge of practical knowledge. Messrs Hurst and Blackett advertise a tempting corps of lady writers, calculated to suit every taste. There is Miss Mitford, first as *doyenne* of the group; then Mrs Gore, Mrs Trollope, the author of *Amelia Wyndham*, and the author of *Margaret Maitland.* Let the circulating libraries look out! Mr Bentley announces Guizot's *History of Oliver Cromwell and the Commonwealth; The Discovery of the Site of the Destroyed Cities of the Plain, Sodom and Gomorrah*, by M. de Saulcy, member of the French Institute (a book which, we believe, should be taken with great caution as to its facts); with a new and apparently richly got up edition of Thiers's *History of the French Revolution.* Among Mr Parker's books, we are glad to see a new edition of the *Poetic Remains* of Mr Mackworth Praed; and among Saunders and Otley's, a new edition of one of the most delightful books—by one who is assuredly the most delightful of English lady writers—Mrs Jameson's *Characteristics of Women.*

Among one of the serial classes of books which we have not mentioned, is the Annotated Edition of the English Poets, from the press of Mr Parker. It commences with the first volume of Dryden, including a detailed life of the poet by the editor, Mr Robert Bell. We somewhat fear that, notwithstanding a few new facts brought forward regarding Dryden's marriage, and an effort to extenuate the affair of the pension, the editorial labours will be generally held as defective. Some whimsical theories of Mr Bell about the meaning of certain words, have been almost everywhere unfavourably commented on. Another and very cheap edition of the English Poets, published by Mr Nichol of Edinburgh, seems to be advancing prosperously, with an impression of about nine thousand.

Professor Forbes has contributed a delightful addition to his travelling and scientific researches in his beautiful volume on Norway and its Glaciers. The learned gentleman went to Kaafiord, in latitude 70 degrees, to see the sun at midnight, and to Bergen, to witness the total solar eclipse of July 28, 1851. In the latter object, he was disappointed by the state of the weather, being the second such mishap he has encountered, for he was equally unfortunate at Turin ten years before. The feeling with which a philosopher would contemplate the sky at such a moment, knowing well that his last chance in this life of seeing a total solar eclipse was passing, has in it something affecting. The professor's general observations on Norway are meagre, in consequence of hasty travelling; but he gives a satisfactory account of the ice-fields of the western region, and of their outlets, where he found the glaciers proceeding on precisely the same principles as in the Alps, thus confirming his former observations on that feature of nature. He gives many valuable observations on the meteorology of Norway.

A widely different work is the *Memoirs of Dr Véron*, the famous editor of the *Constitutionnel*, manager of the Grand Opera—poet, author, politician, *soi-disant* statesman and original doctor. The style of the work may be conceived. It is just the sort of thing to lounge with on a sofa, getting a laugh out of it now and then, and believing as much as you please of the chaos of anecdotes, statements, disclosures, and so forth, touching every class of Parisian society, from imperialism to sans culottism, and passing through the various atmospheres of modern politics—Legitimate, Napoleonite, and *Rouge;* all the spheres of art, from Irgres and Delaroche to Cham and Daumiers of the *Charivari;* revelling in the *coulisses*, and full of the piquancies abounding therein; disclosing all the mysteries of French journalism, sketching the origin of all the principal cafés, with their most noted frequenters and founders. There is, moreover, a great number of absurd anecdotes about Englishmen, but in French writers *cela va sans dire.*

Balder is the first part of a long epic by Sydney Yendis, the author of *The Roman.* It is a development of the secret things of the soul, according to the theories, and no doubt guided by the mental experiences of the poet, and consists of outpourings of varied merit, containing passages of unquestionable genius and strong original thought, but frequently degenerating into mysticism.

Shakspeare Restored. This is one of the many works with which Shakspeare maniacs amuse the world. The author, who is anonymous, but who dates from Norwich, not content with the puns which Shakspeare so liberally dispensed in accordance with the puerile taste of the times, has set to work to make puns on words in which it is evident the great poet meant only their evident sense. All the irregularities in the arrangement of the lines and of their rhythm are devoutly preserved, and thus are canonised the solecisms. The edition followed is that of 1623. Upon the whole, however, the work has a sort of clever, wrynecked oddity about it which gives it character.

The Works of Oliver Goldsmith, edited by Peter

Cunningham. Mr Peter Cunningham, in his preface to this edition, acknowledges candidly various sources whence he drew the new information he professes to give, and the corrections he makes of former misapprehensions. But there is one author—Prior—from whom he borrows very copiously, and that verbatim and literatim, without, as we are given to understand, once mentioning his name. The excuse, we hear, is, that Prior's edition is Mr Murray's copyright, and that he thought he had a right to use it for Mr Murray as his own. This is very well for Mr Murray; but how it can serve for Mr Prior, or for the ends of literary justice, we must profess we cannot see.

Alexander Smith has been patronised in his own country in a manner, not brilliant certainly, but which promises to be effective for his immediate benefit. The secretaryship to the Edinburgh University being vacant by the resignation of Professor Wilson's son, the town-council, in whose gift it is, have conferred it on the young poet of the west, in professed consideration of his rising fame, and the desirableness of providing him with an assured income. As the situation is not by any means engrossing, Smith may be expected to have some leisure for cultivating his remarkable gifts. On this occasion, the late employers of the poet, and several other persons acquainted with him, including the Duke of Argyle, bore strong testimony to his 'practical' talents and his unblemished character. Altogether, the appointment is a most gratifying one, and one which, we humbly think, reflects no small credit on the provost and council of the northern capital.

THE STUDIO.

Everybody has heard of the startlingly original design by Mr Millais, exhibited in Edinburgh by Mr Ruskin, and justly characterised by him as a work of the highest genius. Of course we allude to the Gothic arch formed by grouped angels, which, for mingled imagination, perfection of drawing, and, we will add, marvellous ingenuity in the arrangement of limbs and wings, is unequalled in its way by anything we have ever seen of mediæval art. We hope to see it soon in stone; at all events, to possess a more finished memorial of so extraordinary a conception than can be afforded by a wood-cut in a journal.

At length we have had an opportunity of judging the disputed question of painted sculptures. A portion of the Crystal Palace frieze of the Parthenon has been painted blue and in strong shadows — unmistakable blue—another portion cream colour, and the third left in the natural hue of the plaster. The result may be imagined. The cream colour was a bad imitation of marble, the blue was an outrage upon ancient Greece. If there be any species of sculpture requiring, for the development of the effects of which it is capable, more delicate handling than another, it is high art basso-relievo. Well, the paint kills these effects; you cannot get at the spirit of the work through chiaroscuro. If ever, indeed, there was a standing emphatic protest against the utter inapplicability of colour, which is the element and the spirit of one art, to give the element and spirit of another — it is to be daily seen in the Crystal Palace.

The other day, we came across some remarks by an Edinburgh sculptor, on the absurdity of putting the statues of men on horseback. The grounds of the argument we consider very tenable—such as, that the horse must necessarily be more conspicuous than the man; that the man is unduly elevated, so that the delicacies of the sculpture are to some extent lost; that the whole position is unnatural for portrait statues; that if the horse appear to be in motion, the effect is so much the worse; and finally, that the expense of the marble or the bronze for the animal is absurd and unreasonable. There can, at all events, be no doubt about the last observation. The costly material necessary to construct a horse would make at least two human statues.

They are putting up ornaments of sculpture—what sculpture!—on the gateways and stone-posts which are placed in the semicircle of railing which stretches round the new façade of Buckingham Palace. The smaller posts—they cannot by any perversion of speech be called pillars—are being decked with a perpendicular garland, coming through a circular wreath, and flanked on either side by a couple of branches. The larger posts in the vicinity of the gate have a repetition of the garland, but this time the pendants are clusters of fruit and agricultural produce. Two of them boast a lion and a unicorn, not couchant, not rampant, but squatted with their paws on the armorial bearings, just as Madame Puss sits with her toes upon the fender. But the gate is the triumph of all. Beneath, in basso-relievo, there are more of the wreaths and garlands, but relieved by representations of implements of arts and sciences; and above, on the eight corners of the square gate-posts, are eight stone dolls—we can call them nothing else—the fac-similes of each other, each holding a sceptre in each hand, and linked together by the eternal wreaths and garlands. The style of art is what you see in the stone-masons' and sculptors' yards in the New Road.

Looking in the other day at the studio of Mr Alex. Munro, who is fast rising in his profession, we found him engaged upon a bust of Sir Robert Peel for an institution at Stockport. The likeness—an excellent one, of a most difficult face to represent—was in a great degree studied, not from any former bust or picture, but at the suggestion of Mr Gladstone, who furnished the cut, from a drawing by Leech of Sir Robert introducing a little Sir Robert—it was at the time when his second son made a most favourable *début* in the House—to Mr Punch, with the words: 'My son, Mr Punch;' the plate entitled 'A Chip of the Old Block.' This portrait of Sir Robert—the junior is a fac-simile of the elder—the honourable gentleman considered, and most justly, by far the most perfect representation of the great statesman that had been ever executed. The expression of the face, so subtile and so difficult to catch, was rendered to the exact life—nay, even the expression of the figure, the limbs so curiously turning round each other as he walked—with the long white cravat, the long light waistcoat, the ample surtout, likewise made long, the very sleeves coming down to the mid-finger—all these peculiarities, so familiar to those who were much about the House, were rendered so as to bring the great man before our eyes 'in his habit as he lived.'

SWEDISH NAMES.

Few of the Swedish peasants have surnames, and in consequence their children simply take their father's Christian name in addition to their own: for example, if the father's name be Sven Larsson, his sons', in consequence, would be Jan or Nils Svens-son; and his daughters', Maria or Eliza Svens-daughter. The confusion that this system creates would be endless, were it not that in all matters of business the residence of the party is usually attached to his name. —*Lloyd's Scandinavian Adventures.*

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THAT LAD OF OURS.

You all know 'that lad of ours,' and have seen him hundreds of times: he is a thorough London boy, and 'to the manner born.' His mother is continually asking her neighbours, 'If they have seen anything of that lad of ours?' and always wondering 'wherever he can have got to.' Like a dog without a master, 'he runs up and down all manner of streets,' and picks up his living much after the fashion of the aforesaid ownerless and houseless animal. At bottom, he is a good-hearted boy—very honest, very willing, with kind words, to do anything, or run anywhere for anybody; but he is very wild, very thoughtless, and very much neglected. That lad of ours goes out the first thing in the morning, and sometimes we never see anything more of him until the last thing at night; but where he has been, or who he has been with, or what he has been doing, it would take him a long hour to tell you. He follows the Punch-and-Judy show until he has every word by heart; then gets his companions into a corner of the court, and with the assistance of some cur he has captured, he reacts the whole before them, until the dog Toby, tired of the part he is compelled to take in the performance, sets off with a bark and a bound, followed by the whole audience.

If the Queen opens parliament, or goes in state to any of the theatres, that lad of ours is either foremost in the procession, or forms one in the front-rank of the spectators. He always follows a funeral, listens to the reading of the solemn burial-service in grave wonderment, and lingers as long as there is a mourner left about the ground. He knows every pump in every parish of the metropolis, and in his irregular rounds has drunk at them all, washed his face, and wiped it on his cap, then gone on his way rejoicing to the tune of his own 'La-ri-a-tee.' Sometimes he will all at once set off running as if for very life; then he will draw up as suddenly, to look in at a shop-window, and impudently, perhaps, tell the shopkeeper, 'to give that ere poor old 'oman good weight for her money;' then whistle a stave or two of *Cheer, boys, cheer*, or *Pop goes the Weasel*.

That lad of ours is very saucy at times to the policemen, especially if he is not standing on their beat; but he seldom does anything to bring himself fairly within their grasp, though he has had many narrow escapes through sliding, throwing snow-balls, and striking window-panes and passengers while playing at 'cat.' He is very swift of foot is that lad of ours, and knows every new cut, blind alley, narrow court, and winding passage that leads out of and into all the chief thoroughfares; and they have done him 'yeoman's service' when he has been chased by what he calls 'biggerer boys.' He seems to know almost everybody who rides a horse or drives a cart, and is frequently seen holding the one on the edge of the pavement, or seated with the reins in his hand, minding the other. If trusted with the whip, he is pretty sure of getting into trouble—there will be found two or three boys, whom he has touched with the lash, waiting for him; and unless the owner gives him a ride, he must, when he alights, fight it out in the best way he can. He is always ready to second any boy in a fight, make a knee for him, and act as bottleholder, tell him where to strike, and, above all, to be sure and give it him in the 'bread-basket.' He can fight, and well, too, when he is put upon; and the blackguard cabmen on the stand are always ready to make a ring for that lad of ours. He has a large circle of acquaintance, whom he either hails by thrusting his fingers in his mouth, and producing a sound not unlike a railway whistle, or else by his well-recognised and instantly re-echoed 'La-ri-a-tee;' and he is ready to make one of any number of a party of boys, to go anywhere upon any mission, at a moment's notice. Though he has not a penny to spend, he goes to all the fairs in the suburbs of London, looks at the shops and stalls, blows the penny-trumpets and whistles, as if to see that they are all right, and shews some other richer boy which is the best, then goes on his way, apparently as much delighted, as if he himself had made the purchase, for there is a deal of inherent good-nature in that lad of ours. If he sees some little maiden drawing a cart, in which a blessed baby is seated at each end, he rushes forward and pushes behind, and sends them on at such a rate as causes them to stare with might and main out of their large round eyes, while the little maid 'gives it him,' and threatens to call the 'p'lese;' but somehow they make it up, and we leave him drawing the cart, while the little maid walks beside chatting away to that lad of ours.

He is always ready to help a boy to draw a truck or carry a load, and will go a mile or two to meet one who is in a situation, and wait about his place of employment, or go with him on all his distant errands. He fetches beer for the little cobbler who works under the barber's window, and two ounces of boiled beef and a penny roll for the old woman who keeps the apple-stall, without drinking out of the one or nibbling at the other. If he has run an errand once or twice, and been rewarded, he will hang about for days after, and sometimes thrust his head inside the house or shop, saying: 'Please do you want anything fetched?' The number of slices of bread and butter he can get through, when such rewards are given for his labour, is amazing; and if the pump is too far off, he goes to the nearest cab-stand, thrusts his

head down towards one of the pails, and drinks like a horse; then walks away contented, perhaps telling the waterman that he has left a penny for him in the pail. If an Italian boy is passing with an organ on his back, he cannot resist giving the handle a turn; if he has a pair of bone-clappers, he invariably keeps the best time he can, as an accompaniment to the organ-grinding: sometimes following the poor Italian through half-a-dozen streets, and asking to go shares of what he gets, until at last he has to run for it, while the enraged music-grinder, who has put down his organ, is in full pursuit. If a poor man or woman is singing, he will walk step for step with them along the whole street, and if anything is offered, direct their attention to the open door—there is no knowing at such times what thoughts get into the head of that lad of ours. He will give any boy a portion of what he gets by running errands, and it is a puzzle even to himself at times to know what his patrons empty into his cap, especially at the houses where they keep neither cat nor dog to eat up the orts; sometimes he will fish out a sprat, sometimes the leg of a chicken, and sometimes a piece of wax-candle that has been put among the scraps by mistake. Yet it is marvellous how he manages to thrive on such a mixture. The little sickly baker's boy, who is humpbacked, is delighted if he can get him to be his horse—to put a piece of wood for a bit in his mouth, and drive him up and down on the sunny side of the pavement; and the little cripple fairly screams again to see him prance and plunge and neigh, as if he were so full of corn that there was no holding him in; and the more the sickly baker's boy laughs, the more 'rampageous,' to use his mother's word, becomes that lad of ours. As for keeping him decent, she says, 'it's labour in vain, for he cuts off his buttons to play with; downs his cap to form the butt in a "rounder;" and rips out her stitches like winking, though she mends his rags with the best double whity-brown thread; and nothing but iron chains will ever hold that lad of ours.' Sometimes he will be persuaded by some other boys to go to one of the Free Schools, or Sunday Schools, for a time or two; but it never lasts long, for confinement does not suit him at all; so he finishes his reading by looking in at the shop-windows, and his writing by scrawling on the shop-shutters and pavement. 'Jak Jobs you a fol,' is one of his favourite copies—meaning that the said John is a fool. He invariably joins those juvenile ministers of justice who hoot and follow drunken men or women in the street.

Should a horse run away, or a fire break out, or any other accident happen, and he chance to be anywhere in the neighbourhood, nearly the first to reach the spot and tell all he knows about it is that lad of ours. Sometimes he patronises the theatres when half-price commences, watching every one who comes out after the first piece is over, and inquiring whether he or she 'have done with your check, please?' but never on any account paying, unless it be on Boxing-night. Should he be lucky enough to get inside, he is sure to call on the orchestra for his favourite tune, or for those before him to take off their hats; or if any one is rather noisier than suits his taste, he calls out: 'Throw him over. I would if I was biggerer;' and if any voice is heard bidding the actors 'speak up,' you may rely upon it, it is the voice of that lad of ours. He has a great affection for drovers and their dogs, and scarcely cares how far he walks behind a drove of bullocks or a flock of sheep; and no one shews more perseverance in driving a refractory ox into a slaughter-house than that lad of ours. He is the first to follow in pursuit at the cry of 'stop thief!' but should the culprit be a little fellow, his heart reproaches him for joining in the capture when he sees the policeman's hand on the offender's collar, and he begins to think that 'happen he had no grub, nor nothink;' for though that lad of ours knows what it is to be hungry, he is no thief, for, as he says, 'there ain't nothink to be got by that ere game.'

Should the Turn-cock, while in some public-house having his 'half-pint o' beer,' leave his instruments at the door, ten to one he finds the plug pulled out, and half-a-dozen urchins dancing and splashing in the water, and in the midst of them that lad of ours. Sometimes his mother will talk to him, after she comes home of a night, wearied through doing 'the meanest chares;' and next morning that lad of ours will be up early, brushing his boots, washing himself, and rubbing the candle well into his hair; then for the twentieth time he will set out to look for a place; but somehow that lad of ours is a human bale in an overstocked market, where the supply far exceeds the demand. If interrogated—and he will not lie—all the situations he has had seem to tell against him. He was in a coal-shed a week, called the streets along with a coster-monger for the same period, was newspaper-boy for a few days longer, has been errand-boy to everything and everybody; was turned away here for playing at buttons, there for fighting the other boy, at a third place for breaking a pane of glass while putting up the shutter, at a fourth, for having 'a lark with the gas.' The surgeon got rid of him because he could not read the addresses on the bottles; and as many of the poor patients were no better lettered than himself, why everybody took what made them worse, and his master had a very narrow escape of a trial for manslaughter.

So he goes on, up one street and down another, poking his head into almost every shop, with cap in hand, and 'Please do you want a boy?' and some, struck with the merry mischief-loving look of that lad of ours, seem half disposed to engage him, but the shocking straightforward account he gives of himself spoils all. If he could but recommend himself as some of those very particular tradesmen, who question him so closely, do their inferior goods, that lad of ours would not have to go far to find a situation. Perhaps his father, who is unable to read or write, is employed at some place where he goes out early in the morning, and returns home tired late at night, and has always consoled himself with the thought that so long as he worked hard for his family, he did his duty—that they would get through the world somehow, as he himself had done. Perhaps there is a large family, and the poor mother, as it is the easiest conclusion to arrive at, is of the same way of thinking, for she also has to go out to work, and what with mending and washing, and attending to her household affairs when she is at home, she hasn't 'a minute on her hands' to look after that lad of ours; so that, excepting when he is in bed, nearly his whole life is passed in the streets; and the great marvel is, that he is not a common thief—that there is anything good about him. His father is not a drunkard, neither does his mother neglect her home; their great fault is in not looking to the future, in preparing only for the present, in consoling themselves with the thought that something will turn up some day; but never attempting to dig for it. As that lad of ours gets older, he discovers all this, and at last sets about providing for himself; often obtaining a situation through some other boy who knows somebody, and who, upon his honest unvarnished recommendation, employs this lad of ours. All the little fellow can say in his favour is, 'he never did nothink to be hed afore the p'lese.' And when he once begins to get on a little, his mother will begin to bestir herself, and take him to a tally-shop, where he will get a jacket out of his wages, by paying a shilling a week—and some thirty per cent. charged for the credit; and as one thing is paid for, he will procure another, and in spite of the extravagant interest charged for the accommodation of these weekly payments, it is surprising what an alteration a few months make in the appearance of this lad of ours. From an

errand-boy, he may in time get to serve behind the counter—though a want of education will ever be a great drawback on his advancement, yet the bright natural abilities, which nobody had heretofore seen, stand him in some stead, and a precious sharp young man will sometimes grow out of this lad of ours. That he is not at last driven to herd with felons, he has neither his parents, the guardians of his parish, nor the rulers of his country to thank for; and if he is successful, and if it may be said of one more than another that he made his way by his own exertions, and was the architect of his own fortune, of a verity such may be said of 'That Lad of Ours.'

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

BOSTON TO MONTREAL.

The run from Halifax to Boston occupied about thirty hours, and was not marked by any incident worth relating. The course pursued was across the entrance to the Bay of Fundy, where fogs often prevail, and where there is at all times a wild tumbling sea. Fortunately, however, the fogs which vex mariners along the whole of the coasts in this quarter, did not make their appearance on the present occasion; and at a late hour on a clear moonlight evening, we quietly made our way into the spacious and sinuous inlet which forms the harbour of Boston.

It is remarkable how much a traveller is left to learn by chance as he proceeds on his journey. The notion in England is, that the Liverpool and Boston steamers actually go to the place to which they are said to be bound; but such is not the case; and this fact I was not aware of till we were on the point of landing. I now ascertained, that instead of going to the wharfs of the city, the vessel was to proceed to East Boston, an island from which there is a communication by a ferry-boat to the mainland.

On approaching within hail of our destined haven, the gentle moonlight enabled us to perceive that a crowd awaited the arrival of friends on the landing-place. Anon, wives and husbands and old acquaintances are heard calling to each other; and in a few minutes, such kissing and cordial shaking of hands! Among the passengers were many who had been long absent in England and on the continent, and were carrying home impressions of European scenery and society.

The transfer of luggage to the custom-house shed was soon effected, and although the hour was late, everything was examined with a rapidity and civility that merited universal thanks. Coaches for the various hotels stood outside, and each being duly freighted, off we drove for the ferry, which I am bound to acknowledge is managed in such a way as to give the least possible uneasiness. So large are the boats, that they accommodate a number of carriages which drive from the quay direct upon their deck. In this strange fashion of riding on a floating steam-propelled bridge, we were carried without rising from our seats across a channel 1800 feet wide to the lower end of one of the streets of Boston, and thence to our respective hotels.

The stay I was now able to make in the far-famed capital of Massachusetts was so brief, that it will be better to defer any notice of the place till the occasion of my subsequent and more lengthened visit to the New England States. I need only say, that, like most strangers, I was much struck with the old and respectable appearance of Boston—its substantial and handsome houses of stone and brick, its well-paved and cleanly streets, its busy and orderly population, as well as with the various tokens of literary taste and refinement which met the eye. The merest glance at this city and its thoroughfares, thronged with passengers differing in no respect from those one sees any day in Regent Street or the Strand, would dispel the strange and misty notions entertained in England respecting the people of the United States. 'Did you find them civilised at all?' inquired a gentleman shortly after my return home. Such a question reminds one of the anecdote told by the late Marchioness of ——, an English peeress, but an American by birth. Soon after her ladyship's arrival in Great Britain, she went on a visit to the house of a nobleman in the country. There, on being conducted through the hall to dinner, she observed that a crowd of servants were on the watch to have a glimpse of her in passing; and one of them, vastly to her amusement, was overheard to utter in an emphatic whisper: 'She's white!'

In Boston, I had the opportunity of seeing for the first time a specimen of that extraordinary hotel-system, which forms one of the leading social features of the United States, and which may be said to have attained its full development in the city of New York. I lodged at the Revere House, an establishment consisting of several hundred apartments, including a more than usually splendid suite of public drawing-rooms and parlours, and a spacious saloon, in which all the guests take their meals, as at a table-d'hôte. At dinner, which was attended by about a hundred guests, I waited to see the nature of the scramble, which English travellers speak of as characteristic of the American dining-system. But the whole routine was quiet and decorous. The dinner was served from side-tables, according to order from printed bills of fare, placed before every guest; and instead of anything like hurry or hasty eating, I felt embarrassed by the formality and prolixity of the proceedings. The meal, in its various courses, lasted about an hour; and in fact the time at my disposal would not allow me to see it to a conclusion.

From Boston there now radiate eight lines of railway, affording a ready means of transit in every direction. Persons desirous of reaching Lower Canada proceed by way of Portland in Maine as the most direct route; but I made choice of that by Albany, Saratoga, and Lake Champlain, as opening to view a line of country associated in many parts with the history of the revolutionary struggle. The completion, some years ago, of a line of railway to Albany on the Hudson has been of the greatest importance to Boston; for it brings its port in direct communication with the western country and its lakes, and enables it to maintain something like a rivalry with New York, and other Atlantic cities. It may, indeed, be said, that without a connection of this kind, no American seaport can expect to rise above local mediocrity. The West! What schemes are daily planned, what efforts are everywhere being made to secure a share of its traffic—great in the present, but mighty beyond calculation in the future! The distance from Boston to Albany is 200 miles, and to perform this journey, I set off on a Saturday afternoon at half-past four o'clock—charge, five dollars, and the time promised on the road, eight hours. It was my first American railway journey, and all was novel.

In a large covered terminus, a train of cars was drawn up, ready to start with a locomotive at their head across an open street; and the whole set off without any other protection to foot-passengers than that which might be imparted by the warning sounds of a bell attached to the top of the engine. And so onward, through town and country, here intersecting a village, and there crossing a highway, did the train pursue its way, with no other trace of protection for the public, than the very useful piece of advice—'Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings!' painted in large characters on sign-boards at every point of danger. If any get themselves killed after this obliging hint to mind the bell, they have themselves to blame, of course! The cars were of considerable length, with a range of windows alternating with polished mahogany panels along the sides, an ornamental ceiling, and a flooring of painted cloth. Each accommodated fifty-eight

passengers, who sat, two together, in arm-chairs covered with red plush, in a row on each side, leaving a passage in the middle which communicated with a door at both ends. The passengers faced the engine, but by shifting the backs of their seats, they could look in a contrary direction. Outside, at the two ends of each car, there was a small platform, whence to descend by steps to the ground, and by stepping from platform to platform, the passengers could move from one car to another along the whole train. Each car was provided with a stove, which stood in the middle, on one side, and was heated with billets of wood. A recent English tourist speaks of the manœuvring of American travellers to secure seats as far from the stove as possible. I saw nothing of this kind, now or subsequently. The heat was not offensive in any train, within my experience, though I believe it is so occasionally; and, on the whole, this method of heating railway carriages, rude as it may be, is certainly better than the practice of not heating them at all. In consequence of the warmth in the cars, the railway wrapper which had accompanied me from England proved an unnecessary incumbrance. So much may be said in the meanwhile on a subject which will require more ample treatment when the railways in various states have come under notice. In taking my place at Boston, I observed, as on many subsequent occasions, that there was only one class; but there was little perceptible difference, as respects the dress or orderly demeanour of the passengers, which could not perhaps be said of such a miscellaneous gathering of English travellers.

Our line of route afforded a fair opportunity of seeing a considerable part of Massachusetts, and it was anything but pleasing in point of rural scenery. The land, of an undulating configuration, is generally poor. Knolls covered with scraggy bush, through which peeped masses of granite, and sandy plains with a scanty herbage, were intermingled with a never-ending series of ponds or small lakes, and I could not help pitying the farmers who endeavoured to wring a livelihood out of the partially cleared and ungenial soil. Massachusetts, however, lays no claim to a reputation for agriculture. It is not able to raise food to support itself, and, like many parts of England, rests on the manufacturing skill and general ingenuity of its inhabitants. The railway passes through a number of populous cities, each the seat of some kind of thriving manufacture. The largest of these centres of industry are Worcester and Springfield; the latter situated on the east bank of the Connecticut river, a navigable stream of great size, flowing through a tract of country more green and rich than that previously seen on the route.

The enlivening objects on the line of road, are the numerous villages and detached dwellings, of the true New England character. The houses constructed of wood, painted white, with their bright green jalousies folded back as exterior window-shutters, and their neat porches and flower-plots in front, look every one of them as if just taken from a box and put out for an airing. It is impossible to see these trimly-kept and pretty dwellings, without an inclination to congratulate the country on having been originally settled by a people who brought with them from the south of England, not only the love of civil liberty, but an inherent taste for domestic cleanliness—a quality which, possibly through this channel, has been largely diffused through the United States.

After passing Springfield, the number of passengers in the cars was considerably diminished, and the lamps shed a dim light over the vacant seats and those who remained as my companions. As the track was as usual only single, the train required to stop at one of the stations to wait the arrival of that which was coming in a contrary direction. How long we were to remain here was not explained, until the door of our car was opened, and a head in a rough cap, from a neighbouring groggery, made the abrupt announcement: 'You have an hour to wait, and there's good eating round the corner.' Then arose a commotion among the passengers. A number left their seats, to follow the head wheresoever it might lead them; and joining the throng, we crossed a complication of rails, turned a corner, and ascended a wooden outside stair to an apartment, which united the character of bar-room, shop, and kitchen. At one side, a man behind a counter had charge of the liquoring department; in another quarter, a lad dispensed ham and pumpkin pie; and at the further end of the room, two women were assiduously engaged in dressing oysters in frying-pans. The scene was strange, and the place not exactly such as I should have selected for supper, had there been a choice. As it was, I procured some refreshment, and having warmed myself at a stove, returned to the nearly deserted car. There, I found only a humble couple, an emigrant and his wife, bound for the western country. The man had charge of a bundle on which were tied a tin kettle and drinking-cup, and the wife pressing a clamorous child to her bosom, promised it in the Doric of Lowland Scotland, that if it would be good and lie still, it would soon get to Albany, and have everything nice, and be put to bed. It was a difficult matter, however, to persuade young Sandy to be perfectly submissive, and I was glad when his remonstrances were drowned in the premonitory tolling of the engineer's bell and the onward rolling of the train.

This was not the only delay to our progress. About an hour after midnight, we came to a sudden pause where no station was visible; and immediately, very much to my surprise, the engine-driver, conductor, and several passengers were seen sallying forth with lanterns, and hastening down the embankment on our right. 'What are they going to do now?' said I to a gentleman, who, like myself, kept his seat. 'Only to take a look at some cars that were smashed this morning,' was the reply. On opening the window to observe the state of affairs, as well as the darkness would allow, there, to be sure, at the bottom and along the side of the high bank, lay an unhappy train, just as it had been upset. The locomotive on its side was partly buried in the earth; and the cars which had followed it in its descent lay in a confused heap behind. On the top of the bank, near to us, the last car of all stood obliquely on end, with its hind wheels in the air in a somewhat grotesque and threatening attitude. All was now still and silent. The killed and wounded, if there were any, had been removed. No living thing was visible but the errant engineer and others from our train clambering with lanterns in their hands over the prostrate wreck, and with heedless levity passing critical remarks on the catastrophe. Curiosity being satisfied, all resumed their places, and the train moved on without a murmur of complaint as to the unnecessary, and, considering the hour, very undesirable delay. I allude to the circumstance, as one of a variety of facts that fell within my observation, illustrative of the singular degree of patience and imperturbability with which railway travellers in America submit uncomplainingly to all sorts of detentions on their journey.

In consequence of these stoppages, the train did not arrive at its terminus on the Hudson till past two o'clock in the morning; and after all, the passengers required to cross in a ferry-boat to Albany. This unpleasant feat being accomplished, a fellow-passenger obligingly conducted me to the Delavan House, one of the hotels in the city.

Here I remained all next day, for even had I been inclined to proceed on my journey, I could not have done so; for in the northern states there is no railway travelling on Sunday. It is the practice for trains to

stop at the town or village where they arrive late on Saturday night; and there travellers, as in the olden time in England, have a day to spend in the tranquil enjoyment of a country inn, with a little breathing-time for the performance of religious duties. The morning dawned bright and beautiful, and, walking out, I had an opportunity of seeing how Sunday was kept in the capital of the state of New York. Occupying a pleasant situation on a rising-ground facing the Hudson, the long streets, lined with lofty and well-built houses, and ornamented, as usual, with rows of trees shading the footpaths, were in universal repose. All places of business were shut; the traffic connected with the shipping was at rest; and nothing seemed to be going on except in a few half-shut groggeries on the quay fronting the river, where boatmen and sailors in bushy whiskers, and rough Wellington-boots pulled over their trousers, sat smoking away at long pipes in mere vacuity of thought. The only sound that broke upon the sunshiny stillness, was the voice of an itinerant preacher, who stood, Bible in hand, on the middle of a drawbridge which crossed to one of the exterior wharfs. It was a thankless expenditure of good intentions. Except a fluctuating crowd of idle youngsters, no one appeared to listen to the poor man's discourse, which, for anything I know, lasted all day, as I found a similar harangue going on on the same spot in the evening.

Albany, like all other cities in America, possesses a choice collection of churches of handsome exterior, each sect apparently vieing with another as regards the attractiveness of its place of worship. The bells having begun to ring, I entered a church of respectable appearance, which I found to belong to the Baptist connection. The church, which was filled with an exceedingly well-dressed and attentive congregation, was fitted up with a regard to taste and comfort strikingly characteristic of places of public worship in the United States. Every traveller remarks the neatness of American churches. They resemble neither the venerable parish churches of England, with their old oak family-pews, antique monuments, and troop of charity children; nor the parish churches of Scotland, with their plain deal-seats, damp earthen floors, and unmelodious precentors. All of them, of whatever communion I chanced to attend during my journey, were carpeted all over like a drawing-room; the pews, of finely polished or painted wood, were spacious and cushioned; the windows furnished with Venetian blinds, to moderate the glare of sunshine; and the pulpit, low and without a sounding-board, consisted of a kind of enclosed platform, which was provided with a handsome sofa for a seat. It may also be noticed, that the pews are generally provided with light fans, which the ladies employ during warm weather. I never saw any functionary acting in the capacity of clerk or precentor. The singing is usually led by an organ and choir in a gallery opposite the pulpit. Not the least remarkable peculiarity in the arrangements, is the voluntary association of a number of young ladies and gentlemen to compose the choir. In some fashionable churches there are paid singers; but throughout the country generally, the members of the choirs belong to the best families, and act gratuitously. In one place which I visited, the leader of the church-choir was the principal medical man in the town. Facts of this kind are too pleasing to be overlooked.

The hotel into which chance had thrown me at Albany, I found to be conducted on the temperance principle; but it did not seem on that account to be inferior in point of extent or management. About sixty people attended the several meals in the saloon, where everything, as I afterwards discovered to be a common arrangement, was served to order from printed bills of fare. At the head of the room, near the entrance, stood a coloured manager. This personage, with a bow and wave of the hand, allotted seats to the guests, and acted as a kind of fugleman to some eighteen or twenty waitresses, who were dressed in a somewhat uniform style. All of them, as I understood, were Irish girls. As at Boston, there was nothing like fast eating at table; and I began to wonder when this phenomenon was to make its appearance.

Behind the hotel is a narrow street, into which the window of my bedroom opened, and at dawn on Monday morning there commenced the warning sound of engine-bells, and the rattling of trains. Looking down into this narrow thoroughfare, one could not but be amazed at the manner in which a line of railway had been run along its centre, leaving scarcely space for an ordinary carriage on each side, and, consequently, putting children and passengers in continual peril. Other streets in the lower part of the city are similarly traversed; and that such encroachments are here and elsewhere permitted, may be supposed to be a strong indication of the small value set upon private right and convenience, when the interests of the public are presumed to be concerned. It may, indeed, be said, that danger to life and limb is seldom of so much consequence as to prevent railways from being extended in an unguarded form into the heart of any village or city in the States; the advantages of railway communication in developing resources, and increasing the value of property, being apparently held to be paramount to every other consideration.

By one of the railways so strangely projected along and across certain streets, I moved westward from Albany to Saratoga, the line of route being through a rather pretty country, undulating and well wooded, and settled by a class of farmers whose fields were regularly enclosed and cultured. Joined by a branch from Troy, a populous city on the east bank of the Hudson, the line crosses several branches of the river Mohawk, and at different points we pass near the Erie and Champlain canals, by which a large traffic is poured through this part of the country. On the Mohawk, several fine falls are disclosed, and we drive through scenery which must afford the most delightful summer rambles to the leisurely pedestrian. Villages of smart wooden houses are passed at intervals, and at the distance of thirty-two miles from Albany we arrive at Ballston Spa, a place celebrated for its mineral waters, and right through which the railway passes, offering the facility of setting down and taking up passengers at the door of the principal hotel. Seven miles further on, in the midst of a level and sandy tract of country covered with trees, we reach Saratoga Springs, the most fashionable and numerously attended watering-place in the United States.

Gay and thronged in the height of summer, how dull were now the deserted promenades of Saratoga! A long broad street, ornamented with rows of trees, from which every light wind brought down showers of discoloured leaves, was lined with hotels of enormous dimensions, but with two or three exceptions, all were shut up for the season; and so they would remain till the heats of the next dog-days brought troops of new visitors to the springs. I had the curiosity to taste one of the medicinal waters, which rose in a powerful volume through a wooden tube fixed over the spring. It sparkled with confined air, had a slight flavour of iron and weak beer, and was by no means unpleasant. The efficacy of the different springs would require, I think, to be considerable; for in the village itself, independently of a gay hotel-life, and the pleasure of lounging in arm-chairs under long shady verandas, there seemed to be absolutely no attractions. Rides through glades in the forest, and visits to interesting scenes in the neighbourhood, possibly help to draw strangers to the spot. Here we may consider ourselves to be in the centre of a district in which took place a series of warlike engagements, first between the English

and French, and afterwards between the British and American forces. It will be recollected, that it was at Fish Creek, on the Hudson, after a variety of operations in this vicinity, that the unfortunate Burgoyne surrendered with an army of 5000 men to General Gates on the 17th of October 1777. Having walked over the scene of this dismal humiliation, the tourist will pursue his way to Fort Edward, and Lakes George and Champlain, the whole forming a group of scenes not only among the most picturesque in America, but abounding at almost every step in the deepest historical interest.

At the time of my visit, various alterations were going on in Saratoga, including the laying of pipes for gas and the erection of some new structures. I had some amusement in noticing the removal of a house on rollers—a process at which the Americans are adepts. The house in question was of two stories, and the object seemed to be its transference to the opposite side of the street. It had already performed one-half of its journey across, and I have no doubt would settle down in its new situation without any untoward casualty. The furniture within it did not appear to be disturbed, nor had it been deserted by its adventurous inhabitants.

The construction of houses of wood admits of these not very difficult transitions; and so far a timber dwelling has its advantages. But other circumstances render wood desirable as a material for house-building. Not to speak of the cheapness of deals, or lumber, as this kind of timber is ordinarily called, a wooden house is much warmer than one of stone during the inclemency of winter, and therefore many persons consider it preferable. Such, at least, I found to be the general opinion in Nova Scotia. The method of erecting these wooden houses is very simple. In the first place, a skeleton framework is formed, over which plain deals are fastened, leaving spaces for door and windows. The next step is to nail shingles, or thin slips of wood, on the deals, so as to overlap each other like rows of slates; and the same arrangement is followed with the roof. A shingle-covered house, with ornamental architraves to door and windows, and properly painted, has a fully better effect than a house simply weather-boarded. In either case, the air is effectually excluded; and as the inside is always plastered, and finished off with ornamental paper-hangings, the house is as comfortable as can be desired. At all events, this easily extemporised dwelling, in which only the chimneys are of brick, suits a new country; and it is such houses, of a small and neat kind, placed in the outskirts and by-ways of American cities, that are owned and occupied by artisans and others of much higher means. That which appears strange to an Englishman, is the durability of these wooden structures, the very roofs of which are of a seemingly perishable material. But all is explained by that exceeding dryness of atmosphere, which forms a leading peculiarity of the North American climate, and which even the heaviest rains can scarcely be said to interrupt.

From Saratoga, travellers may diverge towards Lake George; but my plans not admitting of this interesting lateral trip, I contented myself with pursuing the route northwards to the foot of Lake Champlain. This run of 220 miles in one day, by cars and steamers, from Saratoga Springs to Montreal, was the most suggestive and pleasant I made in the whole course of my journey. It took me through a region, almost every foot of which had been the scene of military contention. Projected from the borders of Canada, and connected by its outlet with the St Lawrence, Lake Champlain has always been a favourite channel of attack on the States from the north, and at different points has been strengthened by military posts, to which the English succeeded on the expulsion of the French, and which now, within the American frontier, are with one exception deserted and in ruins.

Passing the hamlet of Fort Ann, the cars, a few miles further on, reach Whitehall, known during the war as Skenesborough. Here the railway stops, and we have the first glimpse of Lake Champlain, probably the finest thing of its kind in America, and in some respects rivalling the most beautiful lakes of the old world. Stepping on board a steam-boat which awaited the arrival of the train, I was amazed at the size and magnificence of the vessel. Resembling a floating palace in its interior accommodations and ornament, it offered for repose a spacious and airy saloon, furnished with the richest carpets and sofas, and from tall pier-mirrors, surmounting marble tables, you were reflected at every movement. The only discordant feature in this elegant apartment, was a number of large spittoons of brown earthenware, placed near the velvet-covered sofas for the use of the passengers. Such things had already come under my notice in the parlours of the hotels I had visited; and although I cannot say they were much in requisition, the circumstance of their being profusely scattered about, conveyed an unpleasant idea of habits which have gained an unenviable notoriety.

The southern extremity of Lake Champlain is narrow like a river, between high banks. Twenty miles up, it expands considerably, runs into creeks, is encroached upon by bushy headlands, and overlooked by the small clearings and cottages of settlers. Finally, it reaches a breadth varying from 6 to 9 miles, and extends altogether a length of 132 miles. On our left, in advancing northwards, we have the state of New York, and on the right that of Vermont. The former is the more picturesque; the latter, embracing a variety of easy slopes, and in all respects more open, seems the better adapted for cultivation. Far in the distance, on the Vermont side, are seen the lofty green mountains from which the state has derived its designation. They were the first hills, worthy of the name, I had seen in America. The steamer, in its progress up the lake, stopped at various points to land and take up passengers. One of these points, adjoining a promontory on our left, was Ticonderoga, the ruins of whose fortifications are observed, overhanging the cliffs, and intermingled with the wild brushwood. Here the French, in their warfare against the English colonists, established themselves in 1755; here was the scene of some desperate engagements, in which Montcalm, Howe, and Abercromby were concerned; and here, as is well known, did a small English garrison, commanded by Captain Delaplace, yield themselves prisoners to Colonel Ethan Allen and a band of Green Mountain Boys, May 10, 1775. Crown Point, further up the lake on the same side, and where the ground inclines to an accessible beach, is the site of a still older and more imposing fort of the same origin. After being wrested from the French, the fortress was greatly enlarged by Lord Amherst, and is said, in various ways, to have cost the British government two millions sterling. It also fell into the hands of the Americans, and now consists of a number of rugged walls and grassy mounds, a glimpse of which is obtained from the deck of the passing steamer.

Having passed these spots, the passengers were summoned to dinner in a lower saloon, along which two tables were prepared as tastefully as in a first-rate hotel. On descending to take our places, the gentlemen of the party were requested to wait till the ladies had come down and seated themselves; an arrangement with which, of course, all acquiesced. Those gentlemen who had ladies in charge participated in the choice of places at the top of the tables; the *balance* of the seats, to use an American phrase, being left to such solitary travellers as myself. I did not, however, find on this or subsequent occasions that any difference was

made between the upper and lower parts of the tables, as respects viands or attendance. Again, in this meal, I failed to observe any voracity in the guests; and nothing was drunk but iced water—a luxury with which the people of England generally have, as yet, little practical acquaintance.

Burlington, a handsomely built and thriving town, is the port of largest size touched by the steamer. It is situated at the bottom of a bay, on the east or Vermont side of the lake, and possesses railway communication in several directions, by which travellers have an opportunity of varying their route. Further on, and diagonally crossing this fine sheet of water, which is here eight to nine miles wide, and prettily dotted with islands, we arrive at Plattsburg, in the state of New York. A railway train in waiting now carried us forward in a northerly direction, and having advanced a few miles, we cross the frontier into Lower Canada; the only indication we have of the change being the admonition in French at railway crossings: 'Prenez garde de la machine, quand la cloche sonne'—a strange invasion of the peaceful routine of habitant life.

About nine o'clock in the evening, the train arrived at a point on the St Lawrence where we were ferried across to La Chine, the steamer occupying twenty minutes in the passage; my introduction to this magnificent river took place, therefore, in the partial darkness of an autumn night. There was just sufficient light from the stars to shew that we were upon a stream at least a mile in width, rolling in a ceaseless flood from the great lakes to the ocean. At La Chine, the passengers landed on the western extremity of the island of Montreal, and entering a railway terminus, found a train with the English form of carriages, ready to depart for the city of Montreal. This trip of eight or nine miles was soon over. At ten o'clock, I was in the hands of an Irish cabman, driving impetuously through a series of streets to a hotel; having in the space of fourteen hours, without toil or anxiety, and for a few dollars, performed a journey which, thirty years ago, would probably have required a week to accomplish.

W. C.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER IX.

BEING A CHAPTER OF DOCUMENTS.

Some people may think it a little matter—but the world is made up of little matters—the effect produced upon Molly by the change she saw take place in Sara's demeanour. It is true, she did not consider this change logically, lay down her hypothenuses like Elizabeth, and proceed to found upon them a course of action; but her feeling was as good as some other folks' thinking: she knew what had occurred by a process altogether different from that of ratiocination; and when she heard the wheels of the bread-cart rattling among the further houses, she made up her mind on the instant. Now, this sound had hitherto been the signal for all the sauciness of Molly's nature to boil up from the bottom, sparkle in her round eyes, and hiss at the tip of her tongue; and when the baker drew up at the side-door, he received so many smiling insolences in return for his loaves and courtesies, that oft and again he resolved to keep company instead with Betty at the Hall. On this occasion, however, no sooner did the first faint murmur of the wheels strike upon Molly's tympanum, than she rushed like a whirlwind to her own dormitory, laved her face with soap and water till it shone again, combed and oiled her glossy black hair, and put on a clean apron as white as snow. She then hastened down to the side-door, and as the light cart drew up, instead of standing to have the bread flung to her—which she generally returned with a toss as being either too crusty or too uncrusty—she stepped mincingly across the footway, and held up to the young man an insidiously soft and innocent face, and a snowy apron. Down jumps he on the instant all in a flush and flutter; he will carry the bread into the kitchen for her; he will hold the door open, that she may enter first; and—it is needless to make a mystery of the matter—he will have a kiss from her rich, warm lips behind it: an impudence which Molly resented with a slap that would not have foundered a butterfly. From that hour, the young man was a lost baker.

If this is a small matter to set down in our history, it was a very important matter for Sara's comfort. It is astonishing how well the two agreed after it; it was as if their souls had been brought into harmony with a tuning-key; and Sara, who was ignorant of the nature of the change in Molly, feeling unconsciously the sympathy that was now between them, came to the opinion that the poor girl was turning a very sensible girl after all. But a trial was in waiting for her own nerves, which put all such speculations out of her head for the time. One morning, while they were at the breakfast-table, her aunt received a post-letter, addressed to her in the handwriting of Miss Heavystoke, the late governess, and Sara expected that when she had finished its perusal, the document would be placed in her hands as usual, that it might be read aloud for the benefit of the whole. Elizabeth, however, when she had got to the end, folded up the letter slowly, and began to sip her tea without uttering a word. The captain was withheld, by his customary gentlemanly feeling, from testifying any curiosity, but looked surprised and anxious; and Sara, whose fears were for him, watched her aunt with an interest which, in reference to so simple a circumstance, would have been absurd in a less simple family. It was always in vain, however, to try to collect anything from Elizabeth's eyes. When she had finished breakfast, she rose, still silent, from her chair, and settling her dress about her, and squaring her elbows, walked out of the room.

Sara did not dare to look at her uncle, for she felt as if something awful was coming; and the two sat for some time in an awkward and expectant silence, which was at length broken by Elizabeth calling her niece from the top of the stairs. The young lady obeyed the summons, though not in her usual bounding manner, with her heart in her steps. On entering the room, she found that her aunt had subsided into a chair by merely bending her knees, her elbows retaining their squareness, and the letter held between her two hands, that were folded in front. Another chair was close beside her; and Sara seeing that it was intended for her, sat down in it, and looked inquiringly at her aunt; whereupon the virgin put an arm round her in her usual affectionate but highly uncomfortable manner, touching the waist she embraced only with the tips of her bent fingers, and addressed her as follows:—

'It has often been remarked, that the disappointments of life have a greater pang for the young than the old, although many are of opinion that, in the case of the former, the effect is less enduring—that the slender twig, when the blast is over, rises as easily as it bent. But it may be doubted whether this is any good reason for withholding our sympathy, since during the act of bending there may be a grief and a pang

intense in proportion to the vigour of the young life they deal with. If heart-disappointments are the bitterest of all, as some authors hold, then must the individual who is thus tried become the object of our tenderest compassion; but if that compassion be heightened by fellow-feeling'—and here the fingers of the virgin trembled on her niece's waist—'if the history of the sympathiser chance to be overshadowed with a heart-misery as great, and more hopeless, need I describe the attraction that will draw these two souls together, or the benefit that will be derived by the new plunger into the valley of the shadow of death from the counsels of one who has trodden it before?'

'Can it be that Robert is dead?' thought Sara's quaking heart.

'Before putting into your hands a letter,' continued Elizabeth, 'which may lay low the castles of your youthful dreams, I considered it my duty to address to you these few plain words of consolation, that you may see distinctly what is without you, and feel vividly what is within. I will now leave you alone during the perusal; and when you have finished, I trust I shall find you prepared to listen with resignation to some few healing remarks, of which you have heard the exordium.' And so saying, Elizabeth kissed her niece on the brow with all the warmth of her nature, and glided, slow and stately, out of the room.

After such an exordium, the trepidation with which Sara unfolded the letter will not be wondered at. The document ran thus:—

'LUXTON CASTLE, *Wednesday*.

'MY DEAR MADAM—I have received a long letter from Miss Sara in reply to my few lines announcing the comfortable situation I had obtained here. The letter is so charmingly composed that I am quite proud of my pupil: handwriting, however, a little headlong here and there, as if the pen had run away with the fingers, instead of the fingers controlling the pen. Likewise, the *t*'s not uniformly crossed, and a *g* unlooped. But I would not have you mention these matters to her at present; for if my penetration was not much at fault when I had the pleasure of residing in your house—and it seldom is at any time—she will have enough to do, poor dear! to bear up against the things I have further to write.

'Lord Luxton is a good-humoured, hearty old man, such as I would call decidedly vulgar—only he isn't; and when he was taken suddenly ill the other day, we were all much grieved. It was supposed at first to be apoplexy, seeing that he has a short neck, and is much devoted to his dinner; and his brother, Sir Vivian Falcontower, was sent for express. But in a day or two he rallied, and came down stairs almost as well as ever, although the doctors would not allow him to stir out of doors. In the meantime, his brother and niece arrived at the castle, and the neighbouring families came to pay visits of congratulation on his recovery; and one lady and gentleman brought with them two old friends of yours, who were staying with them at the time—Mrs Seacole and her son.

'Mrs Seacole was condescending and lady-like as usual, but when I asked how she had left the inmates of the Lodge, she answered so slightly that I was surprised. I at length ventured to hint at the interesting position of the two families in relation to each other, and she broke into a laugh of surprise and ridicule.

"I am surprised, my dear Miss Heavystoke," said she, "to hear a lady of your experience talk in that way. My son is only twenty-one, and that nice, pretty girl, Miss Sara, is still younger. It would be a hard case, indeed, if young people could not romp and flirt at their little tea-parties, without being booked by older ones for man and wife. Adolphus is now of age, and has left the make-believe world for the real one, and will marry, doubtless, in good time, in his own position. I have too high an opinion of Miss Sara's good sense to suppose that she misunderstands anything that has passed between them as boy and girl; but if you think she does, it would only be doing your duty—and everybody knows Miss Heavystoke is not slow at that—to let her know that the festival which celebrates the arrival at his majority of a young man of fortune, is a line of demarcation which separates for ever the ideal from the real of life." You may think how much I was astonished at this speech, considering what I had heard her say on the same subject before; but ere I could collect myself for an answer, she was gone.

'The next day, when my little charge, Lord Luxton's grand-niece, and I were at our studies in our own room, Mr Seacole came in abruptly.

"Pardon me, Miss Heavystoke," said he, "but I have only an instant, and I must seize the opportunity to inquire after our friends at the Lodge. Have you heard from them?—and when?"

"I have heard from Miss Sara," said I—but he followed my eye like lightning, and appeared to be about to dart upon the letter, which lay upon the table before me.

"Oh," said I, "I have no objection to your reading it; there are no secrets in it; and it will tell you the whole news of the family."

"It is beautifully written," said he; "you must have taken great pains with Sara—I see your style in every line. There is a sentence here I must copy, it is turned so neatly: as the letter is of no consequence, you will not mind trusting it with me till to-morrow;" and cramming it into his pocket, he was off in an instant. I cannot say I liked the proceeding, but still his remark was natural, for the style could not be mistaken, and I was in hopes the young man might derive a useful lesson from it himself. I was in great concern, however, at the difference of feeling between himself and his mother, and I hardly knew what part it was proper for me to take. But it soon appeared that Mrs Seacole knew very well what she was about, and that her son did not.

'When Sir Vivian Falcontower, the brother and heir-presumptive of Lord Luxton, arrived, with his daughter, from London, the whole house took a new aspect. They are very great people, it seems, of high fashion, and as unlike the old peer as possible. Everything was to be done by rule; the servants hardly whispered as they went about; and I expected to see in Miss Falcontower a severe and haughty lady of rank—probably an old maid. But how much was I deceived! a simple, artless creature was this woman of fashion, a girl not many years older than Miss Sara—and oh, how lovely! with a pair of eyes, like condensed lightning, but flashing in a rapid stream when she turned it on. Yet simple and artless though she seemed, she was somehow the mistress of every thing and person around her. The lightest word, the briefest glance, was a command; and her softness and calmness, instead of setting people at their ease, made them hold their breath.

'Mr Seacole, I regret to say, was the first to fall under her sway. I do not think he spoke to her often, but sometimes the mother contrived it, and after a few days he was constantly hovering about the house, and appearing and vanishing in the grounds. I could not get speech of him alone for a moment, though I tried hard to compass it, for I considered it an improper thing that Miss Sara's handwriting should remain in

his possession, more especially when I saw how things were going on. At last the time of the Falcontowers' departure arrived, and Mrs Seacole and her son, who had become quite gracious with them, came over to bid good-bye. I saw the mother draw Sir Vivian's attention away; I saw the shake of the hand between the other two; I saw the look that lightened upon the young man's face, and I knew it would not be forgotten.

'When the carriage drove off, Mr Seacole, instead of going down the avenue with his mother, darted into the grounds; but I knew his destination, and was determined to reclaim the letter, as I was pretty sure I should see him no more at the castle. I overtook him at a place near which the high road sweeps after a long detour, and accosted him just as he was about to ascend the eminence.

"Mr Seacole," said I, out of breath, "be so good as to return me the letter you took from my table."

"What letter? I have lost it—it is at home—I know nothing about it."

"I will have it," said I. "I call upon you as a gentleman to return what is not your own, and what you had no permission to take."

"Hang it!" cried he, with an emphasis that might have suited a worse exclamation; and snatching a letter from his breast-pocket, he put it into my hands, and ran up the hill. I turned away in great concern for poor Miss Sara, and was near the house before I thought of looking at the recovered autograph—when I found that it was some trumpery letter from a companion of his own. In the afternoon, I walked over to the house where the Seacoles were staying, but found they had taken their departure an hour before.

'I have now, my dear madam, come to the end of my afflicting narrative, and I need not point out to you the necessity for breaking the affair gradually and tenderly to our dear girl. She will suffer, I fear, in health as well as spirits; but she will get over it in time. Camomile tea would be a good thing for her in the morning; likewise of a Sunday the Chorus of the Israelites on the piano, and that grand Hallelujah; together with a table-spoonful now and then of my own mixture, which would have done your foolish Molly so much good in her sick headache, if she had not spat it all out in a rage. I enclose the letter Mr Seacole gave me by mistake, and with kindest love to the injured sufferer, and respectful compliments to the captain, I am, my dear madam, ever faithfully yours, MARTHA HEAVYSTOKE.'

We will not say that this letter was altogether without its share of mortification for Sara; for even the most humane women like to see their rejected suitors suffer a little. However, with the aid of a touching homily from her aunt, she very soon recovered her spirits; and Elizabeth took great credit to herself for the skilful way in which she had managed so delicate an affair—her niece's disclaimer of any tender feelings towards young Seacole having, of course, no weight with so shrewd a woman of the world.

When they went down stairs, the captain was not in the parlour, which rather surprised Elizabeth, who had made him acquainted with the contents of the letter while Sara was reading it, and who naturally expected that he would be anxious to know how his niece had taken it. After some time, however, he made his appearance; embraced Sara affectionately; and then sat down without speaking, to amuse himself, as usual, with the Army List—looking, as the two ladies thought, uncommonly cold and stern. A remark made some time after by Molly, threw a light upon the matter which terrified Sara.

'What ever can the captain be going to do with his pistols?' said she to her young mistress. 'He has been a-taking out and putting in the nails, and cleaning everything like a new pin, and looking all the while as dreadful calm as if his mind was made up—I don't know what about.' Sara, on hearing this, considered that it was no time to stand upon scruples of delicacy; so she flew to the veteran, told him exactly her position with Adolphus, and expressed the pleasure she felt that he had already been able to console himself for her refusal of his hand.

'Why did you refuse so good an offer?' asked the captain in surprise, and perhaps with some suspicion.

'Because I did not like him well enough to accept it,' replied Sara; 'and you now see by the unsteadiness of his feelings and fancies, that I was right. But perhaps Miss Heavystoke's enclosure may throw some light upon the subject. I put it into my pocket and forgot it. But is it proper to read another person's letter?'

'Quite proper,' decided the captain, 'since that other person has read yours. It is an indisputable law of strategy; and I remember at the siege of—— no matter: let us hear what it says; and first, what is the writer's name?'

'Fancourt—Mrs Seacole's cousin, I declare: the same who danced with you, dear aunt.'

'And a very gentlemanlike fellow too,' said the captain—'hey, Elizabeth?'

'When a man,' replied his sister, 'wears what I have heard denominated in the gay world a white choke, without looking like a footman, he is perhaps entitled to be set down as a gentleman. The individual you allude to wore the sort of cravat in question, and did not look like a footman, even when handing a glass of orangeade: I leave the deduction to intelligent minds.'

'Say away, then, Sara.'

'ALBANY, *Thursday*.

'MY DEAR ADOLPHUS—Your mother wants me to write you a letter of advice—isn't that rich? And about what, think you? Why, you have been flirting, it seems, with a rural beauty, possessing a fortune that, if judiciously invested, might enrich you with eighty or ninety pounds a year; and your respected parent is afraid you mean to marry her! These poor mothers! Their sons never grow into men for them: even when they have come of age, and are about to burst into the world, they look upon them as if they were still at the era when sugar-plums and red apples are the grand prizes of life. You and I know better, and I will not throw my wisdom away upon you.

'Only thus far I will counsel you. If the girl is the niece of the—the '—(here the writing seemed to become illegible, for Sara hesitated)—'of the graceful lady I danced with'—(we would bet a trifle that the indistinct words really ran: of the fusty old maid I trotted out)—'she is absolutely a nice creature, as sweet as a sugar-plum, and with cheeks as red as an apple. Now, in a case like this, a little inconstancy does a fellow's reputation good; it is so much stock to trade upon when he sets out upon his adventures in real life; and for that reason, I would not have you let the girl down too easily. Make her feel the disappointment—she will soon get over it; and let a few pensive looks and disconsolate sighs follow you in your new career.

'But to drop these little matters, that are so very little to grown men—I have to say a word to you about a subject of more consequence. Like every other inheritor of a snug estate, you are of course turning over in your mind the question of that necessary absurdity—marriage; and, like every other man of spirit, you are of course determined to have your *quid pro quo*, and not to throw yourself away for nothing. Now, I am for having you look a little high when you are about it. The neighbourhood where you now are, I happen to know, will presently be illumined by a star of the first magnitude, a niece of Lord Luxton. She is beautiful, fashionable, clever, connected with the first families in the kingdom, and at first sight far above a simple estated gentleman; but there are circumstances in her position which rectify the balance.

Claudia Falcontower has been the victim of a theory. She has fought the battle of life in a series of mathematical problems, without making due allowance for the effect of extraneous or coincidental circumstances. Her stern, unyielding plan has usually succeeded for a while; but in the long-run, there has always come from an unexpected quarter, ignored by her philosophy, some sudden and destructive blow; and thus has she toppled down in her aspirations, from a strawberry leaf through sundry gradations to a red right hand—why not to the crest of an esquire? She has no money; but by her talents and family influence, she would make you one of the first men in the kingdom, and as her husband, you would at once take rank in the highest circles of the aristocracy.

'Claudia, observe, has as yet suffered no *heart* disappointment the world knows of—whether she has a heart at all to suffer may even be a question. But you are a likely young fellow—and you know it, Dolphy—of a family as ancient, though untitled, as her own, and the inheritor of a fair estate; and after all her strategetic calamities, it may just occur to her, if you shew yourself at the critical time, that it would be as easy to make her husband great as to find a great husband ready made. But beware of love, my boy, or the game is up at the outset. That is all very well for your country sugar-plums and rosy apples, but Claudia would fool your passion to the top of its bent, and then laugh at you. She is not so young as she looks—she is a deep one, she is; and you must play warily. Remember, it is bad taste to compliment, except when the woman is ugly. A magnificent creature like Claudia knows very well what you must think of her, and to say it in words—words that have become nauseous from repetition—will only make her yawn. Let her *see* that you admire her person, venerate her talents, and that you have a very tolerable respect for your own position. Try your luck, old fellow, and go in and win! Adieu, my dear Dolphy; believe me, ever yours, SEDLEY FANCOURT.'

This letter did not disturb much the good-humour either of the reader or the hearers. Elizabeth's indignation at the cruelty that would have had her niece continue to suffer from a misplaced attachment, was lost in her triumph at having so skilfully healed the wound before it could be tampered with by the enemy. The captain, who knew how matters really stood, was amused at the idea of the rejected suitor being counselled not to let down his victim too easily. As for Sara, having grown wondrously learned in human nature ever since her musical performance in the garden, she was not deceived by Mr Fancourt's advice to his cousin to pay court to the lady of fashion. This, she saw clearly, was only a ruse to draw the young man's thoughts from dwelling exclusively on her, and she almost pitied Adolphus for the snare he had fallen into. What kind of person, she wondered, was in reality this terrible Claudia? Might not the enigma of her character be solved by supposing that she was still immersed in the life-politics of her class, only because her woman's heart had never yet been touched? What would be Robert's fate if he chanced, in the course of his adventures in the world, to fall in with an enchantress like this? Would he smile sternly at the sorceries that could not reach his moral character? or, striking the hitherto untouched chord, would he etherealise this material beauty till he loved it? Would he warm the cold nature, elevate the conventional views, and endowing her genius with his own nobler qualities, avail himself of the brilliance of hers, and of the influence of her rank, and thus give himself to fortune? Sara viewed this picture for a moment with dismay; but anon she smiled at the notion of one, whose lot it was to work his way up from the densest obscurity, falling into any association of equality with a high-born and high-bred lady like this; and Sara even admitted, for she would be candid notwithstanding her admiration of her friend, that the sympathies of the Miss Falcontowers of the time ran little risk of being awakened by a man who supported himself by the work of his hands, as well as the work of his brain.

A specimen of the latter work was speedily before her; and a great day it was in Simple Lodge when the substantial octavo Mrs Margery called a quarterly made its appearance. The captain read the title-page, imprint and all, but lost himself completely in the advertisements, of which he declared he could make neither head nor tail. Elizabeth, better acquainted with literature, got at the table of contents, and finding there an analysis of the works of Sumphinplunger, the great German psychologist, marked the article for future perusal. The Review then came of right into the hands of Sara, who read Robert's paper aloud, sitting in such a position as to screen the criminality of Molly, who, in defiance of an express law upon the subject, left a chink of the door open, that she might listen outside. The article was of a practical nature, concerning the progress of the people, and written more especially with reference to a legislative measure then making its slow way through the Houses of Parliament. The views were bold and striking, the style energetic, and the whole exhibited unquestionable proofs, if not of a practised pen, at least of a vigorous and masculine mind. If we were compiling a Book, we would of course insert the document entire; but standing, as we do, in awe of gods, men, and columns, we venture only on a brief extract, bearing on the individuality of the writer, and having thus a direct connection with our history. The captain himself had probably a misty suspicion of the fact; for when Sara had finished the paragraph, although he had hitherto listened and made no sign, he called out sharply: 'Read that again!' and she accordingly read again as follows:—

'But all such plans for the regeneration of a people in the condition of the English will fail, unless they are in the first place brought back to that respect for Labour which is the distinguishing feature of all those young communities that are destined to achieve greatness. We do not mean respect for labour of a particular kind, but for all labour. As it is, we attach ourselves, generally speaking, to some trade or calling, and if that fails, we throw ourselves upon the state for support, or perish. We never consider that we are sent into the world to battle with the earth, the elements, and our fellow-men for a subsistence, not by the exercise of one faculty, or capability, but of all our powers.

'Emigrants to a new country are told that they must adapt themselves to circumstances; that they must discard all preconceived notions of gentility, or of confinement within particular circles of employment, and work—work—at anything, everything, that comes in the way. And what is this world to us all but a new country, into which we come naked and inexperienced, to wrest from the contact of circumstances the knowledge and skill that will enable us to fight the battle of life? Why should we place ourselves in the footsteps of preceding individuals or generations, and fancy the path our own peculiar world? Why should we consider every kind of labour but that to which we are accustomed degrading or impossible? All labour is honourable, for the end and purpose of all labour are the same. He who works, if his work should be but a hedge or a ditch, is worthy of respect; and he alone who stands idle, because his peculiar employment has dried up, and so permits himself to fall into starvation or beggary, is a fit object of contempt. Respect for labour is the secret of the rise of a country destined to become great; the loss of this respect is the signal of its fall. In Great Britain, the conventional superstitions that enthral our souls are ominous of senility and decline. It is only abroad that the Anglo-Saxon blood is able to

assert its dignity—that the delivered bondmen of caste and gentility, restored to the natural respect for labour, erect new empires beyond the ocean that are destined to be the seats of liberty and civilisation when Europe has fallen into decay.'

MORE UNSUSPECTED RELATIONS.

THE FAMILY-TREE OF THE 'TWOSONS.'

Among philosophers who looked upon language as an invention, it used to be a favourite theory that pronouns and numerals, being names for the most abstract notions that we have, must have been among the last found out. This was before the days of Comparative Grammar, when languages were studied, each by itself, and in their peculiarities rather than in their common properties. A very unprofitable study, by the way, in most things, but especially in things human. That knowledge of men which consists in noting the idiosyncrasies, weaknesses, and wickednesses of individuals, is not the kind of knowledge that helps to hold the world together. It is not thus we know our friends, but by those deeper grounds of common judgment and sympathy, which we perceive in them and in all that belong to our class of worthies. How, then, should it be otherwise with human speech? And yet the differential method, if we may so call it, was long almost the only one applied to the study of languages; and in our classical schools and colleges, points of resemblance and community continue to receive only casual attention. Does not a great Latin scholar still mean a man strong in the knowledge of Latin idioms and inflections—that is, in the points where that language differs from Greek or English? The consequence is, that scholarship in language continues to be synonymous with all that is contracted, isolating, and inhuman—a fit pursuit for Dryasdusts, with little or no attraction for the warm and generous, but what it chances to derive from historical prestige or from professional interest.

But a change is coming over the spirit of this study. 'The time is rapidly approaching,' says one distinguished philologist, 'when the discrepancies of human speech will appear inconsiderable, and when the marks of a common origin and of a family-likeness will engross all our attention and interest.' One result of looking at the subject from this more comprehensive, catholic point of view, has been to overturn several old theories built upon mere speculation. Among others, the theory as to the late origin of pronouns and numerals is found untenable. The comparative philologists may say with Molière's Doctor regarding the position of the heart, 'We have changed all that.' The creed now is, that words of this class 'are the basis of all language—the very oldest part of every tongue; for it is just those words which retain their identity in languages that have been longest separate, and have therefore become most unlike in other particulars.'

We propose to illustrate this assertion, so far as it can be done to the English reader, in the case of a pair of these parent words. But, first, it will be necessary to state shortly the connection between personal pronouns and numerals generally.

By carefully analysing and comparing a great many kindred tongues, especially the more ancient, this conclusion is arrived at: that the same words served originally for the three personal pronouns, and the first three numbers. The ground of this relation is not obvious at first, but when pointed out, it approves itself as natural. We have no reason to suppose that the primitive pronouns were any such abstractions as they have since become; they appear, in fact, to have been nothing more than names of the most elementary distinctions of space or position, and were probably, at first, spontaneous sounds accompanying the action of pointing, and gradually taking its place. *I*, *thou*, and *he*, then—or rather, *me*, *thee*, and *that*, for objectives are older than nominatives—signified directly the *here*, the *near to the here*, and the *there*, and then, by association, the persons in those positions. Now, it is obvious that these three designations will serve equally well for the *one*, the *two*, and the *three* of a series. Our own colloquialism of *number one*, as a synonym for *myself*, shews how natural this relation appears at all times.

With regard to the first and the third pair in this series, the affinity of the words, owing to their having been compounded in various ways, is no longer discernible in modern languages, and is barely traceable in Greek and Latin. We may point out one remaining trace to the English reader. In *monosyllable*, for example, we have the Greek word *monos*, 'only,' containing the root of *mon*, *me*, 'my,' 'me,' and pointing to a time when the Greek for *one* must have contained the same root. But the name for the second position, being less compound than the other two, has undergone less alteration, and the identity, in this case, of the pronoun and the numeral, in most European languages, is unmistakable. Compare—

Gr.	Lat.	Fr.	It.	Sp.	Ger.	Eng.
su (*or* tu)	tu	tu	tu	tu	du	thou
duo	duo	deux	due	dos	zwei	two

To get over the slight discrepancies in *s*, *t*, *d*, *th*, *z*, we have only to recollect that some Greeks said *thalatta*, where others said *thalassa*; that what the Germans call *vater*, the Dutch call *vader*, and the English *father*; and that *z* for *t* is merely a distinction between High German and Low.

Having thus established—we trust satisfactorily—that *thou* and *two* are twin-brothers, let us trace the family-tree, and see what a proportion of our vocabulary have the blood of this stock in their veins.

The pronominal branch of the stock has been anything but prolific; it contains only *thou*, *thee*, *thine*, *thy*, and the verb to *thee-and-thou*. But the progeny of the Numeral swell into a nation. We have first *two* itself, its old form *twain*, and the adverb *twice*. *Second* has no connection with *two*, being from the Latin *secundus*, 'the following.' But *two*, as we formerly* saw, enters into *ten* (tvai-hand); and *-ty* (Gothic *-ti-gus*, as if *te-hun*) is only another disguise of the same compound; so that we have *two* twice in *twenty*, once in *thirty*, *forty*, &c., and also in *twelve* ('two left,' over ten). *Twins* is 'two' or 'twain' at a birth, and *be-tween* is 'by' or 'near' the 'two'—that is, having one on each side.

To *twine* is to unite the strands of a cord like twins. *Twist* has often much the same meaning, but oftener the very opposite. In fact, 'to *two*' things, may signify either 'to pair' them—that is, turn two into one, or more naturally, perhaps, to turn one into two. The ground meaning of *twist* seems to be, to change the *one*, straight direction of a thing into *two*. Whoever thinks it strange that the same word should unite in itself two opposed meanings, has only to look at the bifurcation of a tree, and he will see the same thing embodied to the eye—the parting of one into two, or the uniting of two into one. This comparison at once suggests the connection of *twig* with *two*; and, taken along with Shallow's likeness to a 'forked radish,' it explains such a use of *twist* as occurs in the following sentence from Holinshed: 'There was a man scene in Aquiteine, whose height was such, that a man of common height might easilie go under his *twist* without stooping.'

In *tweak*, *twitch*, *tweeze*, the family-likeness is so strong, and the connection of ideas so obvious, that we unhesitatingly add them to the list, though a different parentage is usually assigned them. To *tweak* or *twitch* is to take anything 'twixt' the finger and the thumb in order to pinch or pull it. The case of *tweeze* and

* See No. 4.

twcezers is still clearer. We claim the same alliance for *twang*, *twinkle*, *twitter*, and similar words, on like grounds: they all involve the notion of 'vibration' or 'alternating' between two states or positions. Let the reader look well at the features of *tie*, *to*, and *too*, and consider that their function is to join things together, and he will not, we believe, dispute that they may have had the same origin. So much for the native branch of the Twosons. Look we now for the immigrant members of the family, and introduce them to their relations.

We present, first, *debt*, *rebellion*, *combine*; but the natives, we perceive, look shy; nor is it to be wondered at, that they should hesitate to acknowledge such foreign-looking, and, morally, rather questionable characters as their kindred, without some proof. Well, here are their genealogical documents; and the same will serve for a good many yet to come. The Greek and Latin form of *two* was *dvo*, pronounced, originally at least, as a monosyllable, the *d* and *v* forming a sort of compound consonant. *V* was a very unstable element, easily exchangeable with *b*, as is the case still, and often passing into *y*; so that in composition *dv-* assumes the forms of *db-*, *df-*, *dy-*, *dj-*, &c. In addition to this, it often happened that one of the elements of this compound articulation was dropped. Accordingly, it is well known that *duellum*, 'a fight between two,' is the same word as *bellum*; and the Latin *bis* (*binus*), 'twice,' is just the Greek *dis*. These changes and mutilations, then, to which *dv-* was liable, explain the disguises under which the classical branch of this family appear; and a knowledge of them enables us to recognise the connection between our own *two* and such words as *duel*, *belligerent*, *di-ploma* (something 'doubled'), *combine*, *biscuit* (twice cooked), &c.

From the Latin *debeo* (*debitus*), 'to owe,' we have got, through the French, *debt*, *due*, *duty*, &c. The parentage of these words is brought home to *duo* thus: *debeo* is *deveo* or *dveo*—like enough to *duo* in form; but what connection is there in sense? The connection is traced through the Greek *deo*, which is the same word with the *v* dropped. Now, *deo* means 'to bind' (where the force of *two* is perceptible enough—compare *tie*); and what was *debeo*, 'to owe,' but 'to be under obligation,' 'to be literally bound,' as the poor debtors knew to their cost? Thus are these respectable members of our vocabulary happily restored to their long-estranged connections.

The Latin for a 'yoke' or a 'pair' was *jugum*, which might be written *djugum*, *dyugum*, and is clearly one of *duo's* progeny. From *jugum* was formed *jungo*, 'to couple;' and these two words, either directly or through the French, give us a whole host of additional kindred —*join*, *conjugal*, *subjugate*, *junction*, *rejoinder*, &c. The word *yoke* (German *joch*) is clearly the same as *jugum*; it is not borrowed, however, from the Latin; for it is genuine Saxon, and is introduced here only because its relation to the family is best seen in connection with *jugum*.

Dual, *doubt* (Latin *dubito*), *dubious*, *double*, wear their certificates of birth on their foreheads. But the most numerous sub-branch of this family consists of words beginning with *bi-*, *di-*, *dis-*, *de-*, *dys-*; for these syllables are only *duo* in disguise, and we can claim the compounds into which they enter as having Dual blood in their veins. The notion common to all these prefixes is *two*-ing, or division; but that fundamental notion becomes variously modified. Sometimes it is implied that two things, conceivable apart, are coupled or united; as in *bi-ped*, *bi-valve*, *di-phthong*. Sometimes the result or tendency is to produce separation; as in *di-verge*, *dis-tract* (pull two ways), *dis-arm* (separate the person and his arms), *de-ter*. From separation, the transition is easy to privation, and from privation to unfavourableness, or badness generally; as in *difficulty* (the privation of facility and consequent presence of the opposite quality), *dys-pepsia* (the privation of good digestion, that is bad digestion), *dis-aster* (an ill star), *Desdemona* (having an ill demon or guardian-angel—anticipating the poor lady's fate in getting the Moor for a husband); and so on, through thirty or forty pages of the dictionary.

If the ancestral *Duo* had left a large inheritance, and we had been counsel for his Anglicised descendant *divide*, we should have put in a claim for a triple share on behalf of our client, as being three *duos* rolled into one. Its claim on account of the syllable *di-* is clear, from what has been said already. But the other part of the word existed apart as *viduo*, also meaning, 'to divide;' and this word has every appearance of having been formed by a reduplication of *duo*—as if (*d*)*vidvo*—a process very common in the early stages of language. *Divide*, then, with all its retinue, *division*, *divisible*, &c., are, in this view, triple-distilled Fitz-duos. Connected with *viduo*, the Latin has *viduus*, *vidua*, 'separated,' 'bereaved.' This is evidently only another way of spelling our word *widow*, which is therefore to be added to the family, but to the Saxon branch of it.

Fido (*findo*), *fissum*, again, is only a variety of *vido*, and this enables us to add *fissure* to our catalogue. It is also believed that *dvo*, with the *d* dropped, is the root of *vieo* (*vincio*), 'to bind,' and *vinco*, 'to conquer' (because the conquered were 'bound'); which lets in the whole group of *victor*, *vanquish*, *convince*, &c., into the alliance.

A good many words of Greek origin begin with *dia-*, and here we have the ubiquitous *duo* again. In this form it sometimes signifies 'through'—the separation of a thing into two being effected by passing something 'through' it; and sometimes, like *dis*, it implies 'separation' generally, or coming 'between.' Thus *dia-meter*, is 'the measure through;' *dia-logue*, 'speech between' parties; *dia-phragm*, 'a dividing' membrane. But this, we are sorry to say, opens the door for a relation whom the rest of the family will hardly make welcome. We would willingly, for the credit of the clan, deny the claim; but the evidence is too clear. In short, *devil* is a Fitzduo! Compare Gr. *dia-bolos*, Lat. *dia-bolus*, Ital. *dia-volo*, Fr. *dia-ble*, Dut. *die-ffle*, Ger. *teu-fel*, Eng. *de-vil*, formerly *di-vell*. The Greek form of the word lets us into its primary meaning; in that language, it is derived from a verb signifying 'to cast asunder,' and hence 'to cause dissension,' 'to traduce.' Thus, both in the outward features and in the moral character of the arch 'mischief-maker,' we can see distinctly the family type of *duo—dia—de*, 'two,' 'division.'

To make up in some degree for this discreditable connection, we have to offer that of *Jupiter* (Diu-piter), *Jove* (Dio-ve), *Zeus* (Dyeus), *Janus* (Dianus), *Diana*. These deities were specially gods of the sky, or light, or day (*dies*); and their names undoubtedly contain the root of *dies*, for Jupiter occurs as *Diu-pater*, and *Dies-piter*, 'father of day.'

We have only, then, to connect *diu* or *dies* with *duo*. Now *diu*, 'long,' seems to have signified primarily 'duration' generally, and hence the most marked portion of duration—namely, the period of daylight. But duration is suggested, or at least imaged to the mind, by progress 'through;' and 'through' (*dia*) is associated, as we have seen, with *two*-ing. Many an inheritance, we are bold to say, has been claimed and awarded on worse evidence of consanguinity than this. We therefore add these once venerable names, now, alas! fallen lower than the dust of Alexander, and serving for little but to point—not a moral, but a minced oath. They come not alone, however, for *dies* comes with them, and brings in its train more congeners than we can count: *day*, *daily*, *meridian*, *diurnal*, *journal*, &c.

This is far from being all; but enough has been brought forward to shew that the Twosons are among the most numerous races in our vocabulary. If the clan feeling were strong among them, they might form an interest too powerful for the freedom of the rest.

We almost repent having done anything to reveal to them their numbers and strength. But, luckily, the tendency to division inherent in the family, is stronger than their faculty of combination; so that we believe the harmony of the language is, after all, pretty safe.

THE RUSSIANS AT HOME.

England may be considered the hereditary ally of Turkey—for, when the Russians were persons of such mysterious pretensions as to figure chiefly in masques as 'frozen Muscovites,'* the Grand Signor was among the vowed allies and flatterers of Elizabeth, whom he designated as a 'fountain of honour and a refreshing shower of rain.'

Russia, however, is no longer a far away and almost fabulous country. Steam has nearly fulfilled the modest wish of Dryden's lovers, and 'annihilated time and space.' Russians are to be seen constantly in England; they study in our naval arsenals, and visit our watering-places; but in spite of this closer acquaintanceship, we believe very little is known to the people at large of their national peculiarities and customs. A short sketch of some of these characteristics of the Slavonians may not, therefore, be uninteresting. My father was one of the naval officers who attended on the Duke of Devonshire when his Grace officiated as representative of the majesty of England at the Emperor Nicholas's coronation; and the tales he had to tell of Russia, and the pretty or curious gifts he brought back with him, caused my earliest years to be haunted with visions of the strange cold country, with its swampy, unsafe city, its wolves and bears, and its smartly dressed peasants. After-years bestowed on me the privilege of intimate acquaintance with a Russian lady, from whose clearer details of what was but dimly remembered, we gained the chief part of our knowledge of Russian ways and customs.

We still possess, amongst other Russian relics, a doll, dressed for my father by the Princess of Kamtchatka, the lady who, at the coronation, offered the tribute of that province—bread and salt—to the emperor. It represents very accurately the national dress of the peasants, which is now, by the command of Nicholas, the court attire of the Russian ladies. A robe of coarse red silk, edged with narrow gold lace down the front, and without sleeves, covers an inner dress of white cotton, which is visible in the neat chemisette and 'bishop's' sleeves, above the bodice and straps. This robe is called the *sarafan*, and is worn, as a court-dress, of rich velvet, embroidered with gold. The under garment of ladies is generally of some light-coloured silk, and the sleeves are clasped with gold bands. The head-dress for an unmarried woman is formed like a deep crescent, with the horns turning backwards; it is of stiff pasteboard, covered with silk, embroidered, and spangled; the hair is banded off the forehead, and hangs down behind in one thick plait. The married woman's *kokoshnik* has, in addition, a veil of muslin edged with gold, suspended from the backward points. Of course, the court-lady varies this headgear by the splendour of the materials, gems glittering in place of spangles, and costly lace being the substitute for the muslin veil.

As the recollection of the Russian doll has turned our thoughts, in the first place, to the costume of the Russian women, so our memory of the mingled awe and curiosity with which we tasted for the first time a real bear ham, and luxuriated in reindeer tongues, brings before our mind's eye that very national place—a Russian market. In nearly every large town of the empire, one of these huge bazaars is to be found—the largest, *Gostinnoi dvor*, is of course to be seen in St Petersburg. It resembles a vast fair under one roof, in the booths of which stand the merchants, clad in blue caftans, and blue cloth cloaks, and calling on the passers-by, in the style of our old London 'prentices, to buy their wares with 'What's your pleasure, sir? Here are clothes of the newest fashion. What will suit you?—a bear-skin, a fox-skin, or a cloak of wolf-skin? You will find everything here: pray walk in.'

If not thus occupied in recommending his wares, the Russian dealer may be seen jesting and laughing, with the simple *bonhomie* of his nation, with his brother tradesman, or bending eagerly over a game of draughts, of which all are so fond that almost every booth has a draught-board painted on its table. Numbers of itinerant dealers parade the alleys running between the booths, with steaming copper urns of tea; or bearing *quass*, the Russian necessary of life, or bread-sausages, cheese, &c. And here we may observe, *par parenthèse*, that quass is the foundation of all the national soups and sauces, and that, even on the tables of the rich, it occupies the place usually given to decanters of water. It is a light wholesome beverage, and is thus concocted: a pailful of water is put into an earthen vessel; two pounds of barley-meal are shaken into it, half a pound of salt, and a pound and a half of honey. This mixture is put in the evening into a kind of oven with a moderate fire, and is constantly stirred. In the morning, it is left for a time to settle, and when quite clear, it is poured off. In a week, it is in the greatest perfection for drinking, though it may be used immediately if necessary. But to return to our markets. Besides the large Gostinnoi dvor, in which are to be found the better description of Russian goods, there are two inferior markets—the Apraxin Ruinok and the Tshukin Dvor. These occupy a piece of ground about 1500 feet square; so closely covered with stalls and booths, that nothing is left between but narrow lanes, above which the tops of the booths project, till they meet those opposite, making the alleys as dark as those of the dreariest Oriental city. You enter these haunts of the 'black people,' as the Russian peasants are called, through narrow gates, under the arches of which large lamps and gaudy pictures of saints are suspended. At every corner, in fact, these peculiarly Russian ornaments are to be seen; and frequently a wooden bridge is thrown from one booth to the other, for the purpose of displaying the owners' piety by the outward and visible tokens of lamp and pictured saint.

Here and there, an open spot offers a gaudy little chapel for their devotions; by the side of which, alas! one seldom fails to perceive a *kaback*, or brandy-shop. The shops congregate in a most fraternal spirit, all of one kind being together; for instance, in one quarter the dealers in sacred wares are assembled, and every booth glitters with little brass crosses, pictures of saints framed in pillars, doors, and temples of silver wire, and shining with mock gold—Virgins and amulets. Trade flourishes in this gay and devout neighbourhood, for no house would be considered secure from the invasions of Satan and his imps without being well lined with these saintly portraits and hallowed charms. Here, therefore, the furred and bearded 'black people' throng to purchase or to pray, and the scene is so picturesque, from the variety and novelty of costumes, and the singularity of the articles of traffic, that it would afford rare matter for an artist's pencil.

In another spot, the fruit-shops embellish the market. They are decorated inside and outside with festoons of mushrooms, a favourite dish with the people; and at every door stand barrels of *glukir*, the cranberry so much used by the Russians.

But perhaps the prettiest of all booths are those dedicated to the sale of bridal gear. Here may be seen the wedding-crowns of gay metal which bride and bridegroom both wear during the ceremony; garlands of roses tastefully interwoven with silver wire, and piles of ornaments of all kinds, silver leaves, flowers,

* *Love's Labour Lost.*

ears of corn, &c., which are hung, again, with everything that glitters at little cost—stars of gilt foil, cut glass, and false stones, for the love of gems is a passion with Russians of all grades.

Then we come to the pastry-cooks' shops, which offer to Russian appetite the tempting morsel called the *piroga*, an oily fish-cake. Little benches are here ranged round tables, on which the favourite dainty is placed, covered over with oily canvas—for it must be eaten hot. A large pot of green oil and a stand of salt are in readiness, and as soon as a purchaser demands a piroga, it is withdrawn from its cover, plunged into the oil, sprinkled with salt, and presented dripping to the delighted Muscovite.

Amongst the singular objects, however, offered for sale in a Russian market, we must not forget the frozen food which in winter offers the produce of the whole vast empire to the tables of St Petersburg—partridges from Saratoff, swans from Finland, heathcocks and grouse from Livonia and Esthonia, geese from the wide steppes, where the Cossack hunts them on horseback, and kills them with his formidable whip; tribes of snow-white hares, all as hard as stone, form here a perfect menagerie of the dead. Nothing can be prettier than the effect of the delicate little hare of the northern snows standing, its ears pointed, and legs stretched out, as if in the act of springing away from the hunter; or the reindeer lying in the snow beside the stately elk, its knees doubled under its body, and its antlers rising majestically in the air, whilst flocks of pigeons, the sacred and privileged bird of Russia, perch on them familiarly.

Frozen oxen, calves, and goats, stand in another part of the market, presenting a ghastly row of bleeding spectres. Above them hang rosaries of frozen heads of geese, for the bird is sold in parts as well as whole; and he who cannot afford to buy the entire dainty, may purchase any part he likes, be it breast, leg, or even a string of heads or webbed feet, from which the thrifty peasant decocts his Sunday soup. As it would be impossible to dissect the larger animals, a Russian butcher contents himself with sawing them up in slices of about an inch or two in thickness. The powdered flesh that falls during this operation, is picked up and greedily devoured by the poor hungry children who haunt the spot.

Whilst we are on the article of food, we may as well mention the favourite dishes of the Russians, which are quite peculiar to their nation. It is a joke in some of the foreign provinces of Russia, that the three mightiest gods of the Muscovite are Tshin, Tshai, and Shtshee—that is, rank, tea, and cabbage-soup. In fact, this same shtshee, or cabbage-soup, is the staff of life from the German frontier to Kamtchatka. Russian soldiers—hear it, ye Britons, who feed on beef!—are nourished mainly on this cheap, and, we should deem it, innutritious food, which is thus compounded: Six or seven heads of cabbage are chopped up, and mixed with half a pound of barley-meal, a quarter of a pound of butter, a handful of salt, and two pounds of mutton cut into small pieces, with the addition of a jug of quass. With the very poor, of course, the meat and butter form no part of the mess; with the rich, other materials lend it a higher flavour.

Fasting shtshee is made of fish instead of meat, and oil instead of butter. 'Botvinya' is the ordinary summer food; it is a kind of cold shtshee. Cold quass, raw herbs, cranberries, chopped cucumber, and fish, cut into small lumps, are its ingredients.

Every season, in fact, in Russia has its own peculiar soup, poultry, or pastry. Fruit is eaten from the 8th of August, and ice is always brought to table on Easter Sunday. As in everything else relating to their daily life, the religion of the people influences their table also. The Greek church prohibits the eating of certain articles before a certain day; thus Saturday's dishes must never be the same as Sunday's; Friday and Wednesday are fasts; Monday and Thursday have their own peculiar feastings. The food, houses, water, are all consecrated by priestly hands. Three times a year the Jordan festival, or blessing of the water, takes place. This is in spring, summer, and winter; the last presents the most interesting of these ceremonies. On a river, lake, or pond, as the case may be, a circle is marked off on the ice, and surrounded by a gallery, shaded with birch-trees. In the centre of this spot, a hole is broken; the priests in solemn procession, with tapers, flags, and pictures, enter the temporary bower, and whilst clouds of incense mount up into the cold clear air, they chant the peculiar services of the consecration. And here we must pause to remark, that in one point the Greek church resembles the strict and simple Presbyterian kirk. It altogether abjures and abominates instrumental music; the voices of the choirs and of the people are alone permitted to make melody in the holy services. But the Russians are by nature a musical people, and their church-music is consequently of a very sweet, solemn, and soothing character, if we except those portions which are devoted to bass solos. No woman is allowed to sing in a Russian choir, boys' voices take the place of feminine performances, and the bass solos are of the most deafening and tremendous description. We have read an anecdote of a bass singer, the most celebrated in the Kasan church, who saved his life from robbers by the mere terror of his voice. He was travelling from Tobolsk to Orenburg, when, having lingered behind his companions, he was attacked by a band of marauders, and thrown to the ground; when he uttered such a tremendous roar for the Cossacks in advance of him, that the terrified thieves, believing they had laid rash hands on Satan himself, fled as the infidels of old did from the blast of the dread horn of the paladin.—But we are wandering from our Jordan festival. As soon as the chanting is over, the priests, with many ceremonies, dip a wooden cross into the water, which from that moment is fit for the use of Christian men, and cannot be in any way made use of by the fiends for evil purposes.

The blessing extends to all the circumadjacent waters, be they brook, river, or well, but the cross-touched spot is of peculiar sanctity; and the moment the priests retire, the spectators eagerly rush to fill their bottles and jars and pitchers at the blessed aperture.

A somewhat similar ceremony is practised at the ripening of the fruit in August, for no Russian peasant would eat an apple till it had been bedewed with holy-water and perfumed with incense; neither will they occupy a new dwelling till every part of it has been thus exorcised and blessed. Nay, in the sitting-room of every house hangs the picture of a saint, called an *obross*, before which a lamp burns continually; and this sacred portrait receives the first salutation of everybody who enters the apartment, taking due precedence of the mere mortal owner of the dwelling. A robber would pause to pay it homage before he committed his crime, whether of plunder or murder. Whilst speaking of these pictures, we may observe, that although in fact they form a profitable article of traffic, they are not supposed to be sold—that would be a deed of sacrilege! No, the saints permit themselves only to be exchanged for rubles, or other commodities, as the case may be. This is the case even in that division of the bazaar which is popularly termed by scoffers, 'the god-market.' No other people of modern times carry into actual practical life so many of the observances and forms of the national faith.

Amongst the Russian curiosities that still remain in possession of our family, are two very splendid China eggs—gifts made on Easter-day to the lady of Kamtchatka (of whom we have already spoken) by the late Grand Duke Constantine. One is large, and covered

with gold flowers; the smaller one bears a pattern of roses and rosebuds. They are perforated, and can be held or suspended by a ribbon which is passed through them.

Everybody is acquainted with this northern custom of presenting an egg, the emblem of the Resurrection, at Easter; we shall not, therefore, dwell on it further than to observe, that in no other land is this festival attended by so much kissing. Not only those who present the egg with the customary salutation: 'Christohs vosskress'—Christ is risen—are entitled to a kiss, but every member of the family, nay, even every slight acquaintance. An amusing German traveller gives the following entertaining calculation of the amount of Russian kisses given and received on Easter-morning:—'If we suppose,' he says, 'that every person in St Petersburg has, upon a very moderate average, a hundred acquaintances more or less intimate, that calculation will give for St Petersburg alone, with its half-million inhabitants, a sum-total of *fifty million* Easter kisses. Let us consider only on how large a scale many individuals must carry on the business. In the army, every general of a corps of 60,000 men must embrace all the officers, every colonel those of his regiment, and a select number of soldiers into the bargain. The captain salutes all the soldiers of his company, who are mustered on purpose. The same in the civil department: the chief embraces all his subordinates, who wait on him in their gala-dresses. Considering how numerous are the divisions and subdivisions in a Russian bureau, the chief must have no little occasion for lip-salve on the following day; for these official caresses are by no means matters of pretence, as they sometimes are on the stage, but real, downright smacks, such as might be exchanged by lovers. . . . . Herein, of course, as in all other cases, the largest share of business falls to the emperor's lot. Let us consider his numerous family, his enormous retinue, the countless numbers who come to salute him on Easter-morning, those of the nobles whom he is more intimate with, and may meet by accident; and even then he has not done. On parade, the whole body of officers, and some of the privates picked out for the occasion, are honoured with an imperial embrace, which is not refused even to the meanest sentinel of his palace as he passes him on Easter Sunday.'

The same author gives us the following description of an Easter-feast:—'Some years ago, a court-lady gave an Easter-breakfast to the imperial family, at which every dish at table was served up in eggs. The soups sent up their savoury steam from gigantic ostrich eggs, furnished, as well as the other eggs for holding hot food, by the porcelain-manufactory. Here eggs produced chickens full grown and ready roasted, and there a monstrous birth developed a sucking-pig; while pasties, puddings, creams, game, fruits, and jellies blushed through eggshells of fine glass. Lastly, by way of dessert, eggs of gold-paper were offered, containing almonds, raisins, and sweetmeats of all sorts.'

The national breakfast-dishes on Easter-morning, however, are *paskha*—made of curds beaten hard, and piled up in a pyramid; and *kulitsh*—a thick, round, white loaf, with a multitude of tiny rolls sticking on it; it has plums in it, and is adorned with consecrated palm-twigs. Flowers and wax-lights adorn the table; for no religious ceremony in Russia, no home observance even, would be complete without a taper.

The Christmas-tree, so long the delight of German infancy and childhood, has become familiarised amongst ourselves; the similar Russian feast for children takes place about the season of Easter—at least on Palm Saturday—when a fair is held in the great bazaar, which, in its adornment with boughs and every species of leafy ornament, somewhat resembles the Jewish feast of tabernacles. All the season can afford of tree or shrub is there; and to supply any lack, bare twigs are often hung with waxen fruit or artificial flowers, and birds and waxen angels are tied with sky-blue ribbons to the branches. Playthings and sweetmeats also delight the tender juveniles of St Petersburg, who preserve the twigs or palms in their possession till the next day, Palm Sunday, when old custom authorises them in using the holy branches as whips on whoever plays the slug-a-bed, and is not ready for early mass. The glee with which the sleepers are sought and roused from slumber may be imagined.

Recollection Monday is a most singular festival in memory of the dead, quite peculiar, we believe, to Russia, and very revolting to all our habits and feelings. It is a sort of yearly wake, but the scene of its celebration is the church-yard itself. Here a most extraordinary spectacle presents itself. The priests, bearing incense and holy-water, and attended by the relatives of each quiet inmate of the grave, march in solemn procession amidst the tombs, and pausing at each individual mound, repeat over it the prayers for the dead. After these charitable orisons are concluded, table-cloths are actually spread on the graves, and the assembled friends, in company with their pastors, join in a feast which too often leaves the feasters with no memory of the past or present—brandy being the universal Lethe of the Russian peasant. Of course, there are redeeming exceptions. Here and there, one whose bereavement has been recent, or whose sorrow is deep and lasting, weeps bitterly above the lost, and bestows the food which custom has forced him or her to bring, on the crowd of maimed, halt, and blind beggars whose motley crew complete the strange grouping of the picture.

The Great Exhibition presented to England a noble specimen of the natural productions and artistic skill of the so recently savage Muscovite; but a necklace in my sister's possession, manufactured at the period of Nicholas's accession, affords a better specimen, we do not hesitate to say, of the ingenuity and artistic skill which this people possess. It is formed from the teeth of elephants, or, as was asserted, hippopotami, and consists of an infinite number of the finest small chains or links of ivory united at short distances by ivory wheels, exquisitely cut. The delicacy of the workmanship may be duly estimated by the fact, that the links are so fine that the motion of dancing breaks them.

Before we conclude this paper, we must just mention a whimsical occurrence which recently took place in Portsmouth with respect to Russians. Two of their ships put in to harbour for repairs, having been injured by heavy weather, and some of their simple crew might frequently be seen perambulating the streets, chanting, on Sundays, very melodious Russian hymns. Six of our seamen, in an exalted state of mind—that is, very drunk—encountering about twenty of them one day, informed them, in good round English, that war had been declared, and that they intended to take part in the strife. The announcement was of course unintelligible to the strangers, but the sailors, acting on their words, soon made it plain, and a fight ensued, which ended in the total discomfiture of the Russians, who, finding their assailants intended to lead them away captives, took refuge in a neighbouring house, the doors of which were besieged by the Jacks demanding 'their prisoners,' till the arrival of the police.

PERUVIAN ESTIMATION OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

English ladies have but a small reputation for beauty in Lima, as those of our countrywomen who have visited that capital have not generally been good specimens; and an English foot, 'un pie Ingles,' has quite passed into a proverb. Just before I went to Lima, an English clergyman had arrived there, and brought his wife and children with him. Her appearance was looked for with some anxiety on the part of the English merchants, in the hope that she

might retrieve the lost credit of her countrywomen; and with some curiosity on the part of the fair Limenians, for a clergyman having a wife at all was a thing they could not understand. But when the lady did arrive, her appearance was only calculated to prove more strongly than before that beauty did not exist in England. She had lost or left behind most of her luggage, in crossing the Isthmus of Panama; and several ladies would have lent her clothes, but no Limenian wardrobe, it was found, could furnish garments that would fit her. One day she wanted some shoes, and went to be measured for some; but Crispin, glancing at her foot as she thrust it out, crossed himself, and said: 'No; it was quite useless to try and make a shoe for her, as Peru could not produce a last large enough for the purpose!'—*A Sketcher's Tour Round the World.*

THE MONKEY TRIBE IN ART AND LITERATURE.

(From *Punch.*)

Imitation is the homage that dulness pays to wit—the acknowledgment that successful talent receives from struggling quackery. The public have been nauseated with the amount of homage of this sort which *Punch* has experienced from those who have assumed, as far as possible, his external appearance, without possessing any of his inner qualities. It would be useless, perhaps unsavoury, to disturb the ashes of the dead, and we therefore say nothing of those who have imitated, or rather aped, our outward form; but the ape tribe has become so numerous and so indiscriminate in the objects on which it lays its paws, that inexperience may sometimes be deceived by the 'spurious article' and the 'base counterfeit.' The 'spurious imitation' mania will admit of many illustrations, and a whole series of illustrations may be met with in the numerous imitations of the *Illustrated London News*, which having become a great success, has called into existence a crowd of imitators which will eventually resemble the original in greatness—but only by the magnitude of their failure. Mr Albert Smith, the original monarch of Mont Blanc, has another Smith dogging him about with another Mont Blanc; though we believe the latter mountain, which has been labouring away for some time, has been rather a barren speculation. In getting up an exhibition, we do object to the other Mr Smith's attempt to confound himself with *the* Mr Smith, by putting the name prominently forward in connection with Mont Blanc, for the obvious purpose of profiting by a case of mistaken identity. We cannot say what his pictorial views may be—for we have not seen them—but if they resemble his views of fairness, we cannot think them worth anything. We hope these remarks will have the effect of abating what has of late grown into a public nuisance of a very annoying if not of a very dangerous character.

[All this seems to us true as to fact, and to be well meant; but our clever friend of Fleet Street has failed to observe one motive which the monkeys of literature almost invariably advance for their rushing into the field—namely, a zeal to supply some *moral deficiency* in the work which they aim at supplanting. This of course not merely justifies, but dignifies the act of imitation. That greatly maligned man, the czar of Russia, has precisely similar motives for his attack upon Turkey. It seems like a wish to acquire fresh territory, but it is in reality a righteous crusade in behalf of the Greek religion, his own religion being unmistakably Greek in its nature.]

WHAT IS A CABINET COUNCIL?

When I came into office, I was curious to understand the course of proceeding or interior constitution of our government. It is vague in the extreme, and often irregular and inconvenient. The cabinet, which is legally only a committee of the privy-council, appointed by the king on each distinct occasion, has gradually assumed the character, and in some measure the reality, of a permanent council, through which advice on all matters of great importance is conveyed to the crown. But though the necessity of a well-concerted or party government, in a limited monarchy and popular constitution, has generally established the wholesome doctrine, that each and every member of the cabinet is in some degree responsible for the measures adopted by the government, while he is a member of it, yet there are no precise laws nor rules, nor even any well-established or understood usages, which mark what measures in each department are or are not to be communicated to the cabinet. There is nothing but private agreement or party feeling generally, or the directions of the king accidentally, which obliges even a secretary for foreign affairs to consult his colleagues on any of the duties of his office before he takes the king's pleasure upon them. When a cabinet is held at a public office, it is generally at the foreign office. The acts of that office, however, are not invariably nor necessarily laid before the cabinet; and the secretary of state at his own discretion advises and completes many without any such consultation. In the other branches of administration, such as the Treasury, the Home Secretaryship, the Chancery, the Admiralty, the discretion is yet larger as to the matters in their respective departments on which the ministers take the king's pleasure directly, or previously consult their colleagues before they advise him.—*Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whig Party.*

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

[This exquisite piece will doubtless send many a reader to the little volume from which it is taken.* The *Letters*, the principal poem of the book, is a curiosity of its class: it is simply a narrative of a little matrimonial quarrel, of the most ordinary, and indeed prosaic kind, begun in tears and ending in kisses, yet full of the poetry both of the imagination and the affections. The shorter pieces have the usual amount of grace, simplicity, pathos, and religious feeling by which the muse of Charles Swain commends herself to a wide circle of 'the gentle and the good.']

Oh! the old, old clock, of the household stock
  Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
  And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
  Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
  When the voice of friendship faltered!
'Tick, tick,' it said—'quick, quick, to bed—
  For ten I've given warning;
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
  You'll never rise *soon* in the morning!'

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
  As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
  The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
  As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
  And the early air blew coldly;
'Tick, tick,' it said—'quick, out of bed,
  For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
  Unless you're up soon in the morning.'

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
  With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
  And the old friends lost for ever!
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
  That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move—though hands we love
  Are clasped on earth no longer!
'Tick—tick, it said—'to the church-yard bed,
  The grave hath given warning—
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
  And prepare for a Heavenly morning!'

* *Letters of Laura d'Auverne.* By Charles Swain. London: Longman, 1853.

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GENEALOGY OF AN INVENTION.

In the lower part of the beautiful valley of the Nith, where the hills sink into the great plain skirting the Solway Firth—amidst beautiful woods and corn-fields, stands out the goodly mansion of Dalswinton. The Nith is seen pressing on with sparkling flow through the centre of the vale; and the classical associations of the rambler are excited when his attention is directed to a small farm-steading on the opposite bank, as that which Burns for a time occupied, in one of the calmer and happier parts of his melancholy career. The first rises of the country above the meadows through which the river runs, are in gravel terraces and knolls, the record of a time when this valley was an estuary receiving the discharge of rivers and rivulets. The house is perched on one of these knolls, and in a hollow of the terrace behind, reposes a small willow-fringed, heron-haunted lake or *mere*, where youth may amuse itself with boating in summer and with skating in winter. This is a lake with a history.

Sixty-six years ago, in the middle of an October day, an unusual assemblage, amounting to hundreds of people, might have been seen on its banks. Many of them are of the peasantry and yeomanry of the neighbourhood; others are country gentlemen, and among these is conspicuous the Laird of Dalswinton, an intelligent-looking man in middle life, bearing rather a city than a country air, for it was only lately that he forsook the life of a banker in Edinburgh, and came to reside in this place. In close attendance on him is a genteel-looking young man, the preceptor of his younger boys; and with him, again, is associated a plain artisan-like person, of active and intelligent appearance, whom all seem to regard as a somebody of great account on the occasion. One might have at first thought that it was a party met for some rural sport, and he would probably have been at a loss to understand the nature of the amusement to be indulged in. But had he looked more narrowly, he might have seen, from the speculative, wondering, half-incredulous looks of many of the assembly, that something quite unusual was going, or about to go on.

Speedily, the assemblage gathers close to the lake, and concentrates attention upon a small vessel which floats near the shore. There is something very odd and uncommon about this vessel, for it is composed of two boats of about twenty-five feet long, joined together, and the upper outline is broken by a pile of machinery surmounted by a short funnel for smoke. The laird, and the preceptor, and the clever-looking artisan, and some few others, go on board this strange craft; and presently, while the multitude looks curiously on, a smoke is seen to issue from the funnel, a splashing as of paddles is heard to take place between the united parts, and the boat glides slowly along the lake, leaving a white wave behind it. A huzza bursts from the crowd, and there is a rush along the bank, in attendance on the rapid progress of the little vessel. 'Well, it does go!' say some, as if for the first time convinced of what they had previously regarded as an impossibility. 'Who would have thought it?' cry others. And so pass the remarks, while the vessel, with its little adventurous company, moves backwards and forwards, and round and round, over the bosom of the lake—the first exemplification, ladies and gentlemen, of that wonderful thing of our day, STEAM-NAVIGATION!

Patrick Miller, the laird above spoken of, was a remarkable man. Of aristocratic birth and connection, he had devoted an active and ingenious mind to banking in Edinburgh, and had realised a large fortune, on which, however, he set little value except as a means of enabling him to work out schemes for the benefit of the public. For some time, in his house in Edinburgh, or in the solitude of his newly acquired mansion at Dalswinton, he had speculated on the possibility of navigating a vessel by some more certain mechanical means than oars and sails, and he had actually exhibited a triple vessel at Leith, having rotatory paddles in the two interspaces, driven by a crank, and wrought by four men. The public looked on with its usual pity for a man of talents and character throwing himself away in wild and hopeless schemes; but still he persevered. One day, he had out his boat on the Firth of Forth, in order to try its powers against a fast-sailing custom-house wherry. It made very good way, and the wherry, in returning with a fair wind from Inchcolm to the harbour of Leith—six or seven miles—was beat by a few minutes. Mr Miller was well pleased with this success; but his boys' preceptor, Taylor, who had taken his turn at the wheels, and felt how violent was the exertion necessary to sustain the speed of the vessel, was now convinced that without a more commanding power than that of men, the invention would be of little use. He took an opportunity of making a remark to this effect to Mr Miller, and found him willing to listen to any suggestion. In their conversations, they chiefly discussed the powers of the capstan, which seemed the best expedient presented by ordinary mechanics. At length, Taylor one day came out with—'*Mr Miller, I can suggest no power equal to the steam-engine, or so applicable to your purpose.*' The other was startled, and some practical objections occurred to him; but he at length agreed that an experiment should be made, and under Taylor's care, for Mr Miller confessed that he was quite unacquainted with the

steam-engine. In a detailed account of his Triple Vessel, which he published in February 1787, he made a hopeful allusion to the idea of taking motion from a steam-engine to be placed on board. A copy of this small work, with suitable illustrations, was sent to various public libraries, and to each of the sovereigns then reigning in Europe.

Mr Miller had resolved that the trial with the steam-engine should be made on board a new double-boat which he had lately set down for the amusement of his family on the lake at Dalswinton. Mr Taylor, at his employer's request, got all the arrangements made under the care of one William Symington, whom he knew as an ingenious mechanic. The engine prepared on the occasion was a small one, having four-inch cylinders of brass, made after the fashion of a patent of Symington's, by George Watt, brassfounder in the Low Calton, Edinburgh. The whole being duly arranged on board the twin-boat at Dalswinton, the trial took place, October 14, 1788, under the circumstances which have been detailed, and with entire success.

At that time, the idea was wholly a novelty to the British public. No one then living in our islands is known to have had the faintest conception of that application of steam to navigation which Taylor had suggested, and he and Symington had together worked out upon Mr Miller's paddle-vessel. Subsequent investigation has shewn that Jonathan Hulls had taken a patent in 1736 for a tow-boat having a rotatory paddle extended from its stern, which was to be put in motion by a small steam apparatus placed in the body of the vessel; but all recollection of that invention was long dead. It has likewise been ascertained that the idea of applying the steam-engine to vessels had occurred to several persons in other parts of the globe. In France, the Abbé Arnal and the Marquis de Jouffroy had made experiments to shew its practicability in 1781. Two years later, a Mr Fitch tried a species of steam-boat on the Delaware river in America, propelling the vessel by paddles. The celebrated Franklin was disposed to encourage the plan, and a countryman of his, named Rumsey, endeavoured to work it out, but by means of a vertical pump in the middle of the vessel, by which the water was to be drawn in at the bow and expelled at the stern, through a horizontal trunk in her bottom. It was indeed natural that a motive-power so obvious should be thought of with regard to vessels by many of that class of persons who delight in devising new ways and means for all familiar things. But at the time when Messrs Miller and Taylor began their experiments, the few previous efforts which had actually been made were lost sight of in utter failure, and certainly were unknown to those gentlemen. It may be mentioned that an American, named Oliver Evans, had for some years been experimenting for the application of steam to travelling carriages; and the above-mentioned William Symington had actually had a steam-carriage going on the common roads at Wanlockhead, in Lanarkshire, during the summer of 1787. But the Dalswinton invention stands decidedly apart from that of such steam-carriages, as one which has been, what the other is not, practically useful to mankind.

A paragraph of a few lines, in the dry, brief manner of the day, recorded the transaction which we have described; and probably few read this with any conception of the immense force which lay under that fête on Dalswinton Lake. The gentlemen concerned amused themselves with their steam-driven pleasure-boat for a few days, and then Mr Miller had the engine taken out and deposited in his house as a curiosity. The winter was coming on, and no further steps could be taken immediately; but early next summer he resolved to try an experiment on a larger scale. A double-vessel belonging to him, 60 feet long, was taken from Leith to Carron, and there fitted up, under Symington's care, with an engine (18-inch cylinders), and on Christmas-day 1789, this vessel was propelled by steam on the Forth and Clyde Canal, at the rate of seven miles an hour, in the presence of a vast multitude of spectators.

Mr Miller, unfortunately, had become disgusted with Symington, and was further vexed by the unexpectedly large outlay he had incurred at Carron, as well as by a certain miscalculation which resulted in making the machinery too heavy for so slight a vessel. He therefore paused. It had been his wish to try a third experiment with a vessel in which he should venture out into the ocean, and attempt a passage from Leith to London; but in the new state of his feelings this was not to be further thought of. By and by, his estate called for a large share of his attention and means. A delusive article of culture, called Fiorine Grass, began almost exclusively to occupy his mind. He lost sight of the wonderful power which he had called forth into being, and which was destined, in other hands, to perform so important a part.

Taylor, being without patrimony, and properly a scholar, not a mechanician, was unable to do anything more with steam-navigation. Symington was the only person concerned in the first experiments who persevered. His doing so is creditable to him, but the manner in which he did it cannot be so considered; for, without any communication with Messrs Miller and Taylor, the true inventors, he took out a patent for the construction of steam-boats in 1801. Through the interest of Lord Dundas, he was enabled, in 1803, to fit up a new steam-boat for the Forth and Clyde Canal Company; and this vessel, yclept the *Charlotte Dundas*, was tried in towing a couple of vessels upon the canal with entire success, excepting in one respect, that the agitation of the water by the paddles was found to wash down the banks in an alarming manner. For that reason, the Canal Company resolved to give up the project, and the vessel was therefore laid aside. It lay on the bank at *Lock Sixteen* for many years, generally looked on, of course, as a monument of misdirected ingenuity; but, as we shall presently see, it did not lie there altogether in vain. Meantime, Symington was for awhile amused with hopes of inducing the Duke of Bridgewater to take up the project, and work it out upon his canals in England; and the duke had actually given an order to have the experiment tried, when, unfortunately, his death closed that prospect. Here Symington vanishes likewise from the active part of the history. The project of 1787–8 has left no memorial of itself but the rotting vessel at *Lock Sixteen*.

The experiments at Carron in 1789 had been witnessed by a young man named Henry Bell, a working-mason originally, as it appears, afterwards a humble kind of engineer at Glasgow, and a busy-brained, inventive, but utterly illiterate man. Bell never lost sight of the idea, and when Symington ceased experimenting in 1803, he might be said to have taken up the project. At the same time, an ingenious American comes into the field. Robert Fulton, originally an artist, but an amateur mechanician of great ingenuity, a man, moreover, of extraordinary energy and courage, had thought of steam as a motive-power for vessels so early as 1793. A countryman of his, Chancellor Livingston, had also entertained the idea, and in 1798, had obtained from the legislature of New York State an act vesting in him the exclusive right of navigating vessels with steam in that territory, notwithstanding an opposition on the ground of its being 'an idle and whimsical project, unworthy of legislative attention.' It appears that the scheme was 'a standing subject of ridicule in that assembly, and whenever there was a disposition in any of the younger members to indulge in a little levity, they would call up the steam-boat bill, that they might divert themselves at the expense of the project and its advocates.'* The practical objections of sober-minded

* *Colden's Life of Robert Fulton.* New York. 1817.

men were, that the machinery would be too weighty for the vessel, require too much space, cause strains, be expensive, and be attended with great irregularity of motion. Nothing came of Livingston's privilege, his first vessel proving a failure. But not long after, Fulton, in connection with Livingston, took up the apparently hopeless project. Travelling into Scotland, he, in company with Henry Bell, visited the unfortunate *Charlotte Dundas;* and Bell communicated to Fulton drawings of the requisite machinery, which he partly obtained from Mr Miller, and partly from Symington.

While Miller, Taylor, and Symington, then, were all out of the field, and the general public looked with contempt on the project as one only fit to be an *ignis fatuus* for dreaming speculators, this energetic American (all praise to him!) pushed on his experiments, always approaching nearer and nearer to success. At length, having erected a vessel called the *Clermont*, at New York, he was ready, in the autumn of 1807, to make a full trial of steam-navigation on the Hudson river. It sailed 110 miles against a light wind in twenty-four hours. One cannot but sympathise keenly with Fulton when he learns under what circumstances this trial was made. It had been the theme of general ridicule in the city. 'Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of all who witnessed the experiment. The minds of the most incredulous were changed in a few minutes. Before the boat had made the progress of a quarter of a mile, the greatest unbeliever must have been converted. The man who, while he looked on the expensive machine, thanked his stars that he had more wisdom than to waste his money on such idle schemes, changed the expression of his features as the boat moved from the wharf, and gained her speed; his complacent smile gradually stiffened into an expression of wonder. The jeers of the ignorant, who had neither sense nor feeling enough to suppress their contemptuous ridicule and rude jokes, were silenced for a moment by a vulgar astonishment, which deprived them of the power of utterance, till the triumph of genius extorted from the incredulous multitude which crowded the shores, shouts and acclamations of congratulation and applause.'*

In like manner, Henry Bell contrived to get a small steamer put into operation on the Clyde four years later. He was, practically, the father of steam-navigation in Britain; and it can never fail to be a wonder, that the man who was capable of taking this high place in the history of his country, possessed only the degree of education which the following letter exemplifies:—

MR JOHN M'NEILL HELENSBURGH *1st March* 1824

SIR—I this morning was fevered with your letter and in ansur to your Inqueres anent the leat Mr Robert Fulton the Amerecan ingenair his ather was from Areshair but what plass or famlay I canut tell but his self was born in Amereca He was different times in this contray and staped with me for some time but he published a tritiez on Canal Declining Railroads acctuards I have not his boock but you will finde it in Mr Taylor Stashner London it is 21s He published it in this contray in 1804 I think for in the letter end of the year 1803 he on his way to Frans called on me and in his return in 1804 He was brought up in the line of a painter and was the best hande sceatcher and lickways a good mineter painter He was not brought up as a ingenair, but he was employed to come to this contray to take drayings of our cattin and other meshineray that leaid him in to become en sivel ingenar and was quick in his uptake of any thing When I wrate to the Amerecan goverment the grate yauility that steam navigation wold be to them on their rivers they apointed Mr R Fulton to corspond with me so in that way the Amerecans gatt their first insight from your humbel servent HENERY BELL†

* *Colden's Life of Fulton.*

† *Jameson's Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, April 1827.

The whole course of the history of steam-navigation is full of curious points. Miller and Taylor, who have the real merit of the invention, and of the first experiments, deserted it; the former from caprice, the latter from want of pecuniary means. Abandoned by men of education, it was taken up by the mechanics Symington and Bell, and by them pushed on a certain way, but not effectually, when a foreigner steps in, appropriates the mechanical arrangements of the Scotch experimenters, and, with a steam-engine made at Birmingham (for such was the fact), gives the young republic of the West the glory of first truly realising the invention. Even then, four years pass without bringing any Briton into the field excepting the poor old mason Bell, who accordingly becomes entitled to the glory of setting the first steamer afloat in the old world. Then, from the moral obscurities of these humble mechanics, come forth pretensions and claims ridiculously ignoring all that Miller and Taylor had done, and detracting immensely from such merits as they themselves really had in the case. And after all, both of them were allowed to die in comparative indigence, only Bell being allowed a trifling pension by the Trustees of the Clyde Navigation. Miller died in reduced circumstances in 1815, having exhausted his fortune by 'improvements' and experiments. It has been stated by his son, that he had spent fully L.30,000 in projects of a purely public nature, including steam-navigation; and yet we know that not one penny of requital was ever rendered to him or any of his family for this outlay. Taylor died in depressed circumstances in 1824, leaving a widow with some daughters, and to these poor gentlewomen the nation has generously awarded a pension of *fifty pounds* a year! The ocean is now overspread with large steamers, no voyage being apparently beyond their capabilities. Their effect in quickening and extending commerce is wonderful beyond description. The prospects of even nautical warfare have been wholly changed by this superb invention. How curious to trace back its genealogy through the muddled channels of Symington and Bell, to the amateur gentlemen mechanicians, Miller and Taylor, who conducted their experiments in something like obscurity and amidst the pity, rather than the admiration, of their compeers! Where were all the educated engineers of England during those twenty-three years between 1788 and 1811? Where were the intelligent millionaires, who had here such a glorious opportunity of making tens into hundreds, and hundreds into thousands? It appears that even James Watt never cast a favourable regard on the application of his engine to navigation. The whole thing was left for many years to persons of little account in society, and very narrow means, and seems to have made its way only by a kind of miracle—chiefly indebted, amongst us, to a man so ignorant that he could not spell his own name!

These facts provoke us to some curious considerations on the kind of persons to whom the public is usually indebted for great discoveries and inventions. Such benefits seldom come from those who stand in high and assured places in science and art. It is rather the characteristic of such persons to treat coldly, if not with actual hostility, all new ideas. Most generally, we see a new idea come forth from some obscure source. Some poor, unpatronised man breaks his head and his heart upon it, struggling in vain to get it admitted in respectable quarters. In time, out of the elevated and enlightened classes, a few men, not without intelligence, but with little reputation for wisdom—possessing candour, which their neighbours call credulity—open their ears to it, think there is something in it, and for years have the unenviable notoriety of patronising that ridiculous *ology* or *ism*. By and by, facts and demonstrations make so much way with the great mass of the public, that the leaders of science and chiefs of thought are compelled to own that it is not the

humbug they once believed it to be. The novelty then takes the high place it is entitled to. Meanwhile, the originator is dead in obscurity—dead of the birth of his own idea—while its early nurses continue to be smiled at as men prone to take up with things unproved. We seldom see that the very wise make any adequate apology for the scorn they once vented at both the idea and its patrons. The thoughtless public goes on in enjoyment of the addition to its knowledge and power, scarcely aware of the names of the men who have conferred upon it so great an obligation. And when the next new idea arises, it has to go through precisely the same ordeal, because the terror of making a wrong admission always exceeds the hope of verification in any particular case. Thus it is, that from the mouths of babes Providence sends so much of what blesses mankind, while the wisdom of the sage is turned to foolishness.*

A NOVEL COMPETITION SHOW.

I HAD been to look for a friend a long way off—a very long way off; but not being a man of fashion, only a foot-passenger in the journey of life, I don't mind how far I go in search of a friend—east or west, north or south—so that I find him at last. As adverse fate would have it, however, I did *not* find my friend, and had to return disappointed and vexed.

Of course it began to rain—it always does when you are a long way off. Rain, did I say? it began to spout, as though Jupiter Pluvius had just hit upon a new system of hydraulics, and was making experiments with it upon a grand scale. Before meeting with a cab or omnibus, or coming to any rational place of shelter, I had got dripping wet, and determined doggedly, since matters could not be worse, to go right through it all the way. I was brought up, however, by an advertisement in the window of a public-house, of a nature curious enough to attract a hunter of curiosities like me. It announced a convocation of dogs, just about to come off, under the patronage of a celebrated character; in other words, a dog-show, a kind of canicultural fête, at which the best-bred specimens of the bow-wow fraternity would reap the honour of a prize.

This was too much for my resolution; I darted at once into the 'Thingumbob,' and made my way to the exhibition-room—a public-house parlour of the usual dimensions. In the centre, a couple of tables placed together were surmounted with a roomy cage of wood and wire in several compartments. A solitary poodle lay curled up in the bottom of the cage, and his owner, who looked a cross between a bailiff and a stable-keeper, and in whose mouth stuck a short pipe very considerably blacker than his rusty hat, sat contemplating him with perfect satisfaction. In a minute or two, he was joined by another exhibiter, who produced from his pocket a spaniel of King Charles's breed, no bigger than a kitten, and passed it into an upper compartment of the cage. The owner of the poodle had a bull-dog sitting gravely between his knees, and the proprietor of the spaniel had another at his heels. Tokens of recognition, consisting of a species of electric nods almost too rapid for observation, passed between the candidates, but no speech. Two newcomers anticipated any conversation that might have ensued; they were handicraftsmen, shoemakers I think, and each produced a miniature terrier from his pouch, full grown, but not much bigger than a good-sized rat. They then pulled the bell, and ordered stout from the waiter. Other exhibiters now poured in fast, and nearly every man produced his dog, most of them from the pocket. In the course of half an hour, the room was unpleasantly full, and the cage, too, was thoroughly stocked. Every man drank beer or grog, and smoked, and all talked, save those who roared, together. The odour of the strong rank weed they chose to smoke was almost enough to choke a crocodile—the walls of the room vanished behind the reeking mist that arose on all sides, and the vision of ill-favoured faces that loomed through the gray cloud, reminded me of the grim colossal phantasmagoria which used to haunt my boarding-school couch on a hungry and sleepless night. The floor was literally covered with ugly curs, which had come as spectators—all of the fighting school, and most of them maimed or mutilated by battle. One prodigious Gorgon of a brute—with a chest as broad as a boy's, and whose feet, as he sat motionless beneath a table, met on the ground like the two lines of a capital V—had lost one eye, and the whole of his lower lip; he had a face and forehead of chamois leather, and was covered with half-healed wounds from some recent and desperate encounter.

There were as yet no signs of business. The celebrated character had not made his appearance, or he had delayed his introduction, perhaps, to give the accommodating landlord of the 'Thingumbob' the benefit of those interesting moments which precede any important event, during which the absorbents are generally in a state of activity. Pending his arrival with the umpires, some of the party got up an exhibition of a different kind, which I had not expected. Several members of the fraternity had brought little square bundles wrapped up in handkerchiefs; these proved to be small bird-cages, each containing a pet bird. One man, opening his cage, put in his forefinger, upon which he brought out a lively goldfinch, which he offered 'to whistle agin any bird in the room for a crown.' It seemed that the little songster was a celebrated prima donna in its way, and had earned the name which it bore, of the Jenny Lind. 'Don't you wish you may get it?' was the jeering inquiry from several voices. 'Give the long odds, and I'll match Piper agin him,' bawled one; but the proposition was not accepted. The little bird plumed itself proudly, and uttered a note of defiance.

'Cock-a-doodle-doo!' screamed its proprietor—'all afeared on yer, Jenny, that's what it is, my beauty—champion of all England, my little pinch o' feathers. Who bids ten guineas for the champion?'

'Not champion yet, if *I* know it,' said a voice from the abyss of sickening vapour; and a man stepped out of the gloom, bearing a bird perched on his knuckle, as closely resembling the redoubtable champion as it is possible to imagine. He accepted the challenge on behalf of his protégé, and producing his money, seated himself in a chair, rested his elbow on the table, and held forth his forefinger as a perch for the bird: the other did the same, while a third person lighted an inch of candle, and stuck it on an upturned pewter-pot between the competitors. The lists thus prepared, the challenger gave the signal by a peculiar sound produced by drawing the air between his lips; and Jenny, after a few low and preparatory flourishes, burst into song. The rival bird responded in a strain equally loud, and both sang in evident emulation of each other, and by degrees stilled all other sounds in the room, save the snorting puffs that rose from some half-hundred pipes. The little creatures grew wondrously excited; their throats swelled, their tiny feathers ruffled up, their eyeballs rolled, their beaks yawned and quivered, while without an instant's pause or let, amidst that horrid reek of filthy tobacco, through which their forms were but just visible, still rushed the stream of song. One would have thought such an atmosphere would have poisoned them, but both were plainly proof against it; and when at length the rival bird ceased and fluttered down upon the table, it was from sheer exhaustion of physical strength, and

* It is right to mention, that the historical details of this article are all based on authentic documents. Some efforts have been made by the representatives of Symington to establish that he had projected steam-navigation before his patrons, Miller and Taylor; but the evidence is clearly to the contrary effect.

lack of further power of endurance. Jenny, as usual, had won the day; and its owner, as he complimented the bird caressingly, averred, with a tremendous expletive, that he would have wrung its neck upon the spot had it been defeated.

Another similar match followed between birds of less note and less exalted pretensions; but, owing to a defect, or perhaps to an excellence, in my pectoral apparatus, I was so unpleasantly affected by the amount of tobacco-reek which had found its way into my lungs, as to be compelled to make a hasty exit. Consequently, I had not the privilege of seeing the celebrated character, or of witnessing the bestowal of honours upon the dogs of merit. Whether Pompey bore off the prize, which of the terriers got a medal, and which came off with only honourable mention, I am in no condition to satisfy the public. There was no illustrated catalogue of the exhibition, although it would have stood illustration remarkably well from the hands of some combined Hogarth and Landseer. Bets were rife upon the chances of the prize, and the 'favourite' was a black and tan spaniel about the size of a rabbit, with long broad ears, long silken hair, and no nose to speak of. This was a dog of fortune—had been pupped, to speak figuratively, with a golden spoon in its mouth, having been bred to order for a certain beautiful duchess, to whom, after having competed for, and probably won the first prize, it would be forwarded on the morrow, to be pillowed henceforth on silk plush, or fondled in the folds of lace or satin; to be dieted on fricassees and cream; to be attended, in case of an attack of the spleen, by a physician who keeps his carriage; and to be led forth in park or shrubbery every day for an airing, by a liveried page, impressed to melancholy by the awful responsibility of the charge.

Companions of man, dogs are subject, like him, to every imaginable variety of social position, and to all possible mutations of fortune. The difference between the Queen upon the throne and the veriest houseless outcast that cowers shiveringly beneath the blast of winter in the streets of London, is not greater than that which exists between the kicked, starved, mangled, worried, and skeleton mongrel that wears and whines out its miserable life in the oozy kennels of the city slums, and the Queen's favourite poodle, caressed by royalty, immortalised by Landseer, and housed in a palace. The parallel is capable of a much more extensive application; but I must not pursue it too far, lest I be betrayed into comparisons which might not be deemed complimentary to the reader, for whom, and for whose dog, I entertain the tenderest regard.

THE ART OF BEING QUIET.

An old writer—I think it is Jeremy Taylor—says: 'No person that is clamorous can be wise.' This is one of those sayings which everybody believes without reasoning about, because it accords with things already tried and proved by the great bulk of mankind. We are all disposed to assume that a man of few words thinks much; that one who is never in a bustle gets through twice as much work as another who is always hurried. And the disposition to believe this is not weakened by finding many exceptions to the rule. A silent fool who passes for a wise man until he begins to speak is not a perfect fool; on account of his quietness, that outward semblance of wisdom, he is less foolish than his talkative brother. And a wise man who has spoken largely—and there have been many such, from Confucius and Socrates down to Bacon and Goethe—is not reckoned any the less wise for having made some noise in the world. The silence of the fool and the eloquence of the wise cannot be adduced in argument against the utility of being quiet, nor can

> The loud laugh which marks the vacant mind.

The art of being quiet can still lay just claim to the attentive consideration of sensible folks and people of an artistic or speculative turn of mind, and should have its claim allowed on fitting occasions. With your leave, good reader, I will take the present occasion to be one of those, and will offer you a few words on the subject.

It has struck me, that the art of being quiet, besides being one of the most useful arts, must be reckoned among the fine arts, since it ministers largely to our love of the beautiful. The very words *quiet, repose, calmness, tranquillity, peace,* are in themselves beautiful, and suggest either the essence or a very important component of all true beauty. Therefore, it will be well to consider the art of being quiet from an æsthetic as well as from a utilitarian point of view.

To begin with the utility of being quiet. All the world seems agreed that it is essential to their *bien être physique;* for all the world is ready to do, say, or give 'anything for a quiet life.' One of the first lessons taught to our children is the necessity of acquiring this art. 'Be quiet, child!' is an exhortation of as frequent recurrence in the British nursery and schoolroom as the famous 'Know thyself!' was in the ancient groves of Academe. But physiologists can testify that the lesson is by no means a profitable one to the child, and that it is inculcated mainly for the benefit of the grown-up world around, who dislike the noise which is a necessity of development to the young. So necessary is noise to the healthy development of children, that whenever we meet with a child who is remarkable for its quietness, we are apt to infer that it is in a morbid or diseased state; and the physician will generally pronounce the inference correct. In fact, the quiet life so much desired by adults is not natural or desirable during the years when existence goes on unconsciously. It is only when we begin to *think* about life, and how we should live, that the art of being quiet assumes its real value; to the irrational creature it is nothing, to the rational it is much. In the first place, it removes what Mr de Quincey, with his usual grand felicity of expression, calls 'the burden of that distraction which lurks in the infinite littleness of details.' It is this infinite littleness of details which takes the glory and the dignity from our common life, and which we who value that life for its own sake and for the sake of its great Giver must strive to make finite. Since unconscious life is not possible to the intellectual adult, as it is to the child—since he cannot go on living without a thought about the nature of his own being, its end and aim—it is good for him to cultivate a habit of repose, that he may think and feel like a man, putting away those childish things—the carelessness, the thoughtless joy, 'the tear forgot as soon as shed,' which, however beautiful, because appropriate, in childhood, are not beautiful, because not appropriate, in mature age. The art of being quiet is necessary to enable a man to possess his own soul in peace and integrity—to examine himself, to understand what gifts God has endowed him with, and to consider how he may best employ them in the business of the world. This is its universal utility. It is unwholesome activity which requires not repose and thoughtful quiet as its forerunner, and every man should secure some portion of each day for voluntary retirement and repose within himself.

But besides this conscious, and, as it were, active use of quiet, which is universal in its beneficial effects, there is a passive—though, to the adult, not unconscious—use of quiet, which belongs only to particular cases, and which is even of higher beneficial effect. I say, to the adult it is not unconscious, because this same passive use of quiet operates upon children of finer and nobler organisation than the average, and in their case it operates unconsciously. In both cases—in that of the unconscious child and that of the conscious man—

the still, calm soul is laid bare before the face of nature, and is affected by 'the spirit breathing from that face.' It does not study, nor scrutinise, nor seek to penetrate the mystery; it does not even feel that there is any burden in that mystery; it is simply quiet beneath the overarching influences, and purely recipient. De Quincey has this sort of mental quiet in his mind—the passive as opposed to the active quiet—when he cites Wordsworth's well-known verses in the following passage:—'It belongs to a profound experience of the relations subsisting between ourselves and nature, that not always are we called upon to seek; sometimes, and in childhood above all, we are sought.

> Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
> Of things for ever speaking,
> That nothing *of itself* will come,
> But we must still be seeking.'

And again—

> Nor less I deem that there are powers
> Which *of themselves* our minds impress;
> And we can feed this mind of ours
> In a wise passiveness.

The wisdom of such passiveness can never be doubted by those who have felt the impress of the invisible powers upon their own minds when in that state, or have had opportunities of observing similar effects on the minds of children. It is when a mind is thus wisely passive that it is open to revelations and to inspirations. This is the mental state of the poet and of the prophet in the exercise of their proper functions. This sort of quiet can be described much better than it can be taught; for although it certainly comes within the limits of the art of being quiet, it has 'a grace beyond the reach of art.' To give rules for its attainment, would savour of presumption in one who cannot pretend to be an adept; but, without presumption, I may indicate in what manner these rules may be discovered by those who wish to know them. In two ways may the art of being quiet—in this high passive sense—be attained: first, by natural instinct or genius; second, by habituating the mind to the practice of that lower, and, as it were, active art of being quiet, which it is incumbent on us all to acquire as a condition of moral health in this busy world, wherein the verb *to do* ranks so much higher than the verb *to be*. The way of instinct or genius cannot be taught. The other way can. We can all learn how to be quiet in that sense.

To begin with externals. We must, in this respect, keep the body in subjection, avoiding all unnecessary motion. It is one step gained when we can *sit still* and think within ourselves, or listen to another. Another step is gained when we have learned to bridle the tongue—when we are silent, not only that we may hear the voice of another, but that we may hear the voices of our own heart and conscience. Then, indeed, silence is better than speech. We must be careful never to give utterance to half-thoughts or hasty opinions, but to wait in patient silence till we have matured them in our brains. A calm earnest manner when we are most actively employed: *Ohne hast aber ohne Rast*, as the German proverb says, is also another external characteristic of mental quietude. But the mental quietude itself, the art of being quiet, is a something which works beneath the surface. This art gives to ordinary men a power and influence which men, in other respects far above the ordinary, cannot attain without it. The amount of self-governance which it establishes is admirable. Thought, word, and deed are under control of the reasoning will; irregular and irrational impulses never carry away the man in spite of his reason; he is always master of himself—that is, being self-possessed. Thence proceed 'self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control.' The kingdom of the mind is kept in order and peace, so that external disturbances—what is called the tyranny of circumstances—may move, but cannot upset it; it is quiet within, and commands respect from others. This is attainable by minds of mediocre endowments: a man need not have a great genius to be serene and mentally quiet—quiet enough to examine his own powers, and keep them always ready for active service. This is doing one of the highest earthly duties, and in the performance of it a certain sort of greatness is attained—that useful sort of greatness implied by the wise man when he says: 'Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city.'

Before I say a few words about the beauty of being quiet, or, as it was called above, the æsthetical view of the subject, I cannot refrain from setting before my readers a passage from a new book by an old favourite of the book-loving public; for Leigh Hunt is an old and ever-new favourite with all persons of refined and cultivated literary taste; the sorrows of life have chastened, matured, strengthened and beautified his character, so that his genius sends forth as bright a light in old age as ever it sent in youth. Hear what he now says: 'It is good to prepare the thoughts in gentleness and silence for the consideration of duty. Silence as well as gentleness would seem beloved of God. For to the human sense, and like the mighty manifestation of a serene lesson, the skies and the great spaces between the stars are silent. Silent, too, for the most part, is earth; save where gentle sounds vary the quiet of the country, and the fluctuating solitudes of the waters. Folly and passion are rebuked before it: peace loves it, and hearts are drawn together by it, conscious of one service and of one duty of sympathy. Violence is partial and transitory; gentleness alone is universal and ever sure. It was said of old, under a partial law, and with a limited intention, but with a spirit beyond the intention, which emanated from the God-given wisdom in the heart, that there came a wind that rent the mountains, and brake the rocks in pieces, before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind was an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire, a still, small voice. Such is the God-given voice of conscience in the heart; most potent when most gentle, breaking before it the difficulties of worldly trouble, and inspiring us with a calm determination.' *

If such be the moral effects of silence and quiet, we may be sure that the æsthetic effects will correspond, for goodness and beauty are radically the same. In all the great works of art which remain to us from ancient times, and which are ensamples to modern artists, a perfect calmness and repose is noticeable. In all beautiful objects of our own time, whether among living creatures or in the productions of man's hand, there is a sentiment of quietness and serenity. Nothing disturbed, confused, or hurried, affects us with a sense of beauty; whereas anything that produces a sense of stillness and repose, even though it may lack every other element of beauty, is often said to be beautiful, and does the work of a beautiful thing, which is to excite love or admiration in our minds. It is so especially with persons and with places. A person whose face and manner are full of that composure and gentle quietude which can emanate only from a peaceful and well-regulated mind, may not have a good feature nor a well-proportioned limb, and yet will attract others as if he or she were beautiful. They will be gladdened by the approach of such a one, love to be near him, to be under the influence of that beautiful or 'beauty-making power;' and feel all their gentlest and best feelings excited by his presence. More than all, they themselves will be quieted by being near him, for repose of character, and the loveliness attendant on it, are contagious. So it is with a quiet place—a place

* *The Religion of the Heart.* By Leigh Hunt. John Chapman: Strand.

where order and fitness of details produce a unity of effect. This unity of aspect in a landscape or a room, is what is called harmony in the language of art; it is what in common language may be called repose or quiet, and is the thing which we all seek—without knowing it, for the most part—when we gaze upon a natural landscape, or look round us in a room. A quiet comfortable room is full of beauty, and everybody loves it; a quiet beautiful landscape is full of the comfort which all beauty brings to the refined mind. There are also refined minds which, having attained in perfection the art of quiet, reflect their own harmony upon the landscape they look on, or the room in which they are; they carry about with them repose and quiet, as the joyous minds carry with them sunshine and gladness. In this world, so full of love and sorrow, the loving cannot always be glad, nor desire to be glad; but always they are glad to be quiet. Quietude is beautiful and good: let us strive to cultivate it in our hearts, that it may give us leisure and opportunity for raising and purifying our souls, which is the highest duty we have set before us on earth. Far be from our souls all noise and tumult, violence and confusion, even about good things; and let us learn to compose our hearts, that we may commune with high things, and heed as little as may be 'the madding crowd's ignoble strife,' except to convert it into the 'peace which passeth all understanding.'

ALARM OF A FRENCH INVASION.

There are certain well-known plagues of domestic life in the shape of beetles and cockroaches that take up their quarters wherever human beings congregate; and not even students of natural history are willing to fraternise with them for any length of time. London has its full share of these intruders, and others besides, among which is the *Myrmica domestica*—small yellow ant, now found in so many houses as to occasion serious annoyance. At a recent meeting of the Entomological Society, Mr Spence stated, that had proper precautions been taken when this ant was first introduced, its spread might have been prevented, and the infant colony extirpated. At the same time, he called attention to a danger threatened from another quarter—namely, an invasion from Rochelle, not of Frenchmen, but of an army of the *Termes lucifugus*. These insects have long been established in that town, and we are liable any day to have them brought over in trading vessels to our own ports in the west of England, 'where,' as Mr Spence observes, 'they would find a temperature probably as well suited to their propagation as at Rochelle.' If such should be the case, there is no foreseeing where the evil would stop: the whole country might be overrun, as with the aquatic plant whose extraordinary spread we noticed a few months ago.

We have all read of the ravages which ants and termites commit in tropical countries, of their extensive settlements, and surprising migrations. Our unfortunate colony of Port Essington was one of their favourite haunts; and so cleverly did they pursue the work of destruction inside the timber of the colonists' houses, that the buildings fell one after another without a moment's warning. We now find them making similar havoc in Europe.

Termites are often confounded with ants, which is a mistake, for they are distinct races. The *Termes lucifugus*, which is very small and white, was discovered first at Bordeaux by Latreille, and since his day, has been found at some half-dozen other places in the western departments of France, and more recently at Rochelle. Naturalists say that termites are more to be feared than the real ant; and so it proved at Saintes, Rochefort, &c., where roofs and floors fell without the least notice, and whole houses were hollowed out to mere shells, and had to be abandoned or rebuilt. As their name indicates, these petty marauders shun the light, and never give any outward sign of the mischief they are perpetrating—a fact which renders them the more to be dreaded.

At Rochelle, they have not yet overrun the whole town, but have two thriving settlements from which they may, when least expected, send out scouts to find new quarters for their swarms of sappers and miners. These settlements are at opposite extremities of the town, separated by the port and docks—one being the arsenal, the other the prefecture. At the former, the ground-floors only are infested, the upper apartments having hitherto been preserved by a constant and rigid system of inspection. But at the prefecture, and some of the adjoining houses, the whole of the wood-work in every story is pierced. Had it not been for a canal which connects the town-ditch with the harbour, they would probably have spread themselves further in this neighbourhood; but, to the inhabitants, the possibility of their getting across is a continual cause of apprehension.

The prefecture is a mansion which two wealthy shipowners built for their own residence about seventy years ago. They imported largely from San Domingo, and it is believed that the termites were introduced with bales of goods from that colony, and that a few having found suitable quarters in the building, their propagation inevitably followed. The arsenal appears to have become infested through false economy, for when it was built, some beams were used in which it was well known that termites had already penetrated.

Many attempts have been made to get rid of these destructive Neuroptera, but hitherto without success; though one case is recorded of a garden having been freed by soaking it with hot soap-suds. At the beginning of 1853, M. Quatrefages of the French Academy of Sciences was sent to Rochelle, to investigate the growing evil on the spot, and devise if possible a remedy. He describes the ravages at the prefecture as being of the most serious nature. A few years ago, the principal beam of one of the rooms broke in two, and fell during the night, leaving the inmates in a state of painful suspense as to which part of the edifice would go next. By and by, a great portion of the departmental archives was found to be destroyed; the bundles of papers appeared to be perfectly sound on the outside, but the whole of the inside was devoured. Since that time, the official documents have been kept in zinc boxes. Painted columns which shewed no signs of injury, have, on examination, proved to be nothing but a fragile honeycomb surrounded by a shell of paint. One day, a clerk happening to stumble in going up stairs, clapped his hand suddenly against a massive and seemingly solid oak joist to save himself, when to his surprise the hand went in up to the wrist. The interior was nothing but a collection of empty cells abandoned by the termites.

In the garden, permanent hardy plants were attacked as well as annuals: a poplar was eaten away up to the branches, and a dahlia was pulled up with its stem completely filled with the mischievous insects, and the tubers excavated. All the stakes used for supporting plants were perforated both above and below the surface of the soil; and if a piece of board was attached to the wood-work of any of the doors or lintels, it was furrowed in all directions in less than twenty-four hours.

The habit of the termites is to establish a nest or colony at some central point, and to bore galleries leading from it in all directions. To find out this central point is one difficulty in the way of extirpation; the smallness of the creatures themselves is another. M. Quatrefages remembering that rats had been driven from their holes by forcing in sulphuretted hydrogen, tried a number of experiments with this gas and with chlorine on the termites enclosed in glass tubes, where the effects could be noted. He found chlorine to be the more fatal: it killed the insects in

five-sixths of a second. Besides, it is less costly, more easily prepared, and less irritating to the lungs of those who have to apply it, than sulphuretted hydrogen. Its greater specific gravity, too, insures its penetrating the galleries, and it will kill even when largely mixed with atmospheric air. The method he recommends is, to fit an apparatus as near to all the central nests as possible, and then, by a moderate long-continued pressure, to force the gas into the galleries. If this be done at the season when the females are about to lay their eggs, the destruction will be the more complete.

It is obvious that this mode of destroying so dangerous a pest can only be really effectual while the termites are confined to narrow and well-ascertained limits. When spread abroad, it would be impossible. Watchfulness ought to be exercised in our seaports against the entrance of so obnoxious an intruder.

THE LARGE HOTEL QUESTION.

THAT most indefatigable of all the servants of the British public; that functionary who never sleeps, never stops to eat or drink, never tires, never dies; that phenomenon who knows everybody and everything, who has been everywhere, and seems to be everywhere at once; who has attributed to him the wisdom of knowing how to do the right thing at the right time in the right place; who keeps the earth's axis well oiled, that the world may roll on without too much friction; who knows what everybody thinks, and, moreover, what everybody *ought* to think; who can tell the thinkers how to do what they think, and fights everybody's battles against those who would obstruct the thinkers and doers; who is expected to answer everybody's questions, and to solve everybody's difficulties—of course we speak of the editor of the *Times*—this invisible personage, among the many hard tasks which have been imposed upon him, has been called upon to reform our hotels and hotel-systems. 'Biffin' and 'Thirsty-soul' appealed to him day after day, to assist them in an onslaught on the hotels. He did so, and there is silently springing up proofs here and there that the battle will not have been fought in vain. It is true that no very startling manifestations have become visible—nothing to fright the isle from its propriety: but the work is going on nevertheless. There are three directions in which the reform is shewing itself—the great railway companies are beginning to advertise for tenders in respect to the building of hotels, in which 'second-class' accommodation is to be afforded; there is a 'Hotel Company' brewing, by which great things are promised; and many of the old hotels and inns, terrified at all this stir and 'botheration,' are voluntarily making sundry reforms, in which a public drawing-room or coffee-room for ladies is included.

The causes which have led to the present unsatisfactory state of our hotels are many. The hotel-keepers are answerable for only some of them, not all. In the days of posting, there was a clearly marked line of division between the rich and the poor, the genteel and the common. The persons who hired a post-chaise lived in corresponding style on the road, and the posting-inns provided a luxurious and costly accommodation; while all those whose means did not permit them to travel post, but who had to avail themselves of other modes of conveyances, put up as a matter of course at houses of much humbler character. When the days of staging began to supersede the days of posting, the two different grades became more mixed up; the 'insides' and the 'outsides' stopped at the same inn, because the coach changed horses there, and the opportunity of making a difference in charge became much lessened; when railway-days began to supersede staging-days, the confusion of rank became greater and greater; and the British public have never yet settled down into gradations in respect to railway-hotel accommodations.

Besides these three causes—the posting, the staging, and the railway systems—there are other three which have tended to bring about the present anomalous state of our hotels. One is the *licensing*-system, which, by limiting the number of houses opened for such accommodation, cramps the healthy action of open competition. A second is, the practice which railway companies have followed of building costly hotels, letting them at high rental, and allowing the renters to charge what they please. A third is—and the sooner we acknowledge it the better—that we are an odd sort of people at hotels; our insular habits not adapting us so completely as our continental and American friends to the social usages of hotel-life.

Without dwelling further on these causes, we wish to devote a few paragraphs to a notice of what is doing in various quarters, to mark the steps of progress towards something which may be better by and by. It may be as well here to mention, that if the reader has the second series of the Journal at hand, he will find two detailed notices of the continental hotel-system in the years 1846 and 1847 (vol. vi. p. 190; vol. viii. p. 153). It is the marvellous hotel-system of America that we wish here more particularly to mention.

In the *Illustrated News*, a few months ago, was given an engraving of an American hotel, so stupendous that an Englishman has some difficulty in believing that such a structure *can* be a hotel. It is the Mount Vernon Hotel, at Cape May, in New Jersey. This Cape May is not a large city, nor the suburb of a large city: it is a quiet watering-place, and the hotel has been recently built for the accommodation of pleasure visitors. Herein we observe at once a contrast to English customs: our towns-people, when they take an autumnal trip to Gravesend, Margate, Brighton, Weymouth, and such-like places, more frequently look out for lodgings in private houses, than venture upon the expensiveness of hotel-accommodation; but the Americans view the matter differently—they put up at a hotel, and transfer all care and responsibility to the hotel-keeper. This Mount Vernon Hotel exceeds in size anything we can even dream of as a hotel in England. It consists of a main front or façade four stories in height, by more than 300 feet in length, and two wings no less than 500 feet in length. The front and wings form three sides of a square laid out with shrubs, walks, terraces, and fountains. The fourth side of the quadrangle is open to the sea, between which and the hotel is a smooth beach. In the centre, and at the corners of the front and of each wing, are towers higher than the rest of the building. Balconies and verandas are continued round the whole extent of the building at each story. It is said—and the figures in other respects seem to bear out the assertion—that there is nearly *a mile and a half* of such balconies and verandas. The general style of architecture is something like that of the new front to Buckingham Palace, with a certain Oriental character, due to the balconies and verandas. The dining-saloons, ladies' drawing-rooms, and general drawing-rooms, are of most sumptuous character. The number of bedrooms mentioned, is so extravagant that we think there must be some mistake; and in order that we may not perpetuate the mistake, if mistake it be, we will consent to regard the number of rooms as 'an unknown quantity.'

The system observed is very different from that which is usually acted on in England. Instead of being left in a state of vague terror at the possible amount of his bill, each visitor is said to be charged two dollars and a half—about half a guinea—per day for bed and board. Wine and washing are 'extras,' the washing being so charged as to include payment for servants. Notwithstanding all that has been said about American hotels, however, it appears that at this crack establishment, as in England, a guest finds himself almost compelled to fee the servants directly,

if he would be well served. In the management of the *salon à manger*, everything that can reasonably be expected even by a refined epicure is provided. Nothing is carved at table. Colonels are plentiful in the United States: Colonel Colt makes the famous revolvers; and Colonel West keeps the Mount Vernon Hotel. Among the luxuries of the place, is that every bedroom has a bath attached, with hot and cold water always laid on. The hotel manufactures its own gas; and so extensive is the supply of water and gas, that the pipes for distributing those necessaries throughout the building are said to amount to 125 miles in extent. Not only is each bedroom provided with a bath, but it has other accommodations which render it a home distinct from every other part of the house. There is a 'bridal-chamber,' on which the most exquisite art of the decorator and upholsterer has been displayed; it is always engaged for weeks beforehand, for newly-married couples who have the wherewithal to pay about L.10 a day for its use. This public spending of the honeymoon at hotels is much more prevalent in America than in England: whether English brides avoid this publicity because they do not like it, or simply because our hotels are not fitted for it, let others determine. We promised to avoid any mention of the alleged number of rooms; but as the alleged receipts are consistent therewith, we may as well, without any guarantee for correctness, state that the bedrooms are declared to be 3500 in number; and that the rooms being nearly always occupied, at two dollars and a half per day, the receipts amount to not much less than L.1750 per diem. If this be true, we may well endorse the assertion, that there is 'no other hotel in the world the receipts of which approach to this immense sum.'

Our perplexity about the astounding number of rooms has been partly induced by the contrast between it and the number in the largest of the New York hotels. The reader has, of course, heard about Astor House and Irving House; but it appears that both of these are beaten by another hotel of later date. In September 1852, was opened the Metropolitan Hotel, which had been three years in course of construction. It is described as excelling all the other New York hotels in magnificence as well as in magnitude. It has sleeping accommodation for 600 visitors, and is always full. There are 300 servants, for it has been found in these monster hotels, that the efficient service of the whole establishment requires half as many attendants as there are guests sleeping in the house. The servants' wages vary from two shillings a day to about a guinea a day. The laundry attached to the hotel washes 4000 articles daily; and so efficient is the machinery, that shirts and other linens are said to have occasionally been washed, dried, ironed, and delivered in the short space of fifteen minutes. In the public saloons there is a constant round of eating and drinking for twenty hours out of the twenty-four, to accommodate passengers by rail or steamer. How many men it takes to eat one ox, we have never happened to hear, and, therefore, we cannot tell whether it is true, as is stated, that 1000 oxen were cut up into beef for this hotel during its first year. There are six stages, and twenty other carriages, constantly employed in conveying visitors to and from the hotel. In the first year, from September 1852 to September 1853, the gross receipts were set down at 500,000 dollars—about L.110,000—of which twenty per cent. was profit. The gas and coal for the year cost 14,000 dollars, and the water 1000. These astonishing details are rendered more credible than they would otherwise be, by the well-known tendency of the Americans to conduct operations on the factory or large system more extensively even than is practised in England.

What is the mystery by which waiter, boots, chambermaid, and hostler, know when they are respectively wanted, and by which the requirements of the gentleman in No. 6 are distinguished from those of the lady in No. 13, is very little known to the visitors generally; but there is a plan acted on in some of the American hotels, and also in some of the magnificent transatlantic steamers, which would seem to lessen the amount of ringing and calling, and confusion and delay. This is by the use of the bell-telegraph. There is an upright case or box, two or three feet square, through the top of which descend bell-wires from all the rooms placed in connection with the apparatus. Within the case is a bell, the hammer of which is moved by pulling any of the wires. Not only is the bell thus struck, but at the same moment a small, white, semicircular plate in front of the apparatus is turned half-round, and reveals either a number or a message inscribed beneath. There may be a hundred or any other number of these plates, some of which reveal the numbers of the respective rooms occupied by the guests, while others disclose such words as 'waiter,' 'boots,' 'hot water,' &c., indicative of the numerous wants of the guests. A small handle at the bottom of the case readjusts any of the plates after it has been moved by the bell or bell-hammer. The modicum of philosophy in this apparatus is, that instead of having as many bells as there are rooms, there is one bell to serve for all, with a decided test to ascertain whence or for what it has been rung. This is an improvement upon a plan adopted in some of the continental hotels, in which there is one bell to each floor. If there be rooms on a floor occupied by twenty guests, the guests may pull twenty bell-ropes, but they will ring only one bell. Each bell-rope pulls two wires—one going down stairs to the bell, and the other going no further than the adjoining passage. In this passage is an apparatus against the wall, inscribed with the numbers of all the rooms on that floor, and a lid to cover each number, movable on a hinge. If No. 1 rings his bell, the lid falls which had hidden the inscription 'No. 1;' the servant attendant on the ringing comes up to the passage, sees which number is exposed, and hence knows by which guest his services are required. He fastens up the lid again by a spring catch, and the apparatus is ready to be again applied to use as before.*

In our brief notice of the two gigantic American hotels, mention is made of the laundry as a very marked feature in such establishments. We have happened to meet with a detailed account of the working of one of these hotel-laundries: perhaps the reader will deem this not the least interesting among the illustrations of American hotel philosophy. At the St Nicholas Hotel, then, at New York, is a magnificent laundry, in which the washing and drying are regularly performed within the space of about half an hour. One man and three women can wash from 3000 to 5000 pieces daily—the usual average. The main portion of the apparatus is a strong wooden cylinder, four feet in diameter, rotated by a steam-engine. The shaft of the cylinder is a hollow pipe, through which hot water, cold water, or steam can be introduced. The cylinder being half filled with water, a door is opened, 400 or 500 articles of clothing are thrown in, soap and an alkaline liquid are added, the door is closed, and the steam-engine whirls the cylinder with its contents rapidly round and round. The alkaline liquid is selected so as to bleach the fabric as well as to remove the dirt. Steam is admitted during the revolution, and is so managed that it must pass through the clothing in its way to the place of exit. Fifteen or twenty minutes suffice to wash the clothes. The steam is cut off, the heated water is drawn out, and cold water is introduced to rinse the clothes. The articles are taken out, wet and clinging

* In a future chapter of *Things as They are in America*, our readers will find a detailed account of the hotel-system of America.

together, and are put into a centrifugal drying-machine. Such machines are now very extensively employed in numerous manufacturing processes: they consist of a sort of perforated cylinder, in which the moist or wetted articles are placed; the rotation of the cylinder at a high velocity drives out all the moisture, which escapes through the perforations in the form of drops of water. Some such machines are made to rotate with the immense velocity of 3000 turns in a minute. The laundry-attendants, then, devote about five minutes to the drying of the washed linen in the centrifugal machine. With a praiseworthy caution, which ladies will doubtlessly appreciate, all such articles as ladies' caps and laces are put up in netting-bags, in order that they may undergo the washing process without injury from rubbing or friction. The linen is, of course, not absolutely dried by this rapid whirlabout motion; all the moisture that can be driven off is made to leave it; but the articles are then hung for a short time on airing-frames, and placed in a hot closet, where the final drying is effected. The ironers have all possible aid to facilitate and expedite their labours; but we have not yet heard that a shirt can actually be ironed by machinery: this is a feat which perhaps Young America is destined to accomplish one day or other.

Now a question which suggests itself is—how far can these transatlantic marvels supply us with hints whereby to improve the management of English hotels? One thing must especially be borne in mind—that the peculiarities of English habits will not sanction a rapid or extensive change of system; it must be brought about gradually, if it is to effect any good. Should a person just at the present time, and before the reform question has taken root, establish an hotel with 600 beds—we are afraid of the 3500, and will say nothing more thereupon—what would be the result? Would he not get—into the *Gazette*? An enormous hotel at Cheltenham—but a pigmy beside the American giants—has gone through a course of ill-luck, which acts as a warning to oversanguine speculators. Nevertheless, in this as in other matters, the failure of exaggerated plans tells but little against the same plans carried on more moderately. What we require in England is, not hotels so large as to accommodate hundreds of sleepers, but hotels in which the charges are reasonable, in which fees to servants are included in the charge, in which quarts of wine should be quarts rather than pints, in which no one should be left in any doubt as to the rate of charge, and in which ladies—why not say women?—should be attended to as their sex demands without exorbitant charge.

One of the new journals to which the Sydenham Palace has given origin—the *Illustrated Crystal Palace Gazette*—has thrown out what are called 'Hints to Architects in designing Hotels for Sydenham and Norwood.' The gist of the suggestion is, that the Paxton style of architecture—to use an expression which has lately acquired a certain sort of popularity—is well worthy of being carried out in private houses, and especially in family hotels. It is a style or principle marked by this character: that the internal capacity bears a remarkably large ratio to the substance or materials of the building itself. In no other style whatever is there so little *waste* of space. The monitor asks, in respect to family hotels: 'Who has not felt the annoyance of want of privacy in these domiciles?' And he then complains that, 'to prevent intrusion or annoyance, parties must be shut up in their own apartments; for instantly they leave them, the one common staircase and doorway painfully remind them that they are not "at home."' The new style of construction would leave abundance of room for many doorways and many staircases, without encroaching on the space for apartments. A description is given of a group of hotels planned for construction on Westow Hill, in the immediate vicinity of the Sydenham Palace. According to the architect's plan, there are to be three hotels facing the high road—a large one in the centre, and two of smaller dimensions flanking it on either side. There are to be corridors running from each of the floors, connecting the three hotels. All the cookery and general domestic operations are to be carried on in the central hotel, leaving the two side hotels private: as private and quiet, indeed, as any home-dwelling, each floor having a separate entrance by means of a handsome covered flight of steps from the grounds without. A private road will run back at right angles to the frontage of the hotels, on an incline; this road will lead to the mews or stable of the establishment, which will be so constructed that stabling for 150 horses will be at a low level, and carriage-houses at a higher level. Such is said to be the plan for these hotels. It does not always fall to an architect's lot to see his plans carried out; but the future must speak for this, as for many other notable schemes.

Whether the new project for a hotel company, presently to be noticed, is likely to be more feasible than the plans brought forward by private persons, it is not at present easy to see. We establish companies for almost everything, it is true. We have lately seen a company formed for cutting a thing so small as a cork, and another company for cutting a thing so large as a ship-canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific across the Isthmus of Darien; there is, therefore, no doubt about the hotel so far as money-power is concerned. The doubt arises in respect to management. A committee to manage a hotel would not manage it so well as one individual proprietor. The analogy of the clubs does not bear upon this; for a club is a definite establishment, comprising not merely the same number of persons, but the same identical persons, throughout perhaps a whole year. This matter has yet, however, to be put to the test of actual experience, before it can be either affirmed or condemned.

The promoters of the Hotel Company do not seem to be very definite in their plans, so far as the prospectus affords the means of judging. The capital of the 'London and County Joint-stock Hotel Company' is set down at L.100,000, 'with power to increase;' in shares of L.1 each, 'to be paid up in full on allotment.' The prospectus assumes that everybody's attention must have been drawn to the defective state of the existing hotel-system, and that everybody must be anxious to see a reform of the system introduced. It then announces the intention, with the funds of the company, and under the control of the directors, to build, purchase, or rent, as in each case may be considered most expedient, one or more hotels of large dimensions, in London, and in the principal towns throughout the United Kingdom, to be fitted up on a scale commensurate with modern taste and requirements; and, as far as practicable, to maintain among all the company's establishments a complete system of intercommunication by means of the electric telegraph. These hotels, it is proposed, shall be conducted by paid managers of known talent and integrity, and the charges regulated by a uniform tariff, to be printed and posted in the several rooms. It is further intended, that the continental and American systems of tables d'hôte and public rooms shall be combined with the privacy and comforts of an English hotel, so as to meet, as far as possible, the requirements of every traveller. One special defect of English hotels—the difficulties which ladies experience in obtaining anything like proper accommodation without incurring the expense of a private sitting-room—it is proposed to obviate by establishing a public 'Ladies' Room,' for their sole use, with suitable female attendants. For such parties as may require private apartments, the charge will be much lower than is now customarily demanded; and 'lights' will not be charged. It is proposed that hotel libraries shall be established,

for the use of the visitors; and that all modern improvements tending to enhance the comforts of guests, shall from time to time be adopted, without occasioning any rise in the tariff of charges. The objections to the fee-system is proposed to be met by the standing rule —that all attendants detected in receiving gratuities at the hands of visitors will be immediately discharged. The directors express a belief that the mode adopted of raising the capital in small shares will create a diffusiveness of interest that must of itself, by the extension of custom to the company's hotels, enhance the prospect of ultimate success, and secure a more ample return to the shareholders. They finally give expression to a full assurance, 'that the development of these arrangements will effectually dispel the existing feeling of dissatisfaction and mistrust experienced by all who frequent hotels; and that such establishments as may be conducted under the auspices of this company, will offer much greater inducements for habitual resort.'

Hotels pay much larger profits than railways, in England as in America; and we cannot wonder if the joint-stock principle should ultimately be applied to the one mode of investment as to the other. Be this as it may, we may hope that no one will again have to accuse a waiter of charging 2s. for three oranges, which the said waiter had just been seen to purchase at the hotel door for 4½d.; and of charging 6d. for the sugar which the guest did *not* eat with the said oranges. To say that a rich man can afford to pay this, is beside the question: it is a wretchedly uncommercial state of things, in a country like ours, that the charges in this particular branch of trade should be left in such total uncertainty.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER X.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

THE writer of the paragraph with which the last chapter closed was just in the proper position for expatiating on such a subject. His days, from an early hour in the morning, were spent in a mechanical employment, and his evenings in preparing another literary paper demanding all the powers of his intellect; and these powers were not summoned the less successfully that his studies were carried on in the front-parlour, the scene of Mrs Margery's manipulations, and that the worthy ex-cook, and an assistant maid, were unremittingly busy around him both with their hands and tongues. He had thought at first of the extravagance of having a fire in his bedroom; but the practice of an evening or two rendered it easy for him to abstract his thoughts from what was passing around him. We can easily understand this ourselves, for the hand that now moves the pen never wrote better, in its humble way, than when the other hand was holding a squalling baby, while the knee on which the imp *in*-rested counterfeited the motion of a cradle, and the lips that were inwardly fashioning sentences were outwardly giving forth a prolonged and monotonous 'Hush-h-h!'

One evening Robert's attention was drawn from his work by a human face appearing above the muslin window-blind, the shutters not being yet closed. He could not at first make out who the individual was, the nose being flattened against the pane to the size and shape of a crown-piece; but presently the small quick eyes darting to every corner of the room assured him it was Driftwood. When the artist, satisfied with his survey, came in, he was warmly greeted both by his cousin and pupil.

'You're very well, Margery?' said he—'and well to do, old lass, I see that: work—work—it's in the family!'

'Sit you down, John, and give us all your news; and although it's not nearly so good as we had it at Wearyfoot, I'll send for some ale'——

'No, you won't. Hot water's the thing at this season.'

'Goodness gracious—hot water!'

'Well, if there must be something in it, let it be gin; but don't send for more than a pint, Margery. So, old fellow, art wouldn't do with you after you lost your master?'

'No, it would not—especially after they locked me out of the studio.'

'That was improper—decidedly improper; if that rascally boy had only been at his post!—but never mind, it's all set to rights now, and you may come back to-morrow.'

'Are you serious? Have you actually returned to Jermyn Street?'

The artist nodded affirmatively.

'I am really concerned to hear it. I happen to know—for merit will out—that in the out-of-door's line, as you call it, you are the very first of the craft; and is that not better than being merely one of a host? Besides, you cannot disguise from yourself that in the studio you were hardly able to live.'

'My dear boy, it is the fate of all the modern masters at first: the dealers and amateurs must get used to us by degrees. Great painters have their own way of doing things, and it stands to reason that this will be resented for a time by the taste it seems to defy. I have myself a peculiar style—a very peculiar style, I humbly conceive—and that is the reason why I am so long of moving; but when I do move, up I shall go like a rocket, and no mistake! Why, it is only the other day I dashed off a Robin Hood in a way that, on canvas, would have fetched any money—any money, sir; but being on wood, I assure you, when going to look at it now and then, I spent the price in beer and bread-and-cheeses. Mark me, however, I don't mean to do anything imprudent. While reproducing on canvas my Robin Hood, and several other things I have lately thrown away upon timber, I intend taking a leaf out of your book. You know Mrs Doubleback?'

'No, I don't.'

'Yes, you do. You took her off for a guinea; and now that I have worked a little upon the nose, to give it a touch of the Grecian'——

'Grecian! why, it is a snub, an absolute dumpling—and quite an amiable dumpling too!'

'Precisely. That's why it wanted Grecianising. My dear fellow, you would not know it again—the very children said they would not have known it again. But the thing is this: Mrs Doubleback has an extensive circle of acquaintances, and half a score of them are dying to have their portraits taken in the style of our joint work. This seemed, in fact, the beginning of a pretty business looming out upon us—with high art in the background. I at once made arrangements for reopening the studio; and as, of course, I would not leave you out in what you originated yourself, I called at your lodgings—was directed here—and, I declare to you, I was like to drop when I found you with "Oaklands, Clear-starcher," over the door! Here's a metamorphosis, thought I. If it had been carpenter, or glazier, or house-painter, I'd have thought nothing of it; but for a young fellow like him to take to clear-starching is astounding; and I was glad to find the area grated over that I might look in at the window—when, of course, Margery's comely face reassured me. Here's to you, Cousin Margery! Now take a sip, old girl.'

On hearing Driftwood's explanation, Robert was not

so much concerned for the victim of high art, for he knew that a guinea portrait, dashed off in his rattling way, would *pay*, and he was in hopes that, with the assistance of his old patroness—the same who had struck off the odd shilling—Driftwood might be able to form a connection wide enough to enable him to live. In fact, his friend's situation was somewhat peculiar; so much so as to account both for his delusion and disappointment. His signs, when viewed at some little distance, did actually bear a very striking resemblance to gallery pictures painted on wood; and his gallery pictures, on their part, could hardly be conjectured to be anything else than signs painted on canvas. For his own part, however, Robert was determined to hold by an employment which he looked upon as more artistical than copying the externals of vulgar faces, and Grecianising snub-noses; and in the intervals of mechanical labour, to give himself up to literature.

A long conversation ensued, during which the artist applied himself zealously to the hot water. He made many attempts to shake his friend's resolution to have nothing to do with the portrait business; and he was more anxious to lead him into a more dignified way of life than the one he had chosen, when he heard of his position in relation to the Falcontowers.

'You don't know the world, my boy,' said he. 'Those Falcontowers are proud; and even if the modern-antique cabinet you are constructing was actually the poem in wood you would make it out to be, you would still be in their eyes a mechanic. Their interest lies entirely in the political way; and the idea of such people exercising it in favour of a mechanic is absurd.'

'I do not mean to put them to the test,' replied Robert. 'If I am not destined to succeed in literature, they can do me no good; and if I am, it is as an author they will acknowledge me, not as a mechanic. I have no intention to repeat my visits at their house just now—I will not even let them know my address. I have proved to myself the hollowness of the superstition that met me on all hands—that an *introduction* to an editor is necessary. I suspected it to be a superstition, because the idea is irrational. Literary wares, when the question is of printing and publishing, are just like any other wares: the purchaser will take the article best suited to his purpose, without caring a straw whether the dealer presents him with a recommendation or not. This may not have been so much the case formerly; but in our day literature and publishing are crowded professions, and in the midst of the eagerness of competition, people are not such fools as to stand upon antiquated and useless ceremony. It is my intention, then, to go on with the experiment I have so favourably begun; and if I ever advance so far as to support myself by literature alone, I will take my chance of being able to recall my name to the remembrance of Miss Falcontower and her father. In the meantime, I prefer what you call a mechanical employment, to your own, because it is less dependent upon the caprice of employers. A steady, skilful workman holds his place of right, and has no need to flatter snub-noses.'

'Very well,' said Driftwood, who had been sipping absently a new dose of the hot water, 'take your own way, my lad. Ambition is the fault of some natures: it is the fault of mine. Only to think of the fatality that pursues me! Signs and gallipots, however, have no chance in the long-run; high art will have me. How can I help it? I let them pull, and go just as I am dragged. One day on a ladder, another in a studio: isn't it queer? If that rascally boy would only be in the way to open the door: but there's another fatality—he never will. Margery, old girl, stick to the clear-starching. You have a cousin, it is true, who is one of the modern masters; but he don't despise clear-starching. On the contrary, he will look in every now and then of an evening, and take his gin and water with you, precisely as he would do if you were a countess—a countess, Margery, in your own right. I say, Oaklands, I'll give your compliments to my friend Sir Vivian the next time I see him. And you'll see him, too, sooner than you think for. Good-night, old fellow!'

After he had left the house with overdone steadiness, a tap made them look up, and with some amusement they saw his nose describing, as artistically as before, a wide circle on the window pane. The artist beckoned gravely to his cousin, and she went out.

'Margery,' said he, 'I want to know who that young fellow is. You wrote to me that he was a young gentleman; and his words *are* high—but his notions confoundedly low. Who and what is he?'

'He is a gentleman,' replied Margery, 'but I cannot tell what gentleman—at least not yet. It will all come out in time, never fear!'

'Why is his name Oaklands?'

'Never mind his name, John. Oaklands does as well to be called by as any other name.'

'Then it is to be a mystery?'

'Of course, a mystery till the denowment. I wish I was as sure of a hundred pound as he is of—no matter what. But it will all come out in time, John—I give you my word for that. I was never mistaken in anything of the kind in my life.'

'Very well, Margery; do you think he would take it kind if I went back and took another glass with him?'

'Not to-night, John—another night will do better.'

'Then give my compliments to Mr Oaklands, and tell him—with Mr D.'s compliments—that I don't look down on clear-starching. Good-night, cousin Margery.'

The reopening of the studio disarranged Robert's plans completely, for it preserved uninterrupted the line of communication between the Falcontowers and him; and immediately on the return of the family to town, he received from them, through Driftwood, a brief note, written very carefully in a fashionable female hand. It contained only these words:—'Sir Vivian and Miss Falcontower having now returned to town, will be happy to see Mr Oaklands as usual.' This, he felt, considering all things, to be stiff enough; but, on second thoughts, it seemed kinder than a formal invitation to dinner. It placed him on the footing of an habitué, and signified that his company was considered desirable, whether on special occasions or not. He determined to obey the summons without loss of time, and to bring with him something that should prove to Miss Falcontower that he had not been altogether disheartened by the coldness with which she had evidently regarded his attempt to paint her portrait. This was a likeness, on a small scale, of Mrs Margery, whereon he had bestowed infinite pains, and in which, in his own opinion, he had reduced to practice that theory the young lady, in her conversation with her father, as the reader may remember, had considered indicative, by its very subtlety, of the want of artistic genius.

Again he found himself in the magnificent drawing-room, and again the same slow and gliding figure came up the long vista. Entirely the same. No country bloom, no glow of travel, no new feeling, no awakened thought, was visible on that lovely cheek. Time appeared to stand still with her; and Robert, as on a former occasion, could have fancied that the intervening month was a dream, and that in reality he had parted with her on that spot only the day before. Claudia's observation of her visitor was very different. There was now an independence in his air, an almost overbearing look in his proud eyes, like that of one who feels his place in the world, and presses on to a known future. His simplicity of character, however, remained, and that was the grand distinction between the two, for in reality there was much that was congenial in their natures, placed so far apart by the action of

circumstances. This simplicity she comprehended only as one comprehends a character of high romance, remote from the reality of life, and it had therefore a poetical charm for her imagination, which frequently, in her solitary musings, and in the pauses of the artificial world, brought him before her like a phantom. She had read the change in his air and aspect even before her eyes were near enough to lighten with their accustomed radiance on his face, and she put her hand into his with unmistakable cordiality, as if she had said: 'Well done, brave spirit!'

'I have read your paper,' said she, when the stereotyped phrases had been hurried over, 'and there is much in it I admire. I am myself only a woman, and surrounded with conventionalties as with a net-work; but I can sympathise in the outspeaking of a high, strong spirit, even when it is directed against my own tastes or prejudices, and even when its aspirations are impossibilities. You still follow art, I see.'

'I have brought you this portrait to look at. It proves, in my opinion, that, with good training and steady industry, I might become a painter; but it has likewise demonstrated that the attempt at present would be vain, since this little piece has cost more time and thought than could be compensated by ten times the price it would bring as the production of an unknown artist.'

'It is indeed full of promise,' said Claudia, who did not seem displeased at the failure of his hopes; 'and it shews me practically what your notion of the ideal is. This is the etherealised face of a comely, comfortable woman below the middle class, and is too poetical, I fear, to be true.'

'It is on its poetical truth I pique myself. I have tried to express in it natural affection, elevated, or at least changed, from an instinct to a sentiment, and overspread with a colouring of romantic feeling.'

'It was a brave attempt,' said Claudia, with one of her smile-flashes, containing on this occasion a tinge of the sarcastic; 'and considering the difficulty of the object, far from unsuccessful. If you will leave it with me for a while, I may be able to collect some opinions for you. But, since your pictures are not remunerative, you have probably extended your literary connection?'

'No: I am trying a new subject of importance for the work you have seen; and the little money I require for my support, I obtain by handicraft employment.' Claudia was too high-bred to start, but she *looked* instead, and her eyes glanced involuntarily at the splendid room. 'I am aware,' continued Robert, breaking into a downright smile, 'that I am here out of my place; but what is to be done? While trying my fortune in literature and art, I must live, and I cannot exercise a very arbitrary choice as to the means. If instead of using any taste, ingenuity, and power of research I may possess in constructing a cabinet, I had recourse to the gaming-table, or the betting-room, or even to the den of the picture-copier, that would not be looked upon as throwing any obstacle in the way of my access to the drawing-room: but surely I have chosen the more respectable and honourable means of living!'

'You are eccentric, Mr Oaklands,' said Claudia, recovering, 'that is all: you are only reducing to practice your own theory of respect for work.'

'Respect for work,' added Robert, 'in its own way and place. If I were only a mechanic, I should be entitled to respect only in my own station, and it would be absurd in me to be here for any other purpose than that of taking your orders; but I claim to be an aspirant of literature and art, and while my experiments are in progress, I choose to support myself by honourable rather than dishonourable labour. There is no substantial reason why the work of the hands should be reckoned degrading in an old community any more than in a new; and if our gentry enabled their sons, by means of polytechnic schools, to make the election I have made, there would be far less risk than there now is of England's greatness being overtopped by that of younger nations.'

'Well, then,' said Claudia with undisguised warmth, 'you are *not* eccentric, but only manly and high-minded, and you will be welcome in this room even if you write upon your door, "Robert Oaklands, cabinet-maker!"'

This was in reality what it seemed to be—a burst of generous feeling; although Claudia at the same time knew very well that the business of the present meeting was to propose something to him which should take the place of his present occupations, cabinet-making and all. As the time of which we write is our own, it would be disturbing the genial feelings we wish to inspire, to enter into political questions, and explain the position of Sir Vivian in connection with a ministry of which he was not a member. It will be sufficient to say that his family influence was strongly reinforced by services he was but little able to perform in his own person—services that were directed rather than aided by an astute and somewhat unscrupulous mind, which owed all its happier inspirations to one who passed in society for merely an accomplished, beautiful, and somewhat eccentric young woman. If it was our hint to speculate on such mysteries, we might venture to surmise that to her anomalous métier of politics Claudia owed the ruin of those hopes that are usually dearer to a woman; but, at all events, there appeared in her present enterprise to be nothing that was likely to introduce dissension between her and her new ally, for the measures that required the aid of an energetic yet philosophical pen, were instalments, at least, of those which Robert conceived to be essential to national safety and national progress.

Let it not be understood, however, that Claudia developed her plans, or exhibited her own position, with any suddenness that could startle, or any obtrusiveness that could suggest an idea of the unfeminine. She led him to her father in his book-room, as an elegant library was humbly styled, and in the conversation that ensued, took a very moderate part when she took any at all. The interview terminated in Robert's abandoning his present pursuits, both intellectual and mechanical, and giving himself up for the time to political literature. This Sir Vivian, for his own sake—for so the understanding ran—put it into his power to do by the grant of a very small pecuniary subsidy, while he held out the prospect, that at some future time, when the anonymous could be advantageously dropped, and Robert's services be brought forward in the aggregate to back his own family influence, the ministry would be unable to refuse to him, what he could honourably demand—a respectable post in public business. Our adventurer, knowing the embarrassed circumstances of Sir Vivian, was unwilling, if it could have been avoided, to impinge upon his means at all; but he was somewhat reassured by the exceeding smallness of the sum proposed. He was, as yet, ignorant of the economy practised as a rule in such matters by great men, whose most favoured dependents are very little to be envied on the score of present profit. He was not long of learning, however, that the salary of the ostensible private secretary of even the first grandees of the kingdom is rarely, if ever, more than three hundred pounds a year. This position, or anything like it, he did not himself hold. He was to be considered rather as an almost amateur labourer, writing out his own theories, which chanced to tally with the practical plans of Sir Vivian Falcontower and the government.

The intimacy which this connection occasioned between Claudia and the young author was of a very peculiar kind. It seemed at first to be merely a contact of the two intellectual natures; but opinions even on the most abstruse subjects are so much modified by personal character, that in order to comprehend

the one it is necessary to study the other. Literature, besides, is a sort of free-masonry, which sets aside conventionalities, and brings individuals together on a common ground, and with a more than common sympathy; and thus it happened that in that quiet room, where Sir Vivian was only occasionally present, the waif of the common and the high-born and high-spirited woman of fashion came very soon to stand upon equal terms. Claudia at first attempted to play the dictator, and was surprised, and, indeed, a little ruffled, to find that she was unsuccessful. But what could she do? The conventionalism that was by turns her tyrant and her tool, was here wanting, and in its stead a straightforward simplicity there was no getting over. The unselfish views, the noble aspirations, which met her at every point, could not be treated with ridicule *here*. They must be encountered, and with no other defensive armour than the cold materialism of the world. And what was even worse, she must stand the calm soft gaze of his eyes, which, instead of being awed or confused, plunged through the most brilliant flashes of hers, and seemed to penetrate to her very soul. She became, in fact, afraid of him; but her fear had the effect of fascination, and the haughty beauty, whose presence would have been looked upon as an illumination in any drawing-room in the kingdom, came hither day after day to gleam like a taper by the side of a torch.

On his part, Robert was far from underrating this charming and accomplished woman. He found in her knowledge of the world everything he himself wanted, and relied with absolute confidence upon her nice tact and exquisite discrimination. But he felt that there was something between them—something apart from station and worldly distinction. Claudia felt this too; and she was curious to know what it was that enabled this strange young man to gaze calmly into eyes that had confounded before now the noble and the proud. Not that the young man could be to her anything more than an object of abstract speculation: the idea was preposterous, and the high-born and haughty beauty flushed with shame as it was suggested by her father remarking casually one day on the interest she appeared to take in his protégé. The interest, notwithstanding, did not diminish, and she would have given much to know what the impassible being really thought of her.

'I sometimes wonder, Mr Oaklands,' said she at length, 'what your real opinion is of one you have found so different from yourself. It can hardly be complimentary, yet I am able to stand the truth, and I am sure from you I shall hear it.'

'I flatter myself,' replied Robert, 'that the difference between us is far from being great—that, irremediable as it may be, it is merely accidental. I see many bright and glorious things in your original nature, which I would fain have some part in myself. I see the germs of high thoughts and noble actions, requiring only opportunity to spring; and I see the mental faculties, keen, polished, perfect, ready for the loftiest uses. But'——

'Ah, that *but!*'

'All this I see through an incrustation, that has gathered round them, forming no part of your real character, entirely distinct from your actual nature, and the result alone of the gradual deposits of the conventional world in which it has been your lot to live from childhood; yet an incrustation—though of crystalline transparency to the eyes that are privileged to observe you in your unguarded moments—as hard and smooth and strong as adamant. For myself, my nature is sufficiently like your own to enable me at least to appreciate and admire it; but the circumstances in which I have had my being have left me to some extent in the state of unsophisticated rudeness in which I was born.'

'But that incrustation,' said Claudia in a low voice, 'which is the barrier between our souls—is there no chemistry to dissolve—no force to break it in pieces?'

'By force it might be broken in pieces: by the same force that shattered your fortunes, that hurled you from station and power, and placed you on the low platform of life to struggle with the common crowd. As for chemistry, the romancers would tell you, on that point, of the Universal Solvent, a delusion, in its material form, of the dreaming alchemists, but existing as an actual entity in moral science—a power fit to disintegrate your moral self, to precipitate as dregs everything incidental, artificial, conventional, and leave your original nature pure, sparkling, and beautiful—an unguent that, when applied to those radiant eyes, would enable them to see treasures in the earth richer than the hoards of a thousand kings. And to this enchantment the romancers would give a name you have met with in poetry and fiction, admiring without feeling, worshipping without faith the idolum it designated—the name of Love. But'——

'Ah, *but* again!'——

'But I am no romancer.'

SHOTS AND SHELLS.

If the world will go a-fighting, we of the peaceable class may at least try to understand what the Quixotes are about. With this view we have inquired curiously into the nature of the missiles which, with the aid of villainous saltpetre, they let fly at one another; and the replies we have received enable us to give some account of those diabolical messengers of battle that 'hurtle through the darkened air,' under the name of shots and shells.

The term *shell*, in military language, signifies a hollow globe of cast iron, the central cavity being destined to contain either gunpowder alone, or a mixture of gunpowder and bullets: if the latter, the shell is termed a shrapnell from the gallant captain, its inventor; and also a 'spherical case-shot.' When filled with gunpowder alone, it is simply a shell, or occasionally a bomb-shell.

The ordinary shell, or bomb-shell if the reader pleases, is a very old invention, dating from at least the beginning of the sixteenth century, and attributed, with strong probability, to the Venetians, who employed this missile with great effect against their enemies the Turks. Its construction is sufficiently simple, consisting as it does of a hollow cast-iron sphere, with an aperture plugged at pleasure, just as a bottle is with a cork. The contents of this round iron bottle are gunpowder; and the intention is, that at a certain given period, the powder shall ignite, and burst the shell into fragments. These fragments spreading far and wide, commit sad devastation by virtue of their projectile force; in addition to which, the ignited gunpowder sets fire to any combustible body with which it may come in contact.

When the shell is projected from a gun, and has arrived *at*, or at anyrate *very near*, the object intended to be struck, the ignition is accomplished by means of a contrivance termed the *fuse*. Now, every child who has amused himself with a squib or a blue-light, will easily comprehend the nature of a fuse, which is a hollow cylinder of wood or metal stuffed hard with a comparatively slow-burning gunpowder or composition—not capable of explosion, but occupying a certain definite number of seconds before it can reach the internal charge. When shells were first introduced, and for a long time subsequently, they were shot out of short stumpy pieces of artillery denominated mortars. At present, they are not thus restricted, all but the very largest being now shot out of cannons and howitzers—the latter a sort of compromise between a cannon and a mortar. It will be perceived that the regulation or timing of a fuse—in other words, the adjustment of its length, in such a way that its fire may communicate

with the central charge exactly at the proper instant—is a matter requiring much delicacy of hand, much calculation, and much experience. If explosion takes place too soon, the whole effect of the discharge is lost; if too late, then the missile is no better than a common round shot. Thus, at Waterloo, many of the French shells did no further harm than bespatter our troops with dirt, on account of the too great length of their fuse. The shells failing to explode in the air, fell, and buried themselves in the ground, where, finally bursting, they spouted up torrents of mud; and that was the extent of the damage they effected.

Perhaps, now, the reader will ask how the fuse is lighted? Why, by the blast of the gun itself—although the discovery that it might thus be lighted was the result of accident. For a long time subsequent to the introduction of shells, the fuse had to be lighted as a preliminary operation—a perilous arrangement, for if the gun missed fire, wo to the gunner!

Many attempts have been made, within the last few years, to effect the ignition of shells without the aid of a fuse—that is to say, to ignite them on the principle of the percussion-cap; and if this could be accomplished, they would acquire a great accession of power for many special purposes. Many cases may be imagined in which a shell of this kind would possess a manifest advantage over the common sort; for example, when brought to bear upon ships. The mere bursting of a shell near a ship, is not necessarily attended with serious consequences; but the great point to be achieved would be the explosion at the very moment of contact. The explosion of so large a quantity of gunpowder upon or within a ship's timbers, would be productive of an effect so easy to understand, that it need not be described. This consummation is scarcely likely when shells with fuses are employed, seeing that the very force of concussion has a tendency to extinguish the fuse, to say nothing of the chances in favour of a shell's bursting before it arrives in dangerous propinquity to the ship.

All attempts to apply the percussion principle to shells have, so far as relates to artillery, been futile. If the problem of rifling the bore of cannon, however, was solved, there would be no difficulty in the case, for these projectiles, as a matter of curiosity, have been frequently shot from rifled small-arms, and have exploded on striking their object with almost unfailing certainty.

Having described the ordinary shell, it might seem natural that we should proceed at once to the shrapnell; but certain reasons, the nature of which will be presently evident, induce us to preface that description with some notice of canister-shot. Has the reader ever seen a tin case of preserved provisions? No doubt he has; and he will, therefore, be at no loss to understand the nature of a canister-shot. Instead of a mere case of tin plate, let him imagine one of sheet iron; instead of dainty provisions, let him fancy the case stuffed full of small iron balls, something larger than musket-balls; and he will then have a good notion of canister-shot.

Now, the sheet-iron canister, although quite strong enough to withstand all the knocks, bumps, and other disturbing contingencies of transport, is by no means strong enough to withstand the explosive force of gunpowder; hence, no sooner is it discharged from a cannon, than its walls, splitting asunder, liberate the bullets, which are then scattered just like a charge of small-shot. The devastating effect of this projectile may be readily imagined; but its range is insignificant. Perhaps a distance of 300 yards may be considered the most effective. Many of us have doubtless heard the assertion made, that a musket will kill a man when fired at the distance of a mile; nor, perhaps, is the assertion incorrect, if we make one trifling proviso—namely, that the man aimed at be hit. But the effective range of a musket is scarcely more than 100 yards; that is to say, if a musket properly charged, screwed in a vice for the purpose of maintaining its exact line of aim, pointed at a target about a yard square, and 100 yards distant, be fired many times in succession, the target will be invariably hit, although not by any means in the same spot. At a distance of 600 or 700 yards, the bullet might be deflected to the extent of 100 yards in any direction; and at the distance of a mile, its deflection would be so great, as to go beyond calculation. Nothing like accuracy of aim, we repeat, can be depended upon with the musket beyond a distance of 100 yards. From a consideration of this circumstance, it follows that artillerymen, with comparative impunity, may discharge canister-shot against a platoon of musket-armed infantry. The Minié rifle, however, and, indeed, many other varieties of rifle, are capable of hitting a mark at 800 yards' distance, and even more, with greater certainty than a musket at 100 yards; and therefore, long before a piece of artillery could be brought up within canister-range, its horses or gunners would be crippled or killed, and the gun thus rendered ineffective. Hence it follows, that since the introduction of the Minié rifle, the advantages of canister-shot are far less than they formerly were under the old musket system.

We are now prepared to enter upon the consideration of shrapnell-shells, or spherical case-shot. Let the reader picture to himself a common bomb-shell, not filled with gunpowder alone, but with a mixture of gunpowder and bullets; as many of the latter being first inserted as the shell will hold, and gunpowder thrown in afterwards until all the interstices are filled up. Let him furthermore imagine an instrument of this description to be supplied with a fuse, and he will have a true notion of the terrible shrapnell-shell, or spherical case-shot. From a consideration of the various parts of which this missile is composed, he will see that, being discharged from a cannon, it first travels like a common round shot; but a certain range having been described, and the burning fuse having ignited the gunpowder within, it will burst in pieces, with all the effect of a canister-shot. The shrapnell, then, admits of being regarded as a canister-shot intended to take effect at a very long range; and the greatest nicety is requisite in apportioning the effective length of the fuse to that distance. In practice, this apportionment is effected by means of a 'fuse auger' or borer, which scoops out determinate lengths of the composition. The effective range of such shells is very great: they will do good execution at 1000 or 1400 yards, and are highly dangerous at still greater distances; thus, as it would seem, conferring on artillery a preponderating advantage over the Minié rifle. Still, we must not conceal the fact, that the question as to this comparison is still open. The Minié rifle has scarcely been tried in the open field of war. During the progress of the siege of Rome, it did good execution against artillery; the *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, armed with the Minié rifle, having kept up such a destructive fire against the Roman embrasures, that the artillerymen could not stand to their guns. In the open field, it is argued by the opponents of the Minié rifle, cannon would have the advantage, inasmuch as the latter, instead of being stationary, and thus affording a constant mark for the sharpshooters, would be constantly altering their distance, and thus disturbing the aim of the enemy. No doubt, the remark has much truth in it—but how much, only actual practice in the field can determine. The fact, however, is certain, that the general introduction of Minié and other long-range rifles, will rob canister-shot of much of its terrors; indeed, some experienced men urge the total abandonment of the latter in favour of shrapnell-shells, the fuses of which can now be regulated with such accuracy, that their explosion at any given distance, compatible with their range, may be absolutely depended upon.

On some future occasion, since we have donned our fighting-gear, we purpose offering a few remarks on the Congreve Rocket, another terrible instrument of destruction, concerning the nature and powers of which very little is popularly known.

NEGRO SATURNALIA.

On the festival of Nosso Senhor do Rozario, the slaves elect from their own body a king and queen, whose dignity is confirmed by their masters. They must be *bonâ fide* slaves; no free negroes are eligible, although many coloured freemen take part in the festivity. However, not only the royal pair are elected by the populace, but a whole series of princes and princesses, together with ministers, courtiers, and ladies of honour, swell the state of the new potentate. All these dignitaries are decked out as finely as possible with old uniforms, cast-off court-dresses, silk shoes, cloaks, and indeed whatever they can scrape together—real gold and diamonds being held in especial respect. In the residence of Dr Lund, I saw a little princess, the daughter of his major-domo, who was literally burdened with gold chains, and thus wore a considerable amount of precious metal. Much of this belonged to her parents, and much had been borrowed. On these occasions, the negroes willingly assist each other, for only the dignitaries, not the voluntary participators in the festival, are allowed to be thus finely adorned. The king has a paper crown on his head, and a gilt sceptre in his hand; the queen is adorned with a diadem, and the officials generally wear laced hats. With this pomp and circumstance, the monarch, accompanied by all his subjects, standard-bearers, minstrels, guards, &c., marches to church to the sound of the drum, and of a sort of tin rattle, there to be consecrated by the priest. This ceremony is followed by a solemn procession through the village, terminating in a general banquet. The expenses of the banquet are usually defrayed by the owner of the queen; but the other expenses, especially the fees of the church, are usually covered by the voluntary contributions of the persons present. After dinner, there is a general merry-making at the expense of the parties themselves, which lasts till a late hour of the night, and often leads to another procession by torch-light. The festivities are continued even to the second and third day, until the purse is drained, and a general exhaustion follows, as the natural consequence of overexcitement. Then all gradually return to their old habits. The king and queen lay down their dignities, ministers and ladies of honour put off their court-dresses, and the gold ornaments repose, once more in their caskets, or in the hands of their real owners. Vain and unmeaning as all this solemnity must appear to the cultivated spectator, who will see in it nothing but empty grimace and poor wit, the festival is of the utmost importance in the eyes of the negro, who would not, even for a handsome remuneration, consent to work on the great day of rejoicing.—*Burmeister's Travels to Brazil.*

A REASONING FOX.

A certain Jägare, who was one morning keeping watch in the forest, observed a fox cautiously making his approach towards the stump of an old tree. When sufficiently near, he took a high and determined jump on to the top of it; and after looking around awhile, hopped to the ground again. After Reynard had repeated this knightly exercise several times, he went his way; but presently he returned to the spot, bearing a pretty large and heavy piece of dry oak in his mouth; and thus burdened, and as it would seem for the purpose of testing his vaulting powers, he renewed his leaps on to the stump. After a time, however, and when he found that, weighted as he was, he could make the ascent with facility, he desisted from further efforts, dropped the piece of wood from his mouth, and coiling himself upon the top of the stump, remained motionless as if dead. At the approach of evening, an old sow and her progeny, five or six in number, issued from a neighbouring thicket, and, pursuing their usual track, passed near to the stump in question. Two of her sucklings followed somewhat behind the rest, and just as they neared his ambush, Michel, with the rapidity of thought, darted down from his perch upon one of them, and in the twinkling of an eye bore it in triumph on to the fastness he had so providently prepared beforehand. Confounded at the shrieks of her offspring, the old sow returned in fury to the spot, and until late in the night, made repeated desperate attempts to storm the murderer's stronghold; but the fox took the matter very coolly, and devoured the pig under the very nose of its mother; which at length, with the greatest reluctance, and without being able to revenge herself on her crafty adversary, was forced to beat a retreat.—*Lloyd's Scandinavian Adventures.*

A GHOST AT THE DANCING.

A WIND-WAVED tulip-bed—a tinted cloud
Of butterflies careering in the air—
A many-figured arras quick with life
And merry unto midnight music dumb
—So the dance whirls. Do any think of thee,
Amiel, Amiel?

Friends greet, and countless rills of pleasant talk
Meander round, scattering a spray of smiles.
—I know 'twas false! I know, one minute more
And thou wilt stand there, tall and quiet-eyed,
And all these fair shew black beside thy face,
Amiel, Amiel!

Many here loved thee—I nor loved, scarce knew.
Yet in thy place I see a shadow rise,
And a face forms itself from empty air,
Watching the dancers, grave and quiet-eyed—
Eyes that do see the angels evermore,
Amiel, Amiel!

On such a night as this, midst dance and song,
I bade thee carelessly a light good-by—
'Farewell,' thou saidst—'A happy journey home!'
Did the unseen death-angel at thy side
Mock those low words: '*A happy journey home,*'
Amiel, Amiel?—

Ay—we play fool's play still—thou hast gone home.
While these dance here, a mile hence o'er thy rest
Drifts the deep New-year snow. The cloudy Gate
We spoke of, thou hast entered. I without
Grope ignorant, but thou dost all things know,
Amiel, Amiel!

What if, I sitting where we sat last year,
Thou cam'st—took'st up our broken thread of talk,
And told'st of thy new home—which now I see,
As children wandering o'er dark winter fields,
See on the hill the father's window shine,
Amiel, Amiel?

No! Thy fair face will glad me nevermore.
Thy pleasant words are ended. Yet thou livest;
'Tis we who die.—I too shall one day come,
And, viewless, view these shadows, quiet-eyed:
Then flit back to thy land—the *living* Land,
Amiel, Amiel!

The striking paragraph, entitled 'Errors there is no Rectifying,' in No. 5, was extracted from an article in the *Leader* newspaper. The omission of the quotation was the effect of a blunder which took place in the correction of the proof of the number. It is, of course, our earnest desire to quote where quotation is due, in order that the public may know when we are original, which is the case in nineteen-twentieths of our sheet.—ED.

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'HINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

MONTREAL.

HE English tourist who steps ashore for the first time
France is not more struck with the novelty of
neral appearances, than is the traveller from the
nited States on arriving in Montreal. A journey of
few miles has transferred him from towns of brick
d painted wood, spacious streets with as many trees
houses, bright green jalousies and shady verandas,
a city of stone, houses covered with tin, iron window-
utters, and narrow thoroughfares with designations
French. Other things serve to impress him with
e change. He sees convents within high walls, such
present themselves in Bruges or Ghent; and the
ectacle of soldiers loitering about in scarlet uniforms
minds him that he is not only in a British possession,
t in a country which, from some cause or other, is
nsidered to require the presence of a standing-army.

Half French and half English—a diversity in man-
rs and dress as well as in creeds—institutions drawn
om the coutume de Paris and the Parliament of West-
inster—ancient feudalities and modern privileges—
aditions of the Sulpicians and reminiscences of Lord
ydenham—nunneries next door to Manchester ware-
uses—barristers pleading in the language of France
d a custom-house decorated with the royal arms of
ngland—priests in long black dresses, and Scotch
resbyterians—cabmen in frieze jackets fresh from
eland, and native market-carters in coloured sashes
d night-caps—in short, a complication of incongrui-
es; the old and new world jumbled together, and then
sorted according to some odd device in social econo-
ics. Such is Montreal. In the general constitution
things, the United States, though near neighbours,
ve contributed little beyond their hotel-system,
hich is so much more acceptable than that of Eng-
nd, that it has everywhere been imported across
e frontier and naturalised in Canada. The leading
tel is Donegana's, in the centre of the city; but for
e sake of proximity to the river and steamers I
referred the Montreal House, with which I had every
ason to be satisfied. All the waiters in the establish-
ent, about a dozen in number, were negroes; being
obably refugees from the south.

Proceeding out of doors on the morning after my
rival, that which first drew my attention was the
t Lawrence, clear and beautiful, and about a mile in
readth, facing the town on the south. Looking across
is splendid river, we see a flat country beyond, and
the far distance, the Vermont hills of the United
tates. On careful observation, the river is seen to be
oken into a hurried stream, or rapid, immediately above the town; vessels, accordingly, are unable to ascend beyond this point without proceeding through a canal which has been constructed on the Montreal side, the first of a series of similar works through whose agency ships of moderate size can now make their way unimpeded from the ocean to Lake Huron, a distance of 1300 miles. Immediately in front of us is the long and well-built quay, with commodious projecting piers for large steam-vessels, one of which has just come up the river from Quebec and is landing her passengers, while another is about to start for the railway on the opposite side of the river. Several sailing vessels are at the same time unloading cargoes of miscellaneous goods for the 'fall trade;' and approaching a small craft which seems to engage general curiosity, we find that it is freighted with oysters, which an ancient mariner, who speaks French with great volubility, is selling in bushel measures to a crowd of customers. Turning from this object of attraction, we are surprised to hear the sound of cannon, and on looking about, discover that the reports proceed from a fortified island a short way down the river, where a body of soldiers are practising the use of artillery.

Walking along the street part of the quay, which stretches a mile in length, we find it lined with tall and massive houses, built of light gray limestone, and having steep roofs covered with tin, which glitters like burnished silver in the morning sun. Tallest and most massive of all is a huge market-house, conspicuous by its lofty dome, and more ambitious than appropriate in its architecture. From this open thoroughfare, along which an inexhaustible supply of light dust careered in unwelcome gusts, I was glad to strike into the cross streets which rise with a gentle inclination from the quay. On diverging into these and the adjoining streets which run lengthwise through the town, the stranger will not fail to remark the number of wholesale stores thronged with manufactured articles imported from England, and forming depôts for the supply of the Canadian traders. The aspect of these warehouses, with English and Scotch names at the side of the doors, reminded me of the business alleys behind Cheapside, and demonstrated the commercial character of the place.

In all quarters of Montreal, there are seen substantial indications of advancement, as if modern were pushing out old ideas, and an English outgrowing the original French population. 'When I came to this place thirty years ago,' said a venerable settler from Scotland, 'I scarcely heard a word of English, and could with difficulty find my way; now, matters are entirely changed.' The modernisation of the city has been considerably promoted by a fire which some years ago

committed extensive ravages. A crop of handsome new buildings has sprung up; but with few exceptions, they follow the line of the old and narrow streets, instead of expanding over a larger space of ground. The best street is the Rue Notre Dame, along the centre of the low ridge on which the city has been placed; but it is exceeded in breadth and in elegance of architecture by St James's Street, a little further west. At an open species of square that intervenes between these two streets, we find some of the more important public edifices of the city, including a Roman Catholic cathedral. Everybody has of course heard of this last-mentioned structure, which is said to be the largest place of public worship in the mediæval style of architecture in America. Built of gray stone, with pointed windows, and lofty square towers, seen at a great distance, it is unfortunately plain to baldness, and must give the Canadians but an imperfect notion of such edifices as the cathedrals of Rouen and Antwerp —things of beauty to be remembered for ever. Inside, everything has been sacrificed to congregational accommodation. Fitted with pews and galleries, in order to afford sittings for 10,000 people, it has no pretensions to congruity of character, and with roof and pillars coarsely coloured, it may be said that an effort has been successfully made to render it valueless as a work of art.

At a short distance, in this quarter, there are some good buildings in the Grecian style, among which are more particularly observable two banks and a large new court-house. Montreal, it is proper to state, is a centre of considerable banking operations. From the Bank of British North America (an English concern) and of Montreal, both of a highly respectable character, branches are extended to every town of any importance in Canada. Each issues notes of as low a value as 5s. currency or 4s. sterling; and a note of this kind is popularly equivalent to an American dollar. The maintenance of what is termed *currency*, in the present advanced state of things, is not very intelligible to travellers from the old country. One might see some meaning in the denomination, if there was a correspondingly depreciated coinage in circulation. But excepting the small notes just referred to, and occasionally American dollars, the entire circulating medium consists of English money. Why an ordinary shilling is spoken of as fifteenpence, or how storekeepers, in asking sevenpence-halfpenny for an article, should mean sixpence, is a mystery in finance not easily explained. In my ignorance, I ventured respectfully to suggest to a respectable colonist, that I thought it would only be reasonable to call a shilling a shilling, and change the nominal prices of things accordingly. But I felt, by the reply, that I had trodden on dangerous ground. The method of computation, in which the pound sterling is considered equivalent (strictly) to L.1, 4s. 4d. currency, could not, it seems, bear criticism. Perhaps, then, it is hardly advisable in me to hint to the Canadian and other British American provinces, the propriety of assimilating their money-reckoning to the sterling standard, or of adopting the simple dollar and cent system of the United States, which, for most practical purposes, would be more convenient.

Conducted, first through several banks of an imposing appearance, and then visiting some large libraries, reading-rooms, and other public institutions, I had next a pleasant drive out of town towards the Mountain—the road in a northerly direction taking us amidst lines of detached villas embowered in gardens and flower-plots. As every stranger in London goes to see St Paul's, so all who visit Montreal require to see the Mountain. Of this mountain, the inhabitants are not a little proud; and they have some reason for being so. The hill, which forms a kind of background to Montreal, sheltering it most agreeably from the north, is covered with a profusion of orchards, gardens, and masses of forest trees, and having the lower part disposed in small farms and villa enclosures. Some years ago, the hill and country beyond were scarcely approachable on account of the state of the roads; but now the thoroughfares are kept in the best order by revenues drawn from toll-bars. The establishment of these bars by an ordinance of Lord Sydenham, was loudly exclaimed against by the rural habitans, who, in coming to market, greatly preferred jolts to the dispensing of coppers; but I was told that the tide of opinion against toll-paying had lately undergone a considerable change among these ancient settlers; as they had discovered by the saving of time and other advantages, that the money they paid to the toll-keeper was by no means thrown away.

By one of these improved roads, carried at a moderate height, we are enabled to make a circuit of the whole mountain, and obtain some remarkably fine views over the surrounding country. The scene on the northern side embraces an extensive tract of land, laid out in farms, and dotted over with villages, distinguishable by their churches with tin-covered steeples. From the summit, the eye is able to trace out, in the generally level country, the outlines of the Isle of Montreal, and the Isle Jesu beyond it on the north, as well as the valley of the Ottawa. The river Ottawa, coming out of a region rich in timber, and abounding in picturesque scenery, joins the St Lawrence in a somewhat broken manner, by parting into separate branches, and intersecting the land so as to form the two above-mentioned islands. The Isle of Montreal, about thirty miles in length, and celebrated for its beauty and fertility, was originally gifted by the king of France to the seminary of St Sulpice, to which body the superiority still principally belongs, and is a source of large annual income. Along the southern slopes of the mountain, and favoured by the high temperature in summer, grow those fine varieties of apples—the Fameuse, Pomme Gris, and others—which are the admiration of all strangers. The view from the higher parts of the hill on the south embraces the city and environs in the foreground, with the broad St Lawrence and its shipping, and the extensive tract of country beyond, which includes the pleasant valley of the Richlieu.

The society in Montreal which I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with, did not differ from what one sees in a respectable English town; and from all I could learn, it appeared that notwithstanding many bitter political and religious animosities, the city in its various concerns was making signal progress. The population had increased to about 60,000; and trade of all kinds had been extended in the current year. The completion of the Atlantic and St Lawrence Railway, by opening up a ready means of transit to Portland and Boston, had already given an impetus to improvement; and as steamers will now ply direct to and from England during summer, the opening of a new traffic was confidently anticipated. On many accounts, therefore,

Montreal possesses an animation and hopefulness which could scarcely have been predicated from its past history or the mixed and antagonistic materials in its population. Nor are the interests of practical science and literature forgotten. A museum of the minerals, united with a geological survey of the province, attests the attention paid to an important branch of knowledge. A few weeks before my visit, there had been a large exhibition of improved agricultural implements and livestock. Latterly, there has been added to the educational institutions, a handsomely endowed establishment called the M'Gill College—a kind of university for the higher branches of learning, and in which no tests are exacted. A High School, of earlier origin, has, I am told, been added to it as a preparatory department. The French Roman Catholic body also own some educational establishments of good reputation. So far, there is nothing to complain of in the city; but in Lower Canada generally, the state of education is on a lamentably imperfect footing; for although there is a school law applicable to the province, such is the general ignorance of letters that many local commissioners of education are said to be unable to read or write; and as the rating for schools is under popular control, the habitans find it more agreeable to let their children grow up uninstructed than vote means for their education. On advancing into Western Canada, which is settled by a purely English and Scotch population, the state of affairs is found to be very different.

As regards the actual appearance and character of the original French settlers in the rural districts, or habitans, as they are ordinarily called, I naturally felt some degree of curiosity; and was projecting an excursion into the country, when I was cordially invited to pay a visit to the extensive and interesting seignory of Major T. E. Campbell, situated in the valley of the Richlieu, about nineteen miles south from Montreal. The account of this visit may perhaps give an idea of rural life in this part of Canada, which is essentially different from what prevails in the western portion of the province.

It is unnecessary for me to enter into any details respecting the settlement of Lower Canada by the French, and of the final cession of the country to England in 1763. It is enough to know that Great Britain agreed, by treaty, to respect the religious and other institutions introduced by France; and these accordingly remain, with some modifications, till the present day. One of the social arrangements so preserved, was the method of holding land by feudal tenure. A number of distinguished personages called seigneurs or lords, to whom large tracts of land had been granted, were allowed to partition their property among vassals, who by purchase at entry, and incurring certain obligations, obtained the rights of perpetual heritage. These tracts of land are known as seignories, each retaining the name of the seigneur to whom it originally belonged. The vassal-tenants are technically called *censitaires*. About thirty years after the cession of Canada, the rights of the seigneurs were abridged: they no longer included any species of jurisdiction; and, except where the old seignories prevailed, the principle of freehold tenure was introduced. In the present day, the seignorial claims are not by any means oppressive, although still objectionable as being at variance with modern notions and practices. Not many seigneurs, I was informed, live habitually on their domains, or charge themselves with the personal supervision of their vassals. The management, in various instances, is left to local agents; and on this account I felt some satisfaction in visiting a seignory with a proprietor resident, like a lord of the olden time, in the midst of his retainers.

'You will take the steamer at nine o'clock for Longeuil,' said Major Campbell, in giving me directions to visit his property; 'and there you will find a train in waiting to carry you to St Hilaire, which is the station near to my place.' At the hour appointed, next morning, I accordingly crossed the St Lawrence to Longeuil, a distance of three miles in a diagonal direction down the river, and found a train of cars ready to take the passengers forward, the line of railway being that which communicates with Portland in Maine, and other parts of the United States. The day was dull and hazy, but clear enough to shew the country around; and as the train went at a leisurely pace, I was able to obtain a pretty fair view of the land and its method of treatment.

We go through a district of seignories, the first being that of Longeuil, which extends a number of miles from the river. Settled a hundred and fifty years ago, and long since cleared and enclosed, the country, as we advance, has quite an old appearance, with villages and churches placed at suitable intervals. The land is generally so level, that the railway has been made to a large extent with scarcely any banking or cutting. Onward it goes over fields, enclosed with rail-fences, and entering the valley of the Richlieu, crosses the fine large river of that name by a long wooden bridge. As is usual in all seignorial districts, the holdings of the censitaires consist of long narrow strips of land, projected from the public road. By this plan, each farmer has a convenient frontage to his property; and as all the houses are built in a line on the respective frontages, the people enjoy ample facilities for social converse and amusement. So far this is pleasant; but as every pleasure needs to be paid for, the inhabitants, in proceeding to some portions of their properties, incur the penalty of travelling a long way from home in pursuit of their rural labours. The spectacle presented by these old-fashioned farms was anything but cheering. The small fields, lying in a row, and entered from each other, like a suite of rooms in a French mansion, exhibited a poor kind of husbandry, and to all appearance the principal crop was that of tall weeds growing on the foul and exhausted soil. At one period, the district was known as the granary of Canada; and a merry place it then was no doubt. Now, it is barely able to yield produce for its own support; and poverty, I fear, is the general lot of its inhabitants.

Thus, moralising on the change of times, we reach St Hilaire. Here, at a handsome station, with waiting-rooms and depôts for freight, and a great stack of billets of wood for the use of the locomotive, I found Major Campbell, and gladly accompanied him in a pedestrian excursion over his grounds. When I talk of meeting a Canadian seigneur, I am perhaps expected to describe a spare gentleman in a queue and cocked-hat, a red sash, and a coat which might have been in fashion at the Tuileries in the reign of Louis XV. Changes, however, have come over seigneurs as well as other people. In the gallant major I recognised only a bluff and sound-hearted English officer, rigged out in a shooting-jacket, to brave a threatened drizzle, and, as is usual all over Canada, wearing a pair of stout boots up to the knees, sufficient to encounter every variety of mud and quagmire. How the major should have dropped from Her Majesty's service into the position he now occupies, it is not my business to relate. Formerly secretary to the governor-general, his taste for agriculture, and his marriage with a Canadian lady, may be presumed to form a reason for having invested largely in his present possessions. However this may be, nothing could have been more fortunate for the habitans of St Hilaire than to have obtained such a lord of the manor.

The first thing done was to conduct me to the château, which we reached by a wicket from the railway station and a pathway leading across a shrubbery and paddock. Built of red brick and sandstone, I had before me a handsome and recently erected mansion of large size in the Elizabethan style, with doorway and windows in

the best possible taste. Inside was a capacious hall, with a broad stair of dark wood leading to the upper part of the house. On the level of the hall, doors open on various apartments, including a dining and drawing-room, with floors of polished wood, inlaid in different colours. These handsome apartments are lighted by plate-glass windows, which overlook a green lawn that slopes down to the banks of the Richlieu, about a hundred yards distant. The view of the placid river, resembling the Thames at Fulham, with small sailing vessels passing and repassing, and a village and church spire on the opposite shore, adds much to the amenity of this princely dwelling. On looking around, we feel as if visiting a nobleman's establishment in England or France, and can hardly realise the idea of being in the heart of a country which, only a century and a half ago, was reclaimed from the primeval wilderness. At a short distance from the château has been erected a spacious suite of farm-offices adapted for the highest-class husbandry, and used in connection with a model-farm of 150 acres, which Major Campbell keeps in his own hands. What interested me more than anything else in the château, was an apartment occupied as a business-room. Here, at a table covered with papers, sat an aged Canadian, dressed in a blue coat of antique cut, with white metal buttons—a kind of Owen in the house of Osbaldistone and Co.—and his duties I understood to consist in everlastingly poring over a variety of charter-books and ledgers, and keeping the accounts of the seignory. This ancient worthy spoke nothing but French, and the whole transactions of the concern are conducted in that language.

'There seems to be a great deal of writing connected with the property,' I observed to the major. 'Indeed there is,' he replied. 'Keeping the accounts of a seignory is a business in itself: I will shew you the nature of our affairs.' So saying, several books were obligingly brought into the dining-room, and I set to work to learn the nature of their multifarious details, assisted by the explanations of my kind entertainer.

One of the books, resembling a great broad ledger, consisted of pages partly covered with print in French, with open spaces left for writing. The whole formed a narration of the various holdings of the vassals, with their dates of entry, transfers, extent of tenure, and annual quit-rents. The quantity of land embraced in the seignory, I was informed, is about 32,000 acres, divided among 771 censitaires. Of these, however, only 693 are farmers; the remainder being occupants of houses, orchards, or other small possessions. The annual rent or feu-duty paid for the land is in some instances not more than twopence an acre. But the other obligations are more onerous. At every sale of a tenure, the landlord can demand a fine of a twelfth of the purchase-money; or it is in his option to take the land at the price offered for it. Duties are likewise charged on successions. All the vassals are also obliged to have their grinding done at the mill of the seigneur, who, on his part, is bound to have mills kept in repair for their use. It may easily be supposed that the financial and other operations of such an extensive concern are exceedingly complicated and embarrassing; and nothing but the skill of a diplomatist and the science of an arithmetician could grapple with them. Besides the documents connected with these transactions, Major Campbell shewed me the books he keeps in relation to the farm in his own management. Here were seen the accounts of expenditure on labour and other matters, with an entry of every sale of produce, down to the minutest sums received for dairy articles, according to the best methods of farm book-keeping in England; so that, at the shortest notice, a complete balance-sheet could be exhibited.

I afterwards strolled out with Major Campbell over some of the lands of his tenants, which, in spite of all his remonstrances and advice, are farmed according to old notions, and do not materially differ in appearance from what is observable in adjoining properties. This I expected. The ignorant cannot apprehend abstractions. They require to see a thing done in order to give it full credence. Only a few of the farmers had come the length of believing in the efficacy of the seigneur's operations, as regards draining, manuring, and the proper rotation of crops. Accustomed to be satisfied with a small return for their expenditure and labour, they were astonished to see the large crops produced on the lands farmed by Major Campbell, and were beginning cautiously to follow his example.

The farms terminate on the public highway, which here borders the river; and in the compass of a mile from the gateway of the château, which blocks up the end of the road, I had an opportunity of visiting the houses of several censitaires; taking a look into the village church; examining a girls' school, which, superintended by several Sisters of Charity, has been established by the lady of the seigneur; and, finally, of paying my respects to the curé, a mild, scholarly-looking personage, who dwells in a pretty little mansion in the midst of a garden overlooking the Richlieu.

The day, I have said, was dull, and there was a chilliness in the atmosphere, yet the doors of the houses were generally open, and in the veranda, in front of one of them, sat a farmer smoking a long pipe, while madame was engaged at his side in some kind of knitting. The houses we visited were scrupulously clean, and provided with the heavy kind of old furniture common in the dwellings of the Norman peasantry, which had come down as heirlooms from past generations. I need hardly say that the seigneur was received with politeness and deference, but with none of the obsequiousness observable among certain classes of tenantry in the old country. A lively conversation was commenced in French—the people, for miles around, being totally ignorant of English—and it turned on the state of rural affairs. Major Campbell strongly represented the advantages of subscribing for and reading a cheap agricultural journal, but without avail. It was pretty evident that the good censitaires had no faith in literature, nor would part with a single half-penny for all the information that could be offered them.

Backward as things are seen to be, the enterprising seigneur has sanguine hopes of effecting a considerable improvement in the habits of the people. He is at least untiring in his benevolent efforts, and deserves a more genial field of operation. One of his branches of revenue is from the manufacture of sugar from the sap of the maple-trees which ornament, with their glowing foliage, the picturesque and isolated hill of Belôeil, situated within a short distance of his château. In summer, parties of pleasure from Montreal visit this lofty mountain, and climb by a steep and winding-path to the top, from which there is a most extensive prospect over the adjacent country. Pious devotees also make a pilgrimage to the hill, on which there are stations where certain appointed prayers are repeated. At the base of the ascent is a small and beautiful lake, whence water is constantly flowing to turn the mills of the seignory.

Having spent a day agreeably, I bade adieu to Major Campbell, and by an evening train returned to Montreal. It required no depth of reflection to perceive that the system of seignorage, of which I had seen a favourable specimen, was entirely out of date in the present day, and that, for the sake of general advancement, it could not be too soon abolished. The subject, indeed, has already engaged the consideration of the provincial legislature; and, in all probability, a scheme for the extinction of seignorial claims, by valuing and constituting them a redeemable mortgage on the respective tenures, will, at no distant day, pass into a law. Major Campbell stated that he would have no objection to some such equitable adjustment; and it is

possible that the opposition to a remedy of this nature will be presented less by the seigneurs than their apparently willing and contented vassals. As things stand, the evil is not confined to the tracts of seigniorial territory—extending, I believe, to nearly eight millions of acres—but affects the whole of the lands, granted and ungranted, in Lower Canada. Enterprising and intelligent men will not, to any large extent, settle in a neighbourhood in which the French language and usages prevail. Protestants, it is true, are legally exempted from the tithes levied by the Roman Catholic church; but the very atmosphere which hovers round these ecclesiastical arrangements is obnoxious in popular estimation. In some quarters of the country, and more particularly in the eastern townships, very considerable advances are made in agricultural management, and the progress of the colony in trade, shipping, and intercommunication, is to be mentioned with much satisfaction. The state of affairs, however, in the rural districts generally, through the deadening influences that have been referred to, is far from creditable. In short, until the seignories are broken up, as a first and essential step to the introduction of the English tongue among the farming population, this fine part of Canada, so far as I can see, must remain an alien and unknown country to the mass of British emigrants who pour in a ceaseless stream across the Atlantic.

W. C.

PRESS-GANGS OF THE LAST WAR.

The most hateful and terrible word to a seaman's ear is *press-gang*. There is nothing he so abhors and dreads as impressment; and no wonder. Whether, in the event of a great naval war, in which England would play her usual leading part, our navy can be efficiently manned without impressment, or whether the government would venture to resort anew to so extreme a measure, are questions we do not propose to discuss at length. We understand that some high naval authorities profess to believe, that even at this day impressment would be absolutely necessary; but we individually think otherwise, and we also think that the nation would no longer sanction such a thing.* It is asserted that the Sailor-king, William IV., peremptorily refused a well-earned reward to Captain Marryat, R.N., because that gentleman had written a pamphlet against impressment, and had also exposed its horrors and evils in one or more of his popular novels. His majesty was brought up in the old school; but we trust that a decided majority of the present naval authorities are more alive to the fact, that it is far better policy to obtain crews by persuasion than force—and, we may add, far easier too. In illustration of this, we can here give one little anecdote, related to us by our father, who was a witness of the affair. About the year 1792, the magistrates of a port on the east coast of England received notice of the intention of the Admiralty to send a press-gang to that town—an infliction from which it had hitherto been spared. The dreaded intelligence spread like wild-fire, and then ensued a scene unhappily too common at that epoch. Seamen deserted their vessels, and shipwrights and other mechanics threw down their tools, and fled inland. Able-bodied men of every calling among the lower classes did the same, for no one was safe—apprentices alone being protected by law. In those times, however, the press-gangs did not stickle much about law: likely young men of education and respectability were not unfrequently seized and dragged on board the tenders, and thence drafted, despite all their remonstrances, to different men-of-war. Rarely was there any redress, for, ere their friends could make interest for their release, they would probably be sailing the seas under martial-law. Numbers of the fugitives alluded to hid themselves in the town and neighbourhood, and yet more wandered about the country, skulking in the fields and woods by day, and sleeping in barns and under haystacks at night, whilst their wives and families in the town went about nearly frantic. This lasted for a while; and at length the magistrates, finding the town almost deserted by the working population, and business at a stand-still, had recourse to a wise and prudent measure. The expected press-gang had not yet arrived, and the local authorities wrote to the Admiralty or to the government—no matter which—offering to raise immediately *one hundred men* for the navy, free of all expense to the country, on the one sole condition, that the town should be spared the presence of the terrible press-gang. This offer was promptly accepted, and made known to the people; and the trembling fugitives and skulkers then ventured to shew themselves. Now, mark the sequel. The mayor of the town dressed himself in sailor attire, and, with a cutlass in his hand, paraded the streets with a band of music, Union-jack, &c., exhorting true patriots to fight for their king and country, and offering a bounty for *volunteers*. In a few days, the full quota was raised; and it was a most striking and significant fact, that the very men who had previously been particularly noted for their extreme horror of impressment, were among the first and most eager to volunteer! This decisively shews, that one reason why seamen and others had such an absorbing terror of being compelled to serve in men-of-war, was, that they felt impressment to be a virtual annihilation of their rights as citizens, and a galling insult to their manhood. Persuasion is ever preferable to force, and more potent in the long-run.

Hitherto, the present generation has happily known nothing, by experience, of the doings of press-gangs; and it is only by conversing with our fathers and grandfathers, that we can comprehend the reasons why the very name of impressment filled the country with terror. The fellows who composed the gangs were usually the greatest ruffians and desperadoes that could be selected; and their leaders were in many cases men especially fitted for an employment from which more honourable-minded officers would shrink with disgust. The rule was, to kidnap seamen, if possible; but if they were not obtainable, able-bodied men of any sort were to be seized—realising the saying, that the hulks and the gallows refuse nobody. There is a story told—likely enough to be true—that a press-gang seized a well-dressed man, and were hurrying him off, when he indignantly denied their right to molest him, on the ground that he was a gentleman. 'Ay, ay,' was the comfortable reply, 'we knows it, my hearty: you are just the very man we want, d'ye see, for we have such a set of topping blackguards aboard the tender, that we want a gentleman to teach 'em manners! So top your boom, and along with ye!' The rule with the gentlemen of the press-gang was,

* That press-gangs are yet held out *in terrorem*, is proved by the circumstance, that one of the advantages mentioned to induce men to enlist in the sea-fencibles recently raised along the coast of Scotland, is, that during their five years of service they are to be free from any risk of impressment.

to knock a man down, and then bid him stand, in the king's name; and no description could possibly exaggerate their habitual brutality and recklessness. Is it not most revolting to be told, that many a poor sailor who had just returned home after years of absence, was pinioned like a felon almost the instant he set foot ashore, and dragged off to the tender or guard-ship, to be thence speedily transferred to a man-of-war; or that he was torn from the arms of his shrieking wife and family in the dead of the night, and if he offered the slightest resistance, half-murdered, or even, as it sometimes happened, killed outright? These things took place daily for years in and around all our large seaport towns, and *raids* were made from time to time to sweep the smaller ports and coasting-towns.

Galt gives us a faithful glimpse of these frightful proceedings in a chapter of his *Provost*, from which we will here extract a scene apparently drawn from the life: 'I opened the window, and looked out, but all was still; the town was lying in the defencelessness of sleep, and nothing was heard but the clicking of the town-clock in the steeple over our heads. By and by, however, a sough and pattering of feet was heard approaching; and shortly after, in looking out, we saw the press-gang, headed by their officers, with cutlasses by their side, and great club-sticks in their hands. They said nothing; but the sound of their feet on the silent stones of the causey was as the noise of a dreadful engine. They passed, and went on; and all that were with me in the council, stood at the windows and listened. In the course of a minute or two after, two lassies, with a callan, that had been out, came flying and wailing, giving the alarm to the town. Then we heard the driving of the bludgeons on the doors, and the outcries of terrified women; and presently after we saw the poor chased sailors running in their shirts, with their clothes in their hands, as if they had been felons and blackguards caught in guilt, and flying from the hands of justice. The town was awakened with the din as with the cry of fire, and lights came starting forward, as it were, to the windows. The women were out with lamentations and vows of vengeance. I was in a state of horror unspeakable. Then came some three or four of the press-gang with a struggling sailor in their clutches, with nothing but his trousers on—his shirt riven from his back in the fury. Syne came the rest of the gang and their officers, scattered, as it were, with a tempest of mud and stones, pursued and battered by a troop of desperate women and weans, whose fathers and brothers were in jeopardy. And these were followed by the wailing wife of the pressed man, with her five bairns, clamouring, in their agony, to Heaven against the king and government for the outrage. I couldna listen to the *fearful justice* of their outcry, but sat down in a corner of the council-chamber with my fingers in my ears.' It would be easy for us to add other vivid and exciting pictures of the same kind; but let the above suffice.

Towards the close of the last war there were no less, according to an authority, than forty-five regular press-gang stations in Great Britain. But the domestic impressment was only one portion of the system. Ships-of-war, being continually short-handed, and absolutely requiring men by any means, were perpetually stopping British merchant-vessels on the seas, and forcibly taking from them their best hands, frequently not leaving sufficient men to navigate the vessel to her destination. British frigates even pressed foreign seamen from the public wharfs of neutral ports; and an American writer asserts, that 'in certain cases, where Americans were concerned, when *protections* were found on their persons, these were destroyed; and to prevent the American consul from claiming his fellow-countrymen, the press-gang generally went ashore the night before the sailing of the frigate, so that the kidnapped seamen were far out at sea before they could be missed by their friends.' Lieutenant Tomlinson, an English navy-officer, says that on one occasion, not less than 3000 seamen fled ashore in a panic from the colliers between Yarmouth Roads and the Nore.

And what, after all, was the result of this tyrannical mode of recruiting? Captain Marryat says, that at the close of the last great war, a full third of all the crews of the king's ships were landsmen and boys! Moreover, great numbers of men in the fleets were offscourings of the jails and workhouses. What with their horror of impressment, and what with being appalled by the iron discipline then maintained in the navy, able seamen, when in their sober senses, could hardly be got to enter of their own accord, and they adopted the most unheard-of schemes to avoid impressment—in which, it is said, the best men generally succeeded. Most important, also, is it to bear in mind, that pressed men never did their duty heartily. Open mutiny they might be deterred from, but they had their revenge in underhand ways. In time of action, they fought very sullenly, hardly caring to exert themselves at all for their country, and even desiring the British flag to be dishonoured, as though they considered that to be some retribution for their individual wrongs. For instance, it is asserted—but we cannot vouch for its truth, although we have no doubt that similar cases really did occur—that after the British frigate *Macedonian* was captured by the Americans, on examining those of her guns remaining undischarged, it was found that in some instances the wad was rammed against the cartridge without intercepting the ball! This certainly might have happened by accident in the heat and hurry of a losing contest, but the impression was that it had been deliberately done by pressed men out of malignant revenge. Cases also have been officially reported of discoveries made previous to going into action of guns being maimed and disabled in various ways, and the presumption was that disaffected pressed men were the delinquents. Indeed, it is hardly in human nature for a man to do his duty with right-down good-will for his country and her cause, when he has been forced into the service, and kept in it by the exercise of despotic powers foreign in their operation to the spirit of the laws of the land.

We again assert our belief, that if England should once more be engaged in a great war, it will be quite practicable to man our fleets without the intervention of the hateful system of impressment. As already mentioned, one very powerful reason why most sailors were so bitterly averse to enter men-of-war, was the terrible severity of the discipline. But at the present day the British navy has been improved, and the condition of the seamen ameliorated, to a degree which those of Nelson's time would have deemed incredible. Our men-of-war's men no longer groan under irresponsible oppression; the *cat* is rarely used, and corporal punishment is every year going more and more out of fashion; the officers treat the men more humanely and kindly; and so far as the personal comfort of the crew is concerned, a man-of-war now a days is incomparably superior to what it was forty years ago. All these favourable changes are pretty well known to our seamen; and as we are sure they do not lack patriotic spirit as a body, only set before them the imperative need their country has of their services, and guarantee them good usage and fair remuneration, and they will not hang back in the hour of need. Really good seamen know their own value, and are not disposed to brook despotic tyranny—they may easily be led, but they will not submit to be driven. Deal frankly with them, and they will as frankly respond; attempt to coerce them, and they will indignantly recoil. This is natural, and it is right. Impressment serves only to fill our fleets with worthless or discontented men—it

is opposed to every principle of justice and humanity —it is impolitic as well as cruel and immoral—and never again, as we hope and trust, will it be resorted to in this country. One thing at least we are sure of —by proper management, *impressment is unnecessary.*

MAGYAR LITERATURE.*

To comprehend a literature even so imperfect and scanty as that of the Magyars, it is necessary to have studied the history of the people. When they first made their appearance in Europe, they were pagans in religion, and little better than savages in character and manners. If, therefore, we bestow the name of literature on the wild songs, whether warlike or convivial, which then prevailed among them, we may form some idea of its nature from an examination of the analogous compositions now existing among tribes who are still immersed in a similar state of barbarism; for example, the Kirghis-Kajaks, the Turkomans, and Mongols, inhabitants of the countries from which the Magyars originally migrated.

This examination will induce us to experience but little regret for the loss of the old Hungarian ballads as literary productions, though they would undoubtedly have proved extremely useful to the historians of Hungary. They have, however, totally disappeared; and all that remains of the indigenous literature of the land, consists of a few dry chronicles, a few extremely modern novels, and two or three collections of poetry, chiefly songs, and short narrative poems, of various degrees of merit.

When a nation has not developed its intellect, it may not be difficult to enumerate a variety of reasons in order to account for the phenomenon. In the present case, the native writers, with patriotic earnestness, attribute their literary poverty chiefly to their geographical position, which, by exposing them to perpetual invasions, both from the east and from the west, has always tended to check the cultivation of the mind. It might, perhaps, be more philosophical to seek the cause in the original constitution of the people themselves. None of the Asiatic tribes north of the Caucasus, if we except the Turks, has exhibited much opulence of imagination. All the inhabitants of Turkestan, subsequent at least to the Mohammedan invasion, have successfully cultivated letters, and distinguished themselves especially in poetry. This may be partly owing to the exciting traditions and prolific superstitions of El Islam; but it is still more strongly traceable, we think, to the natural temperament of the tribes—ardent, enterprising, enthusiastic, full of devotion for women, addicted to romantic adventures, and animated, above all things, by ambition to acquire distinction in arms. The other nations of central Asia, though not without their songs and ballads, have never elevated themselves above what may be termed the primitive stratum of literature; and, to speak the truth frankly, the Hungarians, though encamped in Europe, would appear in this respect to resemble strongly the cognate populations of the East. Up to a very late period, the desire to think systematically does not appear to have existed among them; and when it sprung up, it did not proceed from the internal workings of the national mind, but was an impulse received from without. Hungary has consequently no indigenous literature, though several men, imbued with a true love of country, and possessing more than ordinary abilities, have arisen within the last eighty years, and attempted to awaken the intellectual energies of the nation. Properly speaking, therefore, the ideas of the Magyars may be regarded as yet in the bud, from which we may infer that they have before them a future—or, in other words, that they are still in the throes of political birth. Mr Szabad, in his able and interesting work, strongly favours this view of the subject. The early portion of his narrative is purely introductory: he takes up the story of his people at the period of their political reawakening in the reign of Joseph II., and gives breadth and depth to the stream of events as it rolls towards our own days. He belongs essentially to what may be termed Young Hungary; and therefore, while preserving the hereditary fondness of his race for the land of his nativity, cherishes all those civil and social theories from which must be henceforward derived the vitality of European states. We consequently trust that his lectures may find a large acceptance in this country, as they will, without difficulty, enable the historical and political student to comprehend the whole Hungarian question, and qualify him to speculate rationally on the future fortunes of the Magyars.

Going back to the latter part of the eighteenth century, Mr Szabad thus connects the biography of Kazinczy with the transition of the Magyars from the ancient to the modern period of their history: 'The dead Latin, rendered predominant since the time of St Stephen, and zealously cultivated by the clergy and laity, to the almost entire neglect of the living idiom, experienced the first shock from Francis Kazinczy, the founder of modern Hungarian prose. Kazinczy reached the age of manhood at the time of the general effeminacy of the nobles, and when Joseph II. strove to sweep away the last remains of historical and traditionary Hungary. This latter circumstance, as may be imagined, served only to redouble the energy of Kazinczy in treading the path of literary reform upon which he had determined. To meet the common cry of the shallow pedants who, desirous of hiding their ignorance in a dead idiom, expatiated on the poverty of the Hungarian tongue, Kazinczy began by collecting the numerous expressions which had fallen into disuse, and by purging the native idiom from many Latin words that had crept into it in the lapse of ages. By the aid of his *neological* powers, he soon astonished his countrymen with productions adorned with all the niceties of grammar and euphony, coupled with variety and elegance in expression. As far back as the year 1788, Kazinczy started a periodical, entitled the *Magyar Museum*, the first production of that kind in the Hungarian language. This was, a few years later, followed by another, named the *Orpheus*, which was crowned with equal success. The activity of Kazinczy soon attracted the attention of the government, which saw in the slightest effort at reflection in politics or religion, some hidden revolutionary spirit, and thought that from wit and elegance of language there might spring up regicides and demagogues. While living peaceably in the house of his mother, in the county of Zemplin, Kazinczy was seized by an armed force, and thrown into prison. The Regal Court of Pesth sentenced this man of letters, accused of revolutionary plottings, to death —a sentence which, by special grace, was commuted into seven years' imprisonment (1794–1801). After having spent the days of his captivity in the prisons of Brunn, Kufstein, and Menkass, Kazinczy resumed his task with increased vigour. Of his poetical productions, the most successful are his epigrams and satires, which were not a little influential in stirring up the slumbering spirit of Hungarian society; while his prose works, treating chiefly of historical, æsthetic, and philosophical subjects, had no small share in dispelling prejudice and refining the taste. In order to exhibit the riches of the Hungarian idiom, and improve the national taste by one and the same means, Kazinczy applied with all his might to the translation of foreign classics; and the master-creations and beauties of Shakspeare, Ossian, Lessing, and Goethe, were soon resounded in the language of Arpad.'

* *Hungary Past and Present, Embracing its History from the Magyar Conquest to the Present Time. With a Sketch of Hungarian Literature.* By Emeric Szabad, late Secretary under the Hungarian National Government of 1849. Edinburgh: Black. 1854.

From that time to the present, the Magyar mind has exhibited symptoms of activity, if not always a progress; but it is perfectly clear—and to this idea the hopes of the nation should cling—that the great writers of Hungary are yet to come. They are perhaps even now lisping at their mother's knee, or launching diminutive boats of paper or rushes on the Danube. Come, however, they will, as they receive into their hearts the true inspiration of nationality, and mould their thoughts, not after the German or French, or even English fashion, but in conformity with the promptings of the mind that came with Arpad from the Caucasus; but elevated, refined, and enlarged by the new forms of civilisation.

All races when engaged in the work of their own intellectual emancipation, accomplish the first part of the process by poetry. One of the most curious sections of Mr Szabad's book describes how this has been done among the Magyars. He separates the metrical wealth of his country into two portions—one belonging to the period of what may be called the revolutionary crisis; the other, subsequent, and embodying the hopes and aspirations of Young Hungary. As is perfectly natural, he gives the preference to the latter; and in some respects, perhaps, he may be right, because the contemporary poets have embodied in their writings the spirit of resistance to oppression, together with all that is enlarged and noble in the Hungarian mind. But their productions are necessarily invested with so peculiar a character, that they are less adapted to the tastes of foreign nations than poems expressing universal sympathies. Accordingly, we look with greater pleasure on the works published previously to the period of political excitement; not that we share more completely in the opinions expressed, but that they would appear to be a more genuine growth of Parnassus. Making allowance for the unavoidable disguise of a translation, we think the following piece will be admitted to possess much merit:—

SECRET SORROW.

My soul is troubled with an ancient sorrow,
Which grows again anew; and glowing themes,
Gathering afresh, o'ershadow me with dreams
Of a mysterious darkness on the morrow.

I fain would weep, and yet can find no tears—
Nought but the broken sigh and stifled groan:
These are the tenants of my heart alone,
And their deep underminings steal my years.

O that the tears, joy's freshening tears would fall!
They come not to the weak and wounded breast,
They rush both forward from the fount of rest.
If thou art not than marble harder all,
Know that the silent pang, the grief that speaks not,
Is of all woes the deadliest—and to bear
The heart that throbs and burns, while yet it breaks not,
Is worse than death—for death a blessing were.

This, in spirit, bears some resemblance to the melancholy of Petrarch; and, in all probability, its author, Dayka, who died at the age of twenty-eight, felt he was writing under the shadow of the cyprus. The following is a far more buoyant, but at the same time, ruder outbreak of inspiration:—

THE COTTAGER'S SONG.

No elegant palace God raised o'er my head,
Rich tapestry gave not, nor silk to my bed;
But a cottage of peace, and a rude healthy life,
And, to crown my enjoyments, a brown, cheerful wife;
And love makes it taste more delightfully sweet.

When our labours are ended, together we rest,
And each to the other's bare bosom is prest;
The sun rises up, and we rise full of joy,
Full of strength to the busy day's wonted employ.
Then the spring dawns in green, and the fields smile anew,
And every fresh floweret is dripping with dew;
And the song of the lark pours its melodies sweet,
Like the freshness of zephyr on summer's close heat.
Then comes the gray vintage—the red grapes we bear,
And alike of the labour and recompense share.
The winter puts on its white robes—we retire
At even—and bend o'er our own cottage fire;
My Sari turns round the gay spindle, and sings;
And out of our happiness time makes its wings.
I have handicraft labours, and, happy the thought,
For this pay no taxes to Germans nor aught.
The Sabbath comes round, and, in holiday gear,
I go to God's dwelling, then quietly steer
To the kortsma,* where, cheered by a wine-loving brother,
We pledge a full glass, and we laugh with each other,
Get warm, and we call on the gipsies to play.
I know of no care, roll the world as it may;
I nothing am owed, and to nobody owe;
Hurting none, none will hurt me; so smiling we go
On the rude path of life; when its labours are past,
Death will find us both ready and cheerful at last.

Looking back over the Magyar annals, it would appear natural, however, to expect a Muse very different in character from this. The old barbarians, when they swept like a hurricane along the northern coasts of the Black Sea, and poured into the province of Pannonia, were inspired by a spirit more like that of the Hurons or Iroquois than the soft singers of Italy. The fiercest notes, therefore, that ever clanged from the lyre of Greece, even in the most warlike period of her history, could scarcely be sufficiently stern and grim to express the sentiments of the warriors who founded the Magyar state. We borrow from Mr Szabad a passage which may truly be said to furnish a key to their national character:—'The country which they prepared to take possession of, and the central part of which was then called Pannonia, was broken up into small parts, and inhabited by races dissimilar in origin and language—as Sclavonians, Walachians, a few Huns and Avars, as well as some Germans. Before commencing the conquest, the Magyars entered into a compact which throws some light on their general character. This compact consisted of the following points:—

'1*st*. The chief power was to be hereditary in the family of Arpad (their leader); while the power of the chiefs of the respective tribes was to be hereditary also.

'2*d*. Each successive prince was obliged to undergo an election, before assuming the supreme power.

'3*d*. Treason or faithlessness on the part of the chief of the state was to be punished with banishment, and in the case of the chiefs of the tribes, with death.

'4*th*. The fruits of the conquest were to be divided according to merit in the work of the conquest.

'Nor did these stern barbarians despatch this solemn agreement with a mere verbal oath. In the centre of a circle was placed a rude vessel of hollowed stone; around it stood the assembled chiefs of the tribes. Then Arpad, first baring his arm, pierced it with the point of his falchion, till the blood flowed into the basin of stone. The chiefs of the tribe followed his example in succession, till the vessel reeked with the warm blood. Each man then put his lips to the bowl, and quaffing the mingled draught, they testified in the presence of the high sun, which they worshipped, their solemn purpose to conquer or die together.'

This shews better than any number of poetical specimens, the original temper and disposition of the

* Inn, in Hungarian.

Magyar race, formed rather for martial exploits than for the arts and refinements of peace. Their literature, therefore, should be bold, irregular, impassioned, averse from trivial ornaments—the very reverse of that which prevails in Germany. This character it has been of late assuming; but no one with adequate poetical powers has hitherto undertaken to transfer the genuine strains of the Hungarian Muse into the English language.

CIVIL STRATAGEMS.

THAT 'all stratagems are right in love and war,' is a proverb, to the moral soundness of which one would not care to stand pledged. There are, however, other fields for modern ingenuity, and a variety of stratagems on record, which, having been devised neither in love nor in war, may be regarded as belonging to the civil service of mankind. That manœuvring is the established practice of deceivers gay and grave, is one of those facts which nobody can deny; but tricks have been occasionally employed for honest purposes, and though moralists might differ touching the lawfulness of such machinery, the details are decidedly amusing. Moreover, it is a woful truth that in this wicked world—which, in common with all sensible seniors, we know to be growing worse every day since we were young—honesty to the word and letter is next to an impossible policy. There is a spice of the serpent's wisdom wanted sometimes in most lives, either to keep the peace or hold people's own. Nobody, to our knowledge, has yet ranked artifice among the virtues, and it is a weapon not to be held in honour, yet one will be more than amused at its successful employment in unveiling pretext or defeating injustice.

Would not the frankest soul in Britain sympathise with a runaway negro, who bought himself very cheap from the unrecognising speculator as 'an ugly lazy dog not worth catching?' Are there many that would not mentally congratulate the nabob who came home with such a well-formed tale of shipwreck and ruin, that none of his hitherto attentive kindred were found willing to encourage him, except a far-out cousin with a very small shop and a very large family? and is there not something refreshing to the lovers of fair play after the abundantly recorded stratagems of gentlemen always in difficulties, to see an honest tradesman recovering his little account by some light manœuvre of similar dexterity?

The ingenious baker, who, from the pit of the Italian Opera, reminded an aristocratic debtor in the boxes of his three years' bill, furnished a strong example of this kind; but a scheme quite as successful, though involving less publicity, was executed by a London upholsterer some years ago. He had furnished one of those villas which rise by thousands on the skirts of the metropolis in a rather expensive style, to suit the taste of the occupant, which was strong for fashion and finery; but, unfortunately, the gentleman entertained a companion predilection for letting accounts remain unsettled; and after two years' dunning, the worthy tradesman found that there was no chance of getting paid without the help of law. To law, accordingly, he had recourse; an execution was obtained, but how to serve it became the difficulty. The gentleman in demand had more reasons than that for keeping within doors—moreover, his front entrance was kept securely locked, and nobody admitted without careful scrutiny from behind the venetians. The sheriff's-officer was at his wits' end, till the upholsterer found out that his inaccessible friend had a relation in the country. We know not whether the custom of previous years suggested the scheme to him, but with or without such suggestion, he packed a hamper at the approach of Christmas-time, so poultry-like, that most people would have said 'Turkeys!' at the first sight of it. The sheriff's-officer, in porter's guise, wheeled it along in his hand-cart; and being reconnoitered as usual, was at once admitted with the present, when he served the execution, and the bill was '*arranged* for' *instanter*.

The stratagems of trade have been long proverbial for both number and variety. It may be a business-like conclusion, but for aught we could ever learn, there is nothing that sharpens the wits of mankind like some prospect of pecuniary profit. Under that influence, expedients which statesmen might have envied in the palmy days of diplomacy, will be devised and executed by the most middling man of one's acquaintance. The very Jacks and Joes of creation will exhibit an inventive genius and fertility of resource, to which it is our regret that many poets are strangers; and what is still more remarkable, stratagems in the money-getting art are rarely perfect failures. One of the most original of the kind within our remembrance, was that of an individual who might be called either Jack or Joe; but he was a Cornish man and a solicitor. The lawyer had left the land of tin as a field sufficiently occupied, and settled himself in a Bristol partnership; but whether the firm was friendless, unskilful, or merely unlucky, clients were not numerous, and the business scarcely paid. Our solicitor, however, found time to establish a business on his own account. He recollected that his native Penzance was remarkable—perhaps owing to its sea-air and open country—for the number of people who attained to extreme old age: this length of days seemed to be an heirloom in certain families, many of whom belonged to the humblest rank. In his visits, which now became frequent and regular, to the little town, the solicitor took a singular and most friendly interest in his ancient neighbours. With one after another of the oldest inhabitants he made or renewed acquaintance, talked to them of the good old times, inquired particularly into the number of their years, including those of their fathers and grandfathers; made them presents of choice snuff, tobacco, and other trifles equally acceptable, and always concluded with an invitation to accompany him to Bristol, which, in old Cornwall fashion, they regarded as the London of the west; promising to shew them the wonders of the city, and send them safe back. Most of the venerable residenters had never passed the bounds of their native county; but the lawyer contrived to furnish them with strong reasons for accepting his invitation. The prevailing one was a change of air, and its sanitary consequences: besides the honour was not small, and grandeur has charms for the grayest head. In short, some score successively visited Bristol under his conduct, each and all returning with the same account—that they had seen the great church, the market, and the lord mayor's house; that their entertainer's ale was strong, and he had shewn them to a great Bristol doctor, just for the credit of Cornwall. Thus things went on well, till, in an evil hour, the solicitor dismissed, for some breach of discipline, his confidential clerk, who, being a neighbour's son, returned to seek the sympathy of his friends; and took that opportunity to inform the seniors of Penzance, that his quondam employer had largely increased his income by annuities cheaply purchased from certain insurance offices on their long-drawn lives. The popular ferment which this intelligence created, had not been equalled since the French were said to be off Land's End; but it was among the more antiquated residents that the agitation reached its climax. Concerning the laws of

insurance they knew nothing, but no eloquence could have convinced them or their relatives that they had not been deceived and swindled out of some rightful inheritance. The ex-clerk became the willing medium of all their appeals, complaints, and vituperations. Some threatened prosecution for designs against their lives; some, but they were the fewest, determined to fall sick and die immediately. The scrutiny of insurance-offices, thus awakened, discovered certain flaws in the lawyer's able management, which made him agree to hush the matter up, and retire from that game of speculation with very little profit. It is said that the simple elders lived and died in the faith of his having made a fortune at their expense; that their descendants long lamented the legacies they might have inherited; and that some of them turned Chartists, because the rich were allowed to rob the poor in such a fashion.

Blown-up stratagems even in business are apt to leave strange trails behind them. Our trading times have doubtless many a tale as curious as that of the Cornish solicitor; but we congratulate ourselves and friends that the scope of contrivance is not yet bounded by the turning of the penny. All-important as is that ancient art, and never likely to be lost among us, its odd tricks are seldom so entertaining or so justifiable as those which ingenious minds are called upon to practise by the small exigencies of social life. When an unmitigated bore has caught one by the button, figuratively or otherwise, the necessities of the case will sometimes suggest striking expedients. A venerable marquis of our time was once in his youth secured between a notable French author and his lady, while the former read with great emphasis and deliberation a new novel, in which his lordship had not the slightest interest, although politeness required that he should listen and be 'charmed' for the evening. The reading had continued for almost two hours, and the young Englishman had thought in desperation of half-a-dozen agreeable places where he might have been, when madame's tortoise-shell cat walked in with a loud mew. Up started the guest, apparently in great indignation at such an interruption, seized the cat, and rushed out with it under his arm: but he never returned to hear the dénouement of that novel.

Small stratagems have been found effectual against follies which good sense and reason might combat in vain. The empire of hoops and rouge is said to have received its first shock from three old rag-gatherers whom certain Parisian wits induced to appear in that costume at the dust-heaps. Our known respect for all that concerns the ladies precludes a suspicion of complicity, but we have heard bold men wishing that the sweeping skirts and retiring bonnets which disturb the peace of the present generation, could be mitigated by some such practical satire. Those who, like ourselves, acknowledge skirts and bonnets to be matters beyond their depth, will rather enjoy an adroit manœuvre played off on one of the ruder and more dangerous follies of men. Soon after the Bourbon restoration, duelling became the first fashion in Paris. A school of complete fire-eaters rose among the young Royalist officers, who felt themselves overlooked by the veterans of the Empire, and resolved on fighting their way to consideration. One morning, a special champion entering the Café Français, looked round him, and remarked in a tone of disappointment: 'There is no one here worth trying one's sword on!'

'You are mistaken, sir,' said an old gentleman in spectacles, holding out his card, and receiving that of the officer. The latter esteemed himself highly on being born a count, but his new antagonist was a marquis, and could boast both birth and battles. 'Monsieur,' said he, 'I rise very late, and never put myself out of the way for anything. We will fight, if you please, to-morrow at noon.' Then calling the waiter, he placed in his hand the officer's card, and a bill for 2000 francs, with this order: 'Go to the *Pompes Funèbres*, and order a funeral in the highest style to this gentleman's name and address. The burial will be the day after to-morrow. I will have M. le Comte buried as if he were a marquis.'

The immediate preparations for his own funeral struck the young officer with sudden terror, and probably made him think for the first time. The duel did not come off, for he apologised, and, it is said, was a wiser and quieter man ever after.

There are no stratagems more successful or amusing in detail than those that happen to be laid on certain peculiarities of character. When Coleridge, Southey, and Charles Lamb were fellow-scholars of Christ's Church, they escaped many a penalty of false quantities and forgotten syntax through an ingenious device of the head-master's helpmate. Her husband, besides being a rigid disciplinarian, stood high on the special prerogatives of man. It was a principle with him never to admit female interference, and he felt called upon to shew the boys an example in this respect that should be useful in their future lives. Perfectly understanding that phase of his mind, the clever and kind-hearted lady made it her business to pop in her head at the school-room door when particular severities were going forward with: 'Punish them soundly, doctor; I advise you!' whereon the head-master's weapon was immediately laid aside, and the delinquents sent back to their benches, to signify his contempt for the 'monstrous regiment of women.' In what manner the boys most profited by that great example, never occurred to his learning-laden mind. Perhaps Greek roots and Latin prosody pressed too heavily on it, but many head-masters there be in the school of life, who, though troubled with neither Greek nor Latin, are, like the worthy doctor, manageable only through contradiction. Popular tradition has indeed long accounted this characteristic as being peculiar to the fair sex, and we will confess to have heard of some striking instances; but the ladies have not the love of contraries all to themselves. For their special information, let us observe, that few of what are called sensible men know how far their own way would lose its charms in case it were very strongly recommended. Our faith is firm in that discreet dame who released her son from a gay widow's thrall by reiterated commands to think of no one else; and though such doings have not the unchanging beauty of truth about them, it is more than probable that they form an essential part of domestic policy as the most civil of stratagems.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the excitement consequent on the meeting of parliament, and the imminence of war, science and art have not stood still; and well it is that they have a momentum of their own, for, as Lord Aberdeen observed, war would be the more to be dreaded were it permitted to hinder civil and social ameliorations. It will be interesting to watch the development of new energies and ingenuities in presence of the eager activities about to be called into play to punish the wily Muscovite. Those who remember the last war, will remember, also, the impulse it gave to scientific discoveries. Amid all this bustle, however, the authorities are not forgetful of calmer duties; a store-ship is being fitted in readiness to accompany the *Phœnix* steamer to Wellington Channel, so that our arctic explorers may not want for food on their return-voyage, for they are all to be recalled. The Admiralty now believes that enough has been done in the search for Sir John

Franklin, and on the last day of the present month, the gallant veteran's name will be struck off the books; and so, whatever may be the flattery of conjecture, we must regard him as a hero dead upon the field where he won most of his renown. The Americans, on their part, are more hopeful: they consider that the missing party have not been looked for where they were most likely to be found; and Dr Kane, whose book on the *Grinnell Expedition* is the best ever written about the polar regions and their marvellous phenomena, has pushed well up to the north on the western coast of Greenland, from whence, in the coming spring, he will start with a boat-party, cross the pole, if possible, and look for the *Erebus* and *Terror* among the islands which lie off Behring's Strait. Who would not wish success to such an enterprise?

Of scientific matters, we may mention, first, Professor W. Thomson's additions to a subject that came before the last meeting of the British Association—namely, the cooling of apartments in hot climates by a method which government is to be asked to introduce into their establishments in India. Professor Thomson having, as is known, been engaged in researches on the dynamical values of heat, now shews that a machine may be constructed to be worked by water or steam, which, with properly contrived valves, and ingress or egress pipes, would serve either for heating or cooling an apartment. Such a machine, expending not more than one-thirty-fifth of the energy of the heat imparted, would raise or lower the temperature 30 degrees above or below that of the atmosphere; and he points out how 'a current of warm air at such a temperature as is convenient for heating and ventilating a building may be obtained mechanically, either by water-power without any consumption of coal, or by means of a steam-engine driven by a fire burning actually less coal than is capable of generating, by its combustion, the required heat; and, secondly, how, with similar mechanical means, currents of cold air, such as might undoubtedly be used with great advantage to health and comfort for cooling houses in tropical countries, may be produced by motive power requiring—if derived from heat by means of steam-engines—the consumption of less coal, perhaps, than is used constantly for warming houses in this country.'

Professor Callan, of Maynooth, has followed up his invention of a nitric acid cast-iron battery, by contriving an apparatus which discharges a stream of mixed oxygen and hydrogen gas upon lime with perfect safety, and so to produce an intense light. In this case, the avoidance of danger is the chief claim to notice. He has, besides, 'a method of producing an intermittent lime-light by means of a small galvanic battery,' and of so brilliant a nature, as to be especially suited for signals in hazy or foggy weather. He says, that had there been such a light at the Bailey Light-house, off Dublin, the *Victoria* steamer would probably not have been wrecked as she was, a few months ago. Should this light really prove available for light-houses, its importance to navigation can hardly be overestimated.

The professor has found, moreover, that ordinary tin plates, or plates of thin sheet iron, coated with an alloy of tin and lead, with a small proportion of antimony, form a negative element for galvanic batteries so stern as scarcely to be affected by the sulphuric acid. They answer the purpose as well as platinized silver, at a very trifling cost. 'Iron,' we are told, 'coated with an alloy of lead and tin, in which the quantity of lead is nearly equal to or exceeds that of tin, will answer as well as lead or galvanised iron for roofing, cisterns, baths, pipes, gutters, window-frames, telegraphic-wires for marine and other purposes. It may sometimes be used instead of copper for the sheathing of ships.' The uses of such a material in our climate are manifold and obvious, and it appears to offer what has long been a desideratum in the mechanical arts.

We called attention some time ago to Dr Percy's opinion, that gold was to be found in everything—even in sea-water. Proof has been given in numerous instances, and the doctor has further announced the result of a series of experiments on lead in all its forms, carried on at the School of Mines, Jermyn Street. Gold was discovered in all or nearly all the specimens examined in minute quantities; 'just enough,' in common phrase, 'to swear by.' On the other side of the Channel, M. Deville of Paris has discovered a more practical method than that of Wöhler, of obtaining the metal *aluminum*, which is the basis of clay. This metal, as M. Deville produces it, is white, tough, light, capable of as high a polish as silver, and will not rust. Now, we know that clay is abundant enough; in some places, there is too much of it; and if it can be made to give up a substance so valuable as the new metal appears to be, there would be a double profit. While waiting for further information on this interesting matter, we may remark that the idea did not originate even with Wöhler: Sir Humphry Davy had proved that alumina, or clay, is an oxydised body, and inferred that it was a metallic oxide, though he never produced the metal by itself.

Lithophotography is making progress, and so is *Nature-self-printing*, as the Germans call it. For the latter art, we are not, as was supposed, indebted to Vienna: it appears to have been discovered in this country by two experimentalists, independent of each other, before it came to us from the banks of the Danube. Dr Branson, of Sheffield, who recently demonstrated the important use to be made of soap in electrotypy, now shews how in the *Self-printing* the electrotyping process may be dispensed with. He places the plant or other specimen between two well-polished Britannia metal plates, subjects them to pressure, and gets an impression wonderfully delicate and faithful. This impression is at once transferred to a stone, and thus thousands of impressions can be taken in the usual way without the trouble, delay, and expense of electrotyping duplicates or triplicates. Printed in the natural colours, the impression gives a perfect picture of the original, and in the illustration of botanical and other scientific works, offers beauties and advantages hitherto obtained only by costly and laborious methods. Mr Aitken reports to the Society of Arts that he obtained similar results fourteen months ago.

There is a new application, too, of electro-magnetism: Signor Bonelli, director of telegraphs in Sardinia, has devised a means by which this subtile force is made to do the weaving in a Jacquard loom. Another saving of human muscle which will be welcomed by those who do not dislike mechanisms, though perhaps unwelcome to those short-sighted carpenters in one of the midland counties, who a few days ago threatened to strike if their masters used machinery. Surely those men never went to school!

Some years ago, it was said and believed that growing plants gave off positive electricity to the atmosphere, and negative electricity to the soil. The notion was subsequently doubted; but Professor Buff has shewn by experiments, which scarcely admit of error or uncertainty, that 'the roots, and all the interior portions of the plant filled with sap, are in a permanently negative condition; while the moist or moistened surface of the fresh branches, leaves, flowers, and fruits are permanently positively electric.' The theory is therefore established; the conditions here described are precisely those essential to permanent electromotive activity. Apropos of vegetation, we may add that the colonial secretary has received official communications from the Bahamas, calling attention to the

200,000 acres of pine forest in those islands, with a view to their being made use of in the manufacture of pine-tree wool, as described in a recent number of the Journal.

Besides a project for a stately building with a frontage to the Strand, near Temple Bar, in which to combine our law-courts, there is talk of new enlargements and alterations at the British Museum. If with the object of displaying the contents to more advantage than at present, and to give greater accommodation in the reading-rooms, so much the better. There is room for improvement, and the public will not object to pay for that which really benefits them—especially the literary students.

Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian minister, has given another token of the interest he takes in the cause of literature, by inviting distinguished savans—Lepsius, Herschel, Owen, &c.—to what has been called an 'alphabetic conference,' the purpose being to discuss whether 'a uniform system of expressing foreign alphabets by Roman characters could be devised and agreed on.' Looking at the way in which we are connected with India, China, and other countries, at commercial enterprise, and missionary exertion with races of so many different languages, may we not, as His Excellency said, 'hope to fix on an alphabet which will be the basis of civilisation and literature for tribes growing into nations under the benign influence of Christianity?' Such a task, interesting alike to the moral philosopher, the ethnologist, and philologist, is one every way worthy their endeavours.

The decimal-coinage question is slowly making its way in the proper quarter, as is proved by a circular having been addressed, under Lord Granville's authority, to the Inspectors of Training Schools, calling their attention to 'the importance of thoroughly imbuing the students under their charge with such a practical knowledge of decimals as will enable them to disseminate the information needed to accompany such a change.' This is as it should be. There is no good reason why England should be the last to give up a complicated and vexatious system of money-reckoning for a pleasing and easy one. While we are talking about decimal coinage, the Americans go a step further, and are talking about a decimal system of measures. The Smithsonian Institution, in conjunction with other scientific societies in the States, is proposing to adopt the centigrade scale for the thermometer and barometer, in addition to a decimal metrical scale for all other purposes. If this can be done in America, why not in England?

The present aspect of affairs makes it worth while to remark, that the works of the Royal Danish Railway from Tonning to Flensburg are so far advanced as to promise completion by the summer. There will then be an iron highway of forty-four miles from the North Sea to the Baltic. One half of the Norwegian railway also is finished, from Christiania to Lake Miösen, and has already been made available for the transport of pine-timber from the interior. Sweden, on the contrary, has voted against railways, intending perhaps to wait another century, or till all the obstructives are dead. It would have been well for somebody if certain British railways had been similarly vetoed. Another railway-break, invented by Major Robbins, has been tried on the Windsor line of the South-western Company. It is so constructed that the act of shutting off the steam puts on the breaks, and with such effect that the train, when speeding at forty-five miles an hour, was stopped in fifty seconds, and this can be done without preventing the backing of the train, as is the case with some other breaks.

Another novelty invested with an interest from passing events, is a plan for coast defence, by Mr James Anderson, C.E., of Edinburgh. He proposes a system of railways along the coasts possessing no natural means of defence, and placing upon these trains of carriages, each bearing a gun, so arranged as to be very readily available. Such a railway train would be a flying train of artillery, and in certain districts—for example, the space of low coast between Perth and Montrose—it might even now be in a state ready for service against any possible external enemy.

Among inventions brought before the Society of Arts is Mr W. Austen's 'Double dovetailed Arc Block,' by means of which the inventor declares he can drive a tunnel under the Channel from Dover to Calais, of any size, and without mortar, cement, or centres. This is a bold declaration; but we shall perhaps have the opportunity of testing the contrivance erelong on a smaller scale, as it is to be tried by the metropolitan commissioners in the construction of sewers. We can better wait for the tunnel than for these.

We may remark here, that in another department of the Journal (No. 2), while giving some information concerning corks, we omitted to mention, that for two years past there has existed in London a cork-cutting company for the manufacture of corks by steam. The operation is performed by large knives, rotating vertically by means of a band from shafting worked by a steam-engine. The process—the invention of Mr R. B. Cousens—is attended to by little boys, who produce each eighty gross in the day of small oblong four-sided pieces of the material, that are afterwards rounded by other machinery into perfect corks.

Notwithstanding the proclamation forbidding the export of machinery, the iron trade is brisk, and has shewn new capabilities. When the Britannia bridge was built, it was thought a marvel to get rolled iron plates 12 feet long. Now, however, plates are rolled at the Consett Ironworks, 17 feet 6 inches long, 5 feet wide, and 1½ inches thick; making a superficies of 87½ feet, and weighing 35 hundredweights. This is a triumph among results of machinery; and Durham can now boast of producing the largest plates and longest rails.

Lloyds' list shews that in the last four years the value of shipping lost is L.10,000,000 sterling. Ample scope here for improvements in navigation.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

Love! What an absurd idea! fit enough, perhaps, to inspire the dreams of a young painter, or warm the style of a young author—rich enough for the prize of bucolical singers or contending grisettes, but of no account in the great game of life, where rank and power, fortunes and coronets, are the counters. She in love!—how supremely ridiculous! Even if the object of her passion were a duke, would, for instance, that strawberry-leaf she once coveted have come all but within her grasp, if the weakness had been in the way to prevent her from playing her hand with address? But the young man had talked of love as if it had the power to level rank, to bring down the proud to the humble, the lofty to the lowly. What if she loved an inferior in station? What if she loved *him*—even that promising unknown, whose pencil ethe-realised fat vulgarity, and whose anonymous pen she had heard described as combining the elegance of Addison, the simplicity of Goldsmith, and the energy of Junius? Why, she might hope, in process of time, by exercising due influence over her father—she, Claudia Falcontower—to subside into the wife of a government clerk, or a provincial collector of Excise! Could it be that he meant to suggest the preposterous idea himself—that he imagined such a consummation to be actually

one of the possibilities of life? Was it the object of his high-wrought sentiments, of his noble generosity, of his grand aspirations—to make it appear that it would be a descent from his moral elevation if he thought of her? Was this the mark of his tireless industry, of his sacrifice of self, of his brave devotion? And did he even fancy, that while listening to his kindling words, and following the flashes of his vivid pen, she felt the poetical contour of his head, the thick but feathery brown hair he shook from his proud brow, the soft deep light of his calm eyes, the stern horizontal line of his lips, contrasting with their more than womanly sweetness of form, as aids to the fascination? Insolent young man!

Claudia, having thus amused her imagination, as ladies will sometimes do, dismissed the dream with contempt. She grew a full inch taller; she inflated her exquisite chest; and her lustrous eyes lightened over her still features, as if they wanted no extraneous aid, but were able of themselves

To make a sunshine in the shady place.

But Robert still continued to work, to reason, to control, and Claudia to look, to suggest, to listen, to submit. They were indeed a curious pair—so like in their nature, so unlike in their character. They resembled a couple of parallel lines projected side by side, yet their meeting a mathematical impossibility. It may be conjectured that novelty had a great deal to do with Claudia's apparent humility. To her, it was a new sensation to feel and acknowledge superiority, for even her father's supremacy had not lasted beyond her early girlhood; and in later years, armed as she was with the prestige of rank, beauty, and talent, the whole world seemed to bow before her, either in the superstition or the hypocrisy of conventional life. Perhaps the new feeling was a chance stumble upon natural feeling. Perhaps it is woman's position on the earth, as the Oriental apothegm asserts, to look up to somebody; and Claudia was obeying, after a fashion, the destiny of her sex without knowing it. However this may be, she never for a moment confounded the social with the intellectual man: it was very well for Robert to shake his ambrosial curls in the study—in the street, or the drawing-room, he might as well have shaken a scratch-wig.

In these times, our adventurer was not invited, as formerly, to any of the public hospitalities of the family. He often breakfasted, lunched, dined, with the father and daughter; he came, in fact, to be treated, in many respects, like an inmate of the house, but he was not presented in company, nor did he receive a single introduction. This sometimes struck him as a curious circumstance. He wondered whether they did not give parties like other people in their station, and he wondered, more than all, whether Claudia did not join abroad in the gaieties of the London season. But the house told no tales; it was never out of its way, that house; and Claudia, in the domesticity of her habits, resembled a spirit, which, it is well known, always haunts a particular locality, such as a ruin, a church, or a closet, is never seen anywhere else, and is unchangeably the same in aspect and appearance.

This being the case, it may be supposed that he was agreeably surprised one day while wandering through the rooms of the Royal Academy, to encounter her. She was with a lady and gentleman—an elderly couple, and the group had just been joined by another gentleman, when Robert went up frankly to Miss Falcontower, and was as frankly received. That other gentleman appeared to be more than surprised—he was obviously struck with astonishment, and a nervous flush rose into his face as he saw the young lady actually put her hand into that of the waif of Wearyfoot Common.

'You are just come in time, Mr Oaklands,' said Claudia, 'to tell us what you think of that lovely portrait. It absolutely comes up to my ideal of female beauty.' The critic looked at it for half a minute without replying.

'What is your opinion, Mr Seacole?' said the young lady impatiently.

'It is exquisite—admirable! It is a thing to haunt the dreams both of day and night. I never saw a face—but one—to equal it.'

'And now?'

'It is a fine picture,' said Robert; 'but I would that either the face or the gown were out of it. The one is ideal and antique; the other is from the workroom of a fashionable milliner. It is, in fact, a classical statue painted, to which not Phidias himself could reconcile me.'

'Do you not think the face beautiful?'

'As beautiful as that of a Greek goddess; but with the satin gown trimmed with lace, we want a woman. A woman is compounded of soul and sense: wanting either, she is an imperfect being. In this face, the connection with the earth is wanting. There is in it no memory, no regret, no love, no hope, no joy; nothing but the passionless, the divine repose, which can be fitly expressed only in marble. Did it never strike you that the greatest charm of a woman is her imperfection?—is the struggle of a brave but fragile creature with the destiny that enthrals her? When the struggle is over, our sympathy ends, for she is no longer a woman, but a disembodied idea.'

'You are right,' said Claudia, 'that *is* a painted marble!—But I fear it is late—what is the hour?'

'You forget that I have no watch,' replied Robert quietly. Claudia coloured—a rare phenomenon with her; and when Adolphus pulled hastily out, by its rich gold chain, a costly repeater, she flashed a look of contempt at the vulgar meanness. Seacole did not observe this, for his eye was at the moment on the dial-plate; but seeing that she was about to go, he stepped forward with the intention of offering his escort to the carriage. Claudia, however, by a look, and a scarcely perceptible movement which never failed in their effect, made him pause; and then taking Robert's arm, she bowed good-morning, and moved away.

Adolphus stared after them with a look that would have stabbed if it had been able; but astonishment was as well marked in his expression as rage. Was this the Philippi to which he had been dared by the vagrant of Wearyfoot Common? He pondered over the text till he was almost mad; and he now saw clearly what he had only half suspected before, that it was to the same sinister influence he had owed his ignominious rejection by Sara. But the battle is not yet fought, thought he, grinding his teeth. Miss Falcontower is in a very different position from Miss Semple: she may patronise him as one of the clever people, but as for anything more, the absurdity of the idea is too monstrous. He, however, there is no doubt, will be burned

to death in the blaze of her eyes, and Sara will be punished for her insolence to me in the punishment of the audacious beggar's falsehood to herself. Comforting himself with this picture, more vivid than any that hung on the walls, and perhaps more ingenious in the composition, he strode through the now crowded rooms, and hastened to relate what he had seen to his adviser Fancourt.

When Claudia reached home, she found a messenger from Mrs Seacole in the hall, with a note for her that required an answer; and being too much fatigued to write, she desired the man to be sent up to the drawing-room, where she would give him a verbal message. On reading the note, however, she saw that although only on one of the ordinary subjects that engage the attention of ladies, it would be proper for her to reply in writing, more especially as she had found Mrs Seacole a very agreeable acquaintance. The Mercury was therefore left for some time alone, just within the door of the drawing-room.

He was a tall, angular man, of a grave and meditative aspect; and when the door shut behind him, he drew himself up as stiff as a footman's cane, and as dignified-looking, and stood examining the details of the scene, with obvious discrimination, turning his eyes slowly in all directions, but without moving his head. His attention was at length specially arrested by a particular object on a table before him, and he continued to gaze on it with an expression of profound meditation. When his reflections, so far, were properly digested, he moved to one side, slowly and noiselessly, to contemplate, from another point of view, what had attracted him. Even the object itself seemed to sympathise with the interest he betrayed; for the eyes—it was a small portrait—followed him step by step, and kept steadily fixed on him, while he remained plunged in a new abyss of thought. When he got out of this, he moved in the same way to the opposite side, followed by the unwinking eyes, and meditated again. He then glided round to the back, and directing his gaze to the canvas, studied it with an absorbed scrutiny that might have ascertained the number of threads. Finally, he came round again to the front, put his eyes close to the picture, touched the plump nose with his finger, apparently to make sure that it was a thing of reality, and then resuming his place near the door, remained lost in an unfathomable reverie. From this he was roused, after a time, by the lady's-maid, who came in, put a note into his hand, opened the door for him, and when he had gone out mechanically, shut it briskly after him.

Stepping solemnly down the marble stair, and along the tesselated hall, where the fat porter was asleep in his chair of state, he found the door ajar, and went out. A well-powdered footman, in livery, without his hat, was taking the air on the steps, and to him the retiring Mercury addressed himself.

'May I take the liberty, sir,' said he, 'of requesting to know whether there is a parlour in this neighbourhood? I mean respectable — where the lower classes is not admitted. I am particular on the point, I am.'

'So am I, sir,' replied the functionary. 'I don't use none that ain't tip-top. There is the Chequers, not far round yonder corner; I call that a respectable parlour, and I know what parlours is.'

'And the beer? I own I like it good—when it is beer.'

'Just so with me. Indeed, I generally take beer, when it ain't a go of brandy. I was drove to this. When I lived along with Lord Skemp in Belgravia, it was all sherry and water with me for two year, till I found out that the sherry was Cape Madeera the whole time. There was treatment for a gentleman, wasn't it? But the beer at the Chequers I can undertake to say is slap-up.'

'Sir, I am obliged to you; and I admire your sentiments. Allow me to say that my name is Mr Poringer.'

'And mine is Mr Slopper: proud of the honour.'

'Have a drain at my expense, Mr Slopper?'

'I am obleeged, Mr Poringer; but I am just going out to take an airing with our Miss. Some night we'll meet at the Chequers.'

'And so we will, and some night soon; for I have not been able to find no parlour in London that ain't infested with the lower classes. But, my dear sir, talking of parlours, while I was in your drawing-room just now, I saw a portrait as like a lady of my acquaintance as if she had sat to be taken off: and how that can be, or how her picture comes to be there, I can't make out. It's on a table not far from the door.'

'Oh, I remember—that's a good thing—a very good thing. I join my governor in opinion there, although I don't generally in matters of goo. Would you believe it?—he prefers an old, fusty, cracked picture to one new out of the shop!'

'Do you know the lady's name?'

'No, I don't; but she is a fine woman, to my taste, although, no doubt, a little passy. The gentleman who took her off is Mr Oaklands.'

'The gentleman!'

'Yes, he is a gentleman, and no mistake, although I never saw the colour of his money. If you want to ask him about the lady, his address is in Jermyn Street, at Driftwood's, an individual who does pictures to sell.'

'Is he a gentleman too?'

'He a gentleman! Why, I have drunk with him! No, no, he is no gentleman.—But I hear the carriage coming round—I have the honour'——

'Excuse my glove;' and Mr Poringer, having shaken hands with his new friend, raised his hat—not to the individual man, but to Flunkeydom represented in his person—and went on his way.

Mr Poringer found no difficulty in obtaining Mrs Margery's address from the artist; but Driftwood was more chary in his communications respecting Robert. He believed, in fact, that our adventurer was still busy with the cabinet-making, and he considered that to be too mechanical an employment to be openly boasted of. The mysterious hints of Mrs Margery had taken effect, and he really supposed this queer fellow, as he called him, to be, in a worldly sense of the word, 'nobler than his fortune.' Robert had been warned against making public the nature of his present employment, and, independently of the warning, he had no wish to do so. He was no richer than before, and he did not feel at all so much self-satisfaction. It seemed to him that his work, although fit enough for an amateur, was no legitimate trade; and the small stipend he accepted, although put on a footing the most soothing to his feelings, fretted him a good deal. Still, matters appeared to go on swimmingly. The accounts he received, from time to time, of the effect of his productions, were very flattering; he obviously became every day of more and more importance to Sir Vivian, who, in his assistance to the government, was now committed to a certain tone and talent; and the allusions of his patron to the future reward of his labours were distinct and unmistakable.

That afternoon, while Mrs Margery and her assistant were sipping their five o'clock tea, a visitor made his appearance, and the whilome Wearyfoot cook, on seeing a remembrancer of the Common, started up and received Mr Poringer with a warmth of welcome which made that gentleman shrink. It is true, he admired Mrs Margery; he considered that she was a woman well to do; and it was his intention that very evening, if everything turned out to his liking, to make actual proposals. But he was not to be hurried for

nobody; time enough for that sort of thing: he must see his way beforehand from one end to the other; and accordingly, he made himself somewhat stiff and awful, yet, in a condescending way upon the whole, put away his glossy cane in a corner, smoothed the crown of his hat, and laid it upon the top of a chest of drawers to be out of the dust; and lifting his speckless coat-tails from under him, sat down at the table with his customary gravity and thoughtfulness. Mrs Margery had hastily shovelled some new material into the tea-pot, and substituted the loaf-sugar basin for the soft; and a bell being heard opportunely in the street, the girl, at a signal from her mistress, had vanished, and was heard at the door screaming to the muffin-man: everything betokened a comfortable tea and an amicable chat, and the guest smoothed his meditative brow, and even executed the wiry, angular smile which was his customary manifestation of jolliness.

'Try the tea if it is sweet enough,' said Mrs Margery; 'and here's some thin bread and butter till the muffins are warmed; but oh, Mr Poringer, the milk is nothing like our milk at Wearyfoot! Though it ain't chalk and water, thank goodness, but milked in your own jugs from a real cow, all skin and bones, poor thing, and looks so pitiful while she stands at the doors of the houses, as if she felt it was unnatural, and was ashamed of it. And what are you doing now, Mr P.? I thought you was at the Hall.'

'The Hall's in town for the season, Mrs Margery, including me and the lady's-maid: nothing is left but the women, and other inferiors.'

'And what of Mr Seacole and our young miss? I have had a long letter from Molly, but not one word of it in ten can anybody make out, and that word is in the Unknown Tongue.'

'My governor is off with Miss Sara, and good reason why, for her fortune turns out to be a mere nothing. He is a-going to be married to the daughter of a baronet and niece of a lord; a great match she is, but not—not—not quite so sharp, as it were, as some other ladies is: she never calls me by my name, and I sometimes think she don't know it! By the way, what's come of—what's his name?'

'Who?'

'Why that—that Boy—him as found me on the Common, and wouldn't be lost in the Gravel Pits, and was sent away at last to forage for his-self.' Mrs Margery was highly indignant at this description of her favourite, and gave Mr Poringer roundly to understand that he did not know who he was a-talking of. Mr Oaklands was an author and an artist, hand-in-glove with baronets, lords, and ladies without number, and at this moment anxiously inquired after by a family of the first distinction—as her cousin Driftwood informed her—a sure sign that the denowment was a-coming out. We may add by way of parenthesis, that Mr Driftwood might have further informed her, if he had been in a communicative mood, that he had answered Sir Vivian's questions in a tone of mystery befitting his own ignorance of the subject, and the vague but grand impressions he had received from the hints of Mrs Margery herself. Mr Poringer listened to what he heard with profound attention, and equally profound unbelief. He was a sensible man was Mr Poringer, and had never changed his opinion that Robert was actually the son of a woman of the name of Sall, and would have been a vagrant at this day—supposing him to have escaped transportation so long—if he himself (Mr Poringer) had not unfortunately interfered with the designs of Providence, not knowing what he was about in the mist.

After tea, he sank into a fit of abstraction that made Mrs Margery, hospitable as she was, wish he would go away, and let her mind her business. But by and by, turning to her with a solemnity that made her feel, as she afterwards said herself, 'took all of a heap,' he intimated that he had a communication for her private ear; whereupon she desired Doshy to retire to the wash-house behind, and rinse out them laces, and not have done till she was called. The young woman's name, we may remark for the benefit of provincials, was Theodosia, but most of Doshy's friends would have thought that a nickname.

'Mrs Margery,' said Mr Poringer, when they were alone, 'you have here a comfortable business?'

'Yes, pretty tolerable.'

'In the clear-starching line?'

'Yes, and the getting up: ladies waited on by horse and cart.'

'The good-will cost you a heap of money?'

'Yes, a round penny.'

'How much?'

'Just as much as it came to, Mr Poringer.'

'I ask for information. But the business has increased, for I am told the horse and cart is new: it is, therefore, worth more, and would sell at a profit. Am I right?'

'No doubt you are, Mr P., but if you want to buy it, it is not to be had, for I ain't tired of it, I assure you.'

'But I am!' said Mr Poringer suddenly, with one of his wiry angular smiles—'and I'll tell you why, Mrs Margery. You see, I am all for the public line. I am cut out for that, I am. Many a friend has said to me, says he, "Mr P., you are made for the bar;" and, in short, I am determined to have a bar of my own—kept by Mr Joshua Poringer, in large gold letters, you know, with the mister left out.'

'I am sure I wish you well in it, Mr P.,' said Mrs Margery, kindly; 'and if you settle in this neighbourhood, so far as our beer goes, and a half-pint of gin now and then for my cousin Driftwood'——

'There is more than that you can do,' said Mr Poringer, waving his hand impatiently; 'my money and my interest would get the house and stock it, and all I would expect from you is the furniture to the same amount.'

'My goodness, Mr P.! If my business was sold to-morrow, it would not do more than that, and what I have over against accidents would not be worth your while, even if I could part with it—which I can't.'

'Mrs Margery,' said Mr Poringer, edging his chair nearer hers, 'you don't take me up! You are fit for better things than clear-starching, you are; you are fit to be a lady—a landlady!'

'Oh, what nonsense,' said Mrs Margery laughing heartily—'I think I see me!'

'You are indeed,' said Mr Poringer earnestly—'you are upon my sacred honour! That is, with a silk gown, tidily put on—tidily, mind me; your hair dressed and oiled; a clean cap—clean, I say—on the back of your head; and a bunch of scarlet ribbons in front of the ears. Carefully made up in this way, you may depend upon it you would look as well—almost as well as the landlady of the Chequers! Don't think I am drove to this: I could do better. But I have took it into my head. I took it into my head at the Lodge: I took it into my head as I was a-walking on the Common in the mist, when that Boy found me; and I said to myself, says I, "Mr P., the Plough is nothing. You shall be a landlord yourself one day—in great gold letters, with the mister left out—and as you will want somebody to furnish the house, and manage the bar, and look to the kitchen, while you are doing business at the brewery and distillery, and sitting in the parlour and being affable to the company—Mrs Margery, who does not leave the house as often as a lobster leaves its shell, Mrs Margery shall be the landlady!"'

'You mean kindly, Mr Poringer,' said Mrs Margery—'you mean kindly in your own way, and I thank you.

But nobody asked me to marry when I was a young, tidy woman. Nobody!—though I feel I should have made a good wife—and oh, so good a mother!—no mother, I am sure, would have doted so on her blessed darlings! But the time has gone by; and when I give Mr Oaklands his bit nice supper to-night, and see that there is not a pin wrong in his bedroom, I shall thank God for a greater bounty than I deserve.'

'So that—that Boy stays with you?'

'Only till he gets to his own,' said Mrs Margery, who had not meant to be so communicative.

'Well, you see, as to your being too old to marry, that's all stuff. I have known many older than you—a deal older. You are a comely woman yet, Mrs Margery; and if you were not, what is that to you if I look over it? You would be just the thing at the bar, where, with young women, there's more talking and chaffing than business. And as for the furniture, we'd have an estimate, and see what your means would say to it. Mine is equal to the stock, for I have made my calculations already, and penny for penny is fair play. Not to mention the interest that gets the house, or the figure of a man I am for a parlour where the lower classes is not admitted, or the respectability of the name, in the largest sized gold letters that is made—Mr Joshua Poringer, with the mister left out.' Mr Poringer's eloquence, however, was thrown away. And a good deal of it: for he could hardly be persuaded that Mrs Margery could intend seriously and definitively to decline so eligible an offer. When the truth broke upon him at last, he was as wroth as a grave, meditative man could be, and said so much—in a quiet way—to the disparagement of Mrs Margery's person and business, that that lady, with great dignity, turned to her work again, and called to her maid to have done rinsing them laces—just to shew Mr Poringer that his absence would be more welcome than his company. Whereupon Mr Poringer got up, and with as much sobriety of demeanour as he was accustomed to exhibit when conscious of being drunk, walked steadily and noiselessly to the drawers, took down his hat, brushed it with his arm, drew on his gloves leisurely, moved his shoulders to settle his coat, took up his polished cane, and turned for the last time to Mrs Margery.

'Will you please to tell me, ma'am,' said he, 'whether it is to me or the business you object?'

'To both!' replied Mrs Margery, spitting on a smoothing-iron to see whether it was hot enough.

'So much the better for me,' rejoined Mr Poringer; 'for a woman that harbours vagrants, found on a common in the mist, and lifted, rags and all, over a gentleman's threshold, by these two fingers and thumb, is not fit to be made a lady of!' and so saying, he walked majestically away. Mrs Margery smothered her indignation like a queen, till she saw that he had passed the window; and then, laying down the iron, she plumped into a chair, and had it all out in a hearty cry.

On that same evening, the subject of Mr Poringer's concluding remarks was introduced into a conversation of a very different kind.

'Has Mr Oaklands,' said Sir Vivian Falcontower to his daughter, as they sat alone after dinner, 'ever mentioned anything to you respecting his origin or family?'

'Never.'

'Has it not seemed odd to you that he makes a mystery of it?'

'He makes no mystery of it—or of anything else. He stated at first, in your own presence, that he was of no family, which means distinctly enough that he was of humble parentage. Since then, he has not mentioned the subject, simply, as it appears to me, because he has nothing interesting to say about it; and it was no business of mine to question him on a matter that could not concern his connection with us.'

'It will concern us, however, at the close of the connection, which cannot now be distant—at least, the connection cannot go on long on the same footing. His family position must, in a great measure, determine what is to be done for him; what in one station of life would be only an adequate remuneration, in another would be extravagant and absurd.'

'That is so far true; but Mr Oaklands is one of those men who make their own position, if they have only a vantage-ground, however slightly elevated, to start from. What you give him is not of so much consequence as you imagine: at least, it will affect only the time he may take to rise in the world, not the rise itself, which, after that first step is gained, will be inevitable. But your question, I see, has some further meaning?'

'Why, yes; I have been asking the fool Driftwood about him, and his answers have surprised and puzzled me a good deal. You, who do not believe in romance, will smile to hear that there is a mystery in Mr Oaklands' birth, and that he is expected to turn out some great personage!' Claudia made no reply. Her eyes were fixed upon the table before her. There was no perceptible movement of her chest. She did not seem even to breathe. Her whole figure conveyed the idea of statue-like rigidity.

'Cold as usual, Claudia!' said the baronet laughing. 'Even this extraordinary announcement has no effect upon you. But, after all, Driftwood is such a fool that there is no comprehending him; and, in the present case, it is obvious he does not comprehend himself. All he knows is, that there is a mystery, and that surmises are afloat that Oaklands is not what he seems, or what he has been taught to believe himself to be.' Claudia was still mute, still motionless, still statuesque.

'Have you heard me?' asked her father: 'is the matter not worthy of a remark?'

'It is romance,' replied Claudia, coldly—'quite out of my way, you know. Shall I break a walnut for you?'

IMITATIVE POWERS OF THE CHINESE.

It is generally supposed that the Chinese will not learn anything: but no people are more ready to learn if it is likely to be attended with advantage. They have lately been taught to make glass, and turn out bronze argand-lamps and globes, emblazoned with the London maker's name all complete; and actually export these lamps to Batavia. They like putting an English name on their commodities, and are as free with the word 'patent' as any manufacturer in Germany. They excel in the manufacture of locks, particularly padlocks. One of my friends gave an order to a tradesman to varnish a box, furnished with a Chubbs' lock, of which he had two keys, and one of these he sent with the box, retaining the other himself. When the box came back, he found that his key would not turn the lock, though the one he had given to the tradesman acted very well. Thinking some trick had been played, he accused the man of having changed the lock; and after some evasion, he acknowledged the fact, stating that, on examination, he had found it such an excellent one, that he took it off and kept it, making another exactly like it, with maker's name, and everything complete, except that the original key would not open it. Their mechanical contrivances generally have some defect of this kind. They have never made a watch that will keep time, though they greatly prize watches, and usually carry two. If you ask the reason of this fashion, their reply is: 'Spose one makee sick, other can walkee.'—*A Sketcher's Tour Round the World.*

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A BARBER'S SHOP IN OLD ATHENS.

WHEN gazing at ancient Greece through the magnificent wrecks of her civilisation, we find it extremely difficult to represent to ourselves a true picture of her homely, domestic life. Yet even at Athens, the most splendid and beautiful of ancient cities, the nursing mother of philosophy, and the home of literature and the arts, the circumstances which characterised a citizen's daily career contrasted very strikingly with the greatness and grandeur of the state. Vivacious in their temperament, and highly poetical in their conceptions, the Athenians were yet in their social intercourse the most practical and business-like of men. No people were ever fonder of mirth and jollity. Once escaped from the absorbing interest of politics, they yielded themselves up to jesting and laughter, to the manufacturing of jokes, to the relation of comic anecdotes, to lounging in groups about the Agora, and to the habit of congregating in saddlers' and barbers' shops, where they enjoyed much the same kind of amusements which the moderns seek at restaurants and in tap-rooms.

During the early part of the Macedonian War, Dion, a young merchant of Sinope, paid a visit to the old country, chiefly for commercial purposes. In a galley of considerable tonnage, he sailed leisurely along the coast of Asia Minor, entered the Bosphorus, passed Byzantium and Calcedon, traversed the Propontis, threaded the windings of the Hellespont, and arrived, after an agreeable and prosperous voyage, at the Piræus. Having seen his goods properly warehoused, he hastened towards the city, the birthplace of his ancestors. His way led him over the long walls, from which, on one side, he enjoyed a prospect of Eleusis and Salamis, and the distant mountains overhanging the Corinthian isthmus; on the other, he beheld the well-wooded shores of Attica, stretching away in easy undulations towards Sunium. But the attractions of these landscapes were extremely slight in comparison with those exhibited by the objects before him: Hymettus, the Areopagus, the hill of the Museum, and above all, the Acropolis, towering in snowy splendour towards the blue heavens. Propylæa, temples, and colossal statues of gods and heroes, appeared to convert that majestic rock into a second Olympus. Almost on the edge of the cliff rose the effigies of Athena Promachus, looking towards the sea, her head surmounted with the crested helm, and in her hand a spear, which she wielded for the protection of her beloved city, lying in matchless splendour at her feet.

The young merchant felt his heart dilate within him as he moved beneath the shadow of these mighty works. But visions of glory, however gorgeous, will not satisfy the appetite. Entering an inn, therefore, at the corner of the Cerameicus, he found a large party just sitting down to dinner, and was invited by the host to join them. The guests consisted of persons from nearly all the countries encircling the eastern shores of the Mediterranean—Cyrene, Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, with many islanders from Rhodes and Crete. When the repast was over, he was invited by a number of young men to accompany them to a barber's shop opening upon the Agora, where, as they informed him, many lovers of news and gossip from all parts of the city assembled daily.

The streets through which they passed disappointed him very much. He expected to behold rows of palaces, exhibiting all the grandeur and taste of architecture; but instead, he observed a succession of modest dwellings, elegant, no doubt, in their appearance, but of extremely moderate dimensions and elevation. His mind, however, as he moved along, was filled with agreeable images, which insensibly reconciled him to the aspect of the place. Here and there, beneath stately porticos, were orange and citron trees, growing in large pots or boxes; flowering shrubs flung their fragrance into the street over low walls; and fountains, chapels, and temples occurring at frequent intervals, impressed a peculiar character upon his sensations.

On reaching the market-place, he almost fancied himself in the midst of an insurrection. The people had assembled there in crowds, but, as soon appeared, not for the purpose of taking up arms, but to buy and sell, eat fruit, drink wine, discuss the news, and at the same time to exhibit the richness or elegance of their costume. The booths and stalls, and the seats, were all of wood, constructed in a very light manner, that they might, if necessary, be easily removed. His companions seemed to know and be known of everybody; so that, owing to their constant salutations and greetings, their progress to the barber's shop was exceedingly slow.

At length they arrived; and Dion, with the inquisitiveness and curiosity inherent in all Greeks, set himself to observe. The shop opened upon an extensive esplanade, paved with broad flags, and descending with a gentle slope to the booths in the Agora. Rows of flower-pots, on painted stands, occupied the front of the apartment, which was spacious and lofty, and numerous chairs stood scattered over the floor, though most of them were empty, the frequenters of the place being far too active and restless to remain long seated. Ranged in order along the walls were mirrors of various sizes, some designed to be consulted where they hung, others to be taken in the hand by those who had undergone the tonsorial process, or were desirous of having their locks trimmed and curled

according to the newest fashion from Pella; for about this time there prevailed a sort of mania among the young Athenians to imitate both in dress and appearance their bitterest enemies. Even the practice of shaving may be said to have been introduced by the Macedonians. Previous to the age of Philip, it had been regarded as a sign of worthlessness or effeminacy, and the elder citizens still prided themselves on adhering to the mode which they firmly believed had been transmitted to their forefathers by the gods.

Still, these stern patriots did not disdain to have their hair, beards, and moustaches curled and scented with costly essences. One of the first objects that struck Dion was a man beyond the middle age, in the habit of a philosopher, who was seated on an elegant chair, with a barber of most lively character hopping and frisking about him. First, with a small pair of tweezers, he freed his cheeks from superfluous hairs; then he clipped dexterously his flowing locks, in which threads of silver had begun to mingle largely with the black; then he applied the warm irons, and disposed the ornaments of his head and chin into an infinity of delicate curls. To complete the whole, he held a small censer filled with live coals beneath the beard of the professor of wisdom, and then casting grains of a delicate perfume upon the embers, impregnated the room with a fragrant odour, and caused the philosopher himself to smell like a nosegay.

Deep niches in the wall, lined with polished cyprus wood, and furnished with shelves, held sweet waters and unguents of the most precious kind, surmounted by a series of grotesque vases, which greatly excited the stranger's curiosity. One of these vessels represented Silenus with most extravagant gasteral development; another, Pan, with the legs and horns of a goat, nose of portentous shape, and ears like the meek beast on which his neighbour generally journeyed at the heels of Dionysus. Others were of still more ludicrous and fantastic forms; so that Dion imagined the worthy barber who presided over the establishment could be no other than Damasippus himself. Desirous of being satisfied on this point, he imparted his notion to one of the gentlemen who had accompanied him from the inn. The Athenian smiled slightly, and then politely taking the Sinopian by the hand, led him to the master of the house, and requested him to play the part of the Eleusinian hierophant, and explain the mysteries of his dwelling to the stranger. The barber readily complied, and taking down the first vase that came to hand, removed the upper part, as we should do a glass shade. What was Dion's surprise at beholding in a cell, as it were, of alabaster, an exquisite statue of Aphrodite in all her celestial beauty, sculptured by the chisel of some great artist, and semi-transparent when exposed to the light. This was sufficient to explain the fancy of the Athenians. All the vessels, however ugly without, contained within forms of the other denizens of Olympus, perfect in their symmetry and proportion, and of a material as white as snow.

At the back of the shop stood a long table, presided over by a female slave, where cups of thermon, answering to our modern tea, were served for a few oboli to the guests. Many of the younger among these appeared to sip the sweet and smoking liquid, which exhaled a delicate fragrance, chiefly for the pleasure it procured them of conversing with the young, dark-eyed beauty, whom Hermotomos had evidently stationed there as an attraction to his establishment. Depending in festoons from the roof were wreaths of flowers, roses in many cases intermingled with tufts of violets, with which, on solemn occasions, the Athenians were accustomed to crown their heads.

As evening came on, many lamps—some ranged along the walls, others swinging from the roof—were simultaneously lighted, and shed a rich light over the numerous groups, all engaged in animated conversation. A keen north wind happening to be just then blowing, rendered it by no means unpleasant to stand near the brazier, formed very much like an altar, on which small billets of wood mixed with charcoal kept up perpetually a bright blaze. Dion was particularly struck by the softness and elegance of the language which he heard spoken on all sides. He now for the first time understood the compliment which had been paid to his mother-tongue by some poet, who, in his rapturous admiration, had pronounced it to be the dialect of the gods. While reflecting on this matter, his attention was drawn to an individual dressed in a somewhat fantastic fashion, who had no sooner entered than he became the centre of a large circle of listeners, who began to laugh almost before he had spoken. It was whispered about that he was one of the sixty; and upon Dion's inquiring what this meant, he learned that there existed at Athens a club of wits amounting to that number, who constantly entertained their fellow-citizens by the most brilliant repartees and flashes of intellect. These were nearly always repeated throughout the city; but chiefly at the shop of Hermotomos, then assiduously frequented by all who aimed at a reputation for humour or a knowledge of the world. Jokes, however, are very much like bursts of lightning, whose brightness no one can appreciate unless present at their birth. Translated into history, they become inexpressibly insipid, and only weary those whom they are meant to entertain. We shall, therefore, leave to the imagination the task of picturing to itself the fine things uttered in the shop of Hermotomos by Philemon. Dion thought them enchanting, and laughed till he was thoroughly ashamed of his own boisterous merriment. The Athenians laughed also; but their external demonstrations of hilarity were less noisy than those of strangers.

All this while the shaving, curling, perfuming, proceeded without interruption. Dion himself submitted his provincial tresses to be operated upon by Hermotomos. When the barber had completed his task, he inquired with much gravity whether the stranger also would like to be shaved. As the first down of youth had barely made its appearance on the chin of the Sinopean, the bystanders could not refrain from laughter, in which Dion himself heartily joined.

If jokes refuse, as we have said, to be invested with an historical dress, they at least become traditional in essence, and not only serve to awaken by imitation the spirit of wit in after-times, but consent to receive new forms from the ingenuity of succeeding generations. Philemon, for example, uttered on the present occasion, as a novelty, the bon-mot of one of the etairae of a former day. A dramatic poet, supping one evening with a female friend, complimented her on the delicious coolness of the water she gave him to drink.

'Ah!' replied the lady, 'it has always been remarkably cold since we have been in the habit of throwing your comedies into the well.'

A stranger from the colonies being present, Philemon did not disdain to borrow a joke from one of the philosophers. A sophist one day undertook, in the intrepidity of his impudence, to demonstrate to a young Athenian nobleman that he was the son of a dog.

'You have a Molossian,' said he—'haven't you?'

'I have,' replied the other, 'and a very ill-natured beast he is too.'

'Has he any young ones?'

'Yes—several.'

'Then he is a father.'

'To be sure.'

'And you say he is yours.'

'Yes.'

'Well, then, clearly as he is a father, and yours, he must be your father.'

At this the guests of Hermotomos were good-natured enough to laugh, which so far encouraged Philemon,

that he went on relating anecdotes, stories, jests, and strokes of pleasantry, till the attention of all present was attracted by symptoms of unusual bustle without in the Agora. Several persons now ran forth to ascertain the cause. At first, nothing could be distinctly learned, except that some great calamity had befallen the Athenian people. The whole extent of the market-place was dark, save that here and there, in front of some lofty mansion, a lamp glimmered over the gateway, for the purpose of lighting persons to the entrance. By degrees, it was whispered that a messenger had arrived in breathless haste, bringing to the magistrates the dreadful news, that Philip's army had stormed the city of Platæa. Terror at this report seized upon the entire multitude, who, with tremendous shouts, expressed their desire that some orator should ascend the Bema, and explain at length the nature of the intelligence which had been brought to the government.

Half frantic with excitement, they knew not exactly what they did, or how best to clear the market-place, so as immediately to provide standing-room for the whole body of the people. In this state of mind, it occurred to some one that the speediest course would be to cast up the booths and stalls, and set fire to them. The idea was no sooner put forth than acted upon. Every man set to work. The small wooden structures which had served by day to screen the market-women from the sun, were overthrown with a crash, and heaped up pellmell, with noise and violence, in the centre of the Agora. A hundred torches were then applied to the mighty pile, which in a few seconds shot up a tremendous blaze, throwing a red glare upon the temples, the fountains, and the long lines of private buildings encircling the place of assembly. While the conflagration was in progress, immense groups collected here and there on the esplanade, discussing, with wild gesticulation, and in hoarse, deep voices, the nature of the danger then threatening the community. Fresh messengers arrived almost every minute, and many cast their eyes anxiously towards the road leading from Bœotia, as if they expected the apparition of the Macedonian army amid the darkness of that very night. The city gates were closed, and frequent patrols passed along the walls, to watch the appearance of things in the surrounding country.

Under the influence of sudden excitement, Dion was on the point of rushing out to join the crowd; but a gentleman who stood near him in the shop, guessing his intention, said: 'Stranger, beware what you do! To join the citizens on this occasion, would be to usurp the rights of citizenship, or, in other words, to be guilty of high treason, the punishment of which is death. I myself am a Metoikos, and therefore enjoy all the rights of an Athenian except that of voting in the public assembly. I would not, however, dare to make my appearance in the Agora even to listen, lest I should be suspected of repairing thither to betray the state.'

The shop had now been cleared of all but the strangers and Hermotomos himself, who, as he was about to go forth, said: 'Gentlemen, you may ascend to the roof of my house, whence you will at once be able to hear the orators and observe all that takes place. This is a dreadful night for Athens, and I would not be absent from the assembly for all the wealth of Crœsus.' With these words he issued forth into the market-place, which was filled from end to end with a loud murmur, like that of the waves in winter when they break against the shore.

A young Egyptian slave now conducted the strangers and the Metoikos to the roof, which they reached just in time to behold a body of men with large besoms scattering about the blazing embers, and sweeping them away towards the distant corners of the immense expanse, to make room for the vast multitude which now poured in from all parts of the city. Their task, however, was not an easy one. The whole space covered with burning ashes and fragments of wood still on fire resembled the Phlegræan fields during the war of the Titans. At length water was brought, and sprinkled profusely around, until it became practicable for the people to approach the Bema. The city archers, with large torches in their hands, then stationed themselves at intervals in front of the citizens, to enable them to distinguish clearly the features and gestures of the various speakers.

An orator, suspected to be in the pay of Philip, first presented himself. He took a rapid view of the progress and principal events of the war, extenuating the crimes of the Macedonian monarch, masking the object of his ambition, and treating with contemptuous levity the opinions of those who apprehended danger from his approach towards the south. He contended that though a despot, he was by no means inimical to the liberties of Athens. As he spoke, conflicting emotions, rapidly succeeding each other, agitated his immense audience, of which they gave external tokens by hisses or plaudits. Dion watched with the deepest curiosity the arts, resources, and effects of eloquence. The entire range of human motives and feelings seemed to be at the command of the orator, who, by brief and lively narratives, traits of humour, and flashes of brilliant wit, sought to amuse the assembly, and carry away its thoughts from all serious considerations. His voice, musical as a flute; his silvery intonations, his rich imagery, his undaunted confidence, excited in the young colonist extraordinary astonishment. Other speakers, noway inferior in abilities, succeeded, and each in his turn appeared to sway irresistibly the emotions and understandings of the people.

At length, in the midst of a hushed and deep silence, an orator ascended the Bema, and stretching forth his left hand towards the citizens, held with the right his mantle close to his breast. This attitude he preserved for a few moments, and then his voice, like the first low notes of a trumpet, rolled over the heads of his listeners, until it appeared to die away amid the marble recesses of the Acropolis. He seemed, however, to exercise no art, to appeal to no passions, but only to state in a plain way what he conceived to be the duty of all who heard him. Yet, as he spoke, every bosom warmed, every imagination was lighted with enthusiasm, every understanding convinced by his overwhelming logic. He did not attempt to conceal or diminish in any degree the danger of the hour. Instead of this, he drew a faithful picture of the perils which encompassed the state, and of the sacrifices it would be necessary to make in order to dispel them. He said, he would not flatter the men of Athens by dilating on their virtues, or those of their forefathers; on the contrary, he would tell them distinctly, that matters had been brought to their present alarming condition through their levity, their ignorance, their want of patriotism. But it was these very circumstances, he added, that now inspired him with hope. If the city had performed everything in its power, he should, he acknowledged, be overwhelmed with despair, because nothing more could be expected of it. 'But, gentlemen,' he said, 'it is because you have been idle, thoughtless, frivolous, inattentive to your public duties, that I have now hope, as I stand here, that we shall beat back the insolent Macedonian to his half-savage den in the north. But to accomplish this, you must lay aside your vices, and apply yourselves diligently to the public service. Let every man remember that he is fighting not for the state, but for himself: for if Philip conquers, no one among you will be able to call anything his own. Your houses, your children, your wives, will belong to the despot—nay, if it may be said without impiety, the very temples of the gods will lie altogether at his mercy. For myself, I swear by the souls of those who fell at Marathon, that I will not survive the dishonour of my

country, but will perish with those who love her most, beneath the ruins of our beloved homes.'

At this burst of patriotic eloquence, which memory, especially in another language, can but faintly represent, the vast assembly rent the air with their applause; and Dion, to whom the whole scene was new, and who had never before witnessed the all power and resources of human speech, absolutely thrilled with rapture. What would he not have given to occupy the place of that consummate statesman, whose name as yet he knew not! Turning, therefore, to the kind Metoikos, who stood in equal delight by his side, he sought to express his admiration, while he inquired who was the speaker.

'What!' exclaimed his companion, 'can you possibly be ignorant that the man you have heard is Demosthenes? But wait; the people are requiring him to proceed. He has inspired them with confidence in themselves—he has brought back the patriotism of other days—and the youth of the city will to-morrow be ready to march against the Macedonians, as their ancestors did against the Persians at Marathon.'

When the orator resumed, he entered into details, sketched the plan of a campaign, drew an encouraging picture of the resources of the state, and proved to every one's satisfaction, that victory might still be made to range on the side of the republic, if every citizen would consent to do his duty. Whatever he proposed, was agreed to; and by degrees the immense multitude ebbed away through the darkness, and each man sought his own dwelling, there to ponder on the intelligence he had heard, and the political advice which had been given to him in common with the rest of his countrymen.

When Dion descended into the shop of Hermotomos, he found it crowded with young men, keenly engaged in discussing with each other the preparations necessary for taking the field. Gay and elegant in their costume, and somewhat effeminate in appearance, they were yet internally animated by the spirit of the olden times. Even in those days, the most glorious in the history of Athens, the youth of the city had been remarkable for their fondness for dress and personal appearance. They went forth to Marathon in purple cloaks, costly sandals, and with hair curled and perfumed as if they had been going to a banquet; yet they routed the Persian infantry and the Median cavalry, the finest that Asia could supply. It was hoped that a similar event would attend the contest with the Macedonians; and whether or not, Dion felt the blood of the old Athenians warm and quicken in his veins, and he therefore loudly proclaimed his willingness to defend the birthplace of his ancestors in the field. His services were accepted, together with those of all the strangers, half-citizens, and even slaves, who would consent to ennoble themselves by wearing a sword.

As it would have been impossible to sleep, the youthful warriors determined to employ the night in military preparations; and Dion was invited to repair to the house of one of the wealthiest and noblest of the citizens, where he could provide himself with armour and arms. On this occasion, as afterwards, during the visit of Demetrius Poliorcetes, the whole city was lighted up with lamps and torches, disposed along the streets on the pedestals of statues, in the niches of temples, and over the doors of private dwellings. The troops assembled before day in the Agora, where an exhortation was delivered to them by their general; after which they formed a line, and marched in order out of the city, Dion proceeding in the van-guard. We shall not attempt to describe or explain the events of the war that succeeded, or the fate of the great orator, whose eloquence sufficed on this occasion to rekindle the almost expiring flame of patriotism in the breasts of his countrymen. Dion fought in every battle that took place against the Macedonians; and if he could not preserve his ancestral city from the foot of the spoiler, he at least avenged the wrongs she endured upon many a Macedonian soldier, whom, in the Homeric phrase, he made to bite the dust on the plains of Bœotia and in the valleys of Attica.

When all was over, he resumed his mercantile habits, and returned to Sinope, where he related to the regretful colonists the fate which had overtaken the country of their ancestors. The inhabitants of this city were indeed a mixed race—Ionians, Dorians, and Achæans; but there were at least no Macedonians among them, and no lovers of despotism, so that their unmingled sympathies were given altogether to those small but brilliant republics which maintained against Philip and his son the cause of freedom and civilisation. In one of the battles which took place, Dion had had the good fortune to save the life of the worthy Hermotomos in whose shop he had determined to become a soldier. The barber after this returned to Athens, where, as he shaved and perfumed his customers, he related those moving accidents by flood and field which he had witnessed during the war, and was often loud in the praises of the gallant young stranger from Sinope.*

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

QUEBEC.

HAVING spent a few days in Montreal and its neighbourhood, I prepared to make a short visit to Quebec. A communication by railway between these cities, as I shall have occasion to explain, will soon be effected by the extension of a branch from the Atlantic and St Lawrence line. Meanwhile, the only available intercourse is by steam-vessels on the river, one of which departs every evening from Quebec, and another from Montreal; the passage up as well as down being by night.

Montreal is 180 miles above Quebec, and this distance is performed by the steamers in twelve hours, descending, and fifteen to sixteen hours, ascending, the St Lawrence; though, when fogs occur, the time in each case may be considerably extended. Owing to these perplexing fogs, as well as sunken rocks and other dangers, serious accidents occasionally happen. With a less wide-spread reputation for disasters than the Mississippi, the St Lawrence yet possesses an unfortunate aptitude for destroying the steamers which trust themselves upon it. During my stay in the country, two vessels of this kind were wrecked between Quebec and Montreal.

Trusting that I might escape any such misfortune, I one evening went on board a steamer at Montreal, said to be one of the best on the station; and along with at least 150 passengers, set off on a voyage down the river. Darkness soon coming on, we had little opportunity of seeing the distant banks, which, however, are generally low and uninteresting. Some miles down, on our left, we passed one of the mouths of the Ottawa, whose turbid waters are a long way distinguishable from the clear flood of the St Lawrence. Further still, on the south shore, the Richlieu falls into the river; but the town of Sorrel at this point, and various other places of some note, including Three Rivers, are passed in the dark, and we only hear their names when the vessel stops at them to put passengers ashore.

It was in the gray of a misty morning, about seven

* It may be proper to say that this article is by a well-known author, who has devoted a great part of his life to the study of Greek manners and literature.

o'clock, when, rising from bed and going to the slip of open deck at the paddle-boxes, that I first caught sight of the high cliffy banks, as we approached Quebec; and without a word of explanation, I knew at a glance that we were passing the scene of Wolfe's celebrated debarkation below the heights of Abraham. Here the river is a mile in width, and flows in an imposing current, sufficiently deep to carry vessels of large burden. The land is high on both banks, as if sawn down by the mighty stream; for while on our left rise the lofty cliffs of Cape Diamond, on whose summit the city has been built—bringing Ehrenbreitstein, on the Rhine, with its towers and battlements, to remembrance—on the right, or southern bank, we see the elevated grounds of Point Levi, with its lively village and ferry-boats. Looking down the river, we observe that, below Quebec, it parts into two unequal branches, the larger keeping to the left and the smaller to the right, with the high woody isle of Orleans between.

There was little time to take note of all this. The steamer shot in front of the straggling and busy suburb below the city, and in a few minutes we walked ashore on a wooden quay, in the midst of porters and cabmen. Driving by winding narrow streets, environed by substantial stone-houses, towards the higher regions, I could see that Quebec is a curious old city, with numerous trades connected with shipping in its lower streets, and having a strong mixture of the military and ecclesiastical character in its upper and more aristocratic division. The street which I ascended in a cab to get to a hotel, was so steep, that I feared the poor horse would fall on its knees; but, driven by an Irishman, it went wonderfully well over the ground, and I arrived in safety in a kind of open square, where the market and some of the principal public buildings are situated.

A glance through the town shewed that it was considerably more French than Montreal, and was equally well provided with churches and monastic establishments, the bequest of its original settlers; to which are superadded the more modern ecclesiastical structures of its English and Scotch inhabitants. Everybody, of course, is acquainted with the fact, that the Canadian parliament was, a few years ago, burned out of its place of meeting in Montreal. Afterwards, locating itself in a handsome building in Quebec, it has, unfortunately, been just burned out of that too, and is left to shift for temporary accommodation. None of the public buildings, including that appropriated to parliamentary meetings, was of sufficient note to detain me any length of time from the scenes associated with Wolfe's victory; these, in reality, imparting to Quebec the chief interest which is attached to it in England.

Let us, in reference to this great event, throw our minds back to the summer of 1759. England at war with France, has already captured Louisburg in Cape Breton, and desires to complete her acquisitions by seizing on the whole of Canada; for which purpose several expeditions are despatched to open the attack in different quarters; the principal movements, however, being the approach of Lord Amherst by way of Albany and Ticonderoga, and that of Major-General James Wolfe, a young and promising soldier, by the St Lawrence. In the month of June, a fleet bears Wolfe and a small but select army up this great river, and after a tedious voyage, it comes in sight of Quebec and its exterior defences, held by Montcalm and an army of 13,000 men. Landing, and forming an encampment on the Isle of Orleans, Wolfe has presented to him an imposing spectacle. Opposite, on the north shore, from the fortress of Quebec to the falls of the Montmorenci, along a sloping ground several miles in length, he sees a series of intrenchments bristling with cannon; below the fortress on the east, there is the river St Charles, a seemingly weak point in the line, but its bridge is strongly guarded, and the only place for an attack is apparently at the Montmorenci. So, at least, thought Wolfe, not correctly, for he spent nearly three months in various deadly but bootless encounters at this selected spot. It was only after these tedious discomfitures, and much mental and bodily suffering, that he resolved on the stratagem of sailing up the river, as if going on a distant expedition; at the same time leaving a party to make a feint of again attacking the Montmorenci outposts. This famous movement up the river took place on a starlight night in autumn. Early next morning—the memorable 13th of September 1759—an hour before dawn, the vessels drop down with the tide, bring to at a point previously fixed on, now celebrated as Wolfe's Cove; and there the landing is silently effected. The different regiments make their way by a rude path up the steep bank; at the summit they seize upon a redoubt and the few French soldiers who have it in charge, and are shortly drawn up in order on the plains of Abraham. Wolfe leads them forward to a place within three-quarters of a mile of the fortifications, and there, a few hours afterwards, the great struggle ensues which settles the fate of Canada.

The reader may now accompany me to this remarkable field of battle. Driving past the citadel, through a gateway, and along a good road environed with several detached villas, we arrived at the open and bare plain which overhangs the St Lawrence, now partly enclosed, and used as a race-course. The ground is not quite even; it has a slight hollow at the place where we leave the public road and turn in upon it to our left. Here Wolfe was leading the fight when he received the mortal shot. This sad event did not occur till about noon; for Montcalm was unprepared for any attack in this quarter, and it was not till eleven o'clock that he left his intrenchments and brought his forces to the high ground occupied by the English army. It was a brilliant victory, but clouded by the death of Wolfe; while the French, on their part, mourned the fall of the brave Montcalm. Could the scene of this memorable engagement be visited without emotion? Some slight changes have taken place, as I have said, on the field of battle; but, on the whole, it remains pretty much what it was a century ago—a piece of bare and open pasture-land adjoining the public thoroughfare, which runs westward from the town. In the hollow to which I have referred, a monumental column of moderate height, surmounted by a bronze helmet and sword, has been erected, and surrounded by a railing. On the base is the simple inscription: 'Here died Wolfe, Victorious.' On a public promenade, at the gardens attached to the castle, an obelisk was, with good taste, erected to the joint memory of Wolfe and Montcalm by Lord Dalhousie, governor-general, in 1827.

A rock, to the foot of which Wolfe was carried when he fell, and where he expired, has been removed; but within an enclosure lower down, the well is pointed out from which water was brought to him in his last moments. West's celebrated picture of the death of Wolfe, in which the expiring hero is seen reclining on the ground amidst a group of officers and attendants, is generally considered a faithful representation of the scene. Quitting this deeply interesting spot, and crossing the field diagonally towards the St Lawrence, the visitor reaches the enclosures of Marchmont, immediately above Wolfe's Cove. Here, on looking over the bank, we can appreciate the natural difficulties of the pathway by which the English force ascended from the landing-place on the shore beneath. How far Wolfe was justified in the expectation of finding only an insignificant force at this assailable point, or whether he was assured that, after reaching the open plain, Montcalm, in his excess of gallantry, would have the imprudence to leave his intrenchments and fortifications to meet him—are questions which military men have freely discussed. Probably Wolfe reckoned on circumstances of which we have now no precise knowledge; and surely his success in accomplishing a

difficult and hazardous enterprise is the best proof of the correctness of his anticipations. Viewing his victory as an event which, two years afterwards, led to the surrender of Montreal and the relinquishment of Canada to the British monarchy, what a lasting and important influence it may be said to have had on the cause of social progress!

The castle or citadel of Quebec, to which I was admitted by a permit from the proper authority, consists of an open rocky height, thirty to forty acres in extent, with barracks and storehouses, and surrounded by fortifications of great strength, which are extended with various deflexions round the upper part of the town. Guns are pointed from embrasures in different directions; the principal battery, composed of a number of thirty-two pounders, being on the highest cliff, which commands the St Lawrence and the suburb at the harbour. From this situation, elevated 250 feet, a fine view of the river is obtained, with its rafts and shipping, the green isle of Orleans, and Point Levi on the southern shore. At the time of my visit, a fleet of vessels from the Clyde lay at anchor, waiting to be loaded with timber. The fortress of Quebec, it is well known, is the strongest military post of Great Britain on the American continent, and is guarded with an etiquette worthy of Gibraltar. English soldiers were pacing to and fro on the lofty bastions, on which the air was thin and cold even on a sunny day in October. What must be the sensations of the unfortunate sentinels, I thought, in winter, when the thermometer ranges to 30 degrees below zero, and tends to turn all nature into an icicle!

Proceeding westward by the highway across the plains of Abraham, and passing some fine mansions, enclosed in pleasure-grounds—among others, Spencer-Wood, the residence of the governor-general—visitors will, at the distance of about two miles from Quebec, and near the St Lawrence, reach a recently laid out cemetery, environed with trees, and preserved in the finest order by a resident keeper. To this mournful enclosure I went to see the place of interment of John Wilson, the estimable and much-lamented Scottish vocalist, who died suddenly of cholera at Quebec in 1849. He was buried at the corner of a gravel-walk, near the centre of the ground, and I was gratified to observe that, by the kind contributions of his countrymen in Canada, a tall and handsome monument has been erected over his grave. The sun shone sweetly on the spot, decorated with taste, and secluded amidst sheltering woods; and though lying far from home, I thought my poor friend could not have reposed in a scene more congenial with the simple lyrics which he so happily illustrated and made so widely known by his powers of melody.

At the entrance to the cemetery, Mr Millar, the superintendent, obligingly pointed out a vault covered with turf and fitted up with stone shelving, which is used as a temporary receptacle for those who die during winter, and cannot be properly interred until frost and snow have disappeared. The necessity for some such depository of the coffined dead helps to give one a notion of the inclemency of a Canadian winter. But this is revealed in other ways. So deeply does the frost penetrate into the ground, that any line of curb-stone, or stone basis for a railing, which is not founded on masonry at least three feet deep, will be dislodged by the frost, and lean over to one side at the first thaw. In many parts of Lower Canada and New Brunswick, snow lies on the ground about five months in the year, and for some part of the season the cold is more intense than we can form any adequate idea of in England. I was informed that at Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, so keen is the frost during some nights in winter, that sentinels on duty require to be changed every ten minutes. That there should be English soldiers at all in this place, as well as at Quebec and some other stations, seems to be an unaccountable piece of folly; more particularly as desertions to the States are almost of daily occurrence. In some cases, I was assured, not only individual sentinels, but pickets of a dozen men fully accoutred make off from their posts, and find their way through woods and wilds till they cross the frontier, when they are safe from pursuit. Only on rare occasions are these runaways captured before reaching the States. In the course of one of my excursions in Nova Scotia, I passed on the road a party of six deserters who had been so recovered; they were walking handcuffed in pairs, in charge of a sergeant's guard. A state of things that admits of so much demoralisation is, I think, of very questionable policy.

Low as is the temperature in Lower Canada during winter, the climate is far from being unhealthy; and although the snow lies long on the ground, little actual loss is sustained by the agriculturist; for when mild weather arrives, nature acts with a vigour which may be said to compensate for the brevity of summer; and after all, there are perhaps more really fine days during the year than in England. Wherever I went I saw a healthy and robust appearance in the people, with much vivacity of manner. The French Canadians are known to marry young; and it is established as a fact, that life is better among them than it is in England. While the increase by births is 1 in 33 in England, it is 1 in 21 in Lower Canada; and while the deaths are 1 in 45 in England, they are 1 in 53 in the whole of Lower Canada. The simplicity of the mode of living among the rural population, doubtless contributes to this remarkable aspect of affairs; for in the district of Quebec, taken alone, the ratio of deaths is greater than it is in England. Facts of this kind go far to assure us, that Lower Canada, with all its frost and snow and its summer heats, is by no means unadapted for comfortable existence. It is only matter for regret that some of its institutions are of a nature so unsuited to modern notions, that the country, as formerly hinted at, is not likely at present to receive any large accession of agricultural settlers from Great Britain.

On leaving the cemetery, we made a circuit through some remarkably well-managed farms, and then proceeded by a by-road down the north side of the ridge of which Quebec occupies the eastern extremity. Here we arrive in an inferior suburb of wooden houses, wharfs, and ship-building yards, on the banks of the St Charles. Crossing this river by a bridge, and getting upon a good macadamised road, we were now on the way to the river Montmorenci, a tributary of the St Lawrence, and which, with its rapids and falls, forms the great wonder of this part of Canada. The country passed through is enclosed and cultivated; and the houses of the small farmers thickly stud the sides of the highway. About midway, on our right, overlooking the St Lawrence, stands the old village of Beauport, reminding us of the operations of Montcalm, of which it was the centre. Most of the cottages we pass are of a poor appearance, with doors reached by steps, so that they may be level with the surface when the snow covers the ground in winter. On the side of the road has been erected a handsome pillar, surmounted by a conspicuous gilt cross; it is enclosed with a neat railing, and provided with steps in front to accommodate kneeling devotees. I learned that this object is commemorative of the temperance movement, and here, as at a shrine, reclaimed tipplers may piously renew their vows of abstinence.

At the distance of about seven miles from Quebec, we approach the Montmorenci; and clambering over palings, on our left, getting across some mossy ground, and descending a rough woody bank, we see the turbulent river forcing its way through a bed composed of layers of limestone, the broken yet regular appearance of which resembles a series of natural steps. The

scene is wild and picturesque. In front and in the distance, the river, which is seemingly about the size of the Tweed, is seen dashing and foaming over rocks, and burying itself in great gulfs, while above is a precipice overhung with shrubs, and bearing the marks of attrition thousands of years old. There being no proper path down the high banks, we return to the road, and crossing by a bridge, gain the left side of the river. Here, on walking a short distance, we have on our right the celebrated fall of Montmorenci—a very fine thing, indeed, of its kind; for the whole river is sent at a shoot over a precipice 250 feet high, and dissolves into white foam and spray before it reaches the bottom. After the fall, it goes placidly on its way between high banks to the St Lawrence, which it meets at a right angle a few hundred yards distant. A small portion of the water, before arriving at the brink of the precipice, is led off on the right bank to turn some large saw-mills. From the promontory near the fall, the spectator has a view of Quebec, the Isle of Orleans, and the river for a considerable stretch westward.

Before leaving Quebec, I made some inquiries respecting the number of emigrants arriving annually, and other circumstances, connected with the progress of affairs in this part of Canada. It is almost unnecessary for me to say that, as a seat of the provincial government, and a flourishing mart of commerce, Quebec possesses the usual public institutions, literary and otherwise, pertaining to its character. For some time, its ship-building and timber trades have been conducted on a large scale, and on its quays is seen all the bustle of a busy seaport. As the first port at which vessels touch on ascending the St Lawrence, the place possesses a peculiar interest to emigrants; for here they usually disembark and take steamers to their respective points of destination; and here a resident emigration-agent, Mr Buchanan, is appointed to help them with advice and facilitate their movements. At the office of this useful functionary, near the quay, they will at all times receive due attention, and probably see advertisements for artisans and labourers of different classes.

Emigrants who desire to push on westwards, have an opportunity of doing so every day by a steamer from Quebec to Montreal; then they can go on board another steamer, which will take them by canal and river to Kingston at the foot of Lake Ontario. Should they wish to go on, a fresh steamer will carry them to Toronto, or to Hamilton, which is situated at the head of the lake. There they have now the Great Western Railway, which proceeds right through the fertile peninsula of Canada West to Detroit, affording numerous opportunities of stopping by the way. Soon, a great improvement on these facilities will be effected. The Grand Trunk-railway of Canada, one of the most stupendous undertakings of modern times, involving an outlay of L.9,500,000 sterling, and extending its ramifications over nearly 1200 miles, has already, by a union with the Atlantic and St Lawrence railway, opened the communication between Portland and Longueil. In July next, a branch will be extended to Quebec, by which emigrants will be taken thence to Longueil in a few hours. The erection of a bridge two miles in length across the St Lawrence from Longueil to Montreal; the construction at Montreal of a vast railway-depôt like that of Crewe; and the carrying of the line westward to Kingston, Toronto, and ultimately to Sarnia at the foot of Lake Huron, are among the great works just commencing, and for which thousands of hands are required.

When this magnificent railway system is completed, as it is expected to be, five years hence, persons arriving at Quebec will be able to pursue their way uninterruptedly to almost any quarter in the western country; and when I add that ocean steamers, larger and more powerful than those now on the station, are preparing for the trade between Liverpool and the St Lawrence during summer, and between Liverpool and Portland when the river is frozen in winter, it will be seen what an immense effort is being made to open channels of communication through the province. The Grand Trunk is an English concern, aided by guarantees and bonds of the Canadian government, and having an office of management in Montreal. There, for a time, is located the company's secretary, the indefatigable Sir Cusack P. Roney, well known for his skill in developing railway traffic and uniting the commercial interests of countries far separated from each other. I have no doubt that by his adroit arrangements, travellers and emigrants will soon get tickets at the principal railway stations in England to take them to the remotest part of Canada, if not to St Louis on the Mississippi and other centres of intercourse in the great West.

Even on the present footing of communication by river and lake steamers, there is little to complain of. The vessel in which I returned to Montreal was of large size, and being constructed and managed on the plan of the American river-boats, may admit of a short description. It might be described as a structure three stories in height. Level with the quay from which we step on board, we enter by a gap into the after-part of the middle story. Towards the bows, a similar gap admits the steerage passengers, and here also the freight is taken on board. It will thus be understood that the vessel has two doorways in the side—one before and another behind the paddles. The middle floor of the vessel, so entered from the various landing-places, is sectioned off in three departments. In front, is a part devoted to emigrants or second-class passengers; the centre is for the freight; and the latter part, at the stern, is partitioned off and elegantly furnished as a cabin for ladies. By wandering among boxes and bales of goods, and opening doors, we can go from one end of the floor to the other. A small part in front of the ladies' cabin is kept clear of freight; and it is into this open space that we pass on getting on board by the after-entrance. Immediately on entering, we find on the left hand a small office with a window at which tickets are sold, as at an English railway station; and where, till the office is opened, there is a crowd anxiously waiting to have the first chance for state-rooms. The dispenser of these tickets is the purser; the stewards having nothing to do with the money-department. So much for the middle floor of the steamer; the only thing not mentioned being a small open-air platform adjoining the paddle-box on each side, accessible to the passengers, and a favourite lounge for cigar-smokers.

At one corner of the partition which cuts off the ladies' cabin, we ascend by a stair to the upper story. This consists entirely of the saloon, an apartment at least a hundred and fifty feet long, splendidly furnished and decorated; lighted from the roof, and having state-rooms along the sides, each provided with two beds and toilet articles—everything rigorously clean and commodious. A person accustomed to the river vessels of England, would be startled with the first view of this magnificent apartment. Persian carpets, elegant arm-chairs and sofas, a central marble table on which reposes a handsomely bound Bible, cut-glass chandeliers, mirrors and vases of flowers, door-handles of gilt porcelain or ivory, are among the things which meet the eye. The saloon is not of equal breadth throughout. About half-way down, it is interrupted by an enclosure for the engines, and by a passage at each side we reach the portion of the saloon beyond. This division, which is towards the stern, has no beds. It is wider than the other part, and is provided with side and end windows, whence a view of the river is obtained. In the centre of it is a stove, where the single gentlemen chiefly congregate; a small outer poop at

the extremity, being only used in fine weather. The most curious thing about the after portion of the saloon is a barber's shop, lighted from above, and adjoining the enclosure for the engines. Here, on looking through a curtained glass-door, we observe a toilet-table laid out, with all proper apparatus for shaving and hair-dressing; a luxurious chair, with a high rest for the feet; and, seated in a corner, is seen a negro operator, spelling over a newspaper, and patiently waiting for custom. No American steamer of a high class is unprovided with an establishment of this kind for the accommodation of the passengers, who, it may be said, would no more think of doing without a barber than without a cook.

It will be noticed from these arrangements, that the whole vessel, from end to end and side to side, with the exception of a small place at the stern and at the paddle-boxes, is covered in. There is no deck, no roof to which you are admitted. On the top, nothing is visible but the chimney, the beam of the engine, and the wheel-house for the steersman. The saloon is the universal lounge. There most people while away the time, till summoned to their meals. No eating or drinking is carried on in the saloon. It is a drawing, not a dining room. Meals are taken in the lowest story of the vessel, the access to which is by a stair descending from the middle floor, near the doorway to the ladies' cabin. On gaining this profundity, which is necessarily lighted with candles, we find it to be a spacious apartment, with two long tables, two rows of open beds, one above another, along the sides, and at the further extremity a bar for the sale of liquors, and a recess for washing. The kitchen is somewhere in this quarter, but not visible to the passengers.

Two hours after coming on board the vessel, of which I have here presented a picture in outline, the steward's bell sounded for tea, or supper as it is called in America, and down went a crowd from the saloon towards the eating-apartment, which, however, none was allowed to enter till the ladies had come from their cabin, and taken their seats. As usual, there was a profusion of edibles; and here, again, I looked unsuccessfully for specimens of fast eating, which, for the amusement of the thing, I should have been glad to see. The company was miscellaneous. Some were speaking in French, and some in English; but the bulk partook of their tea in silence, and dropped off one by one up stairs to the saloon. Wandering over the vessel some time afterwards, I thought of looking in upon the department on the middle floor appropriated to the humbler class of emigrants. An unpleasant spectacle presented itself: Men, women, children, bedding, boxes, and tin kettles, all jumbled together; a bar about the size of a sentry-box, for the sale of drams; and as a natural result of this last-mentioned particular, a fight among several men, and all sorts of disagreeable noises. I was fain to retreat from the apartment, pitying the unfortunate beings who were condemned to pass a night within its fetid precincts. The sale of liquors in these situations is surely highly objectionable, and the attention of the provincial legislature cannot be too soon called to the subject.

In those parts of the vessel occupied by the first-class passengers, everything went on with the decorum of a drawing-room, and strangely in contrast to the scene I had been witnessing. At ten o'clock, the saloon was nearly deserted; those who had been so fortunate as to secure state-rooms had turned in; and those who had not, went off to the beds in the eating-apartment. Here I had made sure of a berth, by putting my plaid in possession as soon as I came on board. I could not but admire the method for secluding these exposed beds. A brass framework over the top is drawn forward, and the curtains attached to it being closed, the beds, and also two chairs in front, are completely screened from observation. I have somewhere seen the sleeping and toilet accommodation of American river-boats held up to ridicule; but my experience in this and other vessels has left nothing to be said in such a spirit. On the present occasion, my bed was at least equal in commodiousness to that which I had been favoured with in the Cunard steamer. It will also be satisfactory to know, that in the morning there was no want of reasonably good basins and clean towels; and that every man was turned out with boots which would have done no discredit to Day and Martin. With these comforts—laying the luxuries of private state-rooms out of the question—and a substantial breakfast which made its appearance in due course, what more could any one desire?

Retarded for several hours by fogs, we did not arrive at Montreal till noon, and I immediately prepared for my journey to Toronto. W. C.

WELLINGTON'S TREE.

THE last few years have witnessed the introduction, from various parts of the world, of trees superior as objects of beauty, as well as for their timber, to those indigenous in Britain, and to the few earlier exotics. David Douglas, the zealous botanical collector, was one of the first botanists who made the timber trees a principal object of attention, and he was instrumental in introducing into Britain many species that now form attractive ornaments to our arboretums and pleasure-grounds.* His researches were chiefly carried on in the primeval forests of North America; while other collectors have borne home the treasures of the Himalayas and of the southern hemisphere. But, numerous and valuable as were Douglas's American discoveries, it was not in the power of a solitary wanderer to exhaust the rich harvest of so extensive a region. Ever since his time, therefore, the hopeful eye of the arboriculturist has been directed to the west; and the efforts of many enthusiastic and danger-defying travellers have ministered, from time to time, to the conifer mania that now, happily for our country, excites the landed proprietors over the length and breadth of Britain, as did the less profitable tulip-mania of a former time the merchant-princes of Holland.

Besides introducing many important plants to Britain, Douglas indicated the existence of others hidden in the primeval forests that were worthy of the attention, and that eventually aroused the curiosity of European travellers. One of these is a tree, a native of California, which, in its magnificent aspect, and its almost incredible proportions, seems to outstrip every other kind in the great forests of the far west. Particulars of its re-discovery have just come to hand, and have been published in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* by Professor Lindley, who sees in it one of the most valuable additions ever made to our arboretums. Believing that no one would differ from him as to the appropriateness of the name proposed for the most gigantic tree revealed to us by modern discovery, he has conferred upon it the title of *Wellingtonia gigantea*. 'Wellington,' said he, 'stands as high above his contemporaries as the Californian tree above all the surrounding foresters. . . . Emperors, and kings, and princes have their plants, and we must not forget to place in the highest rank among them our own great warrior.'

The tree in question, or rather its seeds, and a young sapling, have been brought home to Mr Veitch by his collector, Mr Lobb, along with many other novelties of interest and importance to the horticultural world. Mr Lobb gives the following account of

* He has a living monument in *Pinus Douglasi*, a tree of great beauty, forming extensive forests of a vivid green throughout the western parts of North America, and well known in all our ornamental plantations in Britain, in many of which it is already of sufficient size to bear cones.

it:—This magnificent evergreen tree, from its extraordinary height and large dimensions, may be termed the monarch of the Californian forest. It inhabits a solitary district on the elevated slopes of the Sierra Nevada, near the head-waters of the Stanislau and San Antonio rivers, in latitude 38° north, longitude 120° 10′ west, at an elevation of 5000 feet from the level of the sea. From eighty to ninety trees exist, all within the circuit of a mile, and these varying from 250 to 320 feet in height, and from 10 to 20 feet in diameter. Their manner of growth is much like *Sequoia* (*Taxodium*) *sempervirens;* some are solitary, some are in pairs, while some not unfrequently stand three and four together. A tree recently felled measured about 300 feet in length, with a diameter, including bark, 29 feet 2 inches, at 5 feet from the ground; at 18 feet from the ground, it was 14 feet 6 inches through; at 100 feet from the ground, 14 feet; and at 200 feet from the ground, 5 feet 5 inches. The bark is of a pale cinnamon brown, and from 12 to 15 inches in thickness. The branchlets are round, somewhat pendent, and resembling the cypress or juniper. The leaves are pale grass green; those of the young trees are spreading, with a sharp acuminate point. The cones are about 2½ inches long, and 2 inches across at the thickest part. The trunk of the tree in question was perfectly solid, from the sap-wood to the centre; and judging from the number of concentric rings, its age has been estimated at 3000 years. The wood is light, soft, and of a reddish colour, like redwood or *Taxodium sempervirens.* Of this vegetable monster, 21 feet of the bark from the lower part of the trunk have been put in the natural form in San Francisco for exhibition; it there forms a spacious carpeted room, and contains a piano, with seats for forty persons. On one occasion, 140 children were admitted without inconvenience.

In commenting upon this account of the most wonderful of California's natural productions, Professor Lindley offers a few apt reflections:—'What a tree is this!—of what portentous aspect and almost fabulous antiquity! They say that the specimen felled at the junction of the Stanislau and San Antonio was above 3000 years old; that is to say, it must have been a little plant when Samson was slaying the Philistines, or Paris running away with Helen, or Æneas carrying off good *pater Anchises* upon his filial shoulders!'

With regard to the age of the tree, we need hardly remind our readers that all such calculations, founded upon the number of concentric circles of wood, are more or less fallacious. A tree may produce one circle of wood in one season, and no more; but as interruptions of growth often occur—resulting from severe changes in the temperature—it is by no means uncommon for several layers to be produced during one variable summer. Calculations founded upon the thickness of the stem, probably lead nearer to the truth, although increase in absolute size is likewise subject to variation, not only in different seasons, but especially at different periods of the tree's age: in youth, it grows rapidly; but as old age comes on, it often forms very thin additions of woody matter. That the Wellingtonia is of immense age, there can be no doubt, although even at 3000 years it does not surpass the calculations that have been made of the ages of other trees. De Candolle reported some authentic cases as follows:—Elm, 335 years; cypress, 350; ivy, 450; larch, 576; orange, 630; olive, 700; the Oriental plane, 720; the cedar, 800; the lime, 1150; oak, 1500; yew, 2820; taxodium, 4000; and the baobab of Africa, 5000 years!

While by some individuals the supposed age of the Californian Wellingtonia is doubted, there are others who likewise enter their protest against its reported dimensions. To one heretical reader of the *Gardeners' Chronicle,* Dr Lindley retorts:—'That the tree was over 80 feet in diameter is pretty clear from the number of persons who can be seated in it. We understand that a mounted horseman rode into the interior of a hollow tree that had been blown over, and after proceeding some distance in the interior, turned the horse and rode out again.'

Additional testimony is afforded by a recent number of *Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture* (American), in which there is published a letter from a correspondent at San José, mentioning amongst other things: 'If you were to see the big *arbor vitæ* now on exhibition at San Francisco, 30 feet in diameter, you would be perfectly amazed. When I went to see it, there were twenty people dancing in the hollow part, with chairs and sofas all round.'

We have followed Dr Lindley in treating his tree as an original discovery of Douglas, now introduced to Britain for the first time by Mr Lobb; it remains for us, therefore, before closing this brief notice, to point out the foundation upon which the opinion rests.

During Douglas's last visit to California, the ill-fated naturalist thus wrote to Sir William Hooker concerning a coniferous tree inhabiting that country, of which no further information, nor seeds, nor specimens ever reached Europe:—'But the great beauty of Californian vegetation is a species of *Taxodium,* which gives the mountains a most peculiar, I was almost going to say awful appearance—something which plainly tells us we are not in Europe. I have repeatedly measured specimens of this tree 270 feet long and 32 feet round, at 3 feet above the ground. Some few I saw upwards of 300 feet high, but none in which the thickness was greater than those I have instanced.' Should the tree here alluded to by Douglas not be of the same species as that now introduced by Lobb, then there still remains in California an arboreous wonder to reward the diligence of some other traveller. The discovery of new plants, in most cases, only extends the boundaries of systematic botany, but the discoverer of a useful timber tree offers a substantial contribution to our national wealth.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XII.

AN IMPORTANT PROJECT.

The Albany, everybody knows, is a monastery in Piccadilly, the cloisters of which are inhabited by forlorn single men who, for some reason or other, have forsworn the sex and the world. Here are bachelors who have been crossed in love, husbands who have been crossed in matrimony, and a state-porter watching the iron gates at either end of the alley of cells. Mr Fancourt's was a very respectable hermitage, fitted up with everything that could reconcile the recluse to the absence of the world he had lost or forsaken. The pretty little dinner he shared with his kinsman, Seacole, was exquisite for such a refectory; and the claret that followed would probably have stood triumphantly a comparison with the best wine grown for their own use by the holy brethren of the olden time.

Adolphus felt it somewhat difficult to explain to his friend the reason why he had found the scene at the Exhibition so painful to his feelings, and in fact he did not very well understand it himself. Here was a fellow, however, who from his very boyhood had continually rivalled him in some way or other, and always successfully. He, Seacole, after having contemptuously dared him to the arena of the world, now fell in with him again; and instead of finding him the vagrant he was born, or in the mechanical employment to which the ambition of a vagrant's son might be supposed to point, he was

encountered by him once more on terms of equality—once more he saw him bar his path like a spectre.

After hearing all Adolphus had to say on the subject, Fancourt mused for a moment.

'Why,' said he, 'this Oaklands must be a fine fellow; and in a dozen or a score of years, if he gets on well in the world, his birth, instead of being looked upon as a stigma, will be considered rather as something enhancing his merit. Till a man does get on, however, such a thing stands in his way; it is a difficulty to be surmounted; and his rivals or enemies take advantage of it to keep him down as long as they can. Never fancy, Dolphy—for that is a vulgar tradition—that this young fellow is to be despised *because* he is a born vagrant: in point of fact he is to be despised only because he has not yet distinguished himself in money-making, or war, or law, or letters, or art. Without some such consummation he is nothing, at least, in the station in which you now find him. There his gentlemanly manners and handsome person promote him to be merely an agreeable dangler, or one of the clever people, as they are called, who are stuck in to give piquancy to the dull parties of idealess fashion. Only fancy Claudia Falcontower thinking seriously of this genius, without a coin in his pocket, without a bay-leaf on his brow! The thing is absurd—more than absurd: why, if you betrayed such a suspicion to her, she would strike you dead at her feet with one flash of her magnificent eyes. But still, although there is no possibility of her regarding him as anything more than a lay-figure, his feelings of hostility—for which I have no doubt you have given abundant cause—may damage you. It is your game, therefore, to detach his hold as well as you can from the family—to put a stop to that personal familiarity between them which might give him opportunity for damaging whispers in the ear of your Eve.'

'Could not this be done by a mere touch of Ithuriel's spear, by which is figured Truth? Would the haughty Claudia continue to make a companion of one whom she knew to be a vagrant poor and unrenowned?'

'Hum! I don't know. There is a certain convenience in a man standing alone in the world, with no circle round him to prevent his getting into other circles, nobody to hang upon the skirts of his good fortune when he is rising. There is an evil report, you know, about the origin of this Oaklands, which if true—or believed to be true—would be far more damaging than the fact of his being really the foundling of Wearyfoot Common. As the natural son of a half-pay captain and a menial servant, and surrounded, doubtless, by countless relations in the same degree, all watching eagerly for a peep of his head rising above the crowd, our friend, it strikes me, would have little chance of retaining the patronage of the Falcontowers.'

'You are right, Fancourt!—I see my game, and I will play it out. I hardly remember the particulars, beyond this, that the parentage you refer to was acknowledged by Oaklands himself when a boy, and in my mother's presence. Poringer, however, knows all about it, and for some reason or other, he hates the fellow still worse than I do. How is it that *you*, who play your cards so well, and know the value of the honours, have never married?'

'Simply because I am not the inheritor of a landed estate like you. I have money enough to do without a wife's fortune, and not money enough to desire an heir—rank enough to require no matrimonial quarterings, and not rank enough to make it necessary to fortify it by marriage—sense enough to know that I am well off, and not sense enough to wish to be better off. But consult your fellow, that's my advice to you. I admire Poringer prodigiously: it is only circumstances that have made him a footman—nature must have intended him for a man of fashion.'

Leaving Adolphus to the prosecution of his plans for detaching Robert from the intimacy of the Falcontowers—plans he would have delighted in pursuing even if his own personal interest had not been at stake—we must now look in at Simple Lodge, just to prevent the inmates from slipping out of the reader's memory. The difficulty in this case is to relate a history that has no incidents. Sara's was the life of a flower, which grows without being seen to grow, which waxes in beauty spontaneously and unconsciously, and the aroma of which comes forth sweeter and richer every day, without exhibiting any external token of change. Let it be said, however, that the song which burst forth from her heart in the garden carried with it, as an oblation to the heavens, every remains of girlish immaturity. From that moment she was a thinking, feeling, comprehending woman, and even her attentions to her uncle and aunt, without losing a jot of their fondness, acquired a character of judgment which rendered them a thousand times more valuable. Sara, in fine, no longer passed through life,

A dancing shape, an image gay,

but a pilgrim of the earth, burdened with its cares, supported by its hopes, and even when its sorrows were heaviest, buoyed up with a generous confidence, which is the heaven of this world, and when sublimed into religious faith, the herald of the world to come.

It may be supposed that her intercommunications with Robert received some modifications as they went on. At first they would be almost suspended by a feeling of bashful consciousness; but gradually when she became accustomed to her new feelings, the natural ingenuousness of her character would prevail. Robert, although possessing, as she had said herself, the soul of a gentleman, was poor, low in conventional rank, and, O how lonely in the world! This was much. This went a great way in thawing her reserve, for it gave an air of generosity to her advances towards confidence. We admit, however, that here we are thrown in a great measure upon conjecture, for in spite of our manifold experience, we remain to this hour in profound ignorance of the female heart. For this reason we confine ourselves in a great measure, as the reader must have seen, to external phenomena; and for this reason, we will at present dogmatise no further than to say, that in circumstances of difficulty of any kind whatever, the advance always comes from the woman. And why? Because she is naturally more ingenuous, naturally more courageous, except as regards physical bravery, and naturally more generous than the man. If 'advance' is objected to, substitute any other expression you please—anything giving the idea of a look, a tone, a word, a touch which, occurring at the proper time, shivers the ice of conventionality, as if by magic, into a thousand pieces.

That some such process as this took place, however gradually, between her and Robert, is certain. Theirs, it is true, was not a love correspondence, for it could not have been so without being a clandestine one; but in their public letters there were words and allusions, tremulous fears, half-hinted hopes, precious to the hearts of both, and at least enigmas to the captain and Elizabeth. The speculations of these worthy souls concerning such passages were listened to by Sara, with her head bent down over the paper, and her cheeks flushed half with bashful consciousness, and half—we must own it—with an awful inclination to laugh. But there were likewise, it must be said, in her letters, although only occasionally, and always occurring at the graver turns of Robert's fortunes, brief private postscripts. These, however, betrayed no other feeling than that of anxious friendship, and contained no words but those of encouragement, consolation, or advice—advice such as a lofty-minded and loving woman may offer to a man, her superior in genius and experience, but struggling in the toils of the world.

On a particular occasion, when Robert had written

in a strain of much depression, one of these 'postscripts' insinuated itself unconsciously to the writer into the body of her reply; and when the letter was read aloud, as usual, to the captain and Elizabeth, it excited a good deal of speculation. It ran thus: 'I do not see why you should fancy yourself hanging loose upon the world as one without a profession, while you are supporting yourself by your pen. Thoughts, although immaterial themselves, are the rulers of matter: there is not an idea thrown off by an author which has not an effect of some kind upon the minds, and therefore upon the actions, of those who read. Every book finds a fit audience, however few—an audience so constituted as to realise the impression it is calculated to convey. A single leaf torn out, and drifting on the wind to the roadside, may contain something to sink into the heart, or fasten upon the imagination of the curious passer-by, and fructify there either for good or evil. May it not be from some unconscious apprehension of this fact, that the Mohammedans pick up from the ground every scrap of paper they see, lest it contain the name of God? Yes, Robert, thoughts are facts; and he who deals in them is no dreaming hermit, abstracted from the business of life, but a sharer in the scenes—silent, it may be, and invisible in his person, yet exercising a palpable influence upon the action. Go on, then, in good heart. Be as proud of the work of your brain as you would be of the work of your hands; and when some glorious thought struggles into birth, think that there are those who will receive it with a flush of the cheek and a catching of the breath, as something their souls have prophesied of—something they have panted for, even "as the hart panteth after the water-brooks."' Here Sara stopped with a true flush and a true catching of the breath, for she had nearly been betrayed by her enthusiasm into reading what, in her womanly generosity, she had added: 'I judge from myself, as an average specimen of humanity; for I can truly say, that I never knew what nobleness slept, useless and apathetic, in my own intellectual nature, till it was kindled up by contact with yours.'

'Hold!' cried the captain; 'read that again!' This was not an unusual exclamation of his; but Sara complied falteringly, for she felt that a postscript had no business to be in the middle of a letter.

'What do you think of that, Elizabeth?'

'It is the opinion of Sumphinplunger,' replied the virgin, 'that thoughts are as substantial as any other existing things. We know that the invisible wind is substantial, because it knocks down the chimney-pots; and a thought must be so, too, because it hurries men along, in some particular course, more violently than the wind itself. When the subject is better understood, we shall probably be able to measure the potency of thought like that of steam, by so many horse-power, or even try it in scales like a ponderable substance, and affix its value by the poundweight. When this is the case, Sumphinplunger himself will be better appreciated, for men will be able to estimate more correctly the prodigious substantiality of his vapour, and the sublime ponderosity of his reflections.'

'That's very true, Elizabeth,' said the captain; 'that's very true—only I doubt whether the dealers in such substantial articles, even if these were as thick as mud, and as heavy as lead, would make anything by them. They all live in Grub Street, every mother's son of them, and come out at night to lie on the bulk-heads.'

'My dear uncle,' expostulated Sara, 'there is no Grub Street now: it is changed to Milton Street; and as for bulk-heads, there is no such thing to lie upon.'

'No! I am sorry for that. What are the poor fellows to do? They can't be walking the streets for ever and ever. Couldn't the government do something for them? I would subscribe a little myself if I thought it would be of any use. But I'll tell you what we must do, Sara: we must go up to London ourselves, and see after poor Bob. You are of age now, and there must be lots of things, you know, to sign, seal, and deliver. As for my agent, the fine fellow is paying a good dividend after all, and I must go to town at anyrate about that. But we mustn't take it all from him, after what he has suffered—I think, in his printed letter, he called it poignant affliction—we'll give him back as much of it as Bob doesn't want, and speak comfortably to the poor soul, and ask him down here to have a run upon the Common. Hey, Elizabeth?'

Elizabeth gave her assent as calmly as if the matter in question was a forenoon walk, and then went on industriously with her knitting, as if thinking it was necessary to finish the piece, lest she should be called upon to set out after dinner.

Sara was even more tranquil, for the idea came upon her with a paralysing suddenness; but by and by a revulsion took place, and she was thrown into a nervous flutter, which made her take refuge, as was her wont in moments of strong emotion of any kind, in the recesses of the garden. Here she walked and mused for some time, now indulging in a delicious dream, and now starting with a feeling of incredulity, the whole thing seeming a wild impossibility. She at length, however, became accustomed to the idea; and when gliding towards the house, she was overheard—for the kitchen window was open—crooning a low happy song: which, when the sound died away, Molly straightway took up like an echo, as her thoughts floated across Wearyfoot Common.

It was Sara's wish to add a postscript to her letter, informing Robert of their intention; but this the captain peremptorily overruled. The time, he said, was not yet fixed; and at anyrate, he was strongly desirous of seeing how Bob would look when he saw them all on a sudden in London. This idea took a strong hold of the veteran's imagination, and he was frequently seen to indulge in a little inward cachinnation as it occurred to him.

The family were busy for some considerable time in preparing for this important expedition; the captain and Elizabeth occupied with abstract speculations on the subject, and Sara and Molly with the work of the head and hands. The day, always too short for Sara, now dwindled into the briefest imaginable span; and she would have grudged the repose of the night, if she had not sunk, the moment her head was laid upon the pillow, into a profound unconsciousness, from which she awoke only when her eyelids were touched by the first beams of the sun. She was the housekeeper, it has been said—and more than that, for Molly required teaching both by precept and example. Sara had learned only some knick-knackeries of cookery under the former régime; and when Mrs Margery abdicated, she was obliged to study the whole art in books, that she might teach and experimentalise in the kitchen. The captain liked passing well a nice dinner, and the necessity for parting with the mysterious cook had cost him many a secret pang; but although a little gloomy and suspicious at first, he soon became wonderfully reconciled to the joint workmanship of his niece and Molly, and at length declared frankly, that any difference he could detect was on the favourable side. Sara rivalled Mrs Margery in other accomplishments too—ironing and clear-starching; and Molly, who was a famous hand at the suds, delighted in washing-day, since it gave her still more of her young mistress's company than usual. And did not Sara like it too—just? Never was there a pair of happier girls seen than when the one was plying her smoothing-iron, and the other standing resolutely at the tub, with the smoking froth flying wildly about her red arms, and both every now and then suspending operations to fly out into the garden and lay down on

the smooth green a score of white pieces to grow still whiter in the sun.

Ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones, all the while,
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools, not I—

for the intellectual and accomplished Sara was refined, not vulgarised, by these humble labours, and by the accompanying gushes of natural and womanly feeling welling from her heart, and, like the exhalations from the snowy linen on the green, rising, a purifying oblation, to the skies. Sara was a capital gardener, too, in vegetables as well as flowers; and being the marketing woman of the family, she knew and could name every human flower in the village, and was a light-bringing visitor in every dwelling, from the respectable bakery, to the hut of the indigent widow.

'I tell you what, Sara,' said the captain one day, after having watched her through some of her ordinary operations, ended by her sitting down to dinner, officiating as chaplain, and taking up the knife and fork to dissect a chicken—'I tell you what, Sara, you bring to my recollection the nun of Torrajos, as distinctly as if I had seen her only yesterday!'

'The nun of Torrajos?' repeated Sara, puzzled.

'Yes—a real nun. It's worth hearing, Elizabeth.' Elizabeth laid down her knife and fork, and turned upon her brother her light gray eyes with the curiosity of a wax-figure. 'I was acquainted with that nun,' proceeded the veteran; 'I knew her very well indeed; for I saw her several times, and I am almost sure she noticed me once. Well, you see, the convent was burned, and the poor things routed out; and this nun was waiting in a shed till a mule could be got for her. Now, if I had known Sara then—well, well! The nun, you see, was sitting on a bench, with her hood hanging over her face, and her hands crossed over her bosom; and there she was—no, she wasn't laying out the clothes on the green: in point of fact there was no green. But she was—no, she wasn't digging in the garden, for there was no garden to dig in: that accounts for it. But she was—no, not exactly patting the little girls' heads, and giving their grandmothers sixpences, for there were no little girls, and no grandmothers; and the nun, poor young woman, hadn't sixpence in the world: she was, in fact, doing nothing, nothing at all, and so—— There's Molly, I declare! What *do* you want, Molly? What are you astonished about now? It's a hard case that I must always have to break off my story in the middle!'

'O sir,' said Molly deprecatingly, 'I only wanted to see if you wanted anything.'

'What is that you have got half under your apron?'

'O sir, it's only a letter.'

'Why don't you give it, then?' She handed it to Sara.

'This is for you, Molly,' said her young mistress. 'Why do you give me your own letter, and before you have even broken the seal?'

'O miss, do read it for me after dinner; pray, do. I wouldn't open it for the world—the last did you so much good!' Sara blushed celestial rosy red at this imputation; but the captain hearing that it was from Mrs Margery, would permit no delay, as it was sure to contain news of Robert; and Sara, nothing loath, desired the cover to be put again upon the chicken, and read as follows:—'DEAR MOLLY—This comes hoping you are well, being the same myself; and to thank you for your kind letter, addressed by Miss Sara, which I received duly, but being written by you, Molly, which I could not read one word of it, good, bad, or indifferent. So, all the news of Wearyfoot I got was from Mr Poringer, who came to make proposals of marriage, and drink tea with me—think of that! He wanted me to be a landlady, with red ribbons over the ears; and he was so bitter when I told him I would do no such foolishness, and called Master Robert so many names, that as soon as ever he was gone, I burst out a-crying.

'Master Robert gave up the cabinet-making long ago, and goes out almost every morning like the first gentleman in the land. My cousin Driftwood says he is a unanimous writer, which means that doesn't put his name to it; but Master Robert never says a word to nobody himself, which he is quite right to do. O Molly Jinks, if it isn't coming out as fast as ever it can! I think it is a family of Barrow knights he belongs to, or at least they are some of the kinsfolk, for they have been making all the inquiries about him that people do about fondlings who have strawberries upon their left side, and he goes about with the ladies arm-in-arm, as close as brother and sister. There is a lord, too, who is another relation; and it was in one of their houses that Mr Poringer found me out, by means of a picture of me that Master Robert had lent them to put in their drawing-room. There is also Mrs Doubleback, a lady of the first fashion, who would give her eyes to have him for one of her daughters, and who has sent him an invitation to a grand ball. But he looks higher, *I* can tell Mrs D., for all her fashion; and good right he has, for if there ever was a born gentleman in this world, his name is Master Robert Oaklands. So no more at present, Molly Jinks; but be sure I will write again the moment it comes to pass, and am always your obedient friend, MARGERY OAKLANDS.'

This letter was the subject of much conversation between the captain and his sister, although the former could not very well comprehend, at first, how a woman of the name of Sall could have turned out to be a baronet's lady. As his mind, however, became accustomed to the idea, he could not undertake to affirm that the thing was impossible, more especially when he recollected a circumstance that had occurred in his own regiment. We do not feel ourselves called upon, however, to lay the details of this circumstance before the reader; for it does not appear clearly how the fact of the drummer's wife referred to turning out to be the fifer's sister, can throw any very extraordinary light upon the point in question. As for Elizabeth, she was of opinion with Sumphinplunger, that in a state of being where the materials of the body are undergoing a constant process of change, it must be a very difficult thing to establish any point of identity—or, in fact, to tell who is who at all. She hoped, however, that if any young man (hypothetically speaking) turned out unexpectedly to be a lord, he would never forget that there was nothing more than an empty title between him and a vagrant.

Sara appeared to listen in silence to these speculations; but in reality she was communing with her own unquiet heart. Whatever the course might be, it was evident that Robert was now in a position which deprived the proposed expedition to London of every pretext of generosity. It was one thing to visit him when he was low in station and depressed in mind, and another thing to force a country girl upon his society, when that was courted by the noble and the fashionable. There seemed, at length, to be something even indelicate in the idea of this journey; and a stranger, observing her manner, might have been curious to know what there was in the prospects of her friend to account for such obvious discontent and depression.

But Molly was curious about nothing of the kind, for she saw at a glance what was the matter, and made up her mind on the instant that the whole male sex was a concrete mass of selfishness and deception. The baker paid handsomely for this generalisation: his loaf that day was thrown back to the culprit with indignation.

'What is the matter, Molly?' cried he in alarm.

'Crusty!' replied Molly; and she walked back to

the house like an empress at the Cobourg, with the crown upon her head, the sceptre in her hand, her train borne by two pages, and her nose commercing with the skies.

THE MONTH:

THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

THE LIBRARY.

Mr Bogue appears to be engrossing all the young poets who give signs of originality of thought and poetic fancy; Mr Smith's works have reached a third edition; and here comes Gerald Massey, with his *Ballad of Babe Christabel, with other Lyrical Poems.* A memoir prefixed to the poetry gives a woful account of the ground-down life of the author—a life without a childhood, a life of constant drudgery, starvation, and misery in every form; first in a silk-mill, then at straw-plaiting. He is a red-hot democrat; but he does not confine his muse to what he conceives to be deep social wrong and fervent denunciation of it. His lyric poetry is sometimes distinguished by bursts of luxuriant fancy; but its prevailing tone is that of pathos, frequently soaring into a sort of agony. This is true of several of his political lyrics, and his wild and heart-rent *Ballad of Babe Christabel.* Every line, indeed, which this new poet writes bears the stamp of thorough earnestness, of intense feeling, and is couched in a style perfectly his own. In aristocratic, and perhaps, still more, in bourgeois circles, Gerald Massey may find no favour; but he is certain of a wide-extended popularity among the classes which form the base of our social column. From many of his political sentiments we altogether dissent; but probably as years go by, and experience increases, more moderate views may be generated in Mr Massey's mind.

Autobiographic Sketches, from the pen of De Quincey, the famous Opium-eater, cannot but excite a vivid interest in the literary world, and no little curiosity in general circles. The strange craving for opium, and the extraordinary extent to which habit enabled De Quincey to carry its consumption with comparative impunity, would have rendered him a marked man, even had he not possessed that strong intellect and fine fancy with which he was gifted, dashed as it was with a spice of fantastic eccentricity peculiarly and distinctly his own. Some of his more rhapsodic writings had no doubt been composed more or less under the influence of his favourite drug, consumed in the form of what it was his wont to call 'laudanum toddy.' But many finely conceived and imaginative papers were written anterior to the opium-eating; and a lesser number, but still unmarked by any symptoms of mental decay, when to a great extent he had conquered his propensity. The present volume is an extremely pleasant one, full of literary anecdote and reminiscence. Indeed, a man who had lived alternately in the highest literary society of Edinburgh, and amid the calm yet profound intellects of the Lakes, gathering together innumerable traits and features of city and of mountain manners—the bourgeois of the one, and the peasantry and cottagers of the other, could not but be heaping up a rich store of varied materials for his pictures of human life. The matter now published is partly new, and partly reprinted. It is in a great measure devoted to the Lakists—to their tranquil lives and intellectual converse, mingled with mountain stories—some of them merry, others sad. Altogether, the volume cannot fail of obtaining a great popularity.

Mr Hugh Miller is well known by the series of books which he has published during the last sixteen years. In the geological world, he is noted as the expositor of the formation called the Old Red Sandstone; and in his native country of Scotland, he enjoys a local fame as editor of the chief newspaper devoted to the interests of the Free Church. Arrived now at middle age, this remarkable man looks back over his early days, when first a simple village boy and next a journeyman stone-mason, and it occurs to him that the story of the process of self-education through which he passed, and by virtue of which he has risen into eminence, might be of some use to the public. Here, accordingly, does he add to his former books a substantial tome, detailing the first thirty years of his life.* It is, in our opinion, the best of Mr Miller's books—and simply, because he has never before had so good a subject as himself. He speaks with manly candour of his early poverty and toil, as well as of the rough and somewhat dangerous sports he was allowed to indulge in, under the bridleless care of a widowed mother. The most valuable element, however, of his book, is the detail he gives regarding the influences which formed his mind—old-fashioned Presbyterian relatives with traditionary prepossessions in favour of the Church of Scotland, the poor and inefficient schooling of a Scotch village, the books of light literature and more solid matters which he was enabled to read, the natural objects of sea-beach and inland, by the study of which he laid the groundwork of his present distinction as a geologist and naturalist. It is profoundly interesting to trace the fashioning of the youth by these external agencies, though, after all, we must rest in the belief that he would not have been anything like what he is without a native character of a most remarkable order, and which must have, in almost any circumstances, projected itself before us in strongly determined lineaments. Hundreds of Cromarty youths are yearly coming forth into maturity under precisely the same circumstances as Mr Miller; but none of them is like *him.* Let them exercise, you will say, the same observation and reflection, and they will be similar; but you must first prove that they have those powers to be so exercised.

Observation and reflection are Mr Miller's great gifts. He sees a group in social life or an assemblage of natural objects with faithfulness most extraordinary; from the homeliest of such subjects he extracts the whole soul, or he invests them with the charm of collateral lights and associations; so that we come to think there must be nowhere such interesting people as his cottagers, nowhere such rich fields of research as the beach and caves of Cromarty. Take the following as an example of the sagacity he displays in observing external nature. Along the cliffy shore near his native town, as in other parts of the coast of Scotland, there is a line of dry caves in the face of the rock, about twenty feet above the line of similar objects which the sea is at present engaged in hollowing out. Surveying this set of objects impresses on Mr Miller 'the fact of the amazing antiquity of the globe. I found,' he says, 'that the caves hollowed by the surf, when the sea had stood from fifteen to five-and-twenty feet above its present level, or, as I should perhaps rather say, when the land had stood that much lower, were deeper, on the average, by about one-third, than those caves of the present coast-line that are still in the course of being hollowed by the waves. And yet the waves have been breaking against the present coast-line during the whole of the historic period. The ancient wall of Antoninus, which stretched between the Firths of Forth and Clyde, was built at its terminations with reference to the existing levels; and ere Cæsar landed in Britain, St Michael's Mount was connected with the mainland, as now, by a narrow neck of beach laid bare by the ebb, across which, according to Diodorus Siculus, the Cornish miners used to drive at low-water their carts laden with tin. If the sea has stood for two thousand six hundred years against the present coast-line—and no geologist would fix his estimate of the term lower—then must it have stood

* *My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, The Story of My Education.* By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. 1854.

against the old line, ere it could have excavated caves one-third deeper than the modern ones, three thousand nine hundred years. And both sums united more than exhaust the Hebrew chronology. Yet what a mere beginning of geologic history does not the epoch of the old coast-line form!'

At about eighteen, while apprentice to a mason, Mr Miller spent a summer in helping to build a house in the vale of the Conon, in Ross-shire. He and his companions, on this and similar occasions, bivouacked in an outhouse pervious to the elements, without any female attendance or service, sleeping on bundles of straw, and cooking their own porridge and oat-cakes—the only food they had to eat. It was a rough debasing life; yet our author, resisting not merely the degrading effects of physical circumstances, but the moral tendencies of the society he mingled with, maintained both his habits of observing nature and of reading. 'I had,' he says, 'entered a noisy and uproarious school, one without master or monitors; but its occasional lessons were, notwithstanding, eminently worthy of being scanned.' He goes on to remark the notable stamp which various trades take from position and circumstance. 'Between the workmen that pass sedentary lives within doors, such as weavers and tailors, and those who labour in the open air, such as masons and ploughmen, there exists a grand generic difference. Sedentary mechanics are usually less contented than laborious ones; and as they almost always work in parties, and as their comparatively light, though often long and wearily plied employments, do not so much strain their respiratory organs but that they can keep up an interchange of idea when at their toils, they are generally much better able to state their grievances, and much more fluent in speculating on their causes. They develop more freely than the laborious out-of-door workers of the country, and present, as a class, a more intelligent aspect. On the other hand, when the open-air worker does so overcome his difficulties as to get fairly developed, he is usually of a fresher and more vigorous type than the sedentary one. Burns, Hogg, Allan Cunningham, are the literary representatives of the order; and it will be found that they stand considerably in advance of the Thoms, Bloomfields, and Tannahills that represent the sedentary workmen. The silent, solitary, hard-toiled men, if nature has put no better stuff in them than that of which stump-orators and Chartist lecturers are made, remain silent, repressed by their circumstances; but if of a higher grade, and if they once do get their mouths fairly opened, they speak with power, and bear with them into our literature the freshness of the green earth and the freedom of the open sky. * * *

'The professional character of the mason varies a good deal in the several provinces of Scotland, according to the various circumstances in which he is placed. He is in general a blunt, manly, taciturn fellow, who, without much of the Radical or Chartist about him, especially if wages be good and employment abundant, rarely touches his hat to a gentleman. His employment is less purely mechanical than many others: he is not like a man ceaselessly engaged in pointing needles or fashioning pin-heads. On the contrary, every stone he lays or hews demands the exercise of a certain amount of judgment for itself; and so he cannot wholly suffer his mind to fall asleep over his work. When engaged, too, in erecting some fine building, he always experiences a degree of interest in marking the effect of the design developing itself piecemeal, and growing up under his hands; and so he rarely wearies of what he is doing. Further, his profession has this advantage—that it educates his sense of sight. Accustomed to ascertain the straightness of lines at a glance, and to cast his eye along plane walls, or the mouldings of entablatures or architraves, in order to determine the rectitude of the masonry, he acquires a sort of mathematical precision in determining the true bearings and position of objects, and is usually found, when admitted into a rifle-club, to equal, without previous practice, its second-rate shots. He only falls short of its first-rate ones because, uninitiated by the experience of his profession in the mystery of the parabolic curve, he fails, in taking aim, to make the proper allowance for it. The mason is almost always a silent man: the strain on his respiration is too great, when he is actively employed, to leave the necessary freedom to the organs of speech; and so at least the provincial builder or stone-cutter rarely or never becomes a democratic orator. I have met with exceptional cases in the larger towns; but they were the result of individual idiosyncrasies, developed in clubs and taverns, and were not professional.'

The great lesson which Mr Miller learned in his summer experiences as a mason seems to have been to endure hardship. He has often known mason-parties reduced to spend a rainy day in an outhouse without fire, and only meal slaked in cold water to eat. Nevertheless, their spirits are always higher in such circumstances than when in a more comfortable situation at home. 'My experience,' he says, 'of barrack-life has enabled me to receive without hesitation what has been said of the occasional merriment of slaves in America and elsewhere, and fully to credit the often-repeated statement, that the abject serfs of despotic governments laugh more than the subjects of a free country. Poor fellows! If the British people were as unhappy as slaves or serfs, they would, I daresay, learn in time to be quite as merry. There are, however, two circumstances that serve to prevent the bothy-life of the north-country mason from essentially injuring his character in the way it almost never fails to injure that of the farm-servant. As he has to calculate on being part of every winter, and almost every spring, unemployed, he is compelled to practise a self-denying economy, the effect of which, when not carried to the extreme of a miserly narrowness, is always good.'

He says elsewhere that he enjoyed in his fifteen years of laborious life 'fully the average amount of happiness.' 'Let me add—for it seems to be very much the fashion of the time to draw dolorous pictures of the condition of the labouring-classes—that from the close of the first year in which I wrought as a journeyman, up till I took final leave of the mallet and chisel, I never knew what it was to want a shilling; that my two uncles, my grandfather, and the mason with whom I served my apprenticeship—all working-men—had had a similar experience; and that it was the experience of my father also. I cannot doubt that deserving mechanics may, in exceptional cases, be exposed to want; but I can as little doubt that the cases *are* exceptional, and that much of the suffering of the class is a consequence either of improvidence on the part of the competently skilled, or of a course of trifling during the term of apprenticeship—quite as common as trifling at school—that always lands those who indulge in it in the hapless position of the inferior workman.'

Mr Miller's first step out of the life of a mechanic was into that of an accountant in a bank. He here found himself less able and willing to pursue study than he had been in his former situation. 'The unintellectual toils of the labouring-man have been occasionally represented as less favourable to mental cultivation than the semi-intellectual employments of that class immediately above him, to which our clerks, shopmen, and humbler accountants belong; but it will be found that exactly the reverse is the case, and that, though a certain conventional gentility of manner and appearance on the side of the somewhat higher class may serve to conceal the fact, it is on the part of the labouring-man that the real advantage lies. The mercantile accountant or law-clerk, bent over his desk, his faculties concentrated on his columns of figures, or on the pages

which he has been carefully engrossing, and unable to proceed one step in his work without devoting to it all his attention, is in greatly less favourable circumstances than the ploughman or operative mechanic, whose mind is free though his body labours, and who thus finds, in the very rudeness of his employments, a compensation for their humble and laborious character. And it will be found that the humbler of the two classes is much more largely represented in our literature than the class by one degree less humble. Ranged against the poor clerk of Nottingham, Henry Kirke White, and the still more hapless Edinburgh engrossing clerk, Robert Fergusson, with a very few others, we find in our literature a numerous and vigorous phalanx, composed of men such as the Ayrshire Ploughman, the Ettrick Shepherd, the Fifeshire Foresters, the sailors Dampier and Falconer—Bunyan, Bloomfield, Ramsay, Tannahill, Alexander Wilson, John Clare, Allan Cunningham, and Ebenezer Elliot.'

The opinion of such a shrewd observer as Mr Miller regarding any point in the social condition of the class of operatives may well be listened to, with whatever caution it may be accepted. While working in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh in 1825, a great strike took place among the stone-masons, who, under a building mania, were already realising unusually high wages. Miller knew that nearly all the men, by reason of improvidence, were unprepared to hold out a single fortnight, and he refused to take any part in the movement. He goes on to remark, 'there is a want of true leadership among our operatives in these combinations. It is the wilder spirits that dictate the conditions; and, pitching their demands high, they begin usually by enforcing acquiescence in them on the quieter and more moderate among their companions. They are tyrants to their fellows ere they come into collision with their masters, and have thus an enemy in the camp, not unwilling to take advantage of their seasons of weakness, and prepared to rejoice, though secretly mayhap, in their defeats and reverses.' He had himself experienced persecution from his fellow-workmen, because he would not join in their debauches, and maintained the religious feelings which had been awakened in his youth. He proceeds to explain how it is that true leadership is wanting in the class. 'Combination is first brought to bear among them against the men, their fellows, who have vigour enough of intellect to think and act for themselves; and such always is the character of the born leader: their true leaders are almost always forced into the opposition; and thus separating between themselves and the men fitted by nature to render them formidable, they fall under the direction of mere chatterers and stump-orators, which is, in reality, no direction at all. The author of the *Working-man's Way in the World*—evidently a very superior man—had, he tells us, to quit at one time his employment, overborne by the senseless ridicule of his brother workmen. Somerville states in his *Autobiography*, that, both as a labouring-man and a soldier, it was from the hands of his comrades that—save in one memorable instance—he had experienced all the tyranny and oppression of which he had been the victim. Nay, Benjamin Franklin himself was deemed a much more ordinary man in the printing-house in Bartholomew Close, where he was teased and laughed at as the *Water-American*, than in the House of Representatives, the Royal Society, or the court of France. The great printer, though recognised by accomplished politicians as a profound statesman, and by men of solid science as "the most rational of the philosophers," was regarded by his poor brother compositors as merely an odd fellow, who did not conform to their drinking usages, and whom it was therefore fair to tease and annoy.

We have confined our extracts chiefly to these abstract observations of our author, because of finding that the narrative portion of the book depends for its effect more upon the general strain of its extended descriptions, than upon any isolated part possessing a special interest of its own. Our readers must, therefore, understand, that they have only here seen some samples of the observing faculty of our author, and must resort to the volume itself if they would wish to enjoy the profoundly interesting spectacle which it presents of the rise of a brave thinking man out of the plays and gauds of childhood, and the slough of circumstances fitted for and honourable to many, but not fitted for him.

THE STUDIO.

Amongst the phases of art-life in London, the picture-sales and sale-rooms are not the least remarkable. When we say picture-sales, we include pictures of all kinds—ancient and modern, oil and water colour, with engravings of every species—line, mezzotint, etching, wood, steel, and copper. Besides these, the art-sales also include collections of gems, vases, bronzes, cameos, intaglios, illustrated books of all kinds; and in fact, every object which can come under the definition of art, or even its remotest outskirts. The greatest of these sale-rooms is undoubtedly that of Christie and Manson, in which vast quantities of pictures and prints are sold, particularly during the season. For three days before the sale, the rooms are open to everybody; gratis catalogues are distributed; and the apartment is, according to the interest of the sale, more or less crowded with amateurs, artists, and dealers, examining with careful eyes what is authentic and what is suspected to be manufactured. Sales of the cabinets of noted collectors, of artists, or of the art treasures of great houses, inspire confidence and attract crowds. But when the sale is advertised anonymously as of the 'collection of a gentleman going abroad'—or, more suspicious still, 'under particular circumstances'—to wit, perhaps under an execution—Wardour Street and certain adjacent localities are instantly suspected of having slipped in their manufactured Raphaels, Rembrandts, Titians, and Murillos. All the class of *dark* painters, such as many of the Dutch and Spanish artists, are great favourites with imitators. The broad effects of light and shade are easily put on canvas—there is no detail to be worked out, no perspective to put in, three parts of the picture are 'darkness visible;' and many are the amateurs who, by its 'richness and depth of tone,' are taken in and done for. The fact is, that if all the pictures which are sold as those of the 'great masters' and the 'old masters,' not only in London, but in all the hundred continental towns in which art is at a premium, were really what they were represented to be, the old and great masters in question must have painted pictures by thousands. Let those, then, who set up for amateurs, and begin to form cabinets, beware that in the Domenichino they covet, they are not laying out a couple of hundred pounds for Jones, or in an undoubted Velasquez, are not acquiring an authentic Smith.

One of our artists—and also one of the most remarkable of them—John Martin, has been taken from us by a fit of paralysis, brought on, there is too much reason to fear, by overwork, and consequent overmental exertion. Martin was born near Hexham, in Northumberlandshire, and having, from earliest boyhood, expressed his determination to be a painter, his parents placed him to learn herald-painting in a coachmaker's yard. Sick of this drudgery, he broke his indentures, and was put under the tuition of an Italian artist of repute in Newcastle, named Boniface Musso, the father of the celebrated enamel painter, Charles Musso. The son wished the father to join him in London, and John Martin, then seventeen, accompanied him. But china painting suited him no better than panel painting, and becoming a struggling artist, he worked himself up

sooner than such personages generally do. We have, of course, no space here to follow Mr Martin through, on the whole, a prosperous career. Every one knows the peculiarity, the particular grandeur and vastness of his style, and the heroic and most frequently scriptural character of his subjects. If Martin was not after his manner sublime, he was nothing. Unless he was surrounded by clouds, lightning flashes, or gorgeous Assyrian palaces, or delineating some convulsion, or awful catastrophe of nature, his efforts were puerile and fade. But when he produced such works as the 'Fall of Babylon,' 'Belshazzer's Feast,' the 'Fall of Nineveh,' 'The Deluge,' the 'Destruction of Herculaneum,' he was in his element; and he left pictures which form conspicuous features in some of the greatest and most famous galleries in England.

The Exhibition—first of the series—of the 'Works of British Artists' is now open in the British Institution, Pall Mall. In a society the rule of which is to reject nothing so long as there is room, it may be conceived that the average of the art exhibited is by no means high. Not that there is not a considerable number of fair pictures—both *genre* and landscape—but the proportion of high art, or even attempts at it, is miserably small. Perhaps in this higher department Mr Sant takes the lead. His rendering of the text: 'And Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst,' is a noble painting, unsurpassed in its expression of deep humiliation, expressed in the furtive glance cast by the abashed woman, from under the shade of a richly painted robe, at the Saviour. The woman, however, is the only good figure in the work. The only other picture by the same artist is the 'Young Artist'—a delightful head of a boy, beaming with the brightness of genius, and represented as sketching a portrait. Of the landscapes, one worth the whole of the rest is a great picture which may be fairly reckoned as high art. It is a 'View of the Port of Oran, in Algeria,' by W. Wyld, and reasonably valued at L.315. The picture is a very large one—the subject, a gloomy sunset, falling over a mountainous inlet of the sea, the murky rays just struggling through the gloom of the gathering night, and faintly tinging the rugged peaks of the mountains—dimly, too, shewing the half-enshrouded towers and steeples of a city built high amid the hills, and in the middle distance falling in a lurid ray on the water of the port, stretching amid precipitous rocks, until, in the foreground, it lights upon a crowded fleet of Turkish and Arabic feluccas and schooners, crowded with people,—the boats and the rippling water admirably painted. To understand the full effect of this grand effort of art, it must be understood that the whole is clothed in a veil of mist, as if the descending fogs of the hills were mingling with the rising water vapours; the obscurity getting deeper as the perspective lengthens.

We have, of course, no space for a criticism, but we may notice Linnell's vigorous landscapes; Jutsam's beautiful waterfalls, heather, fern, and sheep; Linton's view in the Venetian lagoons, with its strong painting of waters and ancient houses; Ansdell's game-pictures and heathy landscapes; the Welsh mountain and lake scenery of Sidney, R. Percy, Danby, and the tribe of the Williamses; Copley Fielding's vigorous Yorkshire landscapes and white sunny river glimpses: cabinet interiors of humble life form the special province of Helmsley, Hardy, and Henderson; while to conclude, Glass is alone as a delineator of border raids and moss-troopers.

In the November number of the *Illustrated Magazine of Art*, appeared a striking engraving by Linton, from the sketch, which is very dark, of a 'Madonna and Child' by Raphael, and from which the celebrated picture in the possession of Rogers was painted. The original—drawn on large rough paper, and in a very peculiar style of fibry lines conducted in sweeping succession, so as to present a sort of filmy surface—is in the possession of the Messrs Colonaghi, from which Linton made a facsimile copy. Both drawing and expression are very beautiful, and appear to belong to the latter period of Raphael's style, when the flatness of his early works was exchanged, to a considerable degree, for a more round and soft manner of treatment. This picture we had an opportunity of seeing, when—now several years ago—we had the pleasure of being present at one of Mr Rogers's delightful breakfast-parties. The best part of the entertainment was Rogers's own incessant flow of wit and humorous anecdote; and the next to that, a pilgrimage over his house, which, as every one knows, is a mingled palace and museum. Amongst the other apartments to which the poet of Memory conducted us, was his own bed-chamber—an unpretending room, where the chief feature, to which the eye naturally turned, was a veiled picture, hung so that it could be seen by the occupant of the bed. Our host drew the curtain, and there was the seraphic Madonna and Child, as Raphael had endowed them with flesh, colour, and drapery; and, of course, presenting a very different effect from the original sketch, but which still, in all material points, they closely resembled.

'There,' said Rogers, with a cheerful yet slightly solemn voice—'do you know why I have hung that picture in that particular spot? Well, it is that when I come to die, I may die with that face before my eyes.'

It is needless to allude to the sensation which this unexpected declaration produced upon the party.

NATURAL SELF-ACTING PRINTING PROCESS.

This beautiful invention, recently made in Vienna by M. Auer, director of the Imperial Austrian Government Printing-office, is, we believe, not known in England. In taking the impression of a dried plant, or a leaf, or an insect, the object is placed on a polished surface of pure lead, and above the object is placed a polished plate of copper or steel. The two plates are then passed through the two cylinders of a copper-plate printer's press, which gives a momentary pressure of from 800 to 1000 hundredweights. After separating the plates, it will be found that the tissue of the plant has been pressed into the lead plate, and when the substance is carefully removed from the plate the design appears hollow upon its surface. From this mould, plates fit for printing from may be obtained, either by the electrotype or the usual stereotype process. When lace or any fabric is to be copied, it is smeared over with spirits of wine or Venetian turpentine, before being laid upon the lead plate. The price of impressions thus obtained is so moderate, that a leaf in folio will cost only from eight to twelve kreutzers—that is, from 3d. to 5d.—*Glasgow Commonwealth.*

GOLD PENNIES.

A curious fact is related concerning the pennies of William IV., which have now become very scarce. The copper of which these coins were made, was discovered to contain a portion of gold, so that each penny was intrinsically worth three-halfpence. In accordance with those laws of human action which seem as universal and immutable as those of chemical agency, the whole issue shortly found its way to the melting-pot!—*Critic.*

CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY of INSTRUCTIVE and AMUSING TRACTS.—This Illustrated Work resembles in some respects the MISCELLANY of TRACTS published a few years ago, aiming at a higher, though not less popular tone, and will satisfy, it is hoped, the new requirements of the day in regard to literary elegance—the papers being original compositions, prepared expressly for the work by popular and practised writers. A Number appears every week, a Part every month, and a Volume every two months. Nine volumes (1s. each) have now appeared.

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POPULAR REFINEMENT.

In the autumn of 1849, we were spending some six weeks in the Peak of Derbyshire, in company with two distinguished literary friends, when a rapid thunder-storm, which swept across the moors, led us one afternoon to seek the shelter of an old-fashioned homestead. It was situated in a spot of surpassing loveliness: the wild moors stretched above it in the blue distance; and below it, in the descending valley, rich in woodlands, glided a silvery tributary of the Trent. Around lay a garden, not very trim, but filled to overflowing with sweet-smelling flowers, whilst beyond its boundary nature's lavish bounty had decked every available spot, even to the moorland's edge, with the eglantine, the foxglove, and those countless other wild-flowers for which Derbyshire has deservedly so rich a fame. To adorn this scene of beauty, a spring of some volume gushed from the moorland's side, into a vast trough of stone, round which fell the richest and most abundant of the mountain flowers. Within the homestead were lavish capabilities without effects, saving that of coarse disorder. The kitchen and parlour were absolutely crammed with antique furniture of the finest kind: old cabinets, old dressers, old chairs, filigreed and ebony mirrors, and china bowls, cups, and dishes that would have made half the lovers of mediæval and the renaissance period of art wild for possession. In a room up stairs, where we went to change our dripping garments, this *embarras de richesses* was the same. Carved spinning-wheels, chests, and boxes, were varied by a corner cupboard filled to repletion with ancient glass and porcelain—most of it beautiful in form as well as colour. Yet here, as well as down stairs, the only result of all this real artistic beauty was to excite ideas of grotesque confusion. China-bowls, which, if filled with a few of the garden sweets so near at hand, would have been absolutely gorgeous, were stuck full of old tobacco-pipes; a pile of china saucers, from which Wedgwood would have taken a lesson, was crowned by a red herring! and long-necked bottles of Venetian glass, into which the hand of taste would have placed a lily or a rose, were filled with odds and ends it would be difficult to describe. By way of contrast to this adventure, we took tea at a country parsonage the same week, where, with no such means either of individual wealth or its accumulated accessories, the most exquisite and simple taste prevailed. There was no rich furniture, no gorgeous foreign porcelain, no glass of exquisite shape; but there were cleanliness, order, refined taste, and *a knowledge how to use accessible and common things*. Flowers from the moorland, fields, and garden, were exquisitely set about two pleasant rooms—here in a flat dish of common earth, there in a red earth-vase that had been bought for a shilling; within a sort of alcove that separated parlour from study, ivy had been trained in German fashion; from a little clay bottle hung to the wall, and probably dug out of a barrow on the neighbouring moors, fell long stemmed wood-plants tinged with autumn dyes. The tea-table was alike a pattern of cleanliness and good taste. The tea-service, though of no great value, had been selected with an eye to well-rounded forms: the metal tea-pot was resplendent in its brightness; a bowl filled with flowers stood with its honeyed scents amidst hospitable dainties of cake and fruit; and one simple preparation of rice and cream was encircled with a wreath of geranium blooms and myrtle leaves, gathered from the prolific bounty of the garden. One other little matter impressed itself greatly on our minds, and convinced us still more effectually of the immense worth of knowing how to use 'common things.' It was a pyramid of lovely wild-flowers, formed by a pile of saucers, each less than another, the whole crowned by a common gallipot. Round each of these saucers, flowers were wreathed in water, whilst the apex cup was filled with a clustering bunch of various coloured heath. In a long walk home that night, we quietly thought over the causes of the strange contrast which the difference of a few hours had shewn; and we came to the conclusion, that wealth, or even the possession of the constituent elements of beauty, cannot, or do not of themselves, either constitute beauty, or argue the possession of refined taste; whilst, on the other hand, beauty, refinement, and true taste, are as perfectly consistent with, as they are producible from, the simplest means.

It was but a natural deduction from this conclusion, that it is possible for a member of the hard-working classes to be much more refined than they are generally aware of. We are not unmindful of difficulties, but we think them all superable, and see them, indeed, in the course of being overcome every day.

The point to be first regarded is a physical one. In this respect, the aristocratic class have an advance beyond most others, for not only has there been a long prior continuance of good nurture, care, and cultivation, but none are more alive at the present day than they to the advantages of exercise, temperance, cleanliness, and simple living. Now, in reference to these, so far as they administer to health, refinement, and the moral consciousness of purity, there is nothing to prevent their being realised by the thrifty artisan, more particularly if his means be yet untrammelled by wife or children. True, he has no horse to ride, no carriage to await his need, but little comparative leisure for air

and exercise, and his days may be spent for the most part in a close confined workshop or wareroom; but with his mind once directed to the immense importance of air and exercise, in improving and preserving the condition of the physical organisation, and the consequent elevation of the tone of the moral sentiments, he will let pass no opportunity of spending portions of his holidays, and the first fresh hours of the summer mornings, away from the scene of his labour—if this be possible. Even the artisan of London may place miles between him and the city for the price of a pot of beer or a glass of spirits. In fact, if sufficient education, reading, and thought be his, a loftier principle than one of immediate reference to health or mere vigour of limb will animate his pursuit of physical health. Just as he insures his life, or saves a portion of his wages, for the benefit of children that may be his, so will it be his principle to lay a foundation for the healthy bodies and sound minds of his progeny, by a conservation and attention to his own physical well-being. Again, on the subject of cleanliness, the same case may be his. The large towns afford baths at a penny each; and as for neglected hair, dirty hands, nails, and teeth, there is no excuse for any man or woman who can earn wages, and is desirous not only of self-respect, but of the respect of others. Why is a large section of the aristocratic class so beautiful? Why is their hair so fine and flowing, their hands and nails so beautifully shaped, their teeth so white and perfect? The answer is found in the continuance of care from parent to child, and not so much in a difference originally from nature, or in the amount of difference between the effects of bodily labour and its absence. To speak in more philosophical language, it is the ratio of the civilising process. So far as regards the hands, there is no reason why thousands of our working-classes, both men and women, should not have them as beautiful as those painted by Lely and Vandyke, and inherited by the descendants of their sitters at the present day. Much of the labour of the loom, the printing-press, the workshop, and the counter, is cleanly in its kind; and what is more, every advance of the productive arts is in favour of this characteristic. The point is, therefore, simply one of personal care and attention. We confess we do not wish to effeminate men, or render women a whit less useful; but where preservation and care are allied to both beauty and self-culture; where the object referred to is a gift of the Divine, and conservation therefore a duty; where it is in the nature of human advance to lessen the physical distinction between men, and annihilate caste; where the gentleman and gentlewoman, of whatsoever degree, seek to shew conscious refinement in small things as well as great—then the care and preservation of the hands, nails, hair, and teeth, become, so far as practicable, moral duties. Nor may ignorance be pleaded: the little manuals of Erasmus Wilson, Saunders, or Clarke, give every requisite information at the cheapest rate.

This attention to physical cultivation and care would be not less salutary in other respects. It would tell conjointly with mental improvement in favour of that suavity of manners and absence of *mauvaise honte* which are so characteristic of good-breeding. Perhaps, in regard to address and manners, the distinction between class and class is more marked than in others. We confess, so far as our own considerable experience goes, we would rather confer a favour on, or ask one from, a gentleman, whether he were nobleman or commoner, than address a peasant on the subject of either; the obligation expressed, and the assent or dissent might, morally speaking, be precisely the same in either case, but what a difference in manner!—a difference conveying pleasure or pain, gratitude or ingratitude. In this relation of manners to duty, the people have as yet much to effect before this, one of the best features of aristocratic life, can be said to have descended amongst themselves. But it will be surely, if slowly, effected. Necessity and cultivation are stimuli that nothing can withstand; and the new and better relations which capital and labour will inevitably assume; the lessening of the lines of demarcation between class and class, consequent upon better education; the vocation of the people as capitalists and managers of their savings, under improved laws of partnership; and their gradual admittance to legislative influence, must all tend to necessitate and induce a wise extension of good-breeding and self-reliant manners. Nay, we would not have this matter left wholly to chance. Physical improvement ought to form a portion of whatever scheme of national education may finally prevail; and dancing, gymnastic exercises, and the proper delivery of written as well as spoken words, should enter proportionately into the training of the peasant as well as of the noble. Our ambitious scale of refinement may be smiled at by those who have not much insight into the sublime tendencies of civilisation; and we may be asked, if men will plough, weave, or print better for being able to read and speak their native language well, or for shewing grace and dexterity in active games or dancing? We answer unhesitatingly, 'Yes;' and that, moreover, if the individual be at the same time enlightened by both economical and social knowledge, he will plough, weave, and print with a content and industry unknown to the ignorant; whilst his ambition to rise in the social scale will rest, not upon the clap-trap notions and arts of the demagogue, or the ruin and hinderance of other classes, but upon his own prudence, forethought, and labour.

So far as regards the *matériel* for the advance of refinement amongst the people, especially in reference to the fine arts, literature, music, and cheap travelling, all things are in their favour, or at least declare their tendency to become so. The Great Exhibition was an experiment, whose importance cannot be overrated; and the introduction of drawing, as a principle in national education, will cultivate an immense amount of latent talent, and lead it in the direction of correct taste, even if it do no more. A knowledge of the first principles of drawing and geometry, would be found of use by all connected with the industrial arts; and though a mechanic or labourer may find no need, even once in his life, to draw a horizontal line or an angle, it is a matter of importance to himself, his children, and the advance of the arts generally, that he be able to choose furniture, paper-hangings and even his table-ware, with reference to taste in their designs. In its ultimate effect, it makes all the difference between the employment of skilled and unskilled labour. In relation to the noblest productions of the painter's skill, and the refinement in alliance therewith connected, every advance, even of an indirect character, is proceeding in favour of the people. If it be true, as we are told by the ablest thinkers of our time, that the solution of some of the most difficult social problems will be found in the general simplification of the lives and desires of all classes, but especially of the higher, and in the aggregation of refinement and splendour for the many, rather than for the luxury of the few, that tendency may be said to shew itself already, especially in reference to art. The gift of the Vernon Gallery to the nation is an illustrious instance; and the liberality with which many noblemen have thrown open their collections to the people, foreshadows, as it were, the loftier principles of a still more enlightened day, and the dawn of a consciousness in the noble and educated, that *their* possession of the works of genius is rather one of *trust* than *ownership*. There are yet other agencies creating a love and feeling for art amongst the people. Cheap illustrated books and newspapers are amongst these. Good engravings will always teach what words, exclusively as such, cannot; and there are phases in

individual and national culture when the pictorial art arouses faculties and tastes that might otherwise lie latent and unknown.

This leads us by a natural induction to the question of the effects of physical and mental refinement upon the individual. These cannot be otherwise than favourable to him, both as respects the organic improvement of the brain, and the results of such. He may probably, as will often be the case in connection with the more progressive of his class, be the first of his name who has shewn a tendency towards improvement, or this at least for a few generations. For, undoubtedly, the labouring population is largely composed of the *descended elements* of the more cultivated classes, especially in a country like this, where wealth is so considered, and where the law of primogeniture has so long prevailed. But, if his organisation has been perfected by no long-continued care, like that of the noble, or his mental calibre enriched by a prior intellectual culture, like that of many men of the gentry and middle class, he will have this consciousness—one of the purest and noblest that can exalt man—that the cerebral development of his children, other contingent causes being favourable, is likely to be, in an increased ratio, superior to his own; that the mechanical gift he has cultivated, or the native intelligence he has increased, will be their inheritance in richer proportion. All our advancing knowledge favours this view of the blessings of civilisation, whilst as regards the people, there is another feature of singular interest. Luxury, as Doubleday by his statistics, and Herbert Spencer by physical analysis, have shewn, is antagonistic to any large increase of the wealthy classes, and there is also reason to think that it is equally antagonistic to any very high degree of cerebral development. On the other hand, the brain of the majority of the educated of the superior and middle classes is often too much exhausted by incessant mental labour, to develop what may be said to be proportionate mental gifts in their children. It is therefore when refinement and cultivation have effected some of their blessings, that from the large class of the labouring population, as well as from its elevation and fusion into other classes, new accessions of mental power and genius may be expected.

In this latter attempt, and in strengthening the general effects of popular refinement, literature will have much to do. A new era, both with respect to the dissemination, as well as the character of books, has already begun; and strength and efficiency are about to be added to cheapness. Increase the artisan's taste for art, open, through self-instruction or otherwise, the hitherto sealed histories of the past and present, of philosophy, of the physical as well as the social sciences, and he will no more revert to the puerilities of his less-informed days, than he could forego the simple refinements that cultivation has rendered necessary to his daily life. In this case, as in most others, strength begets strength.

Under the aspect of married life, popular refinement assumes new features and wider limits, and woman's cultivation must aid the work. Education, and the results of individual refinement, will insure a prudence, and foster tastes, that must tell in the question of marriage. A man who has striven for, and in some degree attained, those best characteristics of aristocratic life to which we have referred, who dresses with plain good taste, who is temperate, economical, and willing to aid his own ascent in the social scale, will, we think, be governed much more by prudential motives, even of a physical kind, than is generally supposed. For after all, the prudential and practical are allied to a far nobler class of human principles and motives, to a higher and more vital poetry of human life, if we may so express ourselves, than mere impulse and passion. Supposing, then, that the artisan's self-reliant search after culture and improvement be a true thing, which we believe it to be in thousands, and he gain a wife, who, if she have not much education, has at least sympathy with his tastes, what a prospect is opened for the future of their children! What if she rely upon his better judgment—what if she seek after self-improvement—what, if she know that every care she bestows upon her children both before and after birth, and every vulgarity she banishes from their presence, will bring their own good fruit in season—what if she seek to make her simple home aristocratic, in the noblest sense of the word, what a prospect for the great future of the industrial masses! Yet it is a future in which we believe. Though woman's means of self-culture and her general advantages are so much below those of her father or husband, still, as relates to the large towns, her demeanour, her taste in dress, her positive refinement, have unquestionably made much progress during the few past years. You see this by contrasting the women of the towns with those of the agricultural districts. Much, however, remains to be done. The first great need here, as elsewhere, is the groundwork of good secular education; for the women of the industrial classes are not, we fear, so much alive to the blessings of self-culture as the men, though more quick in catching up the lighter graces of refinement. Till this education be enforced—and its necessity is now becoming too apparent to be withstood much longer—much might be done by women of the artisan class for themselves. If uneducated in youth, there is generally some 'college,' as in the case of Sheffield, or elementary school, where a young woman can learn to read and write, to sing, to dance, and draw. And these latter we think points of some importance, even if attained no further than in their merest elementary forms, because of their affording her, in case of her becoming a mother, innocent means of amusement and instruction for her children. We do not for a moment assume that women who have to earn their daily bread in the shop or the factory, have either time for, or indeed need any elaborate knowledge of these accomplishments; but just so much dancing as would enable a woman to walk with grace and freedom, and teach it to her little ones as an innocent amusement; just so much singing as might amuse them by the winter's fire; and just so much knowledge of drawing as would give her a refined taste in the adornment of her simple home, or to guide her children's hands in their first baby efforts with pen or pencil. Accomplishments thus no more than elementary might result in making all the difference between a home of simple and progressive refinement, and one of vulgar ignorance—between a mother whose blessing it might be to guide the infant taste of a future Flaxman, Gainsborough, or Wedgwood, and one who, from apathy or ignorance, could read no signs of dawning genius.

Then there is the all-important subject of cookery. Beyond its mere theory, government-schools could not teach cooking, any more than they could otherwise teach the moral management of infancy, housework, or household decoration. But even the theory of these matters, humble as they are, could not be taught without excellent effect. In the government-schools, this teaching of 'common things,' peculiar to female use, might go side by side with that of boys in social and political economy; for even theory totally without practice is better than no theory at all. Observation of the habits of foreign countries, when our working-classes come to take cheap trips to France and Belgium, as they will by and by, in spite of the difficulties occasioned by difference in language, their taste for better cookery will be a natural result; and a similar change will supervene if, as seems likely to be the case, any extensive emigration of our labouring and manufacturing classes necessitates the employment of French

or German artisans. Again, the reduction of the present enormous duty on foreign wines, would lead not only to a great change in the drinking usages of the people, but relatively to the culinary preparation of food; for bad cookery, and consequent indigestion, are amongst the causes of much of our national drunkenness. In the interval, till simple cookery be taught as a needful art, young married women of the artisan class might do much for themselves. There are cheap cooking-manuals in abundance; and by the aid of a little patience and care, the preparation of a savoury stew, vegetable soup, or a common pudding, ought to offer few difficulties. To render these less, if they exist, and to inculcate those habits of order, cleanliness, and forethought which may be said to be the groundwork of good cookery, as well as of skilful domestic management, we would recommend the careful study of a most admirable little work, entitled the *Maid-of-all-Work*, one of a series known as the *Finchley Manuals*. It teaches, in the most simple yet pleasant way imaginable, the whole daily routine of housework, from the time of lighting the fire in the morning till the preparation of the last evening meal.

In this advancing age of taste, one golden maxim should be borne in mind—that true beauty is simple; and, what is equally important, in many of its countless relations to popular refinement, it is becoming *cheap*. The discovery of electroplating, of photography, the removal of the duty on glass, our prospective metallurgic architecture, and the adaptation of gutta-percha to many artistic purposes, are all advances in favour of both cheap and simple beauty. In reality, popular refinement is far from using a tithe of the capabilities which have arisen from cheapness and industrial advance; for, presuming that two persons of the foremost industrial class marry, let us see what a little taste and education, in connection with existing cheapness, may effect in the adornment of their home. The chief room, parlour and kitchen in one, may be neatly, nay, elegantly papered at the cost of a few shillings; the floor may be covered with serviceable Dutch carpeting at a cheap rate. If chairs are newly bought, they should be selected with some degree of taste; if old or mean-looking, a few yards of cheap striped chintz will cover defects, and give an air of elegance. We know a first-rate artist who, having some old-fashioned high-backed chairs, converted them into articles of *real* beauty through means as cheap. In arranging his simple yet elegant home, in a village near London, he had had these chairs covered with common brown holland; returning one day from a walk, with some lengthened sprays of ivy and the wild hop for artistic purposes, he threw a spray of the former by accident over the back and seat of one of these. As it thus lay, it arrested his eye; he took out his pencil, drew leaf and winding stem, and had their outline covered with narrow green and russet-coloured worsted braid. Subsequently, other chairs were adorned with like effects copied from the bryony and other creeping-plants; and these are now amongst the prettiest objects of some three or four little rooms *en suite*, whence many of the loveliest designs of De la Rue, Elkington, Owen Jones, and others, have issued.

But to return. A few yards of cheap muslin round the window, a few plants—even ivy where nothing else will grow—a shelf for books, and a few pictures, are ostensible yet common signs of advancing cultivation. But there may be many others. The time is come when the mantle-shelf is no longer the place for candlesticks, tea-kettles, or saucepans, however bright; instead of these, let a strip of *red cloth* be made to fit it, with a worsted fringe of the same colour dropping from the edge, and it will be fitted to receive the cheap cast or the taper vase—things bought perhaps for sixpence yet destined to awaken infant tastes, and lead them in the ennobling direction of the arts. A few busts on brackets, a centre table kept bright, or else covered with a red cloth—red is always an artistic colour—may hold a few books, as well as in its centre a tall glass or earthen vase for flowers, and we gain a pleasant picture of the home of the cultivated artisan. Yet refinement must become a still more household thing.

We have already said, that the discovery of electroplating, or the covering articles of common metal with a coat of silver, is one of the destined agents of popular refinement. Eventually, there can be little doubt, it will give at a reasonable cost articles of great beauty and utility to the artisan's table; and the day is not unlikely to come, when the accessories of his simple meals may be as beautiful and as useful, if not so costly or profuse, as those of the aristocrat. In the meanwhile, till this beautiful branch of art progresses towards a more available cheapness, many of the articles themselves, *minus* the cost of silver, might be brought into general use. The metal to which the electroplate process is applied, has been so improved by modern art, as almost to equal silver in purity, and is no more to be compared with what is usually known as German-silver, or Britannia metal, than copper with gold. It is hard, and susceptible of a high degree of polish. More than this, it is reasonably cheap, so that it might be made available in the advance of that individual refinement we so earnestly advocate. There seems to be no end to the progress of science in this direction. Pure clay is already ascertained to be the oxide of a white metal, and a French chemist has discovered the method of separating the oxygen.

At the risk of being thought of the 'silver-fork school,' we say, let the four-pronged metal fork supersede the iron one. To say nothing of the susceptibility of polish, it is nearly as cheap to purchase in the first instance, and for the rest, cleanliness and comfort are all in its favour. It serves as a spoon, it obviates the necessity of half-swallowing the knife in conveying victuals to the mouth; and though this may be considered as a conventional trifle by some, anything which saves anybody from a vulgarism, which raises him above an act coarse in appearance, which brings his habits on a level with the refined, cannot be without value. It is trifles of this kind which separate caste from caste more than more important ones. With metal forks thus fashioned, with two circular glass salt-cellars—to be bought for 6d.—with knives, glasses, a clean table-cloth, and other little accessories, the artisan's table will be neatly furnished. It remains for him and his wife to make it in the best sense aristocratic by habits of mutual courtesy and refinement; for the accessories of the table are useless if vulgarism prevail. Moreover, everything should be clean, neat, and nicely ordered. It may be said that people who have no servants, who earn their bread by manual labour, or who have children, cannot afford to attend to matters of this kind. But we answer, they will, if their desire for moral and social elevation be a true thing. Once a week, say on Saturday evening, a tidy wife or daughter could surely find half an hour to brighten forks, spoons, and teapot, wash and nicely fill the salt-cellars with clean dry salt, and see that pepper-caster and sugar-basin are not empty. For the rest of the week, washing the spoons and forks in soap and water might suffice, more particularly if always neatly stored away, when not in use, in a little basket or tray. On this and countless other matters of the kind we might dilate, had we space and time; but we have said enough to prove our high sense of what belongs to popular refinement. So far as woman is concerned, we wish it to be of the truest and most essential kind; a refinement infusing itself into every act, every appearance, and every duty. For, when advanced education shall have taught that the office of the human mother is, physically and morally speaking, the sublimest in

the world, then will it be better understood than now, that every act of woman's self-cultivation is a blessing to her children, and that every vulgarity she may banish from their presence, every graceful thing she may place before their eyes, raises them in the scale of humanity, and however lowly their lot, gives them advantages which no man can take away.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SURPRISE.

Robert was not a little cheered by Sara's views of the dignity of the literary profession. But his position was far from being an agreeable one, and from a cause which he could not at one time have anticipated. Miss Falcontower, it turned out, was not to be relied on as a friend, and for that reason it might be necessary to doubt her as a patroness. There was now a caprice in her manner which he would at once have attributed to bad temper, had he not known how completely her temper was under the control of her judgment. Sometimes she was gentle, submissive, confiding; and when he met her next, with the warmth and frankness of friendship, she would look at him with haughty surprise, and direct his attention to the work in hand with the air of a superior addressing a dependent. If her father had treated him in this way, the connection between them would at once have terminated; and the caprice even of a young lady is not a little galling to the masculine, in circumstances of great inequality of rank and fortune.

Under such little annoyances, Robert was supported only by the consciousness of his own real independence, by his knowledge that, as a hand-worker, he could always command remunerative employment; while his rebellious spirit was kept down by the prudential consideration, that he had no legal hold upon Sir Vivian for the promised reward of his services. This reward was now no longer only alluded to in hints, but described in express terms as one of those public appointments which, either through the employment of a deputy or otherwise, leave the holder a good deal the master of his time. The precise nature of the appointment was not stated, nor was the amount of the salary; but a very moderate sum would have satisfied both the ambition and prudence of the aspirant, since he had determined, now that he had fairly tried his strength, to trust, if necessary, to authorship for everything beyond mere subsistence. Independently of such considerations, his submission to the caprices of Claudia was influenced by the feelings it is natural for a man to entertain for a young, beautiful, and accomplished woman; and on one occasion, when a more than usually haughty remark had escaped from her lips, he fixed upon her a look so full of sadness, that even she was melted.

'Forgive me, Mr Oaklands,' said she; 'I have been hasty and thoughtless. There is so much in what you call conventional life to disturb the mind, that I sometimes wonder whether it is worth the sacrifice it costs! *You* wonder at nothing; you are always serene, except when stirred by the inspirations of genius; and even at this moment, instead of resenting what I have said as an insult, you look upon me with a pity that almost makes me weep—for myself! Come, it is only the incrustation, you know, that is hard and cold; there is warmth and softness within after all.'

'You may vex me a little sometimes,' said Robert, taking her proffered hand, 'but you cannot change my sentiments of gratitude for your generous notice, or my admiration of the thousand great and brilliant qualities of your mind. The incrustation is even now yielding, or you would not acknowledge its existence. O Miss Falcontower, be yourself your own deliverer! Break it in pieces by the force of your own character; dissolve it in the love of your own woman's heart; and dissipating the narrow conventions of caste that serve as prison-walls, give a grand and noble spirit to the universe! Will you do this? will you try? Do you promise?' He looked close into her eyes, with a gaze that would take no denial; Claudia flushed as she felt his warm breath upon her cheek; but with an enthusiasm akin to his own, she answered:

'I will try—I do promise!' He raised suddenly the fingers, that trembled sensibly in his, to his lips, and kissed them fervently; then, ashamed of the boyish enthusiasm that had prompted so *un*conventional an action, fell back a step, and covered his face with his hands. When he saw again, he was alone.

Robert wondered how Claudia would look when they met next. Ignorant as he was of conventional life, he knew very well that, on the impulse of the moment, he had taken what is called a liberty with a lady of rank; and although completely aware that the judgment of *this* lady of rank would understand and excuse it, he was not so sure of her prejudices. There was much, as we have said, that he admired in Claudia, and much that he could even have loved—although not without a little mingling of pity, in which, as the philosopher tells us, there is always some portion of contempt; but he knew that in her everything that was amiable, lovely, and of good report, was held in check by the feeling of caste; and he took his way to the house the next morning with the air of a sentenced malefactor, conscious of a legal offence without a moral crime. He prepared for what was to come by being stiff and haughty himself; and it may be that the preparation saved him. At anyrate, Claudia was a tone lower than usual, instead of higher. There was not a trace of consciousness on her marble face; but her manner was subdued without being cold: she looked like one who had bound herself over to good behaviour.

But still his labour went on, and its success increased; and still he was honoured with no invitation to partake of the public hospitalities of the family, he was offered no introductions, he received no open acknowledgment whatever; and the appointment was now seldom mentioned, and when it was, with a strange uncertainty and hesitation. Robert knew not what to think; and he at last waited only for a proper opportunity to bring Sir Vivian to an explanation, and if that was unsatisfactory, to betake himself anew to another course of life.

One day, while walking along the street plunged in such reflections, he encountered his old landlady. It was near her own house, where he had tenanted the three pair back, and turning to walk a little way with her, he asked kindly after her fortunes in the world.

'Just as you saw,' said Mrs Dobbs; 'it's always the same with us on the average, although, sometimes, we be put about. But how is it with you, mister?—you look as glum as ever, and more thin and pale.'

'I have no cause to be merry,' replied Robert,

'although, like you, I do manage to keep afloat somehow.'

'Ah, mister, if you would only take the widow's advice! I had a son like you, as likely a young man as ever the light shone on: but he was uppish; he would not take to his trade like his father before him; he was all for the quality, and for being a gentleman—and I lost a son, for my son lost himself. Do, mister, do take thought. It's no use growing thin, and pale, and downcast, when you have work to do in the world, and a strong arm to do it with. It's no use wearing fine clothes, without a shilling in the pockets to get you a meal's victuals. All well enough for such as that Driftwood, as used to come to see you, with his mustaphoes under his nose, and his long greasy hair on his shoulders; but you are a good young man, and a clever young man, if you would only take to some honest work that is fit for a man to do. Will you think of it, mister?'

'I will, Mrs Dobbs,' said Robert—'it was what I was even now thinking of.'

'And you won't take the widow's bother amiss?'

'On the contrary, I am sincerely grateful to you, my kind landlady;' and as Robert pressed her hand fervently, for they had now reached the house, some unbidden moisture was sent into his eyes by the *motherliness* of the good woman's manner. He was turning away with a more desolate feeling than usual, when he observed a gentleman looking earnestly at him from the dingy parlour window. He could not at once recall the features, but all on a sudden the luxurious table of Sir Vivian Falcontower rose upon his imagination, and, in the figure before him, he saw the elated guest, whose then distinction, and expected good fortune, seemed, as he sat at the table, to have thrown a glare of sunshine upon his countenance. The recognition was mutual; and accepting a silent invitation to go in, the two 'clever people' found themselves once more in company.

The scene had changed. A few cane-bottomed chairs, hollowing to each other, as the Londoners say when they wish to convey an idea of distance between, and a small table in the middle of the scanty and faded carpet, were the chief furniture of the room; and four engravings, one on each wall, of Nelson's battles, in all manner of gaudy colours, and in black frames, were its only ornaments. The table, unlike that of Sir Vivian, was furnished only with the food of the mind, in the form of manuscript, and the implements were simply pen and ink. The tenant of the apartment was in the dress of a gentleman, though, like the gentleman himself, rather the worse for the wear and tear of the world; but he received our adventurer as politely as when they met in Miss Falcontower's drawing-room.

'I have asked you in,' said he, after the usual introductory phrases, 'because I strongly suspect that you, too, are on the road to ruin.'

'That can hardly be,' replied Robert, 'for I have nothing to lose.'

'Do you call hope nothing? Do you call time nothing? Marvellous error! If they rob you of your time, they deprive you just of so much of your life; if they cast down your hopes, they take away the compensations that make life endurable. You work for the government?'

'I work for myself; although, in doing so, it may chance that I serve the ends of government.'

'Precisely. That is what we all say—and think. And you, of course, believe that government will take steps to secure permanently the aid of so efficient a pen. You have the good word of Sir Vivian Falcontower, and Lord Luxton, and a score of other lords and baronets, and you fancy your fortune made.'

'If I had such magnificent interest,' said Robert, 'my hopes would perhaps be more reasonably founded than they are.'

'Not a whit. If you had all the great personages in the kingdom on your side, it would be of no use; and for this obvious reason, that not one of them would think his own or his family's interest compromised by a refusal. When ministers yield to influence, they do so for their own sakes; and they are not such fools as to sacrifice the patronage by which they, in a great measure, subsist as a government, when they know very well that in refusing it they neither cool a friend nor make an enemy. A misconception on this simple point is the cause of more tears, more agony, more desperation, more untimely, and sometimes bloody deaths, than any other delusion that besets humanity.'

'That your hopes have been cast down,' said Robert, 'I see only too clearly; but I live so solitary a life, I have never heard the particulars.'

'And they are not worth hearing now, for there is nothing uncommon in the story. Yet, since you do lead a solitary life, and must be all the more governed by illusions, it may do you good to hear it. My name is not unknown in literature, and it brought me acquainted with one of the master-spirits of our time. It was my privilege to call as often as I chose in the morning on Lord Birch; and among the subjects of our conversation, some years ago, was of course the great parliamentary question of the day. We took opposite sides; and one day, feeling, after I had returned to my lodgings, that I had not explained my views properly, I dashed them down upon paper, and although afraid of the bulk to which the argument grew, sent off the fatal document to his lordship. I need not tell you that I did not succeed in convincing the wit–orator–author–statesman–philosopher; but, with his usual kindness of heart, he at once despatched my paper to Mr George Knuckles, whose task it was to be to carry the ministerial measure into effect if it received the sanction of parliament. Mr Knuckles sought my acquaintance—prevailed upon me to fill out the argument and publish—and in an evil hour I became, I hardly know how, a candidate for one of the important offices under the sought-for Act.'

'That was beginning well,' remarked Robert, for his companion paused in some agitation.

'Excellently well. Now, I had abundance of what fools call interest, and showered in testimonials without number. But I did not depend upon that. I worked morning, noon, and night, at indoctrinating the public. I fought the ministerial battle with tongue and pen. I flooded the periodicals with the subject, and through them the people; and my works, owing to their picturesque illustrations, having the entrée of the drawing-rooms, I forced my opinions upon the aristocracy. This went on for nearly two years.'

'Two years!'

'Yes. It was a hard battle; for many of the best heads in the kingdom disapproved of the measure in theory, and allowed themselves, slowly and unwillingly, to be convinced that, under the exigent circumstances of the case, it was necessary in practice. But you wonder how I carried on the war? I can hardly tell you. My hopes, however, increased as my affairs went to ruin. I had the highest recommendations from all quarters; I was in daily communication with the head-commissioner—the pivot on which the whole thing was to turn—who was devoted to my cause; and the only doubt that perplexed my mind was as to the possibility of my holding out till the bill passed. At length matters appeared to come to a point—I had neglected the general profession of literature by which I lived; I had disgusted the booksellers; my debts were fast accumulating; my occupation was gone. By some desperate effort I might still continue to hold on—but was it worth making? I resolved to ask counsel. I wrote to Lord John Bedford, as one literary man writes to another, explaining to him the terrible predicament I was in, and entreating him to tell me simply whether

he knew of anything likely to prevent my obtaining the appointment I sought. I was at first disheartened by his reply, which informed me that it was his rule never to make a promise before the office was actually in existence, although I was one of those whose claims were deserving of consideration; but Lord Birch was overjoyed, telling me it was everything that could be hoped for under the circumstances from a minister; and the late Lord William B. Tinck, the glorious governor-general, to whom I sent it, wrote to me, that on considering the whole matter, he could undertake to say, as one who had been himself the distributer of patronage, that it was already determined to give me the appointment. Do you wonder, then, that I contrived to live? Do you wonder that at such tables as Sir Vivian's I was the gayest of the gay?'

'I wonder at nothing: but I am getting nervous.'

'It will soon be over. The bill passed. After waiting for some time, I could master my impatience no longer, and called on the commissioner at the very moment when they were in grand divan considering the details. After an agony of I know not how long, he came out and informed me, with an agitation which controlled mine—that I was a lost and ruined man!' As the disappointed place-hunter finished his narrative, great drops of sweat loaded his brow, but his lips were pale and dry. Robert stared at him for some time in silence, and then rose.

'I thank you,' said he, 'for this narrative. It will be of use—perhaps to more than myself. It accounts only too well for the changed condition in which I see you;' and at the moment a female voice, and the querulous tones of children from the next room, shewed that the condition was either aggravated or lightened by companionship.

'Oh, you have seen nothing! I was obliged to sell, not only my furniture, but my books—the very tools of my trade—carry my family to a mean cottage on the coast of France, and there work hard and live sparingly to avert the degradation of a prison. Why, man, I am now up again—I am beginning the world anew, and with a large capital of experience!'

'Enough of blue-devils, then!' cried Robert: 'come with me, and take a glass of brandy and water, or a bottle of wine for the nonce, and let us have a little conversation of a more cheerful kind before we part.' His companion moved towards his hat, which lay upon a chair, but paused, and then returning to the table sat down again deliberately.

'No,' said he; 'I have not fallen low enough for that kind of consolation. I thank you; you mean well; but I have lived, and I will die a gentleman!'

Robert left the house, with the echoes of the ominous tale ringing in his ears; and as he passed the area he saw the old widow looking up through the begrimed window, and shaking her clenched hand at him, as if she said, 'Remember!' Then came back upon his soul, like spectres, the whole details of his London life; and he asked himself whether it was possible that Driftwood could be right in his assertion, that a man, in spite of himself, gets into a circle from which there is no escape? At that moment, his connection with the Falcontowers seemed a madness or a crime; and he looked upon his submission even to the caprices of Claudia as a cowardice. But there should be an end of all this, he was determined, before it came the length of downright infatuation. Time was in reality life, and hope its sole compensation. On the very next day he would have an interview with Sir Vivian, which would doubtless have the effect of detaching him from a pursuit which appeared to him now to be degrading, as well as fantastic.

The frame of mind in which he returned home was not very well suited for the remaining business of the day. This business was of a very unaccustomed kind, and one a little formidable to our solitary adventurer. On the present evening was to come off a grand party at Mrs Doubleback's, an invitation for which he had accepted some three weeks before. The length of the interval bespoke the magnificent nature of the entertainment, and Mrs Margery was actually overwhelmed with the responsibility of 'getting up' a shirt for the occasion. Robert, indeed, was somewhat reassured by the fact, that the invitation had come to him through Mr Driftwood, who was himself to be one of the party; but he had an intuitive feeling that the thing would be more trying to his *savoir faire* than a dinner at so unpretending a house as Sir Vivian Falcontower's. At anyrate he was out of spirits, dissatisfied with himself and his position, and it was with anything but the genial humour befitting the occasion he went through the necessary preparations.

Mrs Margery awaited his reappearance from the bedroom with great anxiety; but her comely face broke into smiles of triumph and delight when he at length came forth. She had frequently before seen him in evening costume; but on this occasion he had an added charm for her romantic imagination, the nature of which she could not guess, although it was in all probability nothing more than the gloomy abstraction of his manner, giving, in her eye, a touch of the heroic to the portrait. Indeed, if she ever had a misgiving about him at all, it was owing to a certain good-humoured simplicity of character, for which she could find no prototype in the whole Minerva press.

Mrs Doubleback resided on the first floor of a respectable house, where she had likewise some accommodation for her numerous family in the upper rooms; and on this occasion the back-parlour had been borrowed from its tenant, and converted into a cloak-room. When Robert, announced in due form, entered the drawing-room, he imagined for a moment that the family must be in a higher circle than the one he had assigned to them. The company, already sufficiently numerous, were in full evening costume, and a majority of the ladies were young, pretty, and showy-looking. This character, indeed, they preserved throughout; and he was struck, as he had often been before, by the remarkable superiority in appearance and manner of the fair sex of London in a particular station of life. The men did not bear inspection so well. Their clothes, indeed, were artistically made—for in our times it is a ludicrous superstition which believes in fashionable tailors—but the limbs they contained were not altogether at home in them. It is true, the tiresome uniformity which characterises an aristocratical party was here wanting; but the variety, unluckily, was not in natural character, but in affectation, which is only another term for vulgarity. There was one gentleman, for instance, who had not come there for any particular reason; who had merely lounged in, he knew not why and cared not wherefore. To be there was just as good as to be anywhere else, provided people would let him alone. He sat at a table in a corner, immersed in the study of an old annual, and when dancing commenced, submitted himself every now and then to the vehement entreaties of Mrs Doubleback, and all the Miss Doublebacks, and came forth with the air of a martyr to do his duty. This gentleman was said to be one of the clerks in a great tailoring establishment, and, it was whispered to Robert, was more than suspected of being a contributor to a magazine, the name of which he kept a profound secret.

Another gentleman considered himself, and was considered by the company, to be a general lover. That was his *métier* in the world. He couldn't help it. It came natural to him; and wherever he went in the room, the genteel-looking girl he addressed himself to would whisper and giggle, and when he glided off to another, would say in a stage aside behind her fan—'He's such a flirt!' This gentleman was a linen-

draper's assistant, and was thought to have a very tolerable chance of being promoted by and by to be the shop-walker. Robert observed with some curiosity another gentleman, who did not miss a single quadrille the whole evening, but who never danced. He walked through the figure with a correctness that might have seemed the result of instinct, but with a lassitude that appeared ready to drop, and was frequently heard to observe that this sort of thing was the greatest bore in the world, and that he really thought he should be obliged to decline every invitation during the rest of the season. Mr Driftwood was in excellent contrast to this gentleman. He danced with as much earnestness as if he was painting a sign; not with any nice acquaintance with the figure, it is true, but sometimes making happy guesses, and always thankful to be set right, and go back to the proper lady, and poussette it with her over again conscientiously.

The ladies exhibited more uniformity—more conventionalism. They were all to a certain extent genteel, as it is called, and yet their absolute unconsciousness of the eccentricity of the gentlemen gave a strange effect to their gentility. They were interested in the flirt; they looked with womanly sympathy upon the hermit-quadriller; they considered the walking-dancer a very elegant person; and they were delighted even with the gaucheries of Mr Driftwood, which they set down as practical witticisms. They gave Robert the idea that if detached from the circumstances by which they were trammelled, and suddenly transferred to a higher rank of life, they would pass very well as lay-figures of society.

But while thus occupied in observing others, he became gradually conscious that he was himself the observed of all observers. The numerous introductions with which he was honoured called forth the sweetest smiles and most graceful bends from the ladies, and the most awful bows from the gentlemen. A score or two of eyes were constantly upon him, and he could observe that he was the subject of numerous feminine whispers. The hostess was unremitting in her attentions, and was always directing his observation, on some pretext or other, to her eldest daughter. When he danced, the rest only moved sufficiently to beat time—all were occupied in studying his motions; and his partners for the time being seemed at the summit of human ambition. One of these young ladies was a little franker, not to say more forward than the rest; and after the quadrille, she defeated with great skill the stratagems of Mrs Doubleback to dissolve the temporary connection.

'She wants you to dance with her daughter,' said she; 'and I am sure if you wish it, I would not stand in your way for the world. But it is such a treat to me to converse with a sensible man—to indulge in the feeling of sympathy! You have no idea how romantic I am. I despise everything low and conventional; and would be proud, even if I were a queen, to descend to the station of the meanest of my subjects, if he had awakened an interest in my affections. Do you not feel in this way? Can you conceive that there is any real inequality between heart and heart?'

Robert, who was not an adept at small talk, lost himself for a moment in thinking to what this could be apropos, but at length came out with some gallant observation about her heart being able, he was sure, to ennoble the one it condescended to select for sympathy. The young lady sighed, and murmured something about his being as romantic as herself; but she added archly and suddenly:

'Do you find this the case with Miss Falcontower?' Shocked and alarmed, he looked at her with consternation; but she added with a pretty laugh:

'Oh, don't you fancy that I mean anything more than a joke! A grand lady like Miss Falcontower is, of course, out of the question; but supposing she did chance to fall in with a handsome and amiable young man of genius, but of low rank—not that I suppose she did, or could, or that there can by possibility be such a young man in the whole world—yet supposing this case, is it unnatural to conjecture that her proud heart would grieve, and her bright eyes weep over the crossness of fortune?'

'Upon my word,' said Robert, 'you must permit me to say that the mention in this way of such a name even in jest'——

'Oh, I know, I know! You cannot hear of such a thing; you are too much of a gentleman; I understand all that: but you are a naughty man, notwithstanding. Don't I know of another lady who has travelled scores of miles from the country to see you? and instead of hastening to thank her for her condescension, don't I see you here flirting away at Mrs Doubleback's, and saying fine things—if they were but true!—even to poor me, who have nothing different from other girls, but a heart that laughs at rank and riches?' and the young lady sighed again.

'Your country lady,' said Robert, 'is a bad guess; but I must entreat'——

'What! have you no recollection of Wearyfoot Common?' Robert almost leaped where he stood.

'What do you mean?' said he. 'What do you know of Wearyfoot Common?'

'Just what I have said. Miss Semple is in town—and you are here!' The young lady at the moment accepted an invitation to dance, and taking the gentleman's arm, walked away, leaving Robert in a flutter of surprise, delight, and mortification. His speculations had nothing more to do now with Miss Falcontower; and even if it had been otherwise, he could never have conjectured the meaning of the distinction with which he was treated by his partner and the company:—not knowing that he had been represented by Driftwood as the newly discovered but still unrecognised scion of a noble house, and the object of deep interest to Miss Falcontower and the whole of her distinguished family. But Sara! she in town! And why not? She had now come of age, and there was nothing extraordinary in the visit of the heiress to the place where her fortune was invested—nothing but her suffering him to remain in ignorance of her intention. He now recollected that he had noticed an air of constraint in her last communication. Had that any connection with the mystery?—and a jealous pang wrung his heart as he reflected on his own desperate circumstances. But this was only momentary; and he walked up to his late partner as she stood in one of the intervals of the quadrille.

'On reflection,' said he, 'I perceive that you must be correct with regard to Miss Semple's being in town. Pray do me the favour to tell me where she is to be found?'

'Walk home with me to-night,' replied the young lady, 'and I will take you to the very house.' It was late before he could persuade her to go; but when they did set forth, her home was so near, that she had scarcely time for explanation before they had arrived. The family of the Lodge had in fact taken up their abode there—'Ma' having a larger house than they required, and letting a part of it for the sake of company.' Sara had despatched a letter by the post that afternoon to Robert, and the young lady had read the address.

Observing a light still in the parlour-window, Robert would at once have gone in; but this his conductress would not permit. She would insist upon announcing him herself; and throwing off her cloak, adjusting her drapery, and tossing her ringlets into order, with a slight tap at the door, which was answered in Sara's voice, she bounded into the room.

Robert's heart beat wildly for a time; then it hardly beat at all; then he grew faint—the great strong man

—and leaned against the wall for support. At length the young lady reappeared, shutting the parlour-door after her. She opened the street-door.

'She is the only one up,' was the report; 'it is too late to receive visitors; the family will be glad to see you in the morning. Good-night, you naughty man!'

Robert turned away from the door mechanically, and wandered homeward through the mist of Wearyfoot Common.

THE SMOKE-NUISANCE.

The peculiar blight of city-life is smoke. The ruralist, on his occasional visits to town, feels it most; but even the *habitués* of the city are sensible of a constant deduction from the pleasures of existence in the grimy pestiferous atmosphere amidst which they live. The effect, too, on external objects is most lamentable—vegetation checked, house-fronts blackened, works of art and furniture within doors spoiled. London is—to use the expression of the *Times*—'a nigger metropolis;' how different from the white, clear-seen cities of southern Europe, which know not this nuisance!

It is a great question bearing on the economy of our lives—Can this nuisance be abated, and how? Practical efforts to bring the question to a solution have been in progress for a number of years, and some points have been made out pretty clearly. We shall state these to the best of our ability.

It is, we believe, as certain as any fact in existence, that a furnace fitted up on the plan of Mr Juckes, with revolving bars carrying in the coal with a slow and regulated motion, will send forth no smoke. We have had this plan in operation in the furnace used in our own printing establishment, for upwards of four years, with perfect and unfailing success, and apparently with a saving of fuel.* Messrs Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co., stated in August last, that they had had the same arrangement of furnace at their brewery in Spitalfields for five years, 'fully answering their expectations,' and with a saving of fuel to the amount of nearly L.2000 per annum, from its allowing them to use 'small coals.' At three works in Glasgow, the Juckes furnaces have been used for about three years, with satisfaction to the proprietors. One of these gentlemen, writing to us only last month, says of this furnace: 'As a smoke-consumer, it is perfect.' In this, we believe there is no mystery whatever. It merely fulfils the one grand condition—slow and gradual feeding—which is necessary in any circumstances to cause thorough combustion of fuel.

It is, at the same time, proper to admit that Juckes's furnace may not be everywhere applicable. It requires a kind of coal which does not produce *clinkers*—that is, large cinders—for these, not being readily dischargeable from a furnace of its necessary peculiarity of construction, clog up the fire, and interfere with its proper action. Hence, if the right coal be not obtainable at a suitable price, this kind of furnace will not be kept in use, except at a sacrifice. It happens that we can obtain the proper coal at the proper price in Edinburgh; and we see that Messrs Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co. express themselves as more than satisfied in this respect. But it is asserted that, at Glasgow, a sufficiency of the proper fuel not being to be had there, Juckes's furnace will not be generally applicable.

It is also proper to advert to the fact, that at a particular work in Glasgow, where Juckes's furnace was tried, it was given up, with a loss of L.500, on the allegation of its requiring an expenditure of fuel as 3 to 2 of the ordinary furnaces. This result, however, being so inconsistent with that in four or five other instances, and standing quite alone, we must respectfully say that we cannot allow it any consideration. It must have arisen from some fault of construction, some inappropriate management, or some other cause proper to that work alone. Indeed, this apparatus being simply an arrangement for slow and gradual feeding, it is theoretically impossible that, with fair play as to construction of furnace and management, and with suitable fuel, it should consume any more coal than an ordinary furnace.

There are other patent plans for the consumption or prevention of smoke in furnaces, and it is scarcely to be doubted that some of these are also effective, as well as economical. We cannot, however, speak of any with the confidence arising from personal observation.

It now becomes our duty to state, that Mr G. W. Muir, of Glasgow, after several years of official dealing with the question, arrives at the opinion that patent furnaces might be dispensed with, *if sound principles were followed, in giving ample boiler-power, good draught, and a regulated and moderate admission of air into the furnace.* It appears from this gentleman's reports, that all the exertions of the police to put down furnace-smoke in Glasgow by penalties have failed, and he now recommends the formation of a committee embracing manufacturers, for the purpose of conducting experiments with a view to ascertaining how those principles may best be applied in special cases. Seeing such to be the opinion of an intelligent man who has given more attention to the subject than perhaps any other living, we must confess that our hopes of a speedy abolition of furnace-smoke are less vivid than they were some time ago, and we fear that the act which is to come into force in August next for preventing smoke in the Thames steamers, will be less effectual than Lord Palmerston expects. It is pretty evident that, if accidental circumstances regarding qualities and supply of fuel are to affect the matter, as the experience of Glasgow points out, no *specific* is to be hoped for, notwithstanding that Juckes's apparatus has in our own and other instances been so successful. That is to say, Juckes may answer in Edinburgh or London, but not in Glasgow, and possibly not in Manchester. Matters standing so, it becomes of the more importance to call general attention to the conviction of Mr Muir, that there is no occasion for patents or specifics for the prevention of smoke, while the object can be attained by a right relation between the boiler, the furnace, and the flue, and the regulated admission of air. This, it seems, was announced by James Watt seventy years ago; but no experiments have ever been made to ascertain formulæ for those relations in particular cases: hence all is doubt and confusion on the

* In a contrast between the quantity of coal used and that of work done during the three years preceding, and the four years following the introduction of the patent apparatus, there is a greater irregularity than might be expected; but the general effect of *saving* is manifest. In the three years preceding the change, the *quantity* of coal, expressed in money outlay, was L.98, 13s. 4d. per annum, at an average, against an average of L.3804 of work done. In the three years subsequent, the average coal was L.87, 13s. 4d. per annum, against an average of L.4006, 6s. 8d. of work done. The saving may be attributed in part to the *regularity*, and in part to the *completeness*, of the combustion.

subject, beyond the general fact itself. We would suggest that, where the public comfort is so much concerned, it would be worth while to make this needful investigation at the expense of the state.

A RAINY DAY IN TOWN.

Some cynical person has remarked that people are given to talk most about what they least understand—an observation, by the way, which although it has passed into a maxim pretty generally current, is, like most of the dicta of your sarcastic philosophers, true only in a limited sense. It is strikingly true, however, with regard to John Bull and his numerous family whenever their talk is about the weather. John, from his insular position, is more exposed to the 'skiey influences,' as fine writers call the changes of the weather, than any of his neighbours; and being a personage whose business, and whose pleasures too, lie very much out of doors, he would be glad to know, were it possible, how to manage his movements so as to escape the foul and enjoy the fair. Hence it is that the weather, and its probable state at some not very distant or closely impending period, is a universal topic of conversation with honest John. It is a question in which he has a personal interest, and one often of greater moment than any other which a mere casual acquaintance could discuss with him. A Frenchman or a German, an Italian or a Spaniard, may, it is true, be equally interested in the weather—but then he is seldom, if ever, in the same uncertainty respecting it. With a wind from any point but the west or south-west, your continental friend does not fear getting drenched to the skin; but John knows from awkward experience, that he has no cause for solid reliance upon any wind that blows; and that rain may come to him, and does come to him at times, from all points of the compass. So he is ever on his guard against it, and prophesies concerning its advent and departure—not very often, it must be confessed, with the happiest result—thus shewing that though he talks so much about it, he understands it very little indeed. But he is not content with talking only—if he were, he wouldn't be John Bull. He arms himself against foul weather, as he would against any other enemy; and has contrived no end of munitions and fortifications against the assaults which the clouds are for ever preparing or discharging upon his devoted head. If, on the one hand, he is annoyed by water, he is, on the other, defiant in 'waterproof.' Run your eye down the columns of his morning paper, and see what a prodigious store of bulwarks he has prepared against the storm. Read the list of gallant defenders, with the immortal Macintosh at their head, who have levied contributions from the resources of universal nature for the purpose of keeping the hostile moisture on the safe side of John's waistcoat—from coats of four ounces, 'warranted to keep out twelve hours' rain,' to coats of twice as many capes, which would laugh at a monsoon—and from idrotobolic hats, which keep his bald pate dry, and ventilate it at the same time, to gutta-percha soles that don't know, and won't be prevailed upon, under any circumstances, to know, what it is to be damp. Think of voluminous folds of vulcanised caoutchouc and gutta-perchified cloth—of rugs and railway wrappers—of paletôts, bequemes, bear-skins, pea-coats, Chesterfields, Codringtons, Witney Overs, Derby coats, Melton-Mowbrays, Wellington sacs and wrap-rascals—to say nothing of the millions of umbrellas, of which everybody has one to use and two to lend: think of all these, and a thousand more of the same sort, and say if John Bull be not tolerably well provided against yonder black cloud.

Come, we are not going to be afraid of a rainy day, at anyrate, though we do prefer the sunshine; and it is well we are not, for it is coming down in torrents just now, and we must be off to the office to our daily task, let it come as it may. Jones, our volatile neighbour in the 'two-pair back,' has just declared, in our hearing, to his wife, that this *is* a 'delectable swizzle,' and no mistake. We know what *that* means, well enough. But Jones's wife has tied a comforter round his chin, and he is off, and we must follow close at his heels, 'swizzle' as it will, or else lose a character for punctuality, which will never do. The street-door slams us out. Whew! but it is a soaker! What a clatter the big drops make upon the strained silk!—we could spare such hydraulic music. The sky is one dull sheet of lead; the nearest houses appear as if veiled in a gauze dress, and the further ones are behind a wet blanket, and won't appear at all. All London is just now under the douche, and undergoing a course of hydropathic treatment. Much good may it do thee, thou dear old wilderness of brick: thy alimentary canal has long been out of order. Drink, old Babylon! Drink, and forget thy filthiness, and shew thy countless offspring a clean face when the morrow's sun lights up thy forest of tall towers. In the meantime, though, this is but a sorry joke. Slippety, sloppety, squash! *Con*cern that loose paving-stone! and an ovation to the man of genius who invented gaiters, by which we are spared an involuntary 'futz.' What is that? 'Clickety, clackety, skrsh!' Pattens, by all that is poetical! 'O the days when we were *young*!' as the poet says, when pattens were the genteel thing—when comfortable dowagers went waddling abroad exalted on iron rings, and with their heads buried in calashes shaped like a gentleman's cab, only not quite so big. Ah, those were the days! What a rush of tender recollections comes with the clatter of that single pair of pattens! It seems an age since we last heard that once familiar sound; and it seems, too, as though we had entered a new world since that sound was of everyday occurrence. But we must not indulge in these pensive recollections. Swizh!—p-r-r-r-r-r-r-p! whirr!—no indeed!—if this isn't enough to swill all sentiment out of a fellow. 'Halloo! Conductor, stop that bus!'

'Full inside, sir: plenty of room outside, sir!'

'Not a doubt of it; but I'm outside already.'

No admission for gentlemen in distress. Never mind—we shall be sure to find an omnibus in the City Road that will take us in. Really, this is the very sort of a day to turn into a night; and were it not for the despotism of Business, that genius of modern activities, who rules us, as he rules all his subjects, with an iron sceptre, we should be tempted to follow the example of an eccentric artist of the last century, and by turning back to our home once more, and by simply closing the window-shutters, lighting candles, and poking up the fire, transform this drenching morning into a cheerful evening. But that won't do either, lest we fall into a practice that will entail upon us rainy days of a still less endurable complexion. Sweeper Jack, yonder, is of the same way of thinking: he has scraped his crossing as clean as he can with his worn-out broom-stump; but his function is no sinecure this morning, as new puddles are forming every minute in the track which his daily sweepings have hollowed out. He cannot afford to lose his morning coppers; and though he is wet through to the skin, and has been for this hour past, he will not quit his post till his last regular patron has gone by on his way to the city. He holds out a hand, sodden, like a washerwoman's, for his customary

half-penny, and deposits it in one of his Bluchers, lying high and dry under the shelter of a doorway—a piece of practical economy that, because he finds it cheaper to subject the soles of his bare feet to the mud and slush of the season, than it would be to submit the soles of leather to the same destructive ordeal. Sweeper Jack is not much worse off on such a day as this than the whole tribe of peripatetic traders whom the sky serves for a roof every day in the year, and who prefer the risk of drowning abroad to the certainty of starving at home. 'Eels! live eels!' cries one; and we can fancy them swimming at their ease in the broad basket in which they are borne aloft. The soles, haddocks, and cod are travelling once more in their own element, and the salesmen are particularly lively, knowing, by experience, that a drenching day, when economical housewives don't care to plunge over the way or round the corner to the butcher's, is not unfavourable to their trade. Ten to one that we find a cod's head and shoulders on the table when we return to dinner at five. Charley Coster's cart looks remarkably fresh and green this morning; but that poor 'moke' of his is evidently depressed in spirits, and, after the manner of his kind, lowers his head and bends back his ears in silent deprecation of the extra weight of moisture he has to drag through the miry streets. Yonder is a potato-steamer, which the prudent proprietor has moored snugly under a covered archway: his little tin funnel is fizzing away amongst a group of boys and lads driven there for shelter from the storm. He has got his steam up early to-day—foul weather acting invariably as an impetus to his peculiar commerce: a hot buttered potato for a half-penny, with salt *à discrétion*, as the French say, is too good a bargain to go far a-begging on such a morning as this. Another wandering son of commerce, who profits especially when the clouds are dropping fatness, is that umbrella hawker, who stands there at the corner, roofed in under a monster-dome of gingham, from which he utters ever and anon in a cavernous voice: 'A good um'rella for sixpence! Sixpence for a good um'rella! A silk un for a shilling!' You will not see him driving business in that fashion when the sky is without a cloud; you might as well look for a rainbow. He gets his living by rainy days; and if he could regulate the calendar in his own way, 'twere but little hay that would be made while the sun shone, and Vauxhall and Cremorne Gardens might shut up shop. But of all the gainers by the liberality of Jupiter Pluvius, the cabmen are the most active and the most exemplary. Now is the very carnival of cabs; and every driver assumes an air of increased importance, and sways his whip with authority, as though he were chief monarch of a wet world, which in some sort he is. But there is not a single cab on the stand. The stand itself is washed away—all the disjecta from the nose-bags, every wisp of hay and straw of fodder, is floated off the stones; the very waterman has disappeared, and taken for the nonce to burnishing pewter-pots in the back-slums of the Pig and Whistle—his tubs alone are the only vestiges which are left to proclaim the fact, that four-and-twenty vehicles, all of a row, have their home and resting-place on that deserted spot. Cabby is abroad stirring up the mud in every highway and byway of universal London; and Cabby's horse, under the impetus of unlimited whipcord, is straining every nerve to compensate for the idleness of yesterday, and to devour as many miles, measured by sixpences, as will satisfy, if that be possible, the expectations of his owner.

But now we emerge upon the City Road, and hear the welcome syllables, 'Room for one,' from the conductor of a Favourite omnibus. With a foot on the step, we look in upon a not very inviting spectacle: ten stout gentlemen, each with a dripping umbrella, and one stouter dame, two single Niobes rolled into one, with a weeping umbrella and a plethoric bundle to boot—all packed together almost as tight as Turkey figs in a drum, in a locomotive vapour-bath reeking and steaming at every pore. It is impossible to pass up the centre, and so we are jammed into the corner next to the conductor, who, enveloped in oil-skin, considerately bars the pelting drops from our face by exposing to them his own broad back. We commence a conversation by observing, as a sort of leading remark, that such a drencher as this is a capital day for omnibuses. 'Why, you must be making quite a fortune to-day.'

'Hexcuse me, sir,' says he, 'but that ere's a wery wulgar herror. People thinks, because they finds the buses full when they wants to go to town of a wet day, that the wet weather is best for the trade. 'Tain't no sich thing. We goes to town this mornin', for instance, full; but we shall come back empty well-nigh, and shan't do nothing to speak of afore gentlemen has done their business and comes back in the evening. Buses that runs along the business-lines does tolerable well perhaps; but I'm bound to say, that them as goes north and south don't do half a average trade sich a day as this. No, sir—fine weather is best for buses, if I know anything about it. People walks out in fine weather to enjoy theirselves, and gits tired, and rides home; or they rides out for pleasure, and to call upon their friends, or they rides a-shopping, and brings home their bargains; but when sich weather as this shuts people within doors, of course they can't ride in buses.'

There was no denying the force of the conductor's logic, backed as it was by a long experience—and we sat corrected.

Here our *vis-à-vis*, the stout dame with the bundle, stops the omnibus, and stumbling hastily into the muddy road, drops some halfpence into the conductor's hand.

'What's this, marm?'

'Why, the fare—threepence to be sure.'

'Threepence ain't the fare, and this ain't threepence. D'ye call that a penny? 'tis only a half-penny as ha' been run over.'

'O dear me! are you sure it's not a penny? it's big enough. I thought your fare was threepence.'

Conductor opens the door and shews the printed table of fares. 'You see, marm, it's fourpence. I want three-halfpence more.'

'O dear, I wonder if I've got any more.'

Niobe lays her bundle on the step, and dives into her pocket. First dive, fishes up an enormous pincushion, red on one side and green on the other; dive the second, a pocket handkerchief and a ball of worsted; dive the third, a nutmeg-grater, a nutmeg half consumed, a piece of ginger, and an end of wax-candle, which shews signs of having been on terms of the closest intimacy with a skein of thread; dive the fourth, half of a crumpled newspaper and a lump of gingerbread.

'Come, be alive, marm,' says the conductor; 'we can't be waiting here all day.'

'O dear me, how it does rain! Don't be in a hurry, my good man—I feel the money now;' and, sure enough, dive the fifth produces, together with a handful of ends of string, reels of coloured cotton, and a tin snuff-box, a couple of penny-pieces. The fare is paid—bang goes the door, and on we roll towards the Bank.

The city wears rather a blank appearance. It is busy, as it always is, with the working-bees of commerce, but the drones are absent, and of pleasure-takers there are none to be seen. Greatcoated figures flit hurriedly backwards and forwards beneath their hoisted umbrellas; and the indispensable business of the day is done in spite of the unceasing tempest that pours from morn to night. But retail trade is almost at a stand-still. That immense standing-army whose lives are passed in the service of the ladies, experience,

it may well be, a welcome intermission of their labours. The shop-walker may rest his weary shanks, and the shop-talker may give his tongue a holiday. Drapers' assistants have no goods to drape, and may assist one another in the laborious occupation of doing nothing. Now and then the shopkeeper walks to his front door, and, with one hand in his pocket, while he rubs his smooth-shaven chin with the other, casts an appealing look upwards to the leaden sky. He sees no symptoms of a pause in the pattering storm; so he retires, and buries himself in his back-parlour, where, with his nose every now and then between the leaves of his bad-debt book, he falls to making out fresh bills for stale and long-forgotten accounts. We mourn for our old friends the book-stalls, which lie all day long under a pall—a pall of dilapidated floor-cloth, which no man stops to lift and look beneath. The search after knowledge may be carried on under some difficulties, but not under such a sousing shower-bath as this. It has actually washed away the apple-women from the kerbstones, who are known to be as waterproof as Macintosh himself; and it has driven the orange-girls off the pavement to the shelter of covered courts and theatrical piazzas.

But if the rain has dispersed a whole host of professionals, it has at least brought some new ones upon the scene. Here comes a characteristic establishment, vamped up for special use on a rainy day. It is nothing more nor less than an ostensible father of a family, with six impromptu children, all born to him this identical morning—children whose father was humbug, and whose mother was a promising ten hours' rain. He, unfortunate man, informs you as plainly as the cleverest pantomime can tell the tale, that he is an unsuccessful tradesman who has seen better days, and that these six forlorn infants, all clad in neat white pinafores, but paddling with naked feet on the cold wet stones, are the motherless children of his dear departed wife, who has left him in sickness and poverty to be the sole guardian of their tender years. As an evidence that he has brought them up in the right way, they are singing, as lustily as they can bawl, a pious hymn to a sacred tune, to which he himself groans a deplorable bass in a deplorable voice—holding out his hand the while as a modest appeal in behalf of his innocent orphans. If you are prudent, you will not be in a hurry to tax your sympathies. You may feel quite at your ease, and rest assured that this unhappy family, which shews so pathetically amidst the driving storm, owes its very existence to this dismal day, and to nothing else. Had the sun shone brightly this morning, each of these motherless infants had remained in charge of its own maternal parent, or passed the day in raking the mud of Westminster; and the demure, sorrow-stricken father himself, had been off chalking the pavement, shamming the cripple, doing the deplorable 'fake,' or cadging in some ingenious way on his own private account, among the gullible population of some other district. We know the rascal well enough; but he contrives to sneak on the safe side of the law, and laughs at exposure. If you want to help him to a debauch of gin, bestow your charity, but not otherwise.

Such a day as this is a dead loss to a multitude of out-of-door professionals, not a few of whom will have to put up with short-commons, as a result of such an inhospitable sky. It is not very pleasant to think what becomes of a host which numbers so many thousands of needy individuals at such an untoward time, when they cannot be abroad, and when it would be of no use if they could, because their friends and patrons the public are snug at home. Where are all the poor music-grinders? Where that solid phalanx of Italian piano-players? Where those gangs of supple acrobats and street-jugglers? Where that battalion of 'needy knife-grinders?' Where the travelling-tinkers, swinging their sooty incense beneath our noses? Where the hawkers of fruits, and nuts, and sweet stuff? Where the bands of children with their bunches of lavender? Where those merry little tender German tinder-merchants? Where the street-stationer, with his creamy note-paper? Where the violet-girls, with their sweet-smelling posies? And where that vast and indiscriminate crowd that hangs perpetually upon the skirts of business or of pleasure, and, like Lazarus from the rich man's table, supply their daily necessities from the abundance and the superfluities of their more fortunate brethren? In what cheerless homes, what wretched slums and corners, what dark and unwholesome dens, do they lurk in hunger, cold, and bodily discomfort, while the relentless rain shuts them out from the chance of earning an honest penny? Truly, a rainy day in London has its dismal aspect within doors as well as without.

The animal creation, which always sympathises in the pains and pleasures of us humans, shew their aversion from rainy weather, when it is excessive, in a manner not to be mistaken. We cannot pretend to decide whether the horse pulls a long face at a rain-storm, his face being never of the shortest; but his eye is sadder than usual when he is soaked with a shower. Donkey shews his dislike to heavy rain by invariably getting out of it when he can, and by his unwillingness to face the driving blast when upon duty. Dog is, in wet London streets, invariably draggle-tailed and downcast, and out of heart. His post is too often, on these occasions, outside his master's door, upon the step of which he may be seen sitting, his muddy tail between his legs, and his woebegone face confronting the public, upon whom he turns an appealing, lack-lustre eye, telling how much he would prefer sleeping curled up by the kitchen-fire to standing sentry in company with the scraper. Puss shews her sense of cleanliness and comfort by keeping within doors; though our old 'Stalker' is an exception to the general rule, preferring to sit on the outside of the window-sill, where, erecting every hair in his black coat till they bristle up 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' he gathers a vast amount of electricity and considerable moisture besides, and is always the cleaner and the livelier for the process, which he doubtless knows to be good for his constitution.

The London populace had an idea that the weather is always favourable to her Majesty, it having very rarely happened that the sun has refused to shine when the Queen has chosen to shew herself to her subjects. The clouds are not, however, always loyal. Such a day as we have been describing kept the royal party from visiting Powerscourt on the last eve of September, when a storm of rain, which even Irishmen acknowledged to be a drencher, deluged the county Wicklow, and dissipated the popular delusion on the subject of 'Queen's days.' Time was (when we were not so thoughtful as we are now) when we entertained a notion that it would have been an agreeable and convenient arrangement of such moist phenomena, if all the rain, hail, and snow, of which Mother Earth stands in continual need, had been predestinated to fall after sunset, and the hours of daylight had been left to the uninterrupted pursuits and enjoyments of mankind. We are grown wiser now, and see that it is better ordered. In that case, we should have lost for ever the moral effect of a rainy day; and the stock of undeniable blessings to our mental and spiritual nature which spring out of little crosses and disappointments, would have been diminished so much in amount, through the lack of a little gentle moral discipline, that, bad as the world is now, it would have been infinitely worse, and perhaps hardly bearable for living in. Therefore, with your leave, good reader, we will be reconciled to the wet weather; and when it rains, let it rain, without grumbling, merely donning our gaiters, induing our waterproof soles, buttoning up our coats, hoisting our

umbrellas, and setting about our business cheerfully and industriously, which, as everybody knows who knows anything, is the best way of providing against a rainy day.

DEPARTING SHADOWS.

Population thickens—new modes of industry are in progress—wealth increases: consequently, manners change. The old simple world is passing away; a new complicated and refined one is coming in. As the transition goes on, a number of old familiar customs wane slowly away into shadows; and even these shadows are departing, though still they cast 'a lingering look behind.'

Some of the shadows cling longer than others, those more especially that rest upon the mysteries of mortality. The tenderness felt for the dead, makes the living fearful to omit any accustomed trait of respect; and hence the tenacity of some of the old rites, even of some that one might, in cold blood, think more honoured in the breach than the observance. Looking more particularly to a rural district in the south-west of Scotland, with which we happen to be well acquainted, we can recall, as very lately, and perhaps still existing, several curious observances connected with death. If this occurred in a farmer's family, the arm of labour was suspended. The horses were loosed from the plough and put up at the stable: seed-sowing itself, however favourable the weather, was interrupted. If the season was autumn, harvest was in like manner stopped. Traffic of all kinds was at a stand-still; and even the poor cottar's children had to seek their milk elsewhere, or take their porridge without it. The dispensation was the signal doing of the Almighty; and not to have entirely suspended labour, would have been thought alike impious towards Heaven, and disrespectful to the deceased. The last expiration of the breath was received by the nearest of kin, as it was thought to bear with it the departing spirit; for similar reasons, the last dying accents were faithfully treasured.

We well remember, when a child, standing by the death-bed of a younger brother, seeing our weeping mother lay her face upon that of the child, just as the last sigh was drawn. It was many years afterwards that we learned the secret of this melancholy movement. The eyes of the deceased were closed by the nearest relative—the body, after being washed, was dressed in its finest underclothing—the hands, if a female, were crossed over the chest; and if a male, were extended by the side. Upon the breast was placed a plate of salt, which, it was believed, prevented the body from swelling and bursting the bands with which it was bound. This custom was also observed by some of the ancients, but from a different motive, as intimating their belief in a future state—salt being the emblem of perpetuity. The looking-glass was covered with a cloth, lest the relatives should accidentally obtain a glimpse of their woebegone features. The striking pulley of the clock was removed, that there should be no note of the passing hours, and that silence might reign in the chamber of the dead. The cat was incarcerated beneath an inverted washing-tub, as it was understood that if she leaped over the corpse, and afterwards went over a living person, that individual would ever after be subject to epileptic fits. A better reason would have been to prevent her from attacking the body, as such animals have been sometimes known to do.

Almost every corpse had its *special* visitors, who came for a purpose different from that of sympathising with the bereaved family. Had a child been born with what was called a cherry or a strawberry mark upon its face, the spot was sure to be speedily obliterated on being submitted to the touch of a dead man's hand. Also, whosoever looked upon the lifeless form, should of necessity touch it, to prevent dreaming of shrouds, and ghosts, and church-yards. It was sometimes difficult to be assured that the vital spark had fled in reality and for ever. Every family could relate traditions of corpses sitting up in their grave-clothes, staring around, and finally being restored to their friends. The effect of such traditions was, that the 'kistin,' or encoffining, was generally delayed till the latest moment, to afford every chance of a return to life; and the 'waukin' of the corpse was a matter requiring considerable fortitude, and attended with no little apprehension. Every one had heard of somebody's corpse starting up in ghastly wildness, striking terror and dismay, and requiring the presence of the minister to 'lay' it; and to have *heard* of such a circumstance, however far remote, was of equal authority with having *seen* it. The 'waukers' kept a candle burning all night beside the body; and frequent as well as timorous were the glances furtively cast towards the bed of death during the silent watches, till the morning again dawned upon the world. But the last morning at length came, and the last fond look was taken by all concerned in the event, and then the coffin-lid was screwed down, shutting out friend and foe, and shrouding its unconscious tenant in darkness and solitude.

The funeral was a great affair, requiring extensive preparations; and it was a matter of no small anxiety during the whole lifetime of some, to have a 'decent burial' at last. Inviting few attendants, or having less than a profuse supply of what were termed *refreshments*, was the greatest disrespect which could be shewn to the memory of the deceased—while the greater the number and the abundance, the greater was deemed the affection, and the intenser the grief. From the desire which all cherish of being thought well of after death, many submitted to the severest privations, and denied themselves the necessaries of life for years, that the expense of their funeral might not fall upon the parish, and that on the occasion there might be enough and to spare.

When such foresight as that referred to had not been duly regarded, the relatives, in order to escape the reproach of the community, have involved themselves in expenses which it required years to liquidate. The time usually intimated for meeting was ten o'clock, and the 'gathering hour' not unfrequently exceeded three hours of the sun. The consequences of sitting so long on a winter-day in an open barn or outhouse, after perhaps the violent exercise of walking or riding over several miles of moorland, are not difficult to imagine. Far and near, invitations or 'warnings' were given; and as generally two-thirds more were invited than could be accommodated at once in the largest apartment, company after company was entertained in regular succession. The order of the refreshments was the following: Pipes and tobacco—ale, with bread and cheese—whisky, with the same accompaniments—rum, with cracker biscuits—brandy and currant-bun—wine and *shortbread*. All these were in consecutive order, and more than one round of each. If any were intent on enjoying a double portion of the good things provided, they re-entered with the company next in attendance, and had their wants supplied. The bun and bread were cut into pieces about three inches square, and every one was helped to a piece, which he either ate or pocketed; but as he could not so readily dispose of the liquid, any man, whose better-half was indisposed at home, took with him what was popularly called a 'droddy-bottle;' and when those serving came round, he held out his flask, and said: 'Put it in there, and I'll tak it hame to the wife.' We remember hearing a late clergyman say, that when he came to his parish in the vale of Nith, about the beginning of

the present century, at the first funeral he attended there was assembled in a barn one large company, who had taken more than *two hours* to 'gather.' There were seven rounds of refreshments, and he was required to 'ask a blessing'—that is, to offer up an appropriate prayer before every round; certainly, as he said, 'a severe ordeal at the installation of a young minister.' But Nithsdale was not solitary in this funeral prodigality. We find the same profuse entertainment customary in Carrick, and even a competition among the people as to the sumptuousness of the burial-services. In the parish of Kirkmichael, the son of a deceased farmer ordered a whole boll (eight stones) of *short-bread* for his father's funeral; and this would have been prepared, had not the baker disinterestedly persuaded him that a fourth of the quantity would be sufficient. The currant-bun was cut the size of small bricks; and on one of the company remarking these are good *gumps*, he replied with evident gratification: 'I mean gumps: my faither, in a' his life, could never thole to be scrimpit in onything, and he couldna hae dee'd had he thocht he was to hae a scrimpit burial.'

The excessive profusion of meats and drinks on these occasions, under the name of *services*, has been an unseemly blot in the record of Scottish customs, from the twofold character of the consequences which it entailed—the pecuniary embarrassment in which it involved the bereaved family, and the demoralisation it produced on those who attended the obsequies. The doctor's bill is by and by handed in—the apothecary's account is transmitted—the village carpenter will call in some evening for payment of the coffin—the grave-dues must be disbursed ere the church-yard is left—and a long list of articles of mourning for the various members of the family, to make them appear respectable, will fall to be paid to the haberdasher, the mantua-maker, and the tailor. Most problematical is it whether all these charges can be settled without inconvenience; and yet custom has declared, that in addition to these, there must be bread and biscuit, and bun and cheese, and ale and whisky, and rum and brandy, and wine, and of all a superfluity. Perhaps the occasion of all this was the death of a husband and a father, the only or chief support of the family, and whom, for weeks or months, a sick-bed had prevented from earning a single shilling! A custom has long prevailed with respect to marriages, which, we think, might with propriety be transferred to funerals: every party invited to a marriage is expected to take a present to the bride. How much better would it be rather to take a present to the widow! No man should enter into the matrimonial state until he is well able to provide for the expenditure which that state requires. But death comes without our bidding, and seizes his victim often without the means to defray the expense of his interment. How would a little present on such an occasion cheer the widow's heart, and revive it with gratitude if not with joy!

We have said that when the company was larger than the apartment could accommodate at once, it was divided, and one detachment entertained after the other. Ludicrous incidents sometimes occurred from this circumstance, and from the state of inebriation which so many liquors induced. The corpse has sometimes been forgotten altogether, or dropped on the way to the church-yard. There is a traditional report that at the boat-house on the Doon above Kiers, in the parish of Straiton, the company was divided into two portions, and when all had drunk abundantly, they marched off to the church-yard, several miles distant. The advanced party thought the coffin was with the company in the rear—the rear thought it was carried by those before; and when they arrived at the Buskin Burn, in sight of the burial-ground, where it was intended to fall into order, it was ascertained that the body had never been lifted. The same circumstance is said to have occurred at the funeral of Mrs Hume of Billie, in Berwickshire, an occasion when grave observance was peculiarly called for, as the lady had been barbarously murdered by her man-servant. Several years ago, a funeral-company had wended their way for many miles through deep snow, over Eskdale Moor, bound for Moffat church-yard. On arriving at the burial-ground, they discovered that they had dropped the coffin by the way, the back having fallen from the cart in which it was being conveyed.

The extraordinary abuse of spirituous liquors on such occasions was not confined to the Lowlands of Scotland. Garnet, in his *Tour through the Highlands*, says: 'A person, originally from Oban, had spent some time in the neighbourhood of Inverary, in the exercise of some mechanic art; and dying there, his corpse, at his own request, was carried by his friends towards Oban for interment. On a hill between Inverary and Loch Awe, just above Port Sonachan, they were met by the relations of the deceased from Oban, who came to convey the corpse the remainder of the way. The parting could not take place without a glass of spirits, that had been plentifully provided by the Oban party; and before they separated, above forty corpses were to be carried down the hill, in which, however, animation was only suspended, for they all recovered the next day.' Within the last few years in the Western Highlands, at the funeral of one Macdougal, who died at the age of ninety-two, *nine hundred* persons were present, who were accommodated in three houses. Into one were shewn the gentry of the neighbourhood, where were set refreshments in abundance, consisting of cold tongue, rounds of beef, bread of all kinds, various sorts of the best wines and the costliest spirits. Into another were shewn the respectable yeomen of the place, where a similar banquet was prepared, but of a less expensive description. In another assembled about five hundred of the commonalty, who were each, on entering, presented with whisky, and bread and cheese in abundance. Two glasses did not satisfy many—seven-eighths of the company became intoxicated: there were here no wines, but plenty of whisky, with cold and hot water. *Fifty-six gallons* of whisky were mixed into 'toddy.' One of the stewards in the first-mentioned dwelling slipped into the last one, to see how matters were going on. When he entered, the chair was occupied by a *ruling elder* of some note, who was discoursing in the most eulogistic terms on the merits of the deceased, and was very enthusiastically applauded by the vast assemblage. He wound up his peroration by giving a thump on the table, and calling silence. Silence being obtained, and while all were eagerly listening, holding up a brimming bumper, he cried at the pitch of his voice: '*Gentlemen, here's the health of Macdougal!*' and the toast went round with three times three. Though all had been thus entertained, so much cold toddy was left, that an application was afterwards made to the proper authorities for leave to redistil it—which was refused.

Various attempts have been made, in many places, to do away with this prodigality, and its lamentable concomitants; but these have ever been most strenuously resisted. Some years ago, a clergyman, whose parish was on one side bounded by the Solway, endeavoured, with the assistance of his session, to introduce the custom of but *one service* (one round of refreshments.) The parishioners almost unanimously were up in arms. One of them sought to have his revenge even after death. He bequeathed a considerable sum to be expended in providing refreshments at his funeral, and he appointed the kirk-session his executors to see his will accomplished. The conclave met to consider what line of tactics they should adopt—whether they should decline interfering, or discharge the duty with which they had been intrusted. The result of their deliberations was, not to decline the trust, but to procure the most expensive wines, so as to

absorb the money in one single service. On the day of interment, when the course of the enemy became apparent, the company of mourners rose up indignantly, and, marching off to the village inn, subscribed among themselves, and lavishly quaffed the mountain-dew, hurling their anathemas at the kirk-session and their 'shilpit claret.'

It was customary to carry the coffin on handspokes, as it was believed that no horse would ever thrive which had once drawn a corpse. The nearest relation walked at the head, and the next of kin to him went before, holding the footstrings of the coffin in his hand. When the distance to the church-yard was great, the shades of evening were often descending when the dust was consigned to its kindred earth. By and by, however, horses and vehicles began to be introduced, and the progression to the burial-ground was sometimes as rapid as it formerly was slow. It was more like a race than a funeral-procession. Such was the case at the funeral of one Macadam, who lived on the Carrick shore, and who was widely known for his obesity—which was so immense, that he could not see his shoe-buckle. He was to be interred in a church-yard about twelve miles distant; and it was doubted whether one horse could draw the hearse; but such was the career at which it sped, that old Mr Ramsay, the minister of Kirkmichael, burst his horse in attempting to keep up with it, and many *short-cuts* were taken to be in with the hearse at last.

In the olden time, paupers were only conveyed to the church-yard in a coffin, not buried in one. The article in use was what was called a *slip-coffin*, having a movable hinged bottom, which, being let down over the grave, and a bolt withdrawn, the body dropped in, and was quickly covered over, while the box was set aside for future use in the same way. The last slip-coffin remembered in Ayrshire was disposed of in the following manner: One Maclymont of Auchalton was invited to attend the funeral of a poor person in Maybole, where the body was to be ejected in the usual manner. When they had reached the grave, and the bolt was about to be drawn, he asked what was the cost of the slip-coffin, and being told it was three pounds Scots (6s. 8d. sterling), he immediately produced the sum, and desired the coffin to be lowered into the grave. Ever since, the poorest individual has been supplied with a coffin.

The suicide was not permitted the common rites of Christian burial. Not even was he allowed the temporary use of the slip-coffin, but at the dead hour of night he was dragged out to the march-boundary between two parishes or two counties, which was considered neutral ground. The body was there cast into a pit, and a stake driven through it. Three such graves are seen side by side on the top of the Lowthers, on the march-line between the shires of Lanark and Dumfries, a spot seldom visited except by the moorfowl or the mountain-eagle. An attempt was once made by the friends of a farmer's wife who had committed self-destruction, to bury her in the church-yard in the usual way; but a mob collected, and became so enraged, that the mortcloth was torn to shreds, and she was consigned to the earth in the manner peculiar to a suicide.

The committal to the grave, the smoothing down of the turf, and the replacing of the monumental slab above the lonely sleeper, did not complete the funeral obsequies. A very important rite yet remained. This was the *draigie*, a term derived from the word *dirige*, conspicuous in one of the chants for the dead in Catholic times. On retiring from the church-yard, the whole company withdrew to the village inn, not to lament over the memory of the deceased, but to have a handsome refreshment. Strange and mournful results have not unfrequently followed the unseemly carousals that now took place. Family feuds, which seemed extinguished and forgotten, were revived with more than their original rancour. Genealogies were traced, and pedigrees recounted, with all the fluency and inaccuracy which resentment, kindled by inebriation, could engender. The closing scene of these disgraceful orgies was occasionally the introduction to another funeral solemnity. In the year 1817, in the village of Kirkmichael, died a Mr Coulter, a preacher of the gospel, and possessing means which made him independent of a living in the church. Throughout his last illness, he was attended by the village innkeeper, who was considered a 'skilly person,' and who acted as doctor, barber, and apothecary, without charging any remuneration. Coulter, on his death-bed, told his legal executors, the minister and schoolmaster of the parish, that he wished his funeral to be conducted on the 'old plan,' and to give those attending it a handsome draigie; so that the profits arising from the consumption of drink on the occasion, might to some little extent remunerate the innkeeper for his gratuitous services.

Our Departing Shadows, it will be thought, are shadows of barbarism. And so they are; although there was doubtless a good and kindly feeling at the bottom of all the customs we have described. Times, however, are changing fast. The incongruous hospitalities of death are going out of fashion. Our rustic people are beginning to find that they can mourn without superstition, that mortality comports ill with festivity, and that the rites of the grave are best accompanied by social prayer and silent meditation.

MOORE AND CROKER.

The relics of the ministerial party of thirty years ago, who smarted so much under the pungent satires of the patriot poet Moore, have obtained a fine consolation in the late, but telling exposure of Moore himself as a place-jobber of by no means the first degree of scrupulosity. This exposure has been brought about in consequence of an altercation between Lord John Russell and Mr Croker on certain passages in Moore's Diary. Croker and Moore had been college friends, and, notwithstanding that one became secretary to the Admiralty under the Tory government, while the other held out as a patriot in opposition, their friendship was never afterwards altogether broken off; on the contrary, it was generally maintained with a fair show of cordiality on both sides. It now comes out, however, that Moore was in the habit of expressing himself occasionally in his diary and in private letters in a detractive and spiteful spirit regarding Croker. When, in 1828, Croker was admitted to the privy-council, Moore, who had a favour to expect from Croker, congratulated him on the honour, and said he hoped it would be followed by something better. Just about the same time, in a letter to his publisher, Power, (which lately turned up at a sale,) he sneers at his friend's honour: 'Thinking you may want the *Rose of the Desert*, I send it up by parcel, and shall enclose the Legends as I finish them, through the *Right Honourable* (*!!*) Croker.' Thus to indicate a man, in connection with a business in which he was going to ask the favour of free postage from that man, shews Moore in certainly a most unfavourable light. Mr Croker has given extracts from other letters of the poet, expressing the greatest kindness and esteem for Croker, and always in connection with favours asked or expected, extending over the very time during which he is understood to have been entering unfriendly remarks in his diary.

The most painful revelation regarding Moore is conveyed in the following extract from Mr Croker's pamphlet:—'In the autumn of 1809, Moore got into some difficulty by the incompetency or misconduct of his deputy in the Admiralty Court of Bermuda. It happened that just at the same time I became *Secretary of the Admiralty*, to whom the complaints of the injured parties were officially addressed. There had been at that time a coolness

between us—"a quarrel," as Moore says, of his own making; I should rather have called it a *distance* or *estrangement*—but, whatever was its degree, it appears from the following letter that it did not prevent my feeling kindly towards my old friend, and offering him my good offices in this disagreeable affair:—"DUBLIN, 11*th December* 1809.—DEAR CROKER—I am sincerely rejoiced at the idea of our being friends again, and little expected that my office at Bermuda would produce me anything half so valuable as this opportunity of reconciliation which you have so liberally availed yourself of. I have long thought that *I was a fool to quarrel with you*, and by no means required your present conduct to convince me how much you are in every way superior to me. In warmth of feeling, however, I will not be outdone, and I assure you that it is with *all my heart and soul* that I enter into the renewal of our friendship." The rest of the letter relates to his Bermuda *business*, and suggests an arrangement for turning, with my assistance, "the appointment to more account than I have ever been able to do hitherto. Would it be possible, do you think, to procure the office for any unobjectionable person, who should make it *worth my while* to resign in his favour? If this were possible, it would materially serve me; and though I have no right, nor indeed much inclination, to ask a favour from any of your present colleagues, yet if *You* could manage this matter for me, I should feel it to be the act of a *friend*, and be made easy and comfortable in more ways than one by it."

'I have no copy of my answer. I daresay I was unwilling that even a copyist should see such a proposition; but it appears from Moore's reply that I endeavoured—by supposing that he meant an *exchange* and not a *sale* of offices—to shut my eyes to the real drift of a proposal so indecent to a person in my official situation. Moore, however, did not at all appreciate the indelicacy of his proposal, or the delicacy of my evasion. His reply was as follows:—"*Friday, 22d December* 1809.—MY DEAR CROKER—I feel most gratefully the readiness with which you answered my letter, and should not write now to tease you with my importunities, but that you mistook a *little* the manner in which I wished you to assist me. I had by no means the audacity to expect to exchange my Bermuda appointment for *another* at home. What I wanted to know was simply this—whether, if the deputy I should appoint would *make it worth my while* to resign in his favour—that is, in plain placemen's language, would consent to *purchase* the appointment—you could have interest enough to get him nominated my successor, as by that means I should get rid of the very troublesome medium of a deputation, and have a good large sum at once in my pocket, without waiting for the slow process of annual remittances, accounts, &c. I know this *sounds very like one of those transactions which* WE PATRIOTS *cry out against as unworthy of the great Russell and Algernon Sydney.*" I—no doubt for the reason already stated—find no copy of my answer to a proposal of which not even my "*Patriot*" friend's droll abjuration of the "*Russells and Sydneys*" could attenuate the indecorum and illegality; but I find its substance docketed on the back of the letter in three short words—"*cannot be done.*"'

This from the bard who was continually railing at the corrupt government of those days, and barely avoiding published sarcasms at the very officer whose mediation he was willing to employ in the base transaction! Truly, we may well echo his own expression regarding Rousseau—

What an impostor Genius is!

It is, nevertheless, curious to observe that, throughout Moore's political satires, while he is strong on Anti-catholicism, corn-laws, and alliances with the enemies of liberty, he says very little of bribery and corruption, as if remembering that he was a sinecurist and a jobber in sinecures himself.

The exposure is to be lamented regarding a charming poet, and, in many respects, delightful man; but it will not be altogether an evil, if it should have the effect of impressing on other frail mortals the unfailing beauty of sincerity, and of an unflinching adherence to independence and integrity.

WARNINGS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Ye mystic sighs, which are the winds that fling
  Down from Hope's tree the fruitage of the heart—
Unconscious tears, which from some dim source spring,
  By Nature set mysteriously apart
    Within my being—ye are warnings twain
    Of some quick-coming pain!

Before the storm, nay, ere the ominous wind
  Doth more than kiss the aspen's shivering leaves,
Trees 'gin to quake, and birds upon them find
  A fear—which haunts the spider as it weaves
    Its web, abandoned in the panic cast
    By the phenomenal blast.

The earthquake warns *them:* are Men, only, blind
  Or deaf, since birds and beasts feel that which tells
Of Nature's coming pang? Hath not each mind
  A consciousness, 'gainst peril that rebels?
    The very seas, the very rivers shew
    A change before the throc!

Oh! never unannounced do dangers come!
  Some influence strange the caution vaguely speaks;
Fears dim and mystical—the sough and hum
  Of visionary wings—tolled peals that break
    From viewless bells—the conquering sigh or tear,
    Warn us of evil near!

Tell me not, then, 'tis superstition all!—
  The forms and shows of truth no sneer can turn
To dubious shadows. On the mental wall,
  A mystic Hand, in words that flash and burn,
    Traces the characters that speak of fear—
    But where's the interpreter?

We fain would read the minds of other men,
  Yet dare not honestly expose our own;
We try to shake their faith in fears that, when
  They are fulfilled, compel us to atone
    For unbelief by tears, that plainly shew
    The fountain whence they flow!

NOVEL WATER-EXCURSIONS.

On the following morning I took a stroll along the beach, and was much amused at witnessing the singular mode adopted by the ladies for the enjoyment of a water-excursion. The bathing-men are Indians, very stout and robust, who being divested of every species of covering, except a pair of drawers, take to the water, each carrying a lady upon his shoulders. The men strike out to swim, and do so without inconveniencing the ladies, who float horizontally on the surface of the water. In this way they are carried for a mile or more, and appear to enjoy this novel mode of locomotion extremely.—*Bonelli's Travels in Bolivia.*

W. CHAMBERS has received a considerable number of letters, making special inquiries on the subject of emigration to Canada and the United States, which he regrets being unable to answer individually. All parties requiring this species of information are respectfully referred to the series of articles now in course of publication on America, and more particularly to the article on Toronto and Canada West, to appear in the JOURNAL in a few weeks, and which will embrace some information that may be of use to the humbler class of emigrants.

We have had brought under our observation, a reprint of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, lately commenced by a publisher in New York, and we refer to it for the purpose of saying that it is entirely unauthorised by us, and that we submit to the injury—for injury it practically is—only in consequence of the American law of copyright affording no redress for such invasions of literary property. W. & R. C.

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WORD-PICTURES OF CHILDREN.

BEAUTIFUL, both as a picture and as an emblem of purity and innocence, is a little child asleep in the early sunshine, looking as if the first beams that streamed through the golden gates of the half-opened morning had come there to visit it, after sweeping over the flowery beds of Paradise, and the silver dews that hang on the blossoms which droop over 'Siloa's brook,' on their way from the eternal summer-land of heaven. The little image on which they rest can never have had a thought less pure than an angel's; the crimson of the little lips, which they tinge with gold, has never been sullied by an evil word; the little sleeper is so spotless a shrine, that the fond worship of the doting mother seems almost holy, as she kneels before it. What, beside the flowers, could the first beams of morning fall upon more lovely, or the opening lips of the day kiss and find sweeter than that rosy cherub swathed in sunbeams, and pure as unfolded blossoms? But that same sunshine streams through an attic, and falls upon another little sleeper, that has no more covering than a nestless bird, and lights up filthy corners, over which dark shadows hang for the remainder of the day: it sighs even in its slumber, and there is a look of unnatural care about its countenance, an ominous lowering around the brows, as of evil passions germinating. The drunken mother breathing hoarsely by its side never sent into its eyes a look of love; and so, like plants which grow in cold and gloomy places, it pines for want of the sunshine of warm affection, and the kindly falling of the delicate dew. When the first sweet sleeper awakens, its eyes will be gladdened by the sight of

> Roses reigning in the pride of June;

and in the beautiful garden its little voice will be raised in wonderment, as bee, bird, or butterfly murmur, sing, or dart about the pleasant foliage: the very pattering of its little feet will be music to the ears of those who watch over and love it, and to whom it is dearer than their own lives. The other will awaken, and be left to crawl about the close and crowded court, or to make its little garden—where the paving-stone has been removed from under the window—of the remains of a bundle of firewood, which it will stick into the saturated and sewerless ground; and tearing up the refuse of a bunch of greens, place a bit on each upright splinter, and call them flowers. As it grows older, it will know something of the seasons through the snow lying in the court during the short dark days of winter, and the pavement burning its bare feet when the summer days are long. All it will know of spring will be through the cry of 'primroses,' heard in the street; and of autumn, when its ear catches the call of 'sweet lavender.' By the side of the high dead-wall, where the sunshine never beats, a blade of white grass or a little sickly weed may spring up, or the damp black moss-like fungi may spread, and that is all it will see of the great green arms of summer, when her silent fingers are hanging long leaves on the trees, and braiding the field-borders with flowers.

Hark! the wind blows as though it were blowing its last, yet breaks not the repose of that little sleeper, though she who watches over him has never been able to close her eyes through all the long and weary night, for thinking of him whom her darling boy resembles, and who is far away on the perilous sea. Will he ever come again and print that little cheek with a kiss, that sounds like the smack of a wave against the side of his good ship—oh! will he ever come again? It will break her heart, she thinks, if ever he that is sleeping there 'goes for a sailor;' and yet how he crows when his sun-tanned and storm-beaten father brings him boat and ship toys, which he swims in the pail and in the water-butt; and claps his little hands for very glee, when, with puffed cheeks, he sees him blow the fairy craft from side to side! And will he ever leave her, and be on the sea on such a night? Oh! she fears—she fears he will; for, as soon as he could run, he would hurry out bareheaded in the wind and rain, and throw every bit of cork and wood into the flowing gutter, call them his ships, and sigh when they were drawn into the iron grating, swallowed up and lost. Oh! how more like him who is on the windy sea does he grow every day; for in the picture-chamber of her mind his image still hangs, and she can turn to it at any moment and see the likeness, even with closed eyes. Her affection magnifies every little resemblance, as she sometimes sits and rocks him to sleep, and thinks of her other treasure who is rocking on the sea, now high, now low. Oh! if in dipping down the chasm of that wall-like wave, the ship should never rise again, what will become of her and her darling boy? She kisses him, and he awakens; and his momentary cry is a comfort to her, as she sits with his little hand pressed upon her beating heart, and feels that he is still with her.

Look at that lonely cottage, at the foot of the hills, so far removed from either town or village; the stillness of desolation seems to reign around it, yet peep within, and there you will find a young mother nursing her first-born child, its little round cheeks rosy as the hard winter-apple. That is her solace, her companion, her second life: when it is awake, her tongue is seldom still for a moment, for she is either singing or talking

to it; and she has a faith that it understands all she says, though it answers but in coos and murmurs, and looks that express its delight. She is never lonely, though her shepherd is away all day tending his flocks somewhere far behind the green summits of the hills, which rise high above her happy homestead, for she has always it to talk to, to tell what she is doing, and how long it will take her; and how, when she has done, she will nurse it; bidding it not cry, as she will soon be ready; and placing something for amusement in her darling's chubby hands, or chanting some old love-ditty, such as she perchance heard her own mother sing, when she herself was but a child. Then she will hold it up to the little window, or stand with it at the open door, about the hour of his return, watching the foot-path, invisible to all but her own eyes, so faint is its trace on the face of the hill; and when she sees him approaching, she will hold her darling up at arms-length. And oh, happy heart! that little thing will at last recognise him, and make a pleasing noise expressive of its delight, which gives her happiness beyond utterance.

Observe the look of that beggarwoman, as she turns back her head to gaze at the little sunburnt child which she carries behind in the hood of her cloak! What long rides he has in that comfortable carriage, which is soft and warm as a bird's nest lined with feathers; what miles of daisies he passes as he sits peeping out of his little bag, with his wondering eyes accompanying his untiring mother in her weekly rounds! O how it strengthens her to feel that little naked hand on her weather-tanned neck, or those everbusy fingers patting about her unkempt hair! Even the door of the niggard is closed more gently, as the light from that little face streams in, and with a look pleads its own innocence by an eloquent silence, that puts to shame her beggar's whine, and intercedes both for her and itself, impostor and vagrant though she may be. Oh, could you but see them together sometimes by the roadside, under the shadow of a tree through whose branches the sunshine falls and throws a golden net-work on the unclaimed grass, when she has taken it from her hood to dandle, and give vent to that love which she dare not express while asking alms, lest her happiness should be envied — you might think that she had never known sorrow or want, or felt poverty while possessing such a wealth of love. But she has many a time looked into that little face with sorrowful eyes, as she thought of the many happy homes it had peeped into, then turned to the blackened ceiling of the low lodging-house which sheltered them, and the filthy straw on which they slept, and trembled lest the hectic fever, which ever keeps watch in those loathsome pest-houses, should seize her little treasure. It is the remembrance of this escape that makes the air of heaven, the green grass, and the shadow of the overhanging tree so dear to her; and at such a moment she envies not the comfortable homes she so often sees, nor the rosy-cheeked children who never knew want. Forgotten are the cold wintry days and the bleak norland wind which she strained against on the hedge-less moor, while she met the blinding snow-flakes face to face, so that they might not alight upon and chill the treasured burden which she bore. In pity, look kindly upon her for its sake!

Alas! that is the convict's child, and the care-worn haggard woman its mother. She carried it about with her when she went in quest of him, and tried to wean him from his infamous companions. She has waited with it for hours in reeking gin-shops, where it slept amid the poisonous fumes of tobacco; and when it awoke, she has lifted the fiery poison to its little lips, to still its cries and make it sleep again; and as it drank, it gasped as if for very life, then soon closed its eyes under the full glare of the heating gas. When he was in prison, she carried it with her, it inhaled the close air of the convict's darkened cell, and the shadow of the prison bars fell upon its face. It was in the crowded and suffocating court when he was tried and sentenced. When its mother fainted, it was held by a felon's wife; the widow of one that was hanged carried it out of the court. Its home is one of a row of ruinous houses, all the inhabitants of which are thieves; and thievish children will become its playmates; and in time, if it lives, it will be what they are. These are the foul spring-heads that contaminate the whole stream: it is here the work of purification must commence before the waters can be healed, for that which has its source in corruption will bear more or less of the taint for evermore.

That little fellow, who is just able to walk without holding by his mother's finger, and who is beating his tiny drum so lustily, is a soldier's child. Fain would she have followed his father, and with her little one have shared whatever his fate might have been, while crossing the stormy sea or keeping watch in the tented field; but she drew an unlucky number when they cast lots, and, like many more, is doomed to remain behind. She looks at it, and wonders if the time will ever come when it, too, will become a soldier, and be called upon to march, and when she will have to undergo the same pangs of separation as she felt when she leaned weeping upon his father's shoulder. She had hopes that they would have ridden on the baggage-wagons together, and that, while he shouldered his firelock and marched beside it, she should have pointed him out to her little darling, and held him up to look over the wheels; and the good it would have done him to see her and it, and to know that they were still together, whatever might betide. Will the happy day ever come, when he will return and teach it to march and shoulder arms with the little toy-gun, which, when he kissed it, he promised to bring with him when he came back? Will he ever return? News has come of a battle, of a victory: he was there, and that is all she can learn. She has faith that he is saved—has faith that God would hear the prayer, which, word by word, she taught her little boy to utter in his half-formed words, night after night, kneeling with his pretty bare feet on the floor, and his tiny hands clasped and resting on her knees as he prayed to 'Our Father.' Yes! the words uttered by those innocent lips must reach heaven; even the angels themselves would fall back and leave an empty space, so that not a whisper might be lost that floated around the throne, from which the golden chains hang that touch the earth every way. She will hope, ever hope, and even pray for those he has gone out to conquer.

Nestling amid eider-down, and half-buried in rich folds of costly lace, it needs no second glance to tell that there the child of the wealthy slumbers—one that even the winds of heaven are not allowed to visit roughly. Let it but moan, and anxious eyes are instantly bent upon it; let its little cheeks be hotter than usual, and there is the rumble of a carriage at the door, and the ever-ready physician in the room, who wisely prescribes something perfectly harmless, pockets his fee, and smiles at the folly of wealthy mothers. Then nurses move on tiptoe, and servants speak with bated breath, and kind inquiries are made every hour; for thousands hang on the frail tenure of that little life, vast estates, and immense funds, which, when you hear of, make you doubt whether all this anxiety arises from excess of love, or whether or not interest most predominates after all, excepting in the breast of the fond young mother. When it is really ill, she forgets all about her rank, wealth, and station; for the same feeling that thrilled the heart of Eve when little Abel moaned on her knee, has descended to all her daughters without distinction. Her fear is, that the Angel of Death is watching somewhere to carry off

her little one, to fill up a childish choir in heaven—that one of those messengers, who, at His bidding,

Ever post o'er sea and land,

has come to number it amongst those who ever kneel and 'veil their faces with their wings.' Shall it exchange that warm resting-place for a little mound of earth, where the daisies blow and the sunbeams beat, and the silver-footed showers fall silently? Silently! Oh, it would not hear the speckled lark singing aloft like an angel 'at heaven's gate,' nor the golden-banded bee murmuring amid the tufts of the white and crimson clover; but with its little hands folded meekly on its breast, and those now warm rosy lips cold—O how cold! would ever sleep there silently—silent as the dew on the flowers above its grave, as the monumental stone on which its pretty name would be carved. And yet the great blue eye of heaven that looketh down upon us all, would ever be watching there—ay, that is some comfort; and beyond the dark doors of the grave, lies a bright mustering-ground, and there, when the trumpet sounds, they will meet to part no more.

Painter, where is thy pencil? I know thou canst not paint me that glad shout, which would rend thy canvas with delight; but look at the attitude of that laughing girl, the turn of that pretty arm as she pulls back the frock which has slipped from her rounded shoulder. Did the old sculptors alone understand these things? Is it not possible to catch and give an immortality to the figure of that little blue-eyed beauty, with her golden hair falling all about her face, as she stops, in her eager haste, to pull up the heel of her slipper—the head averted, and keeping laughing watch, lest through her mishap she should be caught by her eager pursuers? Can I never again see the figure of that little child, who has thrown itself down amongst the flowers with outstretched arms, as if eager to gather them all at once—one little leg drawn up, and thrown over the other, and the foot foreshortened, as we only see it in nature, or those relics left by the master-minds of Greece, who went to Nature for their models? There are forms to be found among Britannia's children as beautiful as ever met the gaze of Praxiteles, or arrested the eye of Phidias, though we can only throw them on the painted chamber of the mind in our Word-Pictures.

Our last picture is of a busy little hive among 'those huts where poor men lie,' where the children range one above another like the side of a triangle—where the mother and father are out all day, and they are left to mind one another, and the kiss follows the squabble as the calm succeeds the storm. One sits nursing what she calls her doll, which is a dirty rag pinned together; another, drumming on the hearth with the poker, holds the youngest child, half as big as himself, and finds as much amusement in the noise he makes as the little thing he is nursing—nay, so intent is he on the street-tune to which he hums and beats time, that he at last lifts the poker too high, and the head strikes the baby's mouth, and then the whole hive is astir; and we know not what he is to 'catch' when mother returns. While the tumult lasts, a second has got up on a little stool, and reached the sugar out of the cupboard, and is devouring it by handfuls; or perhaps only just high enough to reach the edge of the basin, pulls it over, and tumbles itself at the same time; then, after a blow or two from the eldest, the spoil is gathered up and put back, dirt and all.

The soap is missing; and one little busy bee, who is just able to talk, points to the kettle, which is singing on the fire: there it is, and there is a 'pretty to do' before they can have any tea. The same persevering little fellow has been practising drawing with the candle on the looking-glass, as the grease he has managed to lay on rather thickly plainly shews. Only the day before, he was found rubbing the same material into the ginger-grater, having previously loaded his sister's shoe with coal so heavily, that it at last sunk to the bottom of the pail; so that, like too many other eager adventurers, he lost both ship and cargo, and really did 'catch it' into the bargain. The eldest child, who has but numbered some ten summers, uses her mother's very expressions when she reprimands them, follows her very ways, and is never idle a moment from morning to night. The rod with which she rules is a threat of what they will 'catch' when mother comes home. Of such as these there are numbers

—— in many a street
Who never see the daisies sweet—
Never behold in dale or down
The husky harvest waving brown.

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

ONTARIO—NIAGARA.

FINALLY quitting Montreal by the short railway to La Chine, and then proceeding by a steamer which for four-and-twenty hours went up portions of river and canal alternately, I was enabled with the greatest ease, as in a floating-hotel, to reach Kingston at the foot of Lake Ontario. The favourite method with tourists is to come down, not go up, the river at this place, because in descending, the steamer shoots the various rapids, and the excitement of these exploits adds to the zest of the excursion. My arrangements not admitting of this pleasure, I had to make the best of my lot, in proceeding by canal, wherever the rapidity of the stream did not allow the vessel to make the ascent of the St Lawrence. Yet, I had no cause to repine at this privation. The steamer lost little time in the locks, and by the speed slackening somewhat in the canals, I had an opportunity of appreciating the excellence of the several works of art by the aid of which the vessel was able to pursue its way. It left the river five or six times, and went through as many canals, the spaciousness and general management of which reminded me of the Caledonian Canal, the greatest work of the kind in Britain. Vast as has been the outlay on this extensive system of canalage, in order to avoid the rapids of the St Lawrence, it cannot be considered a useless expenditure of public money; for the facility so afforded to internal navigation, is of the greatest importance to all parts of the country on the lakes.

Formerly in two provinces, the division of which was the Ottawa, Canada is now politically one, though a long period must elapse before social distinctions disappear. As we advance upwards by the St Lawrence, the characteristics of the old French settlements give place to new features; and after passing through a transition district, apparently not well settled, we emerge on quite a new field of human industry, where all is life and vigour—we have arrived in the great inner world bordering on the lakes, with the everactive United States on our left, and their more youthful competitor, Upper or Western Canada, on our right. It was pleasant on a fine day in the Indian summer, to watch from the small poop of the steamer the gradual development of a region differing in some respects from that which I had passed through. As the settlements thickened, towns made their appearance. The first of any importance within the state of New York was Ogdensburg, a thriving port for river and lake vessels, and connected by railway with other cities. On the opposite, or Canadian side, we touched at Prescott and Brockville, both prosperous in their appearance, with

a well-cleared country behind, and pretty lying farms in their vicinity, coming down to the edge of the river.

We may be said now to enter that beautiful and spacious part of the St Lawrence known as the Lake of the Thousand Islands. The river is expanded to a width of from two to three miles, and so dotted over with islands, as to have apparently neither ingress nor egress. The islands are of all imaginable sizes and forms, from a single rock to several acres in extent. All are richly clothed with wood and shrubs, the variegated foliage of which contrasts finely with the smooth blue surface of the water. The sail for fifty miles amidst these irregularly formed islands, situated at lesser or greater distances from each other, and many of them little paradises of beauty and fertility, is exceedingly charming, and to visit this part of the St Lawrence is the object of numerous summer-excursions from the United States. At certain points, light-houses are placed among the islands, to shew the proper track for navigation; and we can suppose that without these guides the vessels might chance to lose themselves in a labyrinth of land and water.

The islands continue until we reach Lake Ontario. One of the largest of the series is Wolfe Island, twenty miles long and seven miles across, lying in the greatly-expanded river as it issues from the lake; and here, on rounding a rocky and fortified promontory on the Canadian side, the vessel reaches its destination at Kingston. I should have been glad to have spent some days here, but the time at my disposal being limited, I could only make a selection of places to be deliberately visited. During the half-hour which intervened before starting, I walked through the streets, which contained some large buildings of blue limestone; the whole well laid out on a rising-ground, with a line of wharfs for shipping. A government dockyard and military establishment give an air of importance to the place; and from the excellence of its harbour at the foot of the lake navigation, it is likely to become the centre of considerable traffic.

Having so far gratified my curiosity, I went on board the large and commodious steamer, *Maple Leaf*, bound for Toronto, situated at the distance of 175 miles westward. In a short time after departure, the vessel emancipated itself from the islands; and some miles further on, we had before us the broad expanse of Lake Ontario, the voyage on which cannot be said to differ much from that on the wide ocean. Keeping the Canadian shore in view, we have before us and on our left a waste of waters; the waves, agitated by a breeze, surge angrily against the bows and paddle-boxes; and the more delicate passengers retire quietly to their berths, to meditate on the pleasures of life at sea. And a sea we are really upon, as regards dimensions and some of the casualties connected with navigation. The lake, formed by the waters which flow from Lake Erie by the Niagara River, is 180 miles long by 60 at its greatest breadth; consequently, those who live on its banks see no land on looking across it. The surface of the lake, in its ordinary conditions, is only 234 feet above the Atlantic, from which it is distant about 700 miles; as the tide, however, influences the river considerably above Quebec, the chief rise is from near Montreal, where the rapids are first seen on coming upwards. Lake Ontario possesses the good property of being very deep. Its depth is said to be in many places upwards of 600 feet; on which account its waters have a comparatively high temperature, and do not freeze over in winter. No doubt, the country in its vicinity participates in the mildness of climate which such a temperature must necessarily diffuse. Another advantage of its deepness, is the small power possessed by the wind to rouse it into storms, in comparison with the effects produced on Lake Erie, which, being shallow, is easily lashed into a fury, and more dangerous to navigators than any of the lakes. I was repeatedly warned, that as the season was considerably advanced, I should be careful how I trusted myself in the vessels on Lake Erie; but I never heard a word said against the character of either Ontario or its shipping, though terrible disasters have occasionally occurred upon it.

The series of lakes, altogether, form a remarkable feature of the American continent. Setting aside various offshoots, there is nothing to equal the chain of inland seas formed by Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, St Clair, Erie, and Ontario, the short rivers which connect them being assisted by side canals, where this is found necessary for navigation. The entire surface of the lakes is estimated at 93,000 square miles, they are understood to drain an area of 400,000 miles, and it is said that their contents amount to one-half of all the fresh water on the globe. The number of rivers, large and small, which fall into them, may be supposed to be very considerable. A remarkable feature of these vast sheets of water, is their variation of level, which is not clearly accounted for by a reference to wet and dry seasons. Some years they are known to rise several feet, and then after a time to decline. Their shores seem likewise to shift; at certain places the water appears to be washing away the banks, leaving an abrupt precipice of mud, on which trees are growing to the very brink; and at other places there is an inclined beach of sand and pebbles, where the waves come rippling forward and break in a mass of foam, as on the sea-shore. The land which borders the lakes being for the most part level, or having only a gentle rise, the shores cannot be described as picturesque. In sailing on the lakes, with the land in view, we generally see little else than a fringe of trees. There is a remarkable exception to this on some parts of Lake Ontario, where a bold background shews itself; and I am informed that on some parts of Lake Superior, the shores are precipitous, and as grand as the imagination can desire. A very slight examination of the borders of Lake Ontario, shews that in its present dimensions it is merely the residuum of a lake very much larger, which, in far-gone ages, had covered a large part of Canada and the opposite coast. But speculations of this kind belong properly to the geologist, and are alluded to here only as preliminary to what has to be mentioned respecting the Falls of Niagara, to which we are hastening.

Looking at Ontario in the form into which it has settled down, and will remain through an indefinite futurity —considering its accessibility from the ocean, its adaptation in every respect to the purposes of the navigator, its genial temperature, its abundance of fish, and the almost matchless fertility of the lands which border its shores, I am necessarily impressed with the conviction that it is destined to be a Mediterranean, around which a great people are to cluster and flourish. Nor did a nearer acquaintance with the western part of the state of New York on the one side, or the eastern section of Canada West on the other, lessen this impression. About the centre, on the state of New York side, the river Genesee falls into the lake; and here the city of Rochester is the port for perhaps the finest agricultural valley in the United States. Lower down, on the same side of the lake, is Oswego, a port on a river of the same name, and also the outlet of a rich country behind. Both places are connected by railways with the eastern cities, and therefore can be easily reached by land. While these and some other towns are daily increasing in importance on the American side of the lake, signals of rapid progress are also visible on the

Canadian shore. A general notion has somehow prevailed, that the advance of improvement is comparatively slow in Canada; but from the facts to be brought forward, I am inclined to think that such an opinion is, now at least, fallacious. In sailing along the northern shore of Ontario, we observe in the neighbourhood of Cobourg and Port-Hope, a country well cleared and cultivated, with every indication of an old-settled and thriving population. Things improve as we go forward, and when we come in sight of Toronto, spread out on a very gradual slope rising from the bottom of a wide bay, with its manufactories, church-spires, massive public buildings, and long terrace-like quay—the whole lying with a sunny exposure to the south, sheltered by a ridge of low hills on the north, and enriched by a fertile country around—we exclaim, here is doubtless to be a great city, here the metropolis of Canada.

Struck with the imposing appearance of Toronto as seen from the lake in front, it was not without regret I considered it advisable to postpone my visit to it for a few days, and in order to see Niagara, push on by another vessel about to sail for Lewiston. Walking, therefore, from the one steamer to the other, I went on board the *Peerless*, a vessel of great beauty, commanded and partly owned by Captain Dick, a Scotchman, and bred seaman, who informed me that it was constructed under his own directions in the Clyde, and had been brought out in pieces and put together on the lake. The *Peerless* is built in the English form, with the saloon and chief weight below, in order to encounter without danger the gales and heavy seas on the lake. This handsome vessel leaves Toronto every morning for Lewiston, and returns the same day with persons who arrive by the trains. As the run is only thirty-six miles across the upper and narrow part of the lake to Lewiston, whence parties can reach the Falls of Niagara in an hour, it may be supposed that the trip is one of the cheap and popular holiday amusements of the inhabitants of Toronto.

Proceeding directly across Ontario, the *Peerless* soon came in sight of land at the mouth of the river Niagara, and drew up to the wharf at the town of that name on the right, where several passengers landed, and some others were taken on board. On the opposite side of the river stands Fort Niagara, one of the few defences which the Americans seem to consider it desirable to maintain on their frontier. The river Niagara at its outlet is seemingly a mile in width, but finally it narrows to about the third of a mile. Where it issues into the lake, the land is level; but in advancing upward, the ground begins to rise till we arrive at Lewiston on the left, and Queenstown on the right bank; and here, at the distance of seven miles from Ontario, the margin of the river on each side becomes a complete precipice, 150 to 200 feet high. Steaming up the river, we see at a distance before us a lofty piece of country stretching to the right and left, through the middle of which the river has sawn its way; and it is at the face of this range that the precipitous banks commence. On the American bank, the slope of the high ground stretching away from the river is of a regular form, well wooded; and it is upon the plateau of level land extended eastwards from the bottom of the slope, and abutting on the river, that the town of Lewiston has been built. The situation is not well adapted for river-traffic. Its site on the plateau is considerably above the level of the water, and there is no space at the landing-place for shipping. I saw no vessel of any kind at its slip of wharf, where the *Peerless* drew up, and put ashore a crowd of passengers designed for a very inferior kind of railway, which is connected with a line of a better construction at the village adjoining the Falls. As the *Peerless* crossed immediately to Queenstown, I preferred adopting the route by that village, as the Falls are best seen from the Canadian side, and I desired to make sure of receiving good impressions at first. Having accordingly crossed over, I found, on touching the shore, two covered droskies, driven by negro lads, waiting for custom; and having selected one of these conveyances—a very miserable affair—I was driven by a bad road up a long and steep bank towards the celebrated Queenstown heights. These consist of irregular knolls, partly covered with wood, with a few houses, scarcely deserving the name of village, scattered about their lower declivities. From a pathway on the shrubby bank overhanging the river, a handsome suspension-bridge, 1040 feet in length, has been thrown across to the opposite side for the accommodation of foot-passengers. Queenstown heights were the scene of a battle during the war of 1812, and in a conspicuous situation a monument is about to be erected to the memory of General Brock, the British commander, who was slain in the engagement. This new structure is to supply the place of a former monument, which had been blown up and destroyed by some party unknown, in a spirit of wanton mischief.

The Queenstown heights, however irregular in form, correspond with the high sloping range on the opposite bank of the river, and both elevations are continued like a crescent, so as to form a kind of exterior high rim round the head of Lake Ontario. On the Canada side, the rim, locally called the Mountain, is seen to continue far northwards, with a bend towards the east, so as to environ the lake at a lesser or greater distance. At the base of this lofty and ancient margin of Ontario, near the head of the lake, has been built the city of Hamilton, from which the range widens in its stretch, and in the direction of Toronto leaves a tract twenty miles in breadth between it and the shore. Reaching at any point the top of this singular embankment, we find ourselves on a table-land apparently boundless in dimensions. We have, in fact, ascended to the broad and generally level territory surrounding Lake Erie, which, by measurement, is 334 feet above Lake Ontario. From the one lake to the other, therefore, a descent of that amount is effected by the river Niagara in its course of thirty-three miles, a distinct plunge of about 160 feet being made at the Falls, which are situated at the distance of six miles above the old lake margin at Queenstown, and fourteen miles from the present mouth of the river at Ontario. Geologists generally concur in the belief, that the Falls were at one time at Queenstown, from which, in the course of ages, they have ploughed their way upward. The slightest inspection of the ground leads infallibly to this conclusion. For six miles the river runs through a ravine, the sides of which, composed of mouldering rocks and studded over with shrubs, are as steep as those of a grave. Through this long gorge, silent and awful, rolls the deep flood, lightish green in its colour, and carrying masses of froth on its whirling and boiling surface. Compressed into so narrow a channel, the river is from 200 to 300 feet in depth. At one place, narrower than elsewhere, and bending in its course, the force of the current raises a cone of water ten feet high, which, whirling round, draws trees and any other floating objects into its vortex. A gentleman whom I met on my journey, informed me that at the time of his visit to the whirlpool, the bodies of two English deserters, who had been drowned in attempting to swim across the river, were spinning round the cone of water, and had been so for three weeks previously!

The picturesque in landscape, as is well known, depends on geological conditions. Wherever certain varieties of limestone and sandstone prevail, there rivers are observed to excavate for themselves a deep channel, so as to leave banks of lesser or greater abruptness. Hence, the whole phenomena of the Niagara river and its falls. On examining the face of the sloping range above referred to, it is found to consist chiefly of layers of limestone, shivery clay marls, and

red sandstones—the latter being known as the Medina Sandstone. I do not need to go into any account of the limestones, further than to say that they easily break and moulder away, until secured by a coating of bushes or vegetation. As regards the reddish Medina sandstone, it is the washed away particles of this friable rock that compose to a large extent the red-coloured and productive soils which border on the Canadian and American shores of Ontario. The sloping mountain-range, whence these soils have descended, is not everywhere entire. Here and there rivulets have worn it down into valleys, in one of which lies the thriving village of Dundas, a few miles north from Hamilton. Speculations have been hazarded on the length of time which the Falls of Niagara have taken to retire over six miles from the face of the mountain-range at Lewiston; but long as this period has been, how insignificant in comparison with that vast interval which has lapsed since the rocky structures of Canada were in the form of liquescent sediment at the bottom of a sea, and incased in their bosom those fishes which are now disclosed by the rude blows of the quarryman, and prized as scientific curiosities by the fossil-loving geologist!

To overcome the great difference of level between Ontario and Erie for purposes of navigation, has been a matter of serious concern. The work has been happily effected within the Canadian territory, by the establishment of the Welland Canal, which, beginning at Port-Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario, rises by a series of locks to Port-Colborne, on Lake Erie. This great public work has been eminently successful. Vessels pour through the canal in the upward and downward passage, in an unceasing stream, yielding tolls amounting to L.50,000 per annum. So much of the traffic is in American vessels, that the United States' government contemplates the execution of a similar canal, to commence below Lewiston. The traffic is growing so rapidly, that it may be presumed there is enough for both.

To resume the account of my excursion. On quitting sight of the river and opposite banks, the drosky conveyed me by a rough public highway, through a pleasing piece of country, so well cleared, enclosed, and ornamented with rows and clumps of trees, and so agreeably enlivened with neat mansions, and with cattle of good breeds browsing in green fields, that one could hardly believe that he was out of England. Turning down a cross-road to the left, we came, at the distance of half a mile, to the river; and there in a moment, seen most unpoetically through the dimmed and distorting glass of the drosky, I had my first view of Niagara. Such is the way that common-place circumstances are for ever controlling aspirations after romance, and bringing the ideal down to a working world! Set down at the door of the Clifton House—on the one hand were the Falls, which I had often wondered whether I should ever see, and on the other were the negro drosky-driver receiving his fare, and a porter carrying my baggage up the steps of the hotel. Clifton House—to get it out of the way—is one of those enormously large hotels, with hundreds of bedrooms and a vast table-d'hôte saloon, which are seen everywhere in the States, and now begin to be naturalised in Canada. The establishment is the property of a Mr Zimmermann, whose residence and pleasure-grounds are adjacent. The hotel faces the west, has a roadway on the south between it and the ravine through which the river is rolling, and this road continues westward for half a mile to the Falls. The prospect from the door of the hotel, looking along the road, and interrupted by no intervening object, commands, therefore, a view of the cataract in all its grandeur, along with the scenery with which it is environed.

At the period of my visit, the season for tourists had passed, the Clifton was on the eve of being shut up, and with hosts of strangers the army of parasitic guides had fortunately disappeared. With the singular good-luck of having nobody to worry me with undesired explanations, I went forth to have a quiet and deliberate inspection of the Falls. The weather, a little chilly, was still remarkably fine, and there was nothing to disturb the perfect placidity of the scene. A dull thundering sound from the falling waters alone came on the ear, without ceasing or change—a monotonous murmur which had lasted for thousands of years, and will endure for thousands more.

Everybody knows that there are two falls—the British, or Horseshoe, and the American—the division being formed by Goat Island, a well-wooded piece of land, which terminates in a precipice between them. On account of a turn made by the river at the spot, the American fall descends at such an angle as almost to face the spectator on the opposite bank; and it is this circumstance which renders the view from the Canadian side so peculiarly advantageous. Walking along the pathway from the hotel, with only a fringe of bushes on the brink of the ravine on our left, we are able to approach to the British fall, and stand on the bare table-like ledge from which it is precipitated. Compelled to advance to the Falls in this manner, on a level with their summit, and necessarily requiring to look down instead of upward, the phenomenon loses much in magnificence. Other features and circumstances serve to lessen the wonder, if not to raise a feeling of disappointment. As is usual, I experienced this sentiment, which I think may be mainly traced to the ranting and exaggerated descriptions which have deceived the imagination and led to undue expectations. It is only by a patient study of the Falls in the form and dimensions presented to us by nature, that we clear the mind of erroneous conceptions, and see and relish them in their simple dignity and beauty.

Seated on a bare piece of rock close to the falling mass, I was able to contemplate the scene with perhaps as much advantage as could possibly be enjoyed. The rapids above, with the water wildly advancing on its rocky bed, the toppling over of the great mass twenty feet deep on coming to the brink of the chasm, the white spray rising like a cloud from the gulf below, the terribly jumbled river proceeding on its course, and receiving the American fall as it passed—all contributed to make up the general picture. On looking up the river, the land is seen to rise only a few feet above the banks, and to be for the most part under wood, with two or three villas on prominent knolls in the distance. From the brink of the cliffs on the British side, masses of rock have from time to time fallen, so as to form a rugged margin for the water; and near the Clifton House, amidst this collection of débris, a roadway has been made down the bank to afford access to a ferry-boat which plies across the river. The view from the boat, as it dances on the surface of the troubled water, is more effective in overpowering the imagination than that from the banks above; and still more grand is the view from the deck of a small steamer, which plies during summer, and courageously approaches almost to the foot of the Falls.

Opinions differ respecting points so deceptive to the eye as the height, breadth, and other dimensions of these mighty cataracts. Accurate measurements, however, have been taken, so as to leave no longer room for conjecture. The height of the British fall is 158 feet, and its width, following the horseshoe-like curve, is 1881 feet. The American fall is a little higher, being 164 feet, and its width is 924 feet; but in this is included a lesser cataract, and the rocky islet which separates it from the larger body. Adding a breadth of 1320 feet for the termination of Goat Island, which intervenes, we have altogether, from one extremity of the Falls to the other, a width of 4125 feet, or four-fifths of a mile. As the width of the river at the

ferry is no more than 1254 feet, an idea from this circumstance will be obtained of the manner in which the Falls are placed diagonally to the line of the river. The mass of water projected over the Falls is estimated at nineteen and a half millions of cubic feet per minute.

About a mile eastward from the Clifton House, and therefore about a mile and a half below the Falls, the river is spanned by a suspension-bridge, the view from which, down to the water below, is probably the most sublime of all. Driving round by this bridge, to the American side, I arrived in the village of Manchester (!) near the Falls, and there remained a day. The branch of the river above the fall on this side is crossed to Goat Island by a long wooden bridge, which has been erected on posts driven into the rocky channel; a toll of twenty-five cents being paid by visitors for liberty to cross during the season. Goat Island extends half a mile in length, by nearly a quarter of a mile in its greatest breadth, and is thickly covered with natural woods, amidst which a drive may be pleasantly made round it. It was interesting to walk to the upper extremity of the island, and there observe the river parting into two branches, each rushing forward in an impetuous rapid towards its fate. The channel of the rapid forming the American fall is broken by several islets, connected by bridges, and from these we are able to overlook it so near to the shoot, that one of the islets, as already stated, breaks the descending mass, and causes a small and separate fall. By a long wooden stair the visitor arrives at the bottom of the precipice which terminates Goat Island, and here, using a narrow footpath, he can reach either Fall, and to a certain length go behind the descending waters. A more pleasing prospect is obtained from the top of a tower erected on a rock in the water on the brink of the British fall, and connected by a platform with Goat Island. Here we may be said to procure a central bird's-eye view of the tumult of waters; and it was from this elevated spot, and by the light of the setting sun, that I had my last look of Niagara.

In thinking of this marvellous work of nature, it is unfortunate that the mind is disturbed by mean associations connected with the works of man. On the British side, it is environed by a series of paltry curiosity-shops; and there, at the ledge on which I had seated myself, a labourer was busied in wheeling rubbish into the cataract. On the American side, runs of water have been led off to move the machinery of a saw and paper mill; and at present there is a proposition before the world to turn the whole force of the river to profitable account in some kind of mechanical processes! Why, of all conceivable names, Manchester should have been selected for the village, or infant city, now in the course of erection near the American fall, it would be difficult to understand on any other principle than that of imparting a manufacturing character to the spot.

Manchester, if it must be so called, consists of several streets in skeleton, with a large railway-station in the centre, and a number of hotels stuck about for the accommodation of visitors. In order to trace the banks of the river deliberately, I hired a calèche to Lewiston, and loitered at different points by the way. At the suspension-bridge, which I had previously crossed, a scene of extraordinary activity presented itself. Extensive preparations were making to carry the railway, which is in connection with New York, across the Niagara river to Canada, where it will join the Great Western, now opened through the province. For this purpose, the old suspension-bridge at the spot is to be superseded by a new structure, on the same suspension principle, but much bolder in design. It will have a span of 800 feet, and consist of two floors; the upper to carry the trains, and the lower for ordinary carriages and foot-passengers. The engineer of the undertaking is John A. Roebling, and the cost is estimated to be 50,000 dollars, which, I should fear, will fall considerably short of the actual outlay.

I arrived in Lewiston in time for the departure of the *Peerless*, by which I had a pleasant run back to Toronto. W. C.

FAR FROM THE HUM OF MEN.

An intimate friend of mine in Paris, the Vicomte de ——, inhabited for fourteen years a pleasant *entresol* in the Boulevard des Italiens. Young, rich, and healthy, he enjoyed life as only those favoured mortals do whose purses are crammed with bank-notes, and whose limbs are untouched by rheumatism.

In the first year of his eighth lustre, the viscount suddenly remembered that eight times five make forty; and one fine evening, coming out of the Café de Paris to go to the Opera, he in like manner acquired the bitter certainty of the fragility of human things. Lobster-salad had lost its flavour; Meyerbeer no longer pleased the ear, nor Fanny Elsler the eye; and my young friend felt that he could easily play the part of the great St Anthony in the midst of the seductions of the French metropolis. He re-entered his apartments, superintended the immediate packing of his furniture, placed 'To Let' in his balcony, took a conveyance for the north, and on the 1st of May settled himself in a charming little villa, about a gunshot from my house, a very nest of shade, verdure, and flowers. Though this paradise was his own property, he had never before visited it save about once a year, when he did not happen to prefer Switzerland or Italy.

'My dear friend,' he exclaimed, the first day he called upon me, 'I am now one of you. I have left far behind the whirl of the modern Babylon, where they manufacture joys as they fabricate Seltzer water. I shall henceforth live for myself and a few friends. I return to natural pleasures—to a calm and real existence; and my last sigh will be breathed beneath the old ancestral oaks, far from importunate fools, from deceitful man, and doubly deceitful woman. In short, far from the hum of men.'

By the 2d of May, my new neighbour had bought a spade, two rakes, four watering-pots, and a pruning-knife; he had likewise furnished himself with sundry jackets of coarse cloth, such as the peasants wear, and headgear to correspond. Dispensing for ever with varnished boots, he purchased a pair of sabots fit for any weather, and at length considered himself at all points a country gentleman.

The first day of his installation, the sixty peasants who formed the male population of the hamlet on the estate, arrived, with a drum at their head, and a fiddle bringing up the rear, and arranged themselves in a circle at the foot of the hall-steps, where the poor viscount, who had so fully reckoned upon peace, was compelled to appear to receive their compliments. So highly did they vaunt the virtues, the high-breeding, and, above all, the generosity of the descendant of their ancient lords, that that honoured individual could do no less than open wide the strings of the purse whose inexhaustible riches the village schoolmaster, the official author of the dithyrambic, had, among other topics, so loudly sung. Then the drum beat, the violin gave forth its repertory of village-polkas, and the peasants shouted: 'Vive Monsieur le Comte!'

At these shouts, and the appeal of the fiddler, the female portion of the hamlet could no longer contain themselves. Like one single shepherdess, they rushed to the lawn, where the young girls pounced on the parterre, and improvised gigantic bouquets, with which they covered the jacket of M. le Comte, who, according to ancient usage, placed his right hand upon his heart, and his left in his pocket, and cried: 'Merci, mes enfans!' Thereupon a shower of five-franc pieces responded to the vivats, and the new lord of the manor

could not in politeness decline to open the ball with the first damsel who came to his hand.

When once we launch out, it is difficult to stop. Upon a sign from the viscount, a hogshead of wine was broached. Then the vivats rose to a pitch of frenzy—the men sang all manner of Marseillaises, the women outscreamed a first trombone of hussars, the babies cried, and the mastiffs in the courtyard added their contralto to this thundering concert.

The evening came; it was time to separate. The viscount hastened to bed, and endeavoured to sleep; but a frightful nightmare oppressed him. He dreamed that they drank all the wine in the cellar, that they devastated his thickets of roses, that his chest was emptied of 500 francs, and that he caught a rheumatic ague. Upon awaking, he felt very ill, and counting the cost of the day before, he found that the dream was a reality. Thanks to friction, repose, and perhaps the absence of the doctor, he was well and afoot again in eight days.

'After all,' said he to himself, 'it was a necessary tribute to custom; and these good people really appear to love me heartily. Now that I have satisfied the usages of the place, I shall certainly enjoy the silence and solitude I long for; for here, at thirty leagues from Tortoni's, I am, or ought to be, far from the hum of men.'

Just as he finished this consoling monologue, up came the *garde champêtre* in his otter-skin cap, and respectfully signified to the viscount a little *procès-verbal* —the consequence of the musket-shots that had been fired in his honour a week before, and which had been strictly prohibited by a municipal regulation. So complete had been the tumult, that my friend could not doubt the word of the officer; and as the mayor was a republican, who would enjoy making an example of monsieur the aristocrat, the viscount judged it best to submit to the fine imposed. He paid it at once, and hoped at length to enjoy the peace he sighed for.

He had already put on his blue and white striped jacket, and armed himself with his garden-knife, for the purpose of pruning his first rose-tree, when the servant announced Gros-Pierre and his spouse Mathurine. They came to ask M. le Vicomte to be the godfather of their seventh son; and as this is an honour a good Roman Catholic can never refuse, my neighbour, perforce, consented. He assisted at the baptism of the young thresher, of course accompanying his services by a feast to the friends on both sides, and a few hundred sous-pieces to Françoise the godmother.

In eight days more, the viscount was at his eighth godfathership; and as the citizens of my arrondissement seldom stop short of their fifteenth paternisation, it soon came to pass that my neighbour spent nearly all his mornings at the font.

He now went another step. Invited to all the marriages and funerals, he quitted the font but for the altar, and had no sooner given away the bride, than he had to bear the pall.

My neighbour, however, was yet but in the honeymoon of village usefulness. He beheld himself loved, honoured, sought after—a little too much—by the good peasants who surrounded him. Eighteen hundred and fifty-two approached, and who could tell what might happen? It was as well to cook a little ragout of popularity beforehand. The viscount denied neither his door nor his services to his new friends.

As he came from the capital, and as every Parisian is supposed to be gifted with a universal genius, there was no process to plead against, no lease to renew, no clover crop to secure, but my friend was consulted. Did a difference arise, the disputants straightway rushed to the presence of M. le Vicomte. They explained the matter in hand—he gave his advice—and the interview usually ended by the belligerent parties, as in duty bound, falling to fisticuffs in the very audience-chamber of their arbitrator. He was at once the village justice, advocate, and notary.

But he did not rest here. He became its physician. '*Médecin malgré lui*,' be it understood. They forced him to say what he thought of such a one's cut finger —of such another's asthma; they awoke him in the middle of the night, that he might apply plasters and administer *eau sucrée*. He was consulted by the entire community, insomuch that he at length attempted leeches, and even ventured to lay a sacrilegious hand upon the lancet. But here the faculty awaited him. The officer of health of the neighbouring village, who owed him a grudge for having recovered without a prescription, surprised him in the very act of phlebotomy. The man made his report in the proper quarter, and the correctional police taught my noble neighbour that philanthropy becomes amenable to the penal law from the moment that it launches out into the piercing of veins and the application of leeches.

The viscount, who was far from wishing to resign his post of general benefactor, now thought he would confine himself to an employment out of reach of legal interference. Recognised from the first as the only decent writer in the community, he became public scribe to the hamlet. From morning till evening, his little cabinet was crowded with all who had a cousin at a distance, a sister in service, or a lover with his regiment. My neighbour thus composed more than three folio volumes of epistles, in every variety of style. The penknife superseded the pruning-knife; the watering-pots gave way to the inkstand.

Two days ago, the crisis arrived. The young and fresh Françoise, who had played godmother to my friend's part of godfather at his first baptism, was seated near his desk, explaining how she wished to break with François Dumanet, a corporal on furlough, who was desperately jealous of all the shepherds of the hamlet. She had come to ask the viscount to arrange the matter, seeing that Jacquat, the farmer's head-man, had asked her in marriage; and Jacquat was a likely lad, who could easily earn his thirty crowns in the year, without counting the oats he pilfered from the stable, and the eggs he picked up in the poultry-yard.

The good viscount was bestowing upon his pretty client the most fatherly counsels, when the door suddenly opened, and Corporal Dumanet, with cuffs turned up and moustaches bristling with rage, entered hastily. He first applied his cane lustily to the shoulders of his beloved, and then falling upon the innocent viscount, proved how very possible it is for our best intentions to be mistaken by a jealous lover. This was too much for my friend. He seized the first weapon that came to hand, and retaliated the caning by a thrust with the pruning-knife.

Poor fellow! It was the first time he had had an opportunity of using it; and so excellently did he profit by this one, and so neatly did he operate upon his adversary's face, that it never lost from that day the marks of his skill. But arboriculture, applied to the human species, is forbidden by the law, as well as the unprofessional exercise of leeches and lancet. The viscount spent forty-eight hours in a tedious negotiation with Dumanet, which was only yesterday evening brought to a conclusion. He bought a substitute for the corporal, who remained in the village and espoused Françoise. The business cost from 1200 to 1500 francs; but then my neighbour received a pressing invitation to the nuptials.

This morning I was coursing near my house, when I saw a vehicle whirling along the high-road towards Paris. Within it was the viscount, who looked out of the window, and observing me, ordered the driver to stop. 'My friend,' cried he as I came within hearing, 'au revoir this winter at Paris! I precede you to the modern Babylon. I return to my pleasant entresol, which happily has not yet met with a new tenant. I

go to seek calm, leisure, peace in the Boulevard des Italiens. I take with me a rose-tree, that I shall prune on my window-sill, and two strawberry-plants, to water in my dressing-room. I leave hamlets, shepherds, and the shady grove, to live and die far from the hum of men.'

THE BRITISH NAVY.

FROM THE CORACLE TO THE LINE-OF-BATTLE.

THE slow growth of the British oak is proverbial, centuries elapsing ere it attains maturity:

> Three hundred years it grows, and three it stays
> Supreme in state, and in three more decays.

But the growth of the British navy is still slower, and we suspect it is yet far from having reached perfection. From the *coracle* of the ancient Britons to the *Duke of Wellington* three-decker, what a leap! We see in these at a glance the earliest and the latest types of our naval architecture; for as surely as the oak has sprung from an acorn, the three-decker is a modern development of the primitive coracle; but between them there is an interval of some 2000 years. And yet we are told, that even at this present day the coracle—a species of boat composed of hides stretched over a frame of wicker-work—is actually in daily use on the Welsh rivers; and for anything we know to the contrary, a coracle, almost precisely similar in construction to those of Julius Cæsar's time, may have been paddled alongside the mighty ship above alluded to, after she was launched from Pembroke Dockyard. If so, how suggestive the contrast! Let us now briefly revert to some of the intervening links in the chain of naval progression.

We possess very scanty and imperfect information concerning the maritime progress of Britain during the earlier centuries of the Christian era; but we may conclude with tolerable certainty, that the natives possessed no vessels fit to brave the open sea. The Roman conquerors did little or nothing for their new subjects in this respect; the greatest feat performed by them being a voyage to the Orkneys, which was chronicled as surpassingly wonderful. It was the Danish invaders, an essentially maritime people, who first inspired the Anglo-Saxons with a portion of their own adventurous spirit; and to Alfred the Great is generally assigned the honour of first forming the nucleus of a navy. His vessels are said to have penetrated up the Mediterranean, and from that quarter he introduced galleys of sixty oars. At the same period, the Danes visited Iceland and other remote lands. What the vessels of William the Conqueror were like, we may form some idea of from the Bayeux tapestry; and subsequently to that period, gradual but decided progress in naval architecture may be distinctly traced. The Crusades gave some impulse to ship-building, in which, however, we were then surpassed by the Italians, and probably by the Portuguese also. But the discovery of the mariner's compass was the grand stimulant to improvements in vessels, and to the development of naval skill and daring. Ships, in the next century, attained to really respectable proportions; some vessels of William Canynge, the great Bristol merchant, being 500 tons burden, and one, the *Mary and John*, 900 tons. Meanwhile, the Portuguese were exploring the coast of Africa, and in 1487, Bartholomew Diaz doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Considerable fleets, so far as numbers were concerned, were often collected by our kings, from the time of Edward III., for the invasion of France, and a constant commercial intercourse with the continent was kept up by our merchants. The discovery of America by Columbus opened up a new and glorious era; and King Henry VII. sent Sebastian Cabot on a voyage of discovery from Bristol, the result of which was the acquisition of Newfoundland. Larger and better ships were necessarily provided to keep pace with the thirst now generated for distant enterprises and discoveries; and in 1513, Henry VIII. built at Erith his celebrated ship *Henri Grace à Dieu*, of 1200 tons burden, manned by 700 men. A model of this ship has been preserved. It had four masts, and two tiers of guns, the lower being so nigh the water, that they were probably more dangerous to the crew than to the enemy, as their port-holes would be level or beneath the water's edge when the ship heeled over, or sailed on a wind. This ship, practically, proved useless; but it nevertheless was a great triumph of skill in those days to build such a floating-castle.

Memorable voyages now succeeded rapidly. We can merely allude to some of them. Sir Hugh Willoughby reached Nova Zembla, but was frozen to death with the crews of two of his three ships on the coast of Lapland in 1553. Then came the voyages of Frobisher and Davis, and, above all, that of Drake, who in 1577 sailed from Plymouth with five small vessels, and returned in about three years, being the first Englishman who had circumnavigated the globe. In this reign—that of Elizabeth—England fairly laid the solid and enduring foundations of her naval superiority on a broad basis; and the defeat of the Spanish Armada was perhaps less important in its immediate deliverance of the nation from the danger of foreign invasion, than in the spirit of naval skill and prowess it evoked, and the future of brilliant triumphs it inaugurated. In 1637, the *Sovereign of the Seas*, of 100 guns, and a corresponding number of tons burden, according to one, and of 1861 tons, according to another authority, was built at Woolwich. It is said that this ship was indirectly one of the causes of the civil war, for King Charles demanded the *ship-money* (which Hampden and others refused to pay) mainly to build it. No ruler of England did more to enhance her naval supremacy, and its prestige on the high seas, than Oliver Cromwell, and his great admiral, Blake, who was the first who shewed that castles on the land could be successfully attacked by the cannon of shipping afloat. In the reign of Charles II., large ships of war were constructed to carry several months' provision on board; and this in itself was an important step in the right direction, as previously every large ship was attended by a small tender, called a 'victualler,' which carried all the provisions. In case the victualler was lost, or separated from the man-of-war, the crew of the latter must have been in danger of starvation!

We of course have no room to trace minutely the progress of our royal and our merchant navies: suffice it, that by the reign of the second George, the poet Thomson could say of our great port of London—

> On either hand,
> Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
> Shot up their spires. . . . Whence ribbed with oak,
> To bear the British thunder, black, and bold,
> The roaring vessel rushed into the main.

The principal inventions facilitating navigation subsequent to the discovery of the compass, were, Gunter's

scale, in 1620; the quadrant, improved by Hadley, in 1731; and the chronometer to reckon the longitude, by Harrison, a Lincolnshire carpenter, in 1774. The rich results of these improvements were evinced in the voyages of Captain Cook and other great navigators; and the royal navy, from the time of Blake to that of Nelson, steadily grew in importance and power, winning and preserving for Great Britain her enormous colonies and dependencies in every quarter of the globe, and being literally the bulwark of the mother-country—her guardian and her right arm.

During the last war, it was a saying, that 'the French built ships for the English to capture;' and assuredly we had more need to capture one fine French ship than to destroy a dozen. By this we mean, that our own ship-builders were decidedly backward—decidedly inferior to the French and Spaniards. Humiliating as it may be, it is nevertheless positively certain, that we owed our naval victories solely to the skill and indomitable valour of our seamen, who conquered in spite of the inferiority of their vessels to those of the enemy. Upwards of a century ago, our naval architects began to construct ships of war on the model of one captured from the Spaniards; and this practice was continued from time to time. The French have always been admirable builders of war-ships, and their *Canopus*, of eighty-four guns, taken in 1798, served, in 1821, as the model for ships of the same rate built in our dockyards; but it is said by a high authority, that our imitations proved in an essential respect inferior to their Gallic prototype. The sole reason of all this seems to be, that, unlike our neighbours across the Channel, we formerly neglected the study of naval architecture as a science, and never applied to it true mathematical principles. Within the last generation, however, the systems and prejudices of the old-school have been successfully exploded by the master-shipwrights of the royal dockyards, and the improvements introduced by Sir Robert Seppings, Sir William Symonds, Mr Oliver Lang, and others, are very important and satisfactory. All the above gentlemen have sent forth some noble specimens of British men-of-war. The builders of merchant-ships fully keep pace with the spirit of naval progression, and are no longer *compelled* to build mere tubs of vessels, as they actually were until the stupid and mischievous tonnage-laws were repealed. They can now freely compete with the inventive and far-sighted American ship-builders; and it is difficult to say which country excels. Whatever improvement is now introduced on one side the Atlantic, is sure to be immediately adopted, and perhaps perfected, by the keen rival on the other side. But formerly, how very slowly were the most obvious improvements promulgated and adopted! It was not until the middle of last century that the bottoms of ships were sheathed with copper, although lead-sheathing had been tried and failed long before; and this was again tried with the same result so lately as 1833. The Romans are known to have sheathed their galleys with lead, secured with copper nails. Zinc is a material which will probably be extensively employed ere long, not only to sheath wooden ships, but to build ships. A zinc ship has been built in France, and has returned from South America, the captain speaking highly of its efficiency as a thorough sea-goer.

It appears to be already settled that in future all our ships-of-war will be supplied with screw-propellers; and very probably no more large men-of-war will be constructed of iron, as that material is found incapable of efficiently repelling a cannon-ball. An auxiliary screw, being submerged at the stern of the ship, and capable of being lifted and detached in a couple of minutes, is not very liable to be damaged by shot in battle—as is the case with a paddle-wheel—and likewise it leaves the whole broadside clear for a battery of guns. The fleet of screw ships-of-war already possessed by England is truly magnificent, and the weight of metal they carry is enormous. Floating-castles are they every one, and terrible their destructive powers.

We have alluded to the *Duke of Wellington;* but as that ship is the grandest and mightiest man-of-war ever built by this or by any other country, we must do something more than allude to her; and although the reader has probably read details of her dimensions, &c., in the public prints, we think he will not object to our giving here some few items of the colossal proportions and armament of this monster specimen of England's wooden-walls. She was built at Pembroke Dockyard for a 120 gun-ship, but when approaching completion, the Admiralty resolved to turn her into a screw steam ship-of-war. So she was sawn asunder, and lengthened twenty feet, to give her the requisite length. On the 14th September 1852, she was launched in the presence of a vast assemblage of spectators, having been duly christened the *Windsor Castle*. But the great Duke dying about the same time, the Sovereign ordered that her name should be changed to *Duke of Wellington*, as a tribute to his memory. Here are the chief dimensions:—Extreme length, 278 feet 6 inches; length between perpendiculars, 240 feet 6 inches; extreme breadth, 60 feet; height from keel to taffrail, 65 feet; burden, 3759 tons old measurement, or 3153 new measurement. The mere weight of her own hull is reckoned to be nearly 3000 tons; and her weight when thoroughly fitted out and in commission, above 5500 tons; her draught of water is twenty-five feet, which still left the lower ports seven feet clear of the surface—a fact that of itself gives one a vivid idea of the stupendous magnitude of the hull. The engines are of 750 horse-power, and the propeller itself weighs three tons. She can steam at the rate of upwards of eleven miles per hour, independent of her sails. She carries coal for only five days' consumption at full power of the steam, and this coal is stowed to the thickness of twelve feet on each side of her engine-room, so that it is considered impossible for a cannon-ball to penetrate through to her machinery. Time will shew. Her complement of men is 1100. Her armament is something truly tremendous, as will be seen by the subjoined:—

	Guns.		Cwt.	Length. Ft.	in.
Lower Deck,	10	8 inch,	65	9	0
	26	32 pounders,	56	9	6
	6	8 inch,	55	9	0
Middle Deck,	6	8 "	55	9	0
	30	32 pounders,	50	9	6
Main Deck,	38	32 "	42	8	0
Upper Deck,	20	32 "	25	6	6
	1	68 pounder,	95	(Pivot).	
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What an awful battery is this! Why, a single close broadside from it would send an old seventy-four sheer to the bottom. What would Blake or Van Tromp, or even the later naval heroes, Rodney and Nelson, say to this appalling specimen of a modern war-ship could they revisit the world? The caravel in which Columbus sailed to discover the New World, was not much larger, we should think, than the 'launch' (chief boat) of the *Duke of Wellington*.

Ay, well we may complacently contrast the frail little vessels of past centuries with our present mighty ships; but is there not a possibility that posterity will think even the *Duke of Wellington* a mere pigmy of a craft compared with the floating monsters which will then rule the waves? Yet more, may not one single generation suffice to reduce the *Duke of Wellington* to the class of a second or third rate? We see every sign of such an event. Progress is now so rapid, that no one can foretell what a score of years, nay, what even one year, may bring forth. Every few months we read of a ship being launched which exceeds in size all previous triumphs of naval architecture—only

to be quickly surpassed in turn. Already we hear of ships projected, if not already commenced, of some 10,000 tons burden; and who can place any limit to the size which may hereafter be attained? Let us be wisely humble in our own day and generation, and not boast too loudly of the marvels of our skill, lest our children should by and by laugh at our vanity and folly.

SURREY AND HIS GERALDINE.

While the world is expecting a great poet, listening every now and then for the rush of the approaching billow, mountain high, some are more practically employed in counting, estimating, and classifying the past phenomena. New editions, new commentaries, new memoirs appear without ceasing. The son of William Hazlitt is employed in filling out Johnson's idea of the *Lives of the Poets*, so as to make the work comprehend *all* the English verse-makers; and Robert Bell has already published several volumes of *The Annotated Edition of the English Poets*.*

Mr Hazlitt's voluminous work is of necessity somewhat of the nature of a chronological dictionary of poets, but when completed will be a curious and valuable addition to the library. Mr Bell's is a more ambitious task, and it is so far executed with good taste and judgment. In the volume containing Surrey, we observe unmistakable evidences of an acute and inquiring mind. That the love of this noble poet for Geraldine was a real passion, is taken for granted by his commentators; but if so, like most of the passions of our own day, it was quite free from the romantic circumstances which have been so long associated with it. The following sonnet is the foundation on which the whole story is built:—

From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race;
Fair Florence was some time their ancient seat.
The western isle whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast:
Her sire an earl; her dame of prince's blood.
From tender years, in Britain doth she rest,
With kinges child; where she tasteth costly food.
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen:
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind; her virtues from above;
Happy is he that can obtain her love!

The romance of this passion first saw the light in a book called *The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jack Wilton*, written by the well-known Thomas Nash, and published in 1594. Four years after, Drayton takes all for granted, in the *Heroical Epistles;* Winstanley came next; and then Anthony Wood, who made use of Jack Wilton's revelations almost verbally. This was conclusive with succeeding authors; and with the aid of Cibber, Walpole, and Warton, the story, so ignoble and absurd in its origin, struck deep into the literature of the country. It is thus detailed by Mr Bell:—

'In 1536, Surrey sustained a heavy calamity, by the death of his friend and brother-in-law, the Duke of Richmond. The date of this event is important, for, at this date, the fictitious incidents that follow take their spring. Soon afterwards, as the story runs, Surrey made a tour in Italy, partly to dissipate his grief, but chiefly at the command of his mistress, for the purpose of asserting her charms against all comers, according to the fashion of the chivalry of old. This tour closely resembled the enterprise of a knight-errant in quest of adventures. Wherever he went, he proclaimed the peerless beauty of Geraldine, and challenged the world in its defence. It might have been almost supposed—although the inventor of the romance was ignorant that there existed so plausible a source of inspiration—that Surrey was animated by a sense of the traditions of Round-table lineage in the blood of the Fitzgeralds, whose great ancestor, Fitz-Otho, was married to Nesta, daughter of Rys ap Tudor Mawr, Prince of South Wales. On his way to Florence, whither he was bound, according to the same authority, as the birthplace of his mistress, he visited the court of the emperor, where he became acquainted with the famous magician, Cornelius Agrippa, who, being solicited by him, shewed him his mistress languishing on a couch, reading one of his sonnets in a passion of grief for his absence. This pathetic revelation, instead of calling him back to England, only inflamed his imagination, and hastened his journey to Florence. On the way, his knight-errantry was tarnished by a degrading intrigue at Venice, for which he was thrown into prison, where he was kept for several months, until his liberation was procured by the interposition of the English ambassador. It is proper to observe, that the subsequent retailers of the original romance omitted this staining episode, preserving only those passages which exhibited Surrey's gallantry and poetical sensibility in the most favourable light; so that they must have been fully conscious of the suspicious character of the narrative they passed into circulation as an authentic history. Credulity and caution have rarely worked so inconsistently together in accepting the absurd and rejecting the probable. Arrived at Florence, Surrey visited the house, and the very chamber where Geraldine was born, giving way to a burst of ecstasies, which were faithfully chronicled in a sonnet forged for the occasion. He then published a challenge in honour of his mistress's beauty, in defiance of all persons who should dare to call her supremacy into question, whether Christian, Jew, Turk, Saracen, or Cannibal. The lady being a Florentine, the pride of the Florentines was, of course, highly flattered by his intrepidity; and the duke, having duly ascertained his rank and pretensions, threw open the lists to the combatants of all countries. Then followed a series of magnificent tilts, in which Surrey, who wore a shield presented to him by the duke before the tournament began, came off victorious, and Geraldine was in due form declared the fairest of women. The duke was so enchanted with his valour and accomplishments, that he offered him the highest preferments if he would remain at his court; but the gallant knight being resolved to celebrate his lady in similar jousts throughout the principal cities of Italy, declined these tempting proposals, and was preparing to prosecute his journey, when letters arrived from the king of England commanding his immediate return. This unexpected summons cut short his adventures, and brought the romance to an abrupt conclusion.'

Such is the tale, and a fine one it is; but it is only a tale. Our author gives various details of the employments of Surrey, to shew that he could not have been in Italy at the time mentioned in the narrative; and he then adds, oddly enough, *after* having taken this trouble, that the noble tilter was married, and had a son previously, and that Geraldine was little more than seven years of age when she is said to have been shewn to her lover in the magic glass. Only forty years ago, the romance was demolished by Dr Nott in his memoirs of Surrey; but to make up for this, he himself

* Johnson's *Lives of the British Poets*, completed by William Hazlitt, in 4 vols. Vol. i. Cooke. London: 1854.
The Annotated Edition of the English Poets. Edited by Robert Bell. Parker and Son. London: 1854.

paraphrased the sonnet—one of the most prosaic ever written—into a prose poem, describing in the most sentimental terms the origin and growth of Surrey's love. Notwithstanding the demolition of the story, the poets were not willing to drop what suited them so well. Barry Cornwall refers to it as an undoubted fact; and Scott, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, wrought up the magical scene in his happiest manner:—

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose, she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine
Some strain, that seemed her inmost soul to find:—
That favoured strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form, the Ladye Geraldine.

Now for the actual facts of the case. It has been pointed out that, in the era of Surrey, it was necessary for a gentleman to have a mistress, real or feigned, to whom his vows should be offered up as to an idol. This was the fashion, and a fashion exalted and refined by the influence of the poetry of Petrarch. Mr Bell supposes, like others, that Surrey's was a real passion; but we must confess we cannot trace any evidence to this effect in the verses themselves. They belong to the sentimental gallantry of the times, not to the individual, and are interspersed with pretty close imitations, and even translations, from the Italian poet, shewing clearly enough the source of the inspiration. Geraldine herself, however, was not an imaginary person. This was not necessary in the days of chivalry, when it was no uncommon thing for a knight to select for his mistress a lady of a rank so high as to render her almost unapproachable.

'Horace Walpole,' says Mr Bell, 'first identified this celebrated woman, and the lineage he traced for her has been confirmed by subsequent investigation. She was the daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth earl of Kildare, whose second wife was Margaret, daughter of Thomas Gray, Marquis of Dorset, by whom he had three daughters—Margaret (born deaf and dumb), Elizabeth, and Cicely. The Lady Elizabeth was the Geraldine of Surrey. The Tuscan origin referred to in the sonnet is founded on a tradition, that the Fitzgeralds sprang from the Geraldi of Florence, and came into England from Italy in the reign of King Alfred. This tradition is not sustained by any historical testimony; but Surrey, who, amongst his general accomplishments, appears to have cultivated the study of heraldry—which helped, indeed, to bring him to the block—may have investigated with greater success than his critics the annals of the family. It is not improbable that he had access to documents on the subject at Windsor, where one of the ancestors of the Fitzgeralds, Gerald Fitzwalter Fitz-Otho, had been castellan in the reign of William the Conqueror. This, however, is mere conjecture. The "prince's blood" of Lady Elizabeth's mother flowed from a nearer source—through her father, who was brother, by half-blood, to Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., mother of Henry VIII., and a descendant of the house of Luxembourg.' The father of Geraldine, when lord-lieutenant of Ireland, revolted against the crown, and died in the Tower. The family was scattered for a time, and Henry VIII., taking pity on the Lady Elizabeth, his near relation, brought her to England, and placed her at Hunsdon, under the care of her second-cousin, the Princess Mary. Here, it is supposed, Surrey first saw her, and selected her for his mistress, whether in passion or poetry. We conclude with Mr Bell's character of the hero himself:—'Surrey was formed out of the best elements of the age, and combined more happily, and with a purer lustre than any of his contemporaries, all the attributes of that compound, and to us almost fabulous character, in which the noblest qualities of chivalry were blended with the graces of learning and a cultivated taste. His nature was as fine and gentle as it was strong and energetic. It might be said of him, that he united in his own person the characteristics of Bayard and Petrarch—courage and tenderness, the heroic spirit, and a woman's sweetness of heart.'

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PLAY BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

'Are you sure, Sara, your letter for Robert was despatched in proper time?' said the captain, as he entered the breakfast-room simultaneously with his sister the next morning.

'Yes, dear uncle,' replied Sara; 'Molly put it herself into the post-office; but it probably reached his address when he was from home. He came here last night, but at too late an hour for me to see him.'

'Too late for you to see him!' echoed the captain—'why, Sara, what is this? Would you not see poor Bob at any hour of the day or night, if you had not gone to bed?' He looked at her anxiously. She was pale and listless, like one who had not slept.

'I was not very well,' replied Sara, in a low voice. Her aunt glided up to her, and putting her arm round her waist with uncomfortable tenderness, whispered:

'Let it be camomile this morning, love!' Sara smiled faintly, and assured them that she was now better, and all impatience to see something of this wonderful London.

'We will first, dear uncle, go to'—— Here there was a knock at the street-door, and she stopped abruptly.

'Go where?' asked the captain.

'To—to'—— Sara had forgotten: she was motionless, breathless; and when at length the room-door opened, she sat suddenly down in a chair. The sight of Robert reassured her. She watched his meeting with her aunt and uncle, and saw the flush of joy and yearning affection fade instantaneously into habitual paleness. How changed! Stronger, firmer, more noble-looking than ever, he bore notwithstanding, like an unshaken rock, the tokens of the thunder and the storm. His brow was written over with ineffaceable memories; and his look seemed without hope as well as without fear. When he turned to Sara, who was behind backs, she rose slowly, and not without some maiden reserve, for she felt that her eyes were full. Robert knew at a glance that he had done her injustice; and his throb of joy was mingled with self-reproach for the feeling, which in his desperate circumstances seemed ungenerous. And so they met again, this young pair, with a pressure of the hand, a long look, silent lips, and full hearts.

In reply to the captain's questions, Robert explained that he was at a dancing-party the evening before, where he had learned accidentally, but not till the night was far advanced, that they were in town. Even then his

informant would not give him the address, but compelled him to wait and attend her home.

'To me,' added Sara, 'she behaved still worse; for she gave me to understand that you had received our letter, but were determined not to sacrifice the evening's amusement.'

'And did you believe that, Sara?' said the captain, sternly—'you who have so much sense and thought?'

'I have told you, dear uncle, that I felt unwell.' But she had *not* told him that the gay apparition of the night, with her fluttering ringlets and snowy shoulders, had described Robert as the cynosure of all eyes in the ball-room; and, moreover, that she had included a name in the list of his admirers which made her heart stop and her brain reel, and so rendered her wholly incapable of thought—the name of Claudia Falcontower. This was in reality what had deprived the country-girl of her night's rest, by closing her mind against all impressions but those of astonishment and terror. It now seemed to her that this must be as untrue as the rest—including the fantastic story of Robert's noble origin, which had somehow gained admission into the ball-room; but still she felt a superstitious oppression whenever the idea recurred to her, and she could not have mentioned that formidable name, if it had been to save her life. However agreeable, therefore, the éclaircissement may have been, it did not restore the full unbounded confidence of earlier years; and after a time, she saw only too clearly that whatever her own feelings might be, there was something in Robert's manner which rose like a wall between them. So far from being less kind, she saw, on more than one occasion, that there was even passion in his feelings towards her; but a spectre seemed to warn him away whenever he seemed about to fall into the old familiar mode of address; and in walking out, it was always to her aunt he offered his arm, leaving her to the care of the captain.

While they were at breakfast, their attention was arrested by a noise of a peculiar kind in the hall as the street-door opened. Some disturbance had taken place. There was shuffling of feet, shrill but choked voices, crying, sobbing, and laughing; and then the noise rolled away, and sunk beneath the surface of the earth—probably down the kitchen stairs. When the servant came into the room, the captain asked her anxiously, whether there was anything the matter?

'It's Miss Jinks, sir,' said the girl, 'and a visitor.'

The veteran pondered.

'Is that the name of our landlady, I wonder?' said he, when she had left the room. 'No, it is an old familiar word: I am sure I have heard it somewhere. But she did not say what was the matter with Miss Jinks—I hope there is nothing amiss in the house. Hey, Elizabeth?'

'This is a world of meetings and partings,' replied the virgin; 'and the one is sometimes as affecting as the other, since the emotions of both receive their colouring from the things of the past. As for names, it is the doctrine of Sumphinplunger'—— but here the essay was interrupted by the door opening. Sara and Robert had in the meantime exchanged a glance which brought them instantly back to the happiest times of Wearyfoot Common; the young lady's ripe cheeks swelling with suppressed mirth, and Robert's eye kindling up once more with the joyous light of youth.

'You here, too, Molly?' cried he, as the damsel came into the room; and he shook hands with her heartily. Molly's face was radiant with smiles, and bedaubed with tears, and as she fixed upon Robert her great round eyes, glistening with a similar moisture, and as full of astonishment as they could hold, he thought to himself that she had grown into a prodigiously fine young woman, with the countenance of a barn-door Hebe, and the figure of a comfortable Juno. Her observation of Robert was not less favourable; and if any doubt of the theory of Mrs Margery had ever assailed her, it was now given to the winds, once and for ever.

'I say, Molly,' said the captain, 'what was that disturbance in the hall just now about?'

'O sir!' replied Molly, 'it was only Mrs Margery come to see me, and to ask about us all.'

'But I say, Molly, who is Miss Jinks?'

'O that's me, sir!' said Molly, with her cheeks swelling like half a dozen of Sara's; 'that's what they call me in London!'

'So it is you, I declare,' said the captain—'I was sure I knew the name!—Bid Margery come in, and we'll tell her ourselves how we are.'

'O sir, she can't come in. She left home in such a hurry, she hasn't cleaned herself.'

'That's very extraordinary!' said the captain; 'I never knew anything like it but when I was in garrison once in the Peninsula. And then it wasn't exactly a cook that was invisible, but a friar; and he wasn't—no, he wasn't just invisible neither; he rather stuck to me, as it were, he did—in fact, I couldn't get him out of my sight; he haunted me like my shadow, wanted to convert me, I think; but I once knew my catechism when I was a boy, and was determined to stand up for it, like a British officer and a loyal subject. And so it was no go; but this friar, you see—— What now? You are impatient, Sara? Well, it's a hard case; but I'll tell you the story again, and it's all very natural that you should want to see London, now you are in it.'

The first thing set about was the transaction of business; and the captain found himself enriched with what appeared to him to be a very considerable sum. The bankrupt himself, however, was not present at the payment of the dividend, and the clerks replied only with a stare to the veteran's expressions of sympathy. But when he hinted delicately at his wish to return a portion of the money, the joke was received with cordial approbation; his friends had the satisfaction of seeing that he was voted from that moment a famous old file and no mistake; and one young gentleman in a corner ejaculated 'Walk-er!' in a tone that produced a general laugh.

'Well,' said the captain, a little puzzled, and taking up his hat, 'we can settle it all between ourselves. Be sure to give him my kind compliments, and say that if he will take a run down for a week, we'll make a new man of him. We have a capital Common there—a celebrated Common is Wearyfoot Common—and he may march and countermarch in it all day long. Don't make a mistake now, but remember my name is'——

'Walk-er!' cried the young gentleman in the corner; and the captain made his exit in the midst of unanimous applause.

Sara's business was as well settled, and almost as promptly; although the relation who had brought her to the Common was not all at once convinced of the identity of the beautiful young woman who now stood before him and the little pale orphan who had paddled so wofully through the pools of Wearyfoot. Her little inheritance had been so judiciously managed, that the amount was now about doubled; and Sara found herself the absolute mistress of property yielding enough to constitute a competent independence for a single lady in her station. When this fact was established, and the writings completed, she looked furtively at Robert; but he was gazing at the blank wall before him, silent and abstracted. She felt hurt, for even her cold relative had paid his congratulations, and the captain at the moment was shaking her hand nervously. Accordingly, when Robert turned round like a man awaking from a dream, he found no consciousness in the looks he sought; the heiress put her arm within her uncle's, walked coldly and gravely away, and left the office without turning her head.

The serious business of their journey being now finished, they got into a vehicle, which transported

them to the gayer streets of the town, where, dismounting, the ladies amused themselves with gazing and shopping, while their escort lounged in the rear.

'There is something I want to ask you, Bob,' said the captain, 'and now is the best time for it. Margery has been putting all sorts of stuff into Molly's head about you, and your brilliant prospects, and your intimacy with a great family, and so on, and I am anxious to know what it all means. Have you really anything opening out before you such as she writes so mysteriously about? and do you know what it is?'

'Surely,' replied Robert, 'you must be aware that if I knew anything absolutely, you—my earliest friend, to whom I owe even my intellectual being—would be the first to hear of it! But poor Margery is as sanguine as she is loving; and her cousin Driftwood, to whom she is doubtless indebted for the report you allude to, has no means of obtaining correct information. To say that he has no foundation to proceed upon, would be untrue; but I know nothing absolutely myself; I am now almost afraid to hope; and it may be that even before you leave town, I shall have settled down'—and he smiled sadly—'into a position more befitting the heretofore vagrant of the Common than the guest and intimate of Sir Vivian Falcontower.'

'But can nothing be done to aid you?' said the veteran anxiously. 'You know I am now comparatively rich, and if you were to go to law, perhaps'——

'My dear sir, law is out of the question! My claims depend upon favour, not force, and I will never stoop to beg for what is my due.'

'You are right, my boy. If the people have no sense of honourable or natural feeling, the less you have to do with them the better. Don't be in a hurry, however—don't condemn them without trial; but if it turns out so, forget your claims, whether they are well or ill founded, and rely upon yourself. But law or not, you must have money, Bob. I have no use for one-half of this windfall, as Sara is now so rich that I don't mean even to make her a present: so, here is your share, old fellow.' Robert squeezed the offered hand, and put it away without speaking.

'What! you won't? You are too proud—even to me?'

'Believe me,' said Robert, huskily, 'I should not be too proud to be your servant, if you could not afford a hireling! But as for money, I am really in no want of it. I am always able to support myself singly in reasonable comfort, and if fortune has decreed that I am never to be able to do more—why, then, I will not accept at her hands of a single additional luxury!'

At this moment they were joined by Elizabeth and Sara; and when the veteran saw the flushed cheek and radiant eyes of the young girl, who had probably been purchasing some article of female bravery, he could not help contrasting in his own mind her appearance and her position with those of his protégé. His reverie, and the obvious depression of Robert, affected insensibly the spirits of the ladies, and all four pursued their walk in silence through this attractive quarter of the metropolis.

But if the earlier part of the day had been wanting in the enjoyment one expects from a visit to London, the evening was to make up for it—for the evening was to be spent at the theatre. It was Sara's first night before the curtain, and as the hour approached, she began to be almost as unquiet as if she was to make her début behind it. The thing most trying to her nerves at the outset was the dress scene; and as she came on from behind through the folding-doors of the parlour, and presented herself to Robert for the first time since she was a girl in evening-costume, she was adorned with so many graceful blushes, superadded to the tasteful elegance of her attire, that the young artist forgot all his miseries in admiration. Then followed Elizabeth in the triumphant dress that had won for her the suffrages of the Wearyfoot ball; but looking so terribly composed that one might have imagined she had forgotten that she was going anywhere at all. As for the captain, he had been admonished by his sister that regimentals were not the thing in London, and so he appeared on this occasion in the common mourning attire of an English gentleman when he means to make merry.

Robert, whose experience of the theatre was not extensive, had omitted to take places; and when they were set down by their vehicle in the midst of a crowd of elegantly dressed persons, male and female, so dense and so unceremonious as quite to alarm the country girl, they learned for the first time that it was a command-night, that the Queen was to be present. They tried the dress-circle first, but entrance there was out of the question; the first circle was equally full; but in the second they were at length fortunate enough to obtain places, although only in the corner box next the stage. The novelty of the scene, the crowd, the rush, the pressure, almost took away Sara's breath; but she pressed on, blindly conscious of safety when under Robert's care, and opened her eyes to observation only when seated in the front of the box between the captain and Elizabeth, and with her protector guarding her jealously behind. The scene before, beneath, above her, presented a picture almost sublime as a whole, but merely exciting and amusing when the mind had time to examine it in detail. The young girl looked at first with alarm at the torrent of human figures filling gradually every corner of the house; then she was struck with the almost comic tranquillity of the company in the boxes, in the midst, as it seemed, of that rush and roar; and then she was able to syllable the appalling sound from the gallery into words that threw an air of ridicule upon the whole tumult.

The house was at length full. The boxes—all but one next the stage, which was still vacant—were like a parterre of thickly set flowers—the loveliest in the world; the tumultuous sea of heads in the pit subsided into a deep calm; and even the howling gallery was silent in expectation, when all on a sudden the whole concourse rose simultaneously, the men uncovering their heads, and a terrific shout burst from every corner of the vast building. Sara now observed that a lady and gentleman had come quietly to the front of the before empty box; and as the roar of greeting thundered through the house, the lady—a handsome and elegant but kindly-looking woman—bowed gracefully her acknowledgments. Then the shout died away as suddenly as it had arisen, lost, as it seemed, in the swell of the national hymn which rose from the orchestra and stage; and Sara felt the veteran by her side tremble, and saw the tears roll down his cheeks, as he joined inwardly in the burden—'God save the Queen!' She was herself agitated almost to weeping. She had no time to analyse her feelings, but she recognised in the midst of these a sensation of pride swelling in her breast, and a deep and sisterly sympathy with every individual of that vast multitude.

'Robert,' she said in a broken voice, and turning to him with the frank confiding look and tone of other days, 'is not this wonderful?'

'I am glad you are here, Sara,' he replied in the same tone, 'for this is truly a fine and a suggestive scene.'

'But what does it mean, Robert? Why do I feel as proud as if I were the sister of that noble lady—whom I can scarcely see for the tears that are standing in my eyes?'

'You will comprehend your feelings by and by, when you have time to think, and you will read in them the solution of more than one social and historical mystery. The principle of cohesion in the feudal régime, in clanship, and in free governments, is identically the same: in all, the chief is the head of a system to which the subject as essentially belongs, and the homage of the

latter is only a refined and unconscious self-laudation. The Queen belongs to us as much as we belong to her; and that sublime anthem did not arise for her as an individual, but in her mystical character as the representative, or rather the common union, as it were, of us all. This feeling is of course subject to modification. In a free government, a sovereign may divorce himself from public regard by betraying an obvious want of sympathy with his people. This was the case in recent times with an ancestor of the lady for whom your heart is even now yearning—and of a very different nature were the cries that rang in the ears of that unhappy man! But in the instance now before us, where we find public duties nicely understood and conscientiously fulfilled, and in the midst of the splendours of the palace everything we have been taught to love and honour in domestic life, our feelings of natural loyalty, as it is called—loyalty to ourselves—not only receive free play, but are to a certain extent exaggerated by our confounding unconsciously the princess with the woman.'

The play was a comedy, and afforded to our country girl a novel and fascinating entertainment. But the absorbing interest it had for the captain, and the remarks in which he gave vent to his feelings, were a drama in themselves, and as amusing as the other. He was particularly struck with a passion contracted at second-hand by one of the personages, from his friend's description of his sister, whom the former had never seen; and it was obvious from his manner that he was afraid the episode would distress Elizabeth. That the virgin did indeed feel it, was clear from the faint colour that rose into her waxen cheeks; and she was seen during the rest of the performance to pay marked attention to the incomings and outgoings of the actor who recalled to her memory the great event of her own life-drama.

At the end of the play, the royal party left the theatre, and the boxes immediately began to thin. Our visitors would not be out of the fashion; and, at anyrate, a five-act comedy had given them about as much of this kind of amusement as they wanted at a time. The crush was not so eager when they were going out as it had been when they were coming in; but still the crowd was dense enough to make their progress through the lobbies and down the stairs extremely slow. The captain led the march, piloting his niece, and Robert followed, making way for Elizabeth, who came close behind him. When they were not very far from the place of egress, Sara employed herself in gazing with much interest at the company descending an opposite stair. They appeared to have come from the dress-circle, and were either not so numerous, or were more ceremonious in their sortie, for she could see to full advantage a very lovely young person, who looked like the queen of them all, and who was surrounded by gentlemen, vieing with each other in obtaining for her free passage. Sara, indeed, could have believed that she was the Queen herself, had she not known that Her Majesty had already retired by another egress.

The young lady was in the middle of the stair, descending in this regal state, and so slowly, that Sara had abundant time to study a portrait the most exquisite she had ever seen. She was certainly not above the middle height of woman—not so tall as Sara herself; but there was a queenly dignity in her air and carriage, which seemed to command as much as it attracted. The dignity, however, was not assumed; it seemed a natural manner exhibiting itself, as it were, above a simplicity as natural, while a strange radiance was flung by the most remarkable eyes in the world over features that would have been radiant of themselves. Her dress, though rich, was fastidiously simple; and her magnificent hair descended in clustering ringlets upon shoulders, in the chiseling of which nature seemed to have realised the ideal.

While Sara gazed, from the same level as the object of her admiration, she was unconscious that she herself presented a portrait as remarkable in its way; but the look of admiring surprise she observed in the stranger as their eyes met, and she felt herself shone on as if by a glare of sunlight, sent a flush of modesty to her face, strangely mingled with alarm. The next moment the lady had observed Robert, who was behind, and apparently not belonging to Sara's party, and singled him out with a look of intelligence, followed by a graceful bend of recognition. This was succeeded, when the two descending streams came nearer each other, by a look, or gesture—she could not tell which—of beckoning; and Robert, making his way past her, and through the almost obsequiously yielding crowd, received into his the hand of this remarkable person, while a few words of familiar greeting passed between them. Sara grew blind. Supported by her uncle, she groped her way through the crowd, and had hardly returned to recollection when she found herself seated in a vehicle, with all her companions of the evening, and on the way back to the lodgings.

'Who was that prodigiously fine girl you were speaking to?' said the captain, as they drove off.

'Miss Falcontower.' The answer was not requisite for Sara. The moment she was shone upon by the remarkable eyes, she *felt* her presence, and knew that it would stand for ever between her and the sun.

When they reached home, the ladies retired to take off their shawls, and the captain ordered supper. Robert cheerfully consented to stay, for his brief interview with Claudia had revived his hopes. Her manner had been kind, her glance confidential: it looked as if she had had something to say, and would have said something but for the surrounding crowd. Was it possible that under this fair exterior there could lurk the knowledge that her father had been paltering so long with his hopes, and robbing him of that time which was life? When Sara came into the room, he met her with a brighter, franker look than she had seen him wear in London; but on observing hers, it changed into one of surprise and grief. She was pale and inanimate; and the hand he had taken in the old friendly way felt cold and dead. Both her uncle and aunt observed the change with alarm; but she answered their inquiry in the stereotyped form.

'Only a little headache.' How often the heart lays its griefs upon the head! Their love, however, was not to be deceived. The business of the day, and the excitement of the evening, had been too much for her; they were sure she was seriously unwell; and she must at once go to bed. Robert joined in the entreaty; and although attempting to smile at their fears, she complied, and was doubtless glad to do so. Upon this he abandoned his intention of staying supper, although Molly was now bringing in the tray; and pressing the dead hand once more in his, he instantly left the house.

'Sara,' said the captain, as she was retiring, 'you will be glad to hear what I have to tell you, and will sleep the better for it: it is all true what Molly here has heard about poor Bob. I have it on his own authority, although he did not know exactly how it was to turn out. But that prodigiously fine girl we saw on the stair is one of those who are interested in the result; and it was easy to see from the knowing glance she gave him, and the bright look of her face, that things are going on well, although she had no opportunity to give him the news. Bob himself, you must have observed, was satisfied of this, for that sunshiny look made a new man of him. He returned to his own Wearyfoot self the moment their hands met; and it was only your illness, Sara, that struck the brightness from his eye. Now, good-night, darling; sleep soundly, and be quite well to see Bob when he comes in the morning.—Hey, Molly, what is the matter with you? Set down the things, girl, and don't stand

staring with your great eyes after Miss Sara, as if she was a phenomenon. Have you heard anything more about it?'

'O no, sir, not I; thanks be to goodness, I hear as little of such doings as I can!'

'Why, what's in the wind now? I thought you were quite a friend of Mr Robert's?'

'O no, sir, not I, thank goodness, nor of any of his false sect!'

'Mercy on us! has the baker been deceiving you?'

'I scorn the baker, sir, and his whole batch; and I'll follow Miss Sara, and go on my knees to her to scorn them all too. Master Robert is not worthy to look across a ten-acre field at her—that's what he ain't; and I'll tell him as much to his face!' And Molly, with flushed cheek and flashing eyes, swept indignantly out of the room, leaving behind, for the free use of the captain, her whole stock of astonishment.

A FRENCH LADY.

There seems to be an idea prevalent among us, that a French lady is a sort of butterfly, fluttering about the house or away from the house, but always appearing in the character of an ornament. This is far from being the real state of the case. So few families in France may be called wealthy, that most of the bright things we sometimes see in public are compelled very practically to look after their own affairs at home. There are, of course, exceptions among the upper *bourgeoisie*, and in the Faubourg St Germain, sufficient to form a class; but what we should call mere fashionables are quite rare in Paris—the city of elegance and intrigue. Half the ladies who attend the Imperial balls have been in the kitchen that very day, scolding their *bonnes*, and lifting up the lids of their *casseroles*. A really elegant dame spends the morning at her toilet, and is ready to be admired at four o'clock in the afternoon. Admirers are not long in coming. In many houses, from four to five, gentlemen call in, and are received in the *salon* by the lady alone. No visitor of her own sex is expected; and her husband is away making calls on his own account. If he were to remain, and be present at his wife's reception, he would be considered simply ridiculous; and this is a thing which he most especially avoids. Many Frenchmen would rather be what they often are, than run the risk of being supposed to be guarding against such an accident. These afternoon meetings, however, are very pleasant; and when the lady of the house is clever and lively, are perhaps superior in enjoyment to the soirées. A woman is never seen to so much advantage as when no rivals are present. She is then conscious of exercising undivided sway; none of her powers are wasted in spiteful watching for defects in others, and there is no maliciousness in her amiability.—*Bayle St John's Purple Tints of Paris.*

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

The Russian army is not intelligent. Beneath the European costume in which it is tricked out, it still betrays its origin. Look at it: it presents so heavy and singular an appearance, that the least practised eye immediately recognises the disguised peasant, the savage tamed but yesterday, hardly knowing how to march, and studying, to the best of his power, his part of soldier, for which he was not intended. It is only redoubtable by its masses, which, however, can be very efficaciously acted on by grape-shot, as we have seen at Austerlitz, Friedland, and other places. The Russian soldier is not easily shaken. He does not possess that cool energy and contempt of danger, nor that powerful reasoning of true courage, which characterises the French army, and makes heroes of men: he is merely a machine of war, which never reasons, and is cumbersome to move. His popes, moreover, foster in him the idea that he is invincible, and that the bullet or the cannon-ball destined to kill him, will reach him quite as well from behind as from before; but that, nevertheless, if he turns his back to the enemy, and is spared by death, he will be beaten with the stick and with the knout.—*De Lagny's Knout and the Russians.*

STANZAS.

The friendships of my youth were strong,
And formed a gladsome band;
But now I wander wearily,
A stranger in the land.
Yet e'en as ivy clings, so I
Must find support and love or die.

And as the flower absorbs the dew
As morning greets the sun;
As tends the wild-dove to her home,
After long wanderings done—
So doth my lonely spirit yearn
For those who never may return.

The dews will often fail the flower,
The sun his glory shroud,
Yet those still wait the evening hour,
And this dispels the cloud;
And when the bird forsakes her nest,
She finds some other ark of rest.

'Tis thus with me—each early tie
Is trodden in the dust;
And now my spirit turns to thee
With deep unwavering trust.
My heart's torn tendrils, vine-like, twine
With fond dependence still on thine.

Ay, I have leaned on things that fail,
Or pierce the trusting heart,
And then thy sympathy was balm,
To heal the painful smart;
I turned to thee when spirit-stirred
By altered look or chilling word.

I bowed before a form of clay
With worship wild and deep—
Another had the love that I
Would have given life to keep!
I woke from that wild dream to see
My guardian spirit still in thee.

P. S.

CONSOLATION FOR THE GOUTY.

Sydenham observed, that gout killed 'more wise than fools.' Cullen said, that it affected especially 'men of large heads.' And to come to one of the most careful observers of our own times, Dr Watson refers to the 'fact' that gout is 'peculiarly incidental to men of cultivated minds and intellectual distinction.' Doubtless, the more sedentary habits of men of cultivated minds, and the depressing effects of mental anxiety and intellectual labour too ardently pursued, tend to diminish bodily vigour; but this is not all. Among the present members of the Houses of Parliament, those who are known to be subject to gout are among the most distinguished for an ancestry rendered illustrious by 'high thoughts and noble deeds,' for their own keen intelligence, for the assistance they have afforded to improvements in art, science, and agriculture, and for the manner in which they have led the spirit of the age. If it were proper to mention names, I believe I could prove this to be the case; and I never met with a real case of gout, in other classes of the community, in a person not remarkable for mental activity, unless the tendency to gout was clearly inherited.—*Wells on Gout.*

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NOTES OF A GEOLOGIST ON THE PEASANTRY OF THE SOUTH.

NECESSITY makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows. This wise old saw is yet more true of the necessities of a geologist than of most others. Neither fossils nor minerals are remarkable for affecting fashionable localities, or for lying about in the neighbourhood of good accommodation. The geologist, if he is fairly in earnest, is far too tired, after his day's work, to trouble himself about the aristocratic air of his quarters, and, besides, generally manages to put his outer man into so uncleanly a condition, that a grand hotel would have some scruple in taking him in. Professor S——, after a hard morning's work, betook himself to a village inn for a lunch of bread and cheese. When he asked what he had to pay, he was told, fourpence. He could not avoid remarking on the smallness of the charge. 'Ah, sir,' said the landlady, 'I should ask eightpence from any one else, but I only ask fourpence from you; for I see that you have known better days.' At another time, a lady stopped by the roadside where he was working, made some inquiries, and gave him a shilling because his answers were so intelligent for his station. He met the same lady at dinner the next day, to her great astonishment. A well-known geologist, long secretary to the Geological Society, was once taken up while at his vocation, and dragged off to the Bristol Asylum for an escaped lunatic. On another occasion, tired, and with his pockets full of the day's treasures, he mounted a stage-coach, and fell fast asleep. Waking at his journey's end, he was horrified to find his pockets as empty as when he set out. An old woman who sat beside him, feeling the pockets full of stones, took him for a madman who had loaded himself more effectually to insure drowning; so slyly picked out the fossils, one by one, from the drowsy philosopher, and tossed them on the roadside. To be taken for a workman, is matter of course to a geologist; to be taken for a madman is less common; but it has happened to myself amongst others, when a sapient bumpkin has stood by with open mouth, watching my proceedings, and at last sliding off to another bumpkin, and remarking that 'the man must be mad; he is wrapping up dirt in paper, and putting it in his pocket!'

On the continent, where the gentleman commonly goes about, in the country districts, in the national blouse, the people are more accustomed to see a gentleman in working costume, and, besides, in all geological localities, they are thoroughly accustomed to the proceedings of the geologist. I have found, in this respect, the greatest intelligence amongst the peasants: they would come up to you, and direct you to the right locality for finding treasures, though it might be miles off. I have in consequence had some experience of their everyday life and ideas, and saw more in an excursion than could be seen by the experience of half a century passed in post-chaises and hotels.

The life of the French peasant, like that of the upper classes, is twofold—at home, and abroad. At home, it is difficult to conceive anything more disagreeable and uncomfortable than his accommodation. I remember hearing some English 'navvies,' just returned from working on the continental lines, express their astonishment at the way their brethren lived abroad—black bread, apples, sour wine, with scarcely a cup or a plate to put them upon. I was geologising, once in France and once in England, in the same kind of rock, in the same scenery, and put up for the night at a small hamlet without an inn, but where in each case a farmhouse lodged travellers for the night. The one was at Parham Park, in Sussex; the other, at a place called Uchaux, in the Vaucluse. At both places, they had the same fare for the traveller—bread, cheese, and eggs, only tea in the one taking the place of wine in the other; but in other respects the cases were essentially different. In both, the people of the house took their supper at the same table, and at the same time; but the English family had not only the same fare as myself, but they superadded a noble homemade cake. My French friends, on the contrary, by the side of my white bread put black, unsavoury looking stuff for their own eating, and shred it out into what they called 'salad'—a mess of cabbages and green vegetables chopped up with a little oil—the ordinary peasants' food in Provence. Yet these people were the principal folks of the hamlet, and owners of a very respectable horse and cart. At another time, when I was looking about for fossils, a farmer, with the usual Provençal politeness, went a long way with me to point out the exact spot. He became very friendly, and insisted on my coming home with him and tasting his *pot au feu*. He had four labourers in his employ, who dined with him, but the *pot au feu* contained nothing in the world but potatoes mashed with greens, without milk or butter. In fact, off the high-roads, milk and butter are luxuries quite unknown to the peasantry. The farmers have no cows, and live entirely from the produce of their gardens.

When on his excursions, the French peasant makes up for his home privations. I was, not long ago, geologising in the Var, and walking along the high-road with a very heavy load, when I came up with a train of wagons. I asked leave to rest my basket on one of the vehicles. The wagoner consented very readily, and began to talk. As usual, he became very friendly, and asked me where I was going to stop for the night. I

said, I did not know. He then begged me to join his party, promising that I should fare well at a small cost. He took me to a large auberge, and into a huge barn-like room, set out with deal-tables, and warmed by a stove in the middle. The lighting, as is usual in the south of France, was wretched—a little oil burning in a machine like an English kitchen candlestick, one to a dozen persons. But the supper was actually a noble one. There were fowls, hares, which are shot by the farmers in the mountains in large quantities, and sold to the aubergists for a mere trifle; excellent stews, red and white wine, and salad. The wagoners smacked their lips, and descanted on the dish in a style of finished connoisseurs, adding anecdotes of the fare and cookery of every inn in the province. The beds were coarse, but thoroughly comfortable. The breakfast was meat, salad, bread, cheese, and wine. For all this, lodging and everything, the landlady asked me just fifteenpence. My friend the wagoner overheard, took me aside, and told me that the fifteenpence was a gross imposition. He requested me to give him five-and-twenty sous, just twelvepence, and to leave the rest to him. He took the money, told the landlady that I was a friend of his, travelling at his charge, and that he would pay for me, which he did on the regular wagoner's scale. It was, all things considered, not a high one.

Whenever you stop at an inn in a country town on the great roads, you are sure to see one or two wayfarers, dressed in the most ordinary peasant costume, and appearing as if bread and cheese would be the utmost of their desires. Before them, in a few minutes, you will be astonished to see a smoking supper, which many a poor gentleman would look at with envy. Then to mark the gusto with which they attack it, the gentlemanly appetite they evince—making a fowl disappear in about ten seconds, without the slightest semblance of voracity, and a dish of meat in a minute: their knowing way of dressing a salad, and the perfect appreciation they shew of the best parts of everything, would do honour to the most experienced frequenter of a London tavern. The charge made is, as I have said, low enough, and yet it is as much as they can afford; for the ordinary pay of a wagoner is but thirty sous a day, and they have few opportunities of cribbing, as in England, out of the beans and oats of their cattle. These are luxuries seldom allowed to a French horse. Then they have but five sous a day left for their other necessities, and for those of their wives and families. But they live at home on bread and apples, and of the better class, the wives keep a shop. The shopkeeping class amongst the labourers is more numerous in the south of France than in any other country. Even in the cities of the second rank—such as Avignon, for instance—whole streets are entirely occupied by shops, kept by the wives of wagoners, journeymen-masons, carpenters, and other labourers, who, in England, would not dream of aspiring to such a privilege. They get on with little or no capital; they boast no shop-windows, or external pretension of any kind. Almost every man above the rank of a mere daily cultivator has a wife who is groceress, linen-draperess, butcheress, or confectioner: you may even see the clarionet-player at the theatre jointing meat, or weighing sausages, under his wife's directions, with an air of the most submissive meekness. The consequence is, that the men spend their own earnings without mischief or compunction. Hence the suppers at the Lion d'Or, and the crowded and innumerable cafés and cabarets, by the side of which our English ale-houses pale into insignificance. These shops own a small knot of customers, who buy amongst each other, which comes to the same thing as if each got all the necessaries of life at cost-price. They serve likewise for gossipping amongst the women, as the ale-houses do amongst the men; thus providing the last necessary of life to the loquacious continental. The dame who cannot keep a shop is condemned to lose amusement as well as profit, and is much in the condition of a man black-balled at a club. What with the stray custom they get amongst the higher classes, these shops answer their purpose well enough in every way.

Another and a necessary consequence is the absence of all large shops, except for articles of pure luxury. Every one passing through a French town—I except, of course, the great cities—misses the dapper, dandified, self-satisfied gentleman, who forms the curious and characteristic class styled counter-jumpers in England. You are served quite as well, it must be admitted, by the hearty carpenter's wife, as by these white-shirted professionals. These small dealers in France are not up to tricks of trade, and come too closely into contact with their customers to venture upon them. So you are generally sure of your article; and as, besides, these small people are protégées of some aristocratic employers, the large shops have not a chance; in fact, there is often a downright prejudice against them. And thus in a town, perhaps of 30,000 inhabitants, you will scarcely find a couple of butchers or grocers doing business in a large way, or more than enough to satisfy the wants of a few amateurs; and of the rich tradesmen there are none but silk-mercers and upholsterers, and of those only a very few. What the effect of all this may be politically, it is difficult to say; but the effect on the picturesque or the elegant is miserably bad. Without the large shops, the towns are vulgar by day, and worse by night: there is nothing to enliven the streets but a lamp here and there; you miss the portly citizen with his gold-watch, and, above all, you miss his country-house. It is all very well to quiz the cockney taste of the rich grocer; but visit the south of France, and observe how the most motley of all possible villas would be a gain to the scenery. Dead-walls and wretched farmhouses are all you get in their place; sheds, crammed with wood or straw, instead of the gay bright little conservatory; and gardens, ill-kept and full of potatoes, instead of the trim lawn with its joyous flowers and evergreens. The country about the towns in France is positively spoiled, because masons and carpenters will insist on their wives keeping shops.

And yet the scenery of the south has its compensations. Close at hand, it is dreary enough, but from a distance it is singularly striking, even in the arrangement of the habitations. Manners, in most cases, add to scenery; in some, they create it. This is peculiarly true of a Provençal plain. Seen from one of the numerous points where the secondary rocks, piercing through their tertiary covering, give a panoramic view of 150 miles in circumference, and which extends over seven or eight departments, it would yet be dull and uninteresting in the extreme but for the works of man. The blue sky of Provence, glorious as it is, would be wasted upon the cold impassible uniformities of the soil. A couple of rivers, not forming one bold broad stream, but meandering by half-a-dozen passages through the loose sand or limestone, affording them an infinity of choice for forming as many channels as they please, and for changing their beds as often as a commercial traveller: these, and a few scattered, isolated, and uniform promontories, alone break the sameness of the vast expanse. But man has stepped in, and supplied the deficiencies of nature, with a taste none the less remarkable for being purely accidental. Villages or villas there are none; and the absence even of the latter of these has no unfavourable effect, being in keeping with the general scene. The entire district is studded, almost at exact intervals, with solitary farmhouses, their white roofs and whiter walls placing them in bold relief against the blue sky and green masses of olive and cypress, and harmonise singularly with the gray rocks and arid fields which form the basis of the whole. Here and there a large town outstretched at the side of a hill, nothing concealing any of

its parts, or obstructing the complete apprehension of its form and dimension. Altogether, the scene looks like a vast plantation of houses set mostly at intervals, with a wood here and there represented by the towns, so entirely do both the one and the other seem to belong to the soil. The village spire and farmhouse, covered with clusters of flowers, would, after all, be out of place in the panorama. They would be like roses or laurels in a corn-field. The ruined castles, which hang over every eminence, seem as part of the rock, from which it is not easy always to distinguish them; they have little left of the feudal character, and put you in mind of nothing less than belted knights, high-born dames, troubadours, and King Renè.

It is the uniform system of culture and almost uniform extent of the farms which gives this character to the country. As a general rule, both large and small farms are unknown. A system prevails throughout Provence by which the landlord takes, in the place of rent, a portion of the profits of the farm; hence the general uniformity in their dimensions. The landlord refuses to admit a small tenant, whose want of capital or knowledge may endanger his receipts; and, for a large tenant, the property is too subdivided, capital too scarce, and the landlord's habit of receipt in kind subject to many difficulties. The farms are from 150 acres to 200, out of which, if the farmer makes his 500 écus a year, he is very well contented. He rarely grazes, never uses manure, except a little mud from the road or the river, and never tries experiments. Corn, grown in all the primeval simplicity of agriculture, the olive, the vine, and wood from the willows which line the small streams, make up his profit—derived altogether from the exertions of mere manual labour. He knows no more than his own labourer, from whom it would be difficult to distinguish him, for the top-boot and knowing great-coat of the English farmer would be nothing less than a monstrosity here. His workmen, with whom he lives on terms of perfect equality, receive their 25 sous, or 12d. a day—wages which put one marvellously in mind of the 6s. per week of the Dorsetshire labourer. But the Provençal peasant works seven days in the week; he gets, in ordinary times, his bread under a penny a pound; he can buy the cheaper parts of meat for 3d. a pound; in fact, there are regular parts of the markets appropriated by regulation for the sale of 'cow and ewe meat,' at this or even a lower price. Then his wine is 1½d. the imperial quart, he picks his apples from his master's trees, gets the brushwood from the hills for gratuitous firing, such little as he wants—so he is tolerably well off for the necessaries of life. For the luxuries, if he ever attempts them, he has to pay twice as much as in England, and his clothing is much dearer; but his wife spins with the time-honoured distaff of the classical times; and a flannel jacket, fustian trousers, wooden shoes, and the blouse, make up his complete attire. When on a journey, the peasant is reluctantly compelled to wear leather shoes, which, in the place of stockings, he stuffs with hay. If his feet are wet, he stops at the first farm, takes out his damp hay, and puts in dry—a simple mode of procedure, which has its conveniences. His field-cap serves for night as well as day. In the cities, you constantly see workmen in the daytime peering from the windows in a cotton night-cap; and, in return, in a country inn I have seen half-a-dozen labourers in bed and asleep at once, in the ordinary out-of-doors' cap of the lower orders—*vulgo*, in the English tongue, a 'wide-awake'—a term, in this instance, singularly inappropriate.

Such a system would not seem to be particularly favourable for developing either the manners or the intellect; yet there is no doubt that the labourer in the south is, both in the one and in the other, far above his fellow in the north. I have sat at the same table with them, slept in the same room with them, walked with them, ridden with them, without once meeting with anything to come between the wind and my gentility—that is, anything that can be set down to their account as a class; for their offences belong to continental manners in general, and are to the full as flagrant in the gentleman as in the peasant. When I have made inquiries of them for geological purposes, I have found them perfectly acquainted with the notabilities of the rocks and the soil of the entire neighbourhood; they knew exactly the localities celebrated for fossils, and fully understood the nature of my inquiries. When I have entered an auberge, gone into the common eating-room, and placed my fossils on the table, they would crowd round, talk on the subject with the fluency which never forsakes them, discuss the geological notorieties of the whole department, and often produce specimens which they had found in their work, and which lay quietly in their pockets for the first occasion. These they always made me a present of, refusing to take anything in return. I have frequently accosted a quarryman, and demanded if he had any fossils. 'Not here, but at home.' 'I will buy them of you.' 'If you will pass this way to-morrow, I will give them you; but I don't sell.' They would leave their work in the fields, and watch mine for an hour; and the youngsters would spend half the day in picking up specimens, and bringing them with a naïve exultation highly amusing. All this, combined with the social courtesy of mutual intercourse everywhere present at the south, where the peasants salute at a cabaret with as much ceremony as an Englishman in a saloon—all this, I say, gives an air of superiority to the peasant which it is impossible not to recognise.

The cause lies partly in the general and unrestrained intercourse of different ranks and classes; but there is another, and one of much greater importance. The lower orders in France, the south especially, see before them, and within their hopes, a multitude of offices requiring a certain amount of thought, discretion, and information, and the prospect of attaining these excites a spirit of inquiry and emulation which is present everywhere. Amongst these offices are positions in the gendarmerie, the police, and the thousand government offices swarming on all sides. But beyond this, there exists a general habit of promotion in private enterprises which tends yet more effectually to the same end. There is not a quarryman who does not dream of the day when he shall become quarrymaster—not a miner who does not aspire at some time or other to the direction of a mine, or at least to the office of *chef-mineur*. These undertakings are conducted with far less capital and pretension than our own, and therefore offer hopes to a class of men who, amongst us, would not even think of such ambitions. Most of the workmen engaged in such enterprises receive a public education, on the principle of the industrial schools, about which so much has been said and so little done by ourselves. The lads are roused at five, and sent into the mines at six, under the direction of a practical master. They return at twelve, dine, and at two are sent to study till six; so that they have literally no recreation during the day, and in every respect the discipline is extremely severe. When it is recollected that in the south mining enterprises embrace every gradation of magnitude—from the mere lignite-pits, which scarcely attain the dignity of a quarry, to metallic mines on the largest and most difficult scale, and that the direction or important position in each of these is reached by regular steps, according to the talent or knowledge of the workman, it may easily be conceived that a large portion at least of the population are fully alive to the importance of thought and information; and all this has an immense influence even on those who have no part in such aspirations, in a country where everybody is in constant intercourse with everybody else.

It is not always possible to lodge with carters and carriers without meeting with disagreeables. The last time I had that satisfaction, about two in the morning the door was almost beaten in by a tremendous knock. To the demand of the landlord: 'Who's there?' came the reply, terrible and formidable everywhere on the continent: 'A soldier on service.' Down hurried the landlord in extreme trepidation, a military visit being anything but a joke in these days of universal suspicion and arrest. The errand of the soldier in question was to look after a deserter; and every man in the house had to turn out of his bed in the middle of December, and submit to a careful scrutiny of his individual peculiarities. The deserter did not turn up; but the soldier had his supper before he left the house, at the most inconvenient time of the night, and without paying a farthing.

This is the ordinary mode of all police proceedings, and the consequence is that the law is every man's enemy, and that no one ever stirs a finger to assist its proceedings. But the police have their excuse. The character of the inhabitant of the south is twofold: he is one moment the mild, peaceable citizen; the next, an enraged animal, capable of any atrocity. The same system of extremes is found in the ordinary life of the country people. While many are honest and scrupulous to a proverb, almost every village contains one or two daring characters, with a fearful list of crimes attached to them, who defy law and the police by force of arms, it may be for years, and through the dread of whom it even happens that the functionaries themselves avoid stirring abroad after dark. Yet even in these cases, the villagers themselves refuse all aid to justice. They leave it to those whose business it is; partly from habit, and partly from their innate hatred and distrust of all authority, which is so often used to distress or oppress them. The same extremes are found occasionally in the material position of persons in the same class and almost under the same circumstances. Journeymen-carpenters frequently work for no more than seventy-five centimes, or sevenpence half-penny a day. On the other hand, sawyers will gain no less than fifteen francs, or twelve shillings a day, and that for years together. This came out at a trial the other day, where some sawyers were indicted for setting saw-mills on fire near Montpellier. They had been driven, it appeared, from one locality to another, by the influence of these mills, until they lost patience, and took, or were supposed to take, active measures against their persecutors. During all their migrations, they earned the sum above mentioned, so that they had some reason to detest the march of improvement. The mills, by the way, were introduced by a common workman, like themselves, but thrifty, speculative, and enterprising.

I would conclude these remarks with noticing what has often interrupted my pleasure during these rambles —the singular diseases found amongst the peasantry where one would least expect them, out of the reach of the mountains, and in the purest and balmiest air imaginable. No sooner does the mountain *goitre* disappear, than it is replaced by skin complaints, if possible, yet more revolting. Women are at work in the fields with excrescences hanging about their eyes so like a bunch of oak-apples, that if they were cut off, it would be barely possible to tell the difference. Others are sitting sunning themselves at their doors with their eyes actually eaten out by disease. These complaints are most frequent in the more retired districts, where the food is bad and uniform: they are especially common in the green sand-hills where the air is of an exquisite purity, blowing over miles of fresh sand, without taint of clay or limestone. The water is equally pure: it is perfectly delicious to quaff the limpid streams which intersect the hills in all directions, often turning the ill-kept roads of the south into a river. Roads, in fact, which begin magnificently, end in a swamp almost impassable; you can scarcely believe that you are on the same highway which, when you quitted the town, was so wide, clear, and imposing. In one of the purest of Nature's regions, she has amused herself by planting her worst impurities in the blood of poor unfortunate man, or rather poor unfortunate woman, for the evil falls almost exclusively on the gentler sex. Whatever may be the cause, it is a sad drawback to the pleasure of journeying through scenes, in other respects, amongst the most picturesque and interesting on the continent, interesting especially to the geologist, from the abundance, beauty, and variety of the treasures they contain.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XV.

SECRETS OF THE STUDY.

ROBERT was not in the habit of intentionally consulting his pillow. When in need of advice, he betook himself to the silent stars, as they were seen from lonely roads or deserted streets, and reached home sufficiently jaded in body to have some chance of rest. On the present occasion it was well on to the dawn before he let himself in with his noiseless key, and glided to his solitary room; but although he had walked a very considerable number of miles since parting from his Wearyfoot friends, the pillow was still importunate: it would hear, from beginning to end, what the stars had said, and it had its own suggestions and counsels to offer without number. Worn out at length, the adventurer did enjoy an hour's sleep; and then the thousand sounds of a London morning awoke him to the toils and heart-strivings of a new day.

His resolution, however, was taken. The review he had made of his London life was more unsatisfactory than ever; and he looked with dismay at the gulf there was now between him and the buoyant, high-spirited aspirant of the world who had presented himself for the first time in Driftwood's studio. He could not conceal from himself that his independence and self-reliance had already received damage—that he was fast sinking into the mere conventional man, who circles in his own small orbit, and when unsuccessful there, drops and perishes, as if there was no other space for life or death in the universe. If the new caprice of Claudia—for both stars and pillow had now advised him to distrust her—was to pass away like the others, in what position would he find himself? Precisely where he was when he scanned for the first time the windows of the metropolis, to seek out in them the clue to some mechanical calling, in which he might live for the present and prepare himself for a higher effort. This must have an end—and here. He would that very day bring Sir Vivian Falcontower to an explanation; and, strange as his absence might appear to the Semple family, he would delay for some hours seeing them till the crisis of his fate was past. It was impossible, however, to commence the business of the day before ascertaining how Sara was, and at an early hour he took his way to the lodgings in Great Russell Street.

Molly was already astir; but when he obtained speech of her, he found her as crusty as the baker's loaves. Miss Sara, she said, had rested very well: why shouldn't she?—there was nothing on *her* conscience, she hoped. How was her headache? Oh, the headache was very well too—at least it would be when she rung her bell: how could she tell before then? A heartache might be another thing; but a headache was nothing, if people would only let it alone, and not dose other people with Miss Heavystoke's mixtures, that made

them not know the taste of their own mouths for a month.

'Well, Molly,' said Robert, 'I see you are out of humour; but that won't last long, if you are the same Molly I knew at Wearyfoot. Just say, if you please, that I shall be here again as early in the forenoon as possible: before then, I have to get through some important business;' and he turned away with an air so proud yet so desolate, that Molly was sorry for her crustiness, but afraid to call him back, and so she stood looking after him with her great round eyes till he passed out of sight.

Sir Vivian, he knew, was not to be seen till eleven at the earliest, and to pass the time, he called when the morning was further advanced at the studio in Jermyn Street. Driftwood, he thought, received him somewhat stiffly, and apologised more loftily than usual for the absence of his boy. The artist, however, was getting on swimmingly in the guinea-portrait speculation, and was even now expecting a sitter.

'I should owe you something for that idea,' said he, 'had you not balanced the account by depriving me of the countenance of Sir Vivian Falcontower.'

'I deprive you of the countenance of Sir Vivian!'

'To be sure. I thought to do you good by mentioning your expectations; and now, when the game is all up, he turns round upon me as if I had tried to swindle him.'

'Mr Driftwood,' said Robert seriously, 'I don't understand you: I beg you to explain yourself.'

'Why, that's just what I can't do. I daresay you might, after all, be only amusing yourself with Margery; but she took it all seriously, and said so much to me about the flourishing fellow you were going to turn out, that I couldn't help putting in my spoke to give you a hitch on. Did you not observe what a high mightiness they made of you at the ball? and yet I danced three times more than you, not to talk of the manner of dancing—and most of them had seen my Robin Hood!' and he pointed grandly to a fac-simile of the sign, laid upon canvas in the true out-of-door's style.

'And so,' said Robert, 'out of some sanguine expressions of poor Margery—based, perhaps, upon hints I was unconscious of myself—you constructed one of your miserable daubs, and tried to palm it upon Sir Vivian for a true picture!'

'Keep your temper, Oaklands; you don't know pictures yet—you were too short a time under me. The world will one day do justice to my daubs; and in that day the price of my Holy Family, two pound twelve, will be written with the pound after the figures!'

'Forgive me, Driftwood, I did not mean to hurt your feelings; but I am vexed, maddened, and hardly know what I say.'

'Well, well, my boy: you will come to know high art in time. But let me just give you a hint for your own good, not to be coming the grandee over us again. You have an enemy, I can tell you, who follows in your track, and paints it all out. His name is Seacole.'

'Seacole!'

'Yes; he is hand-in-glove with Sir Vivian and his daughter. He is going to marry the young lady, and won't stand your having any expectations whatever.'

'From whom did you hear this?'

'From Mr Slopper, one of Sir Vivian's household; and he had it from Mr Poringer, Mr Seacole's individual.'

'I thank you. It is important information: so conclusive, indeed, that I would not take the trouble of going now to Sir Vivian—only it must not be said that I have an enemy without confronting and defying him.'

'Take care, take care, my boy! Small people don't get on in this world by defying great.'

'Because small people have not the manliness to be true to themselves: I am one of the forlorn-hope.' Here the bell rung.

'That rascally boy!' cried Driftwood—'never mind, I must just open myself.' Robert was sorry he had waited, when in a minute or two the artist returned, ushering in the same young lady who had paid him such marked attentions at Mrs Doubleback's party. On seeing him, she gave a pretty little scream—

'You naughty man,' said she, 'how you did frighten me! Who could have expected to meet you here—on this particular spot of all the habitable globe? Isn't it strange? I declare I don't understand it—it seems like a dream, or like something that happens in a novel. I am quite nervous.'

'I should not guess that from your fresh and wholesome looks.'

'Ah, there you are again! Do you talk so to all the poor girls whom destiny throws in your way? Do you think I have forgotten what you said to me at the ball? I only hope that great clumsy Miss Doubleback did not overhear it, for her eyes were fixed on us as if she was thinking—I wonder what she was thinking! Heigh-ho!' and the young lady sighed.

'Miss Bloomley,' said the artist, '*I* have just now been thinking, and pondering, and now I have got hold of it. I remember clearly that I did tell you my friend Mr Oaklands was here almost every'——

'Tush! who cares what you think or tell? For my part, I never listen to a word you say.'

'And that if you came to have your portrait taken, you would'——

'Fiddle, faddle! Why don't you set to work then, now I am here, instead of calling to mind your saying things that nobody ever heard a word of?'

'I beg pardon, miss; I only thought you would be glad to have the mistake cleared up. I am sure Mr Oaklands considers himself in great luck to be in the way to see you. Don't you, Oaklands?'

'Yes, I do,' replied Robert, 'for I want to explain to Miss Bloomley that you, who talk so boldly of other people's mistakes, are very apt to be mistaken yourself.—Mr Driftwood has doubtless told you of certain expectations he assumed me to have, and has given you to understand that one of these days I shall be quite a great rich personage. Now, our friend did not intend to deceive, but merely suffered his imagination—and, no doubt, his good-nature—to run away with him. There is not one word of truth, however, in the story. I am a mere adventurer on the world, without family, without a surplus shilling in my pocket, and without the prospect of one that is not earned by my own industry.' Miss Bloomley, when he began to speak, looked at him with great wondering eyes, that seemed to dilate as he went on, the colour at the same time mounting into her face; and by the time he concluded, her cheeks were red-hot, and her eyes full of tears that glistened without falling. The Londoners, high and low, are remarkable for generous feeling, and this young lady was a true Londoner.

'You are greater than he told,' said she, with a quivering voice—'you have the spirit of a man—and that's better than being a nobleman!' Robert bade her good-by with a smile and a pressure of the hand, which she returned with a good, hearty, natural, unsentimental shake.

Robert walked straight to the mansion of Sir Vivian Falcontower, pondering, as he went, on the seeming fatuity that had thrown him into the power of his school enemy. He had ousted this enemy, by means of a timely warning, from the good graces of Sara; and now Seacole, in turn, and by similar means though different in character, had deprived him of the patronage of Claudia. But how stood the account? Although he had, perhaps, saved Sara from an uncongenial marriage, he had appropriated her affections himself, and they must now be unwound from their object, if they were her very heart-strings: he had prevented Seacole from entering into a union for which he, as

well as his bride, was unfit, and by so doing, had preserved him for an alliance the most flattering imaginable to his vanity and ambition; and having thus played his part in the world, the vagrant of the Common was now to subside into his original obscurity. These meditations were still in progress, even while he was asking the question mechanically: 'Is Sir Vivian at home?' but they were brought to an abrupt conclusion by the reply: 'Not at home, sir.'

Only a few minutes before, this consummation could not have been looked for by one who was privileged—as the reader is—to behold, invisible himself, the secrets of the study. The study was a smaller apartment opening from the bookroom, or library; and here Claudia awaited the coming of that insolent young man who had of late thrust himself so much into her thoughts, and given rise to so many outbreaks of a usually equable, or at least manageable temper. On this occasion, the sun, not the lightning, was playing on her face. She seemed to be full of memories of the evening before—with its music, its smiles, its gems, its grandeur; and of the last scene more especially in which she herself had performed, descending the stairs in queenly state, and amid the homage of the obsequious crowd, yielding her soft hand, heroine-like, to the warm, manly clasp of the hero of the moment. It was an interesting picture for one who, like Claudia, had an eye for art; but it would be too curious to inquire how much of the vanity of the woman mingled with the admiration of the connoisseur.

At all events, it was clear that she indulged in some friendly feeling towards the actor who had supported her so well. The table was prepared for him with more than the care of a secretary. The books, the paper, the pen and ink, were scrupulously arranged; the chair was set for him at the proper angle; the fire was chastened so as to produce a summer warmth; the curtain was tutored into the admission of just light enough for convenience, and not a ray for glare. Not that all this was done at once. Claudia was prodigiously clever; but she could not work miracles. She shifted the things again and again before she got them into their proper places; then she looked at the pendule on the mantle-piece; then she stepped lightly again to the table—but this time it was only a trifle that was wanted: one of the pens had somehow got a little across another (an unlucky position), and she placed them side by side. At length there was heard a knock at the street-door. It was distant and indistinct, but she knew it well; and straightway, as if conjured by the sound, she subsided—not suddenly, or in a flurry—but softly, smoothly, naturally, into the cold but graceful impassibility of her usual self. She did not even look towards the door of the room; but nevertheless she knew, without turning her eyes, that it opened on its noiseless hinges, and that her father entered—alone.

Sir Vivian took the chair that had been prepared for another, and Claudia sat down in her usual place at the table, opposite to him, and with her back to the window.

'Mr Oaklands,' said her father, 'was not here yesterday, and for some days past he has not seemed to relish his work as usual. This shews that we approach the end.'

'He was here this morning—now,' remarked Claudia quietly. 'I heard his knock.'

'True. I ordered them to say not at home, for before we see him again I want to talk to you. I think I have detected the young fellow in a stratagem, and, clever as he undoubtedly is, he must not be allowed to suppose he has got the whip-hand of us. You remember that romantic story of Driftwood's I mentioned? Well, it turns out to be all false: the only mystery connected with the young man relates to the parish he has a claim upon. He is the natural son, it seems, of some low woman—a menial servant, I think—and an impoverished half-pay captain.'

'From whom had you this?' demanded Claudia, almost sternly.

'From Mr Seacole.'

'Oh!'

'Why do you say "Oh!" so contemptuously? I want to talk to you about Seacole too: he has formally craved my permission to pay his addresses to you, and besought my influence in favour of his suit.'

'And you have promised it?'

'To be sure I have. My promise binds you to nothing; and if the worst comes to the worst—for you know, Claudia, this cannot go on much longer—Seacole is a likely young fellow enough, of an ancient family, and with a competent estate.'

'Well, well, let us get through one subject at a time. I saw the two only once together, and paid no special attention to them; but now I can recall the look that passed between them, and I venture to say that Mr Seacole and Mr Oaklands are enemies.'

'And what of that?'

'Only that the information you may receive from one concerning the other is not to be looked upon as exactly above suspicion.'

'Certainly not, if there was any motive for misrepresentation. The two individuals in question, however, cannot be supposed to clash in any way. Seacole, in fact, knows very little of the history of Oaklands; for although they were brought up in the same neighbourhood, their rank was too different to admit of free intercourse till they met again at school. He refers me to his servant, who served at the time in the very house where the boy was taken to live with his reputed father, and I expect the man every instant.' While he still spoke, there was a tap at the room-door, and permission being given, Mr Poringer walked slowly and sedately in, and coming to a halt near the table, drew himself up, and stood there tall and still, looking very like a figure carved in wood by somebody who had forgotten the joints and did not know how to round off the corners.

'I have sent for you,' said Sir Vivian, 'to ask you a few questions respecting an individual in whom I feel an interest. His name is Robert Oaklands—do you know anything of his origin?'

'He originated, sir, in Wearyfoot Common, where he found me one evening in the mist.'

'You mean that you found him, I presume?'

'No, sir, I would not find a boy on no account: I have an objection to it, I have. He found me, sir, and followed me home to Simple Lodge.'

'And what then?'

'Nothing more, sir. The boy merely remained, and Captain Simple brought him up like one of the family.'

'Was there no inquiry made about the boy's parentage—no information given to the parish officers?'

'No, sir; there was nothing said to nobody. The rector, and several of the ladies about the Common, made some inquiry at first, but they heard nothing that pleased them; and so, since things could not be helped, they said nothing more about it.'

'Why was he called Oaklands?'

'That was the name of the—the—woman in the kitchen, whom the boy stated to be his mother, and who never denied it.'

'And the other name—Robert?'

'Bob, sir, Bob was his other name.'

'Was that the name of Captain Semple?'

'No, sir; I did not approve of his getting the captain's name—it was bad enough without that. I considered that he had no call to more than Bob, Bob being almost Boy—no name at all to speak of.'

'What has become of Captain Semple and his establishment?'

'The captain, sir, was ruinated by the failure of his

agent, and by his sister and niece coming upon his hands; his brother was a poor man, sir, with a large family of course, as poor men always has. I hear they are all in town now, sir; and so is the woman, who gets her living by washing, or something of that sort. Large family there too—the Boy and all, for of course he lives with his mother. Driftwood, a painter in Jermyn Street, is to be pitied among them, for he can't disown his cousins.'

'Then Driftwood is related to them!'

'Yes, sir; all the rest, I believe, is the lower classes—and he ain't much to speak of. The woman Oaklands lives in Hartwell Place, Kensington Gravel Pits: last door in the row, no thoroughfare, market gardens in front.' This being all the evidence he could give, Mr Poringer was dismissed.

'You see, Claudia,' said Sir Vivian, 'the scheme was better got up even than I supposed. I really did not give Driftwood credit for so much *nous;* and as for Oaklands, why, he is quite a master. To think of a young fellow like him hanging on here so long, dressing and behaving like a gentleman, meeting in society some of the first persons in the kingdom, and concealing the whole time, with a fortitude quite heroical, that at home he burrowed among countless relations, watching hungrily and eagerly the result of his enterprise!'

'To be silent when no questions are asked,' said Claudia, whose face was flushed, as if from sitting too near the fire, 'is not concealment.'

'But perhaps,' went on her father, 'the young fellow is wiser still in his generation. There being no ties of legitimacy to bind him to his family, it may have been his intention—the thing is not uncommon in the world—to cling to his relatives only till he could do without, and then, when he had reached the mark of his ambition, to withdraw quietly from a circle that'——

'No!—there you are mistaken,' cried Claudia, rising suddenly from her chair; 'he had no intention of the kind! You do not know the man as I do; you have not watched him, day after day, with doubt and wonder on your mind giving place at last to settled conviction. When the time came, and his fortune was established, he would have insisted upon bringing his brothers and sisters into this room; he would have taken his frail mother to court if it were possible; he would have stood up for and by them; and if hissed, hooted, and pelted out of society, he would have retreated backwards—backwards—shielding them from harm, and with his proud eyes fixed upon his pursuers!'

'Claudia! is this acting?'

'Why, would it not be a sight to see! The squat, lean, vulgar children, stumbling along, well fed and well dressed—the coarse, red-armed, gin-drinking washerwoman, flaunting in silks and satins, and bobbing her awkward curtsies—and all hanging upon the neck and entangling the feet of the son and brother, the man of genius, the elegant scholar and accomplished gentleman!'

'All that is true, Claudia; but you sketch so vividly, you startle me. What is it to you, what is it to us, that this should be so? You seem, notwithstanding your ridicule, to pity the young man?'

'Just as I pity the naturally lame, blind, or humpbacked: low connections are for one constituted like him a still worse calamity. But, settle with him how you may, remember we must now have done with him; yes, papa, done with him—done with him—done with him! Why, I should not wonder if some of the ragged crew were at the door of the theatre last night, and saw me, surrounded by half the nobility in town, stop to shake hands with him as if he was a prince! And the other day at the Royal Academy, is it not more than probable that among the crowd at the steps was the washerwoman herself, gazing at Claudia Falcontower leaning on the arm of her son? the washerwoman—think of that—smoking from the suds, steaming with gin! is it not rich?—Ha, ha!' and she laughed, absolutely laughed, perhaps for the first time since she was a girl! The sound was musical, as clear as a bell, but nevertheless it shocked Sir Vivian, and he looked at his daughter with wonder and dismay.

Another tap at the door; and it was scarcely replied to when a servant entered hastily, and presented a letter to Sir Vivian. The baronet looked at it for some moments, as if unwilling to remove it from the curious antique salver on which it lay; but at length he took it up slowly, and the man left the room.

'A telegraphic dispatch, Claudia,' said he, lingering on the syllables—'and from Luxton Castle.' He opened it with some nervousness, and then dropping the paper upon the table, covered his eyes with his hands. Claudia sank into her chair, and fixed a long, blank look upon her father, while the flush forsook her face, which grew gradually as white and rigid as marble. As gradually the rigidity softened, although the pallor remained, and some natural tears rolled one by one from her before dry and glistening eyes.

'My poor uncle!' said she; and she gazed mournfully upon Sir Vivian, forgetting to wipe the moisture from her eyes.

A dead silence ensued; which was at length broken by Claudia, who spoke more in the tone of soliloquy than as if addressing her father.

'And this is life,' said she, 'this is the world! Go where we will, do what we may, dig, delve, soar, it is all one: in a few years comes the end—and the end is death! What is the use of our care, our labour, our sacrifices? Of what consequence are the inequalities of fortune that are presently to be shovelled down to a level by the sexton's spade? The grandeur we admire is but the nodding plume of the hearse; the ensign of nobility is only the hatchment on the wall; all we love and loathe are linked inseparably together: the smile of the lip, the grin of the skull—beauty and delight, corruption and horror—pride and ambition, dust and ashes!' Her arms fell lifeless by her sides, her head drooped upon her bosom; and the beautiful Claudia looked almost ghastly in her sudden desolation.

'Don't give way,' said Sir Vivian, recovering; 'our grief is of no use to the dead; so let us look at the bright rather than the dark side of things. Remember, Claudia, you are now the Honourable Miss Falcontower, and I am Lord Luxton!'

BALLOTS, VOTES, AND BLACK-BALLS.

THERE is a curious double meaning attached to the word *ballot*. In one sense, it is a something given in; in another, it is a something taken out. In one, it is an expression of opinion; in another, it is obtaining a chance. In the former sense, it is applied to all the kinds of voting in which the ballot or secret method is adopted; in another, it relates to the drawing of prizes in lotteries, freehold and building societies, art-unions, Christmas distributions, and so forth. There are many curious facts relating to the mechanism of voting and chance-drawing, which may not be uninteresting. First, let us say a few words concerning lotteries—not in their moral or financial effects, but simply in respect to the *modus operandi*.

Of course every one knows that a lottery is a mode of trying to obtain money or some other valuable without working for it; but it is not every one who knows that the English lotteries of past days were schemes whereby the government obtained money from the people by seeming to give money *to* the people: the money received being greater in amount than the money paid. Something of the kind has been practised in various countries from very remote times. Beckmann

thinks that the *congiaria* among the Romans was a kind of lottery. When emperors and rich men wished to gain the good wishes of the multitude, they were wont to give them presents; something to every one who came; or they threw tesseræ or tickets among them, to entitle those who could catch them to gifts of oil, corn, wine, or other articles of value. The tickets were square pieces of wood or metal, or balls of wood; they were transferable from hand to hand by gift or purchase; and they entitled the last holder to the articles inscribed on them. The soup-tickets of our mendicity societies are analogous in principle to these. During the middle ages, the merchants frequently sold their goods by aid of a 'wheel of fortune,' similar to those used in some of our bazaars and trinket-shops. The distribution of sums of money by similar means was a later introduction. At first, the object was generally a benevolent one—a kindly mode of making a profit, by giving the public less than the public had brought, and applying this profit to some charity; but it afterwards became a mere money-getting project, in which governments as well as private persons indulged. In No. 409 of the Journal (second series), is given an account of an Italian lottery, in which the chances are curiously complicated. Little sheaths, something like needle-cases, are put into a wheel or hollow box; the wheel is rotated to mix them up together; they are taken out one by one, and small rolls of paper are inserted in them; they are placed in another wheel, and when drawn from this, the number on each sheath denotes the lucky owner. It is, however, to English lotteries that we wish principally to advert.

The principle of state-lotteries is a strange one—a government practically trading on the folly and ignorance of the people—getting money without giving a due equivalent for it, either virtually or avowedly. This is really the case, as a brief notice will easily shew. So far as England is concerned, the first lottery seems to have occurred in 1567, the drawing taking place at the west door of St Paul's Cathedral. The tickets were 10s. each; there were no blanks, every ticket drawing some prize or other, generally a piece of plate. The total value of the prizes was of course less than the money received for the tickets, and the profit was applied towards the repairing of some of the public harbours. In 1612, another lottery was drawn in the same place; the highest prize was a piece of plate valued at 4000 crowns; but the prizes collectively were kept so low, that the Virginia Company, for whose benefit the lottery was established, cleared L.29,000 by it. In 1630, a lottery was resorted to, as a means of raising funds to defray the expense of conveying water to London. After the Civil Wars, another lottery was established, to aid in replenishing an exhausted national Exchequer. Lotteries having thus been found profitable to the government, private adventurers sought to obtain a share in the plunder: lotteries were got up, on the most delusive and fraudulent principles, in almost all the great towns in the kingdom. The legislature attempted to check these adventures; but so long as the government itself set the example, the virtuous indignation of the legislature was of little account. In the reign of Queen Anne, the state-lotteries were frequently nothing more than expedients for obtaining a loan: the money obtained for the tickets being all returned, by annuities or in some other way, in the course of a certain number of years. During this reign, the highest prize was L.10,000; but in George II.'s reign commenced the custom of having one or two prizes of L.20,000 in each lottery. During the war against France, Mr Pitt carried the lottery-system to a great length, as a means of raising revenue: he had prizes of L.30,000 and even L.40,000, to attract giddy purchasers still more certainly. So many scandals became mixed up with the system, that a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the whole matter in 1808. The report of the committee shews how narrowly a state-lottery trod on the verge of 'obtaining money under false pretences.' Taking the total sum distributed in prizes, and dividing this equally among all the shares, it was generally so planned that this average should be L.10 per share or ticket; but the government usually sold the tickets to a contractor for about L.17 each; he sold them again to the licensed lottery-office keepers for about L.21; and they sold to the public at perhaps L.22. There was thus a *certainty* that the public would lose at least one-half of the money expended in the purchase of lottery-tickets. After many attempts on the part of conscientious persons to induce the government to abandon so pernicious a system, lotteries were finally abolished in 1826.

Of the mechanism of the drawing, a few words of description will suffice. There were provided two large upright boxes called 'wheels,' rotating on a central axis. In one were placed tickets, inscribed with all the numbers in the lottery; in the other, were tickets denoting blanks and prizes of various value. The wheels were usually drawn on a kind of sledge from one of the government-offices, either to Guildhall or to Cooper's Hall, in Basinghall Street. Two of the Blue-coat boys were employed to draw the numbers; or, perhaps, there were several, to relieve each other in successive couples. One boy introduced his hand and arm into one wheel, and drew forth a ticket, the first which his fingers happened to grasp; the number of the ticket was openly announced; the other boy drew forth a ticket from the other wheel, the inscription upon which denoted whether that number was to be regarded as a blank or a prize; and if a prize, of how great value. An interested spectator had thence a double source of excitement—to see his number drawn from the one wheel, and to learn the fate of that number by the drawing from the other wheel. Many persons had predilections for 'lucky numbers,' and purchased their tickets accordingly; but, of course, these numbers had only the same chance as the rest in the wheel. One man advertised in a newspaper that he would give a premium for a particular number; and it afterwards appeared that he had done so, because he had dreamed that that number would come up a L.30,000 prize. One holder of a ticket, a lady, influenced the minister of one of the London churches, the day before the drawing, to repeat the words: 'The prayers of the congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged in a new undertaking;' the nature of the 'new undertaking' being, of course, not mentioned. In some of the lotteries, the *last* number drawn from the wheel was made a L.1000 prize; and on one occasion, a dilemma arose from the circumstance that one of the tickets had accidentally become wedged into a crevice of the wheel; it became a nice question whether this should or should not be deemed the last ticket. In 1775 a curious circumstance occurred, illustrating the mode in which the process of drawing was carried on. A man bribed one of the Blue-coat boys to make an unfair drawing; the boy held a certain ticket in his hand, inscribed with a certain number, at the very time when he thrust his arm into the wheel; he drew his arm back and announced a number, which he seemed to have drawn, but which had in fact not left his hand. Collateral circumstances led to the discovery of the fraud; and the Lords of the Treasury thereupon issued orders relating to certain changes in the mode of drawing. It was determined that there should be twelve Blue-coat boys selected, to succeed each other in twos; that no one should know beforehand who were the boys selected; that ten managers should be present at the drawing, of whom two should closely watch all the movements of the boys; that before any boy approached the wheel, the bosom and sleeves of his coat should be closely buttoned up, his pockets sewed,

and his hands examined; that while on duty, he should keep his left hand in his girdle behind him, and his right hand open, with the fingers extended; and that, on leaving the wheel, he should be personally searched. What a parade to a poor Blue-coat boy for a government which was delicately cheating the public under the shadow of the law!

So many readers are now members of Land and Building Societies, that they will be familiar with the mode in which 'drawing' takes place; although called balloting, it has no connection with the vote by ballot, and only a little with lotteries. The lucky drawer does not actually obtain land or house for anything below its fair value; but he draws a chance of obtaining land or house *quickly*, with permission to pay for it by small instalments, he being in the enjoyment of the land or house in the meantime. In one of these societies, which will serve us as an exemplar of all, the ballots are small, flat, circular pieces of hardwood, with a hole in the centre, by which they may be placed upon a string, and a number written or stamped upon each in legible and durable characters. On the day of drawing, all these ballots—say 5000 or 10,000 in number—are enclosed in a large hexagonal wheel, rotating on a horizontal axis. Three or four revolutions suffice to mingle them up well together; and when the wheel is stopped, a little door is opened, a person thrusts in his arm, draws forth a ballot, and announces the number. The shareholder who happens to possess that number, then becomes entitled to whatever benefit may accrue from the drawing.

The principle of chance or probability here, of course, needs very little elucidation. Although, among 10,000 ballots, any one has as good a chance as any other one, yet it is 9999 to 1 against that particular ballot being drawn at any particular time. So it is in all transactions of analogous kind; and so strong is the gambling spirit, that the hope and the doubt and the expectancy become very exciting—herein lies the chief defect of the system. The annual distribution of prizes at an art-union is an example of ballot-drawing. As many ballots as there are shares are put into a wheel, and prizes and blanks are put into another wheel, and the drawing depends upon which ballot comes up with any one blank or prize. In strictness, this rather resembles lottery mechanism than land-society mechanism, in requiring two wheels instead of one, and also in this circumstance—that there are no blanks in a land-society drawing: it is simply a question of *time;* my number may be drawn before yours, but yours is sure to be drawn some time or other. It is a 'sop in the pan,' in the management of art-unions and distributions, that every member obtains something, although it may be much less in value than the price he paid for his share; while in lotteries and raffles there are absolute blanks. Enough on this matter, however; let us now treat of the ballot under its other meaning.

It has been often made a matter of question whether, and to what extent, the ballot ensures secrecy in voting. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, some years ago, remarked: 'Even in those classes of men who are most accustomed to keep their own secret, the effect of ballot is very unequal and uncertain. The common case of clubs, in which a small minority is generally sufficient to exclude a candidate, may serve as an example. Where the club is numerous, the secret may be kept, as it is difficult to distinguish the few who reject; but in small clubs, where the dissentients may amount to a considerable proportion of the whole, they are almost always ascertained. The practice, it is true, is, in these cases, still useful; but it is only because it is agreed by a sort of tacit convention, that an exclusion by ballot is not a just cause of offence.' It is, apparently, as a means of avoiding personal offence and wrangling, that the ballot is so much adopted in clubs, and in the selection of members of committees, and many other collective bodies. In the English legislature, the voting is, as we know, open. The peers say 'content,' or 'non-content;' the commoners say 'ay,' or 'no.' In voting at an election for member of parliament, the elector gives his vote openly, and has his name and vote inscribed in a register; the same plan is followed by the shareholders at a general meeting of a joint-stock company, in cases where the 'show of hands' is not deemed satisfactory. In all these instances there is no ballot, in either sense of the word. In the London clubs, the admission of members is in many cases dependent on the ballot, the dissentients desiring to keep their names secret. At Brookes's Club, according to Mr Peter Cunningham, one black-ball excluded any new member, in the early days of the club; but at present it requires two black balls to exclude. At White's Club, there is an entry on the records, dated 20th May 1758, to this effect: 'To prevent those invidious conjectures which disappointed candidates are apt to make concerning the respective votes of their electors, or to render, at least, such surmises more difficult and doubtful, it is ordered that every member present at the time of balloting, shall put in his ball; and such person or persons as refuse to comply with it, shall pay the supper reckoning of that night.' The 'electors' are the members of the club, and the 'disappointed candidates' are those who have unsuccessfully been balloted for; and the entry curiously illustrates these two points—that it was found difficult to keep each member's vote secret, and that the club sought to attain its end by a punishment of the pocket. There is a story told of 'fighting Fitzgerald,' a noted character of by-gone times, that being once black-balled by a club, he applied to each member individually to know whether *he* had put in the black-ball. As it was known that Fitzgerald would instantly have challenged the black-baller, and as he had a terrible reputation as a fatally expert duellist, all the members disowned the act one by one; and then Fitzgerald redemanded his admission, on the plea that no one would own to have black-balled him. A queer story this, if true. At the Athenæum Club, a limited number of members may be chosen by the committee, any such candidates as 'shall have attained to distinguished eminence in science, literature, and the arts, or for public services;' but the rest are balloted for by the members generally, one black-ball in ten being equivalent to rejection. In all such clubs there are black and white or red balls, at the service of all the members; each puts a ball into an urn; and if he dissent from the admission of the new candidate, he selects a black-ball. Of the arguments adopted by the advocates of vote by ballot, we need not speak; but the practice in France is really worthy of notice. It is so difficult to say precisely what is the present state of things in France, that we cannot tell whether voting is managed now in the same way as during the brief republican *régime;* but in the Great Exhibition of '51, a machine was exhibited, and a description issued, which afforded curious information respecting the French system. The apparatus related to the mode of voting in the Assemblée Nationale then sitting—a much more quiet and decorous mode of voting than that adopted by our own House of Commons: whether a better one for the interests of the nation, it is for politicians to determine. The apparatus was invented, or at least manufactured, by M. Débain, of Paris.

We must first describe the apparatus, and then the mode of employing it. The apparatus comprises ballots, urns, and stirrups. The ballots—bulletins de vote—are small tablets of polished steel, some white and some blue; they are about two inches long by two-thirds of an inch wide; there is an oblong slit in the middle of each ballot; each white ballot has two grooves, and each blue ballot three, on its upper surface; each ballot is inscribed with the name of a member of the assembly, and also with a number attached to that

member's name in the assembly's register. The urn is a sort of upright square wooden box, about a foot high by three inches square, with a handle on one side, a closed top, and two mouths near the upper part of one side; one half of the urn, together with one mouth, are painted white, and the other half and other mouth blue; the mouths are guarded by wards something like those of a lock: the wards of one mouth corresponding with the grooves in the white ballots, and those in the other with the blue ballot grooves; insomuch that each kind of ballot can enter one mouth but not the other. The stirrup (*étrier*) consists of two vertical parallel rods, which, when placed in the urn, are exactly beneath the two mouths respectively; by the side of each rod is a graduated scale, of which the distance between the degrees corresponds with the thickness of the ballots.

Now, all this apparatus is made with great delicacy and exactness, to obviate if possible all sources of error in taking the vote by ballot; and we have next to see how it is used. For convenience of language, we will speak of the Assemblée Nationale and its voting as if still in operation, leaving the reader to make the requisite correction of *is* and *does* into *was* and *did*. The Assemblée is divided into twelve sections, for each of which there is a distinct urn. A small box or casket, inscribed with his name, is given to every member at the commencement of each *séance* or sitting; it contains five white and five blue ballots, sufficient usually for the requirements of that sitting. When a discussion is finished, and a vote about to be taken, twelve officers—dressed in a sort of semi-military costume—walk round to the members as they sit in their places; each officer to collect the votes of one of the twelve sections. He holds his urn before a member; the member opens his little casket, and takes out a ballot—white, if 'pour' or in favour of the question; but blue, if 'contre' or against it; he puts his ballot into the proper mouth of the urn; and the officer proceeds from member to member, until all the votes for that section are collected in the urn. The twelve officers take the twelve urns to the president of the Assemblée, and place them before him in a row. The twelve urns are uncovered, by removing the wooden boxes from off the stirrups; and then the ballots are seen all threaded, as it were, upon the rods of the stirrups; the act of uncovering, too, locks all the ballots in their places, whence they cannot be removed except by the president's key. As the blue ballots in each urn slip over or upon one rod of the stirrup, and the white ballots upon the other, and as the ballots are all of equal thickness, it is easy to see by a glance of the eye which pile of ballots is highest, and consequently whether the decision of that section of the Assemblée has been 'pour' or 'contre;' but to render this more precise, the graduated scales are appealed to, since the numbers on those scales denote exactly the number of ballots in any one pile. Two secretaries add up the twelve white lists and the twelve blue, to obtain the final resultant, which is proclaimed to the Assemblée. The stirrups, still locked, are then carried to the *bureau des procès-verbaux*, where they are unlocked, and six scrutators register in as many books the votes of the members, entering each by his number and not by his name, with a symbol to indicate 'pour' or 'contre;' and it is from this register that the lists in the *Moniteur* are derived. Lastly—as the compositor must distribute his type after composing, so must the vote-officers distribute the ballots to the members after having been used. There is a 'case' containing as many little cells as there are members; each case contains a little casket, and each ballot is put into some one of the caskets according to the name of the member to whom it belongs. Opportunity is then taken to return the ballots to the respective members.

All this seems wonderfully complicated; but there is no reason why the collection and declaration of the votes should occupy more than a few minutes' time. The policy of the method, as we have said, lies beyond the scope of these pages to discuss; but the mechanism is unquestionably ingenious. It was brought into use towards the close of 1850, and the Assemblée voted a grant of 30,000 francs to M. Débain.

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

TORONTO—CANADA-WEST.

THE agreeable impressions I had formed from a glimpse of Toronto from the water were deepened by a residence of a week, during which I made some agreeable excursions in the neighbourhood. No situation could have been better selected for a great city. The ground, forming a broad plain, rises with an easy slope and southern exposure from the shore of Ontario, and is backed by a series of terrace-like ranges, the ancient beaches of the lake, now composing a fertile and well-cultured stretch of country.

For some time styled York, or Little York, this city reverted a few years ago to the Indian name which it bore when consisting of only a few wigwams. It has in the space of sixty years, offered one of those remarkable instances of progression so common in North America. From no more than 336 in 1801, its inhabitants have increased to 40,000, and it is estimated that the additions now fall little short of 10,000 every year. In visiting Toronto, we see on all sides indications of progress—houses building, streets extending, ground staked off for new thoroughfares, places of business opening, large and handsome public edifices rising up, and every social feature acquiring fresh development. Nowhere in America do we see churches of more elegant architecture. The streets, laid out in lines at right angles to each other, are long and spacious; King Street, which forms the chief central thoroughfare, being two miles in length, and environed with as magnificent shops as can be seen in any large town in England. I had the honour of conversing with one of the most aged and esteemed residents, who described the city as having within his recollection consisted of only a few cottages in the wilderness—and now, said he, the value of its assessed property is L.4,000,000!

The bay in front of Toronto is sheltered in a remarkable manner by a long and narrow peninsula, encompassing it on the eastern side, and round which vessels require to make a wide sweep in approaching the harbour. With a few trees and houses dotted along, and terminating in a light-house, the peninsula adds a picturesque feature to an expanse of water, of which from the shore we see no boundary except on the western horizon. Along the shore there is a series of wharfs for the shipping of the port, the whole overlooked by a street containing some of the largest buildings in the town. At a conspicuous part of this thoroughfare is the newly erected depôt of a railway—connected with the country in the west, and by which the trade of the place will be considerably augmented. Already, at the time of my visit, a line of railway was opened in a northerly direction from Toronto, for a distance of nearly forty miles to the neighbourhood of Lake Simcoe. Further extensions of this line were projected, with a view to opening up a ready communication with Lake Huron; so that ultimately parties travelling to that far-distant lake, instead of pursuing a circuitous passage by Lake Erie and the river St Clair, will be able to make a short cut across the country from Toronto. When the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, now in course of execution from Montreal, contributes another terminus to the general centre of traffic in Toronto, it may be expected that the trade of the place will receive a fresh and important impulse. In anticipation of these accessions, all kinds

of property in the city and neighbourhood had greatly risen in value; and the rents of houses and stores were as high as they are in some of the best streets in London. With every new and successful settler new demands originate; and to satisfy these, new manufactories of various kinds spring into existence. In this manner, Toronto experiences a rapid growth of those industries which minister to human wants and aspirations. People in the old country never thoroughly divest themselves of the notion, that in such a newly got-up community as that of Toronto, things are in a raw or elementary condition. What, then, will be thought of the fact, that in this very recently established city there is a manufactory of cabinet and other varieties of furniture, turning out articles which in point of elegance will match any of the products of France or England? I allude to the factory of Jacques and Hay, which I had much pleasure in visiting. It consists of two large brick buildings, commodiously situated on the quay, and in its various branches gives employment to upwards of a hundred persons. Conducted from floor to floor by one of the partners, I here for the first time saw in operation the remarkably ingenious machinery for planing, turning, morticing, and effecting other purposes in carpentry, for which the United States have gained such deserved celebrity, and which I subsequently saw on a vast scale at Cincinnati. Besides the finer class of drawing-room furniture, made from black walnut-wood, an inferior kind is here made for the use of emigrants at a price so low, that importation of the article is entirely superseded. So perfect is the machinery, that from the rough timber a neat bedstead can be made and put together in the short space of two minutes!

Depending partly on exterior trade and internal manufactures, Toronto possesses not less importance from qualities of a higher character. It is the chief seat of education in the province. Besides a university and college—the latter being a preparatory school—it has several theological and other seminaries, among which Trinity College occupies a distinguished position. The buildings appropriated to these several institutions are in the best styles, and form ornamental features in the general aspect of the town. In the midst of a beautiful park on the west, large and handsome buildings are in course of erection to accommodate the provincial legislature and governor-general. No public edifice afforded me more interest than that recently erected in the northern environs for the Normal and Model Schools establishment. This is a large building in the Italian style, and with its various departments, forms the centre of a system of elementary instruction pervading the whole of Canada. From the Rev. Dr Ryerson, head of the establishment, I received every suitable explanation of the character and working of the system; respecting which it is only needful to mention the gratifying fact, that Canada-West now possesses upwards of 3000 common schools, supported at an expense of about L.100,000, four-fifths of which sum are raised by local assessment, on a scale of great liberality. The course of instruction is secular, or at least does not embrace doctrinal religion, which is left to be taught by clergymen or others, according to the discretion of parents, and therefore so far agreeing with the injunctions of the rubric.* It is interesting to add, that Dr Ryerson, as superintendent, is at present organising libraries for schools and townships, composed of popular and instructive books from England and the United States. I believe I may safely aver, that under the system of education now established, and going on, as the Americans would say, in 'full blast,' schools are erected and supported with a degree of enthusiasm in Western Canada, which is not excelled in any part of the States.

It will readily be supposed, that by means of its educational and scientific institutes, its law-courts, and other public establishments, Toronto draws together the elements of a highly respectable and refined community. So much is this the case, that, excepting the long-established cities of Boston and Philadelphia, it would be difficult to point out any place in North America possessing so many attractions to persons of taste and leisure. As in the larger American cities, there may be here observed extensive and flourishing book-stores—true indications of the higher tendencies; and newspapers are to all appearance as cheap and numerous as they are in any city of similar size in the States.

With a wide and improving country in its environs, Toronto is a point whence emigrants may advantageously diverge in quest of settlements that have been wholly or partially cleared, respecting which all proper information is obtainable at the offices of land-agents. It must not, however, be imagined that farms are to be had in this quarter at the prices for which they can be acquired in further remote and newly-opened districts. Near Toronto, things are pretty much what they are in the old country. At the distance of six miles from town, I visited a gentleman who had lately bought a farm of 100 acres, cleared, fenced, and in good cultivation, with an excellent dwelling-house and suite of farm-buildings, for L.2000—a great bargain, doubtless, considering the locality. Those desirous of starting in a more moderate way as agriculturists, will, of course, proceed westwards, and it will be singular if they do not light upon spots suitable to their wishes, whatever these may be.

One of my aims being to see something of settlements recently excavated from the wilderness, I planned a journey with a friend through the peninsula of Canada, taking the more interesting localities by the way. For this purpose, I proceeded in the first place by steamer to Hamilton, situated on Burlington Bay, a spacious inlet at the head of Lake Ontario. Although a city of very recent origin, Hamilton already has a population of nearly 20,000, and consists of a number of broad and handsome streets, with several public buildings and a variety of villas scattered about the face of the mountain-range, which shelters the town on the west. Within the distance of a mile on the north, and overlooking the head of the bay, stands Dundurn, a castellated and baronial-looking mansion, built as a residence by Sir Allan M'Nab, one of the celebrities of the province. Beyond this point I drove out several miles to visit the Hon. Adam Ferguson, a gentleman of landed property in Scotland, who emigrated to Canada with his family in 1833. Mr Ferguson settled at first in a district further west, on the Grand River, which is now in an exceedingly thriving condition. Removing afterwards to East Flamborough, a township lying on the slopes which, with a southerly aspect, face Burlington Bay, he has here, in his property of Woodhill, transformed a wild and timber-covered tract of land into a beautiful cleared estate.

Rounding the head of the bay, and then proceeding in an easterly direction along a tolerably good road, I had occasion to pass a farm in the process of being cleared. Numbers of trees were felled and lying about confusedly on the ground. A man and boy were busily cutting off branches, and piling them in heaps to be burnt, while masses lay smouldering and sending up streams of blue smoke, which curled away picturesquely

* 'The curate of every parish shall diligently upon Sundays and holydays, after the second lesson at evening prayer, openly in the church instruct and examine so many children of his parish sent unto him, as he shall think convenient, in some part of this catechism. And all fathers, mothers, masters, and dames, shall cause their children, servants, and 'prentices (which have not learned their catechism), to come to the church at the time appointed, and obediently to hear, and be ordered by the curate, until such time as they have learned all that is here appointed for them to learn.'—*Notes to Church Catechism in Book of Common Prayer.*

over the uncleared part of the forest. Passing onwards, between some well-cleared properties, my vehicle at length turned up a road to the left, of a considerably more rude description. Houses were seemingly left behind. On each side nothing was to be seen but trees. At length we came to openings in the woods; pasture-lands made their appearance, and there, on a charming spot on the ascending braes, backed by the mountain-cliffs, was seen the neat residence of the venerable agriculturist. It need hardly be said that Mr Ferguson politely explained the nature of his past operations, and shewed me some of the more important features of his property and management. He owns here 300 acres, 160 of which are in crop; the whole being disposed in regularly shaped fields of about 20 acres in each. Except a small patch of cleared land, the whole, when purchased, was under timber. Only so much wood now remains as serves for ornament and use, and all that testifies to the original condition of the farm are the tree-stumps which are not gone from some of the fields. Standing in the veranda of Woodhill, and overlooking a garden, orchard, green lawns, and arable enclosures, with the shelter of environing trees, and the blue expanse of Ontario shining in the distance, I thought there could be nothing finer in the Carse of Gowrie; nor did an idea fail to cross my mind, that the acquisition and improvement of such an enjoyable estate at a moderate outlay, in this part of the world, was surely preferable to the costly and unremunerative purchases of land, with all its tormenting obligations, in the old country. Here was a nice little estate, fertile in soil, genial in aspect, with no burdens or responsibilities worth mentioning, situated within an hour's drive of society as good as may be procured in most parts of England or Scotland, and yet the whole extemporised for comparatively a trifle! A lovely spot for a rural residence has been selected. The house occupies a flattish plateau, which had formed the margin of Ontario, when its waters were bounded by the cliffy range to which I formerly called attention. Part of Mr Ferguson's property lies on the high table-land above the cliffs, and to this he obligingly conducted me—here descanting on his operations concerning his improved breeds of cattle, and there pointing out a field of remarkable turnips, which had very much surprised the neighbourhood. In these explorations, it was necessary to clamber over sundry rail-fences, the peculiar merits of which were now practically explained to me. Rails piled horizontally in a zigzag form are, as is well known, the universal fence in America; and of all imaginable methods of enclosing a field, none, it seems, is so simple, cheap, and ready, where wood happens to be abundant. By splitting a small-sized tree lengthwise, two or three rails are obtained. Taking a quantity of such rough spars, twelve feet long, they are laid diagonally, and crossed alternately on others at the ends, so as to have a mutual hold. When piled three feet high, two tall props are crossed through them, at the points of junction, and then a few more rails are added, making a fence about four feet in height. No tools and no nails are employed in the construction. When completed, much space is lost to the field by the breadth of the zigzags, but land is so cheap that this is not of much consequence. A fence of this picturesque appearance will endure ten years, and cost little at any time to repair. I was told, that it is considered an essential point in farming, to have as much growing timber as will supply rails and firewood; and, consequently, to buy land in America altogether free from trees would be considered an injudicious speculation.

In the course of our ramble, Mr Ferguson spoke with confidence on the subject of emigration, and pointed out the many ways in which men in humble circumstances would be sure to improve their condition and prospects by transferring themselves to this new country. He mentioned the case of one of his ploughmen, who, by the savings of a few years, had at length purchased a farm of 100 acres, from which, among other products, he would in the current year realise L.150 for firewood. Now, this man, who was in the way of attaining an independent, and was already in a comfortable position, would, if he had remained in Scotland, have been still drudging as a species of serf at a mean wage, living in a cottage scarcely fit for a human habitation, and with no prospect in his old age but to depend on the charity of his children or the alms of the parish! When one hears of and sees such marked changes of condition, by removal to Canada, or the Western States of America, the wonder, as I observed to Mr Ferguson, is that any rural labourers at all remain in Great Britain; and he agreed with me, that nothing but want of information and deficiency of means, could account for their not fleeing to a country where their circumstances would be so speedily and permanently improved.

Another short excursion I made from Hamilton was to Dundas, a village a few miles distant, and situated in a hollow on a short canal which communicates with Burlington Bay. This is one of the busiest little towns in Canada; and the inspiring genius of the place was seemingly Mr J. B. Ewart, with whom I had crossed the Atlantic, and who had invited me to see his various establishments, consisting of grist-mills, an iron-foundry, and some farms devoted to the breeding and improvement of stock. The mills were at the time grinding wheat on a large scale, and by improvements in mechanism, the flour was cooled, barrelled, and branded with surprising rapidity. In the iron-founding establishments, steam-engines and other kinds of machinery were in the course of manufacture; and I was told that mill-work for grinding flour could not be made fast enough for the demand. Mr Ewart referred with satisfaction to the steadiness and respectable habits of the workmen, who receive from a third to a fourth higher wages than are usually paid in England. Many of them, he said, had saved a good deal of money, and become the proprietors of neat little houses, surrounded with gardens and pieces of land. I regret to say that, since my return home, I have heard of the death of Mr Ewart, by whose enterprise so much good has been done in this busy locality.

At the period of my visit, the whole country was agitated by the high price paid for flour, chiefly for consumption in England; vast exports were taking place; and so plentiful had money become, that the farmers had everywhere paid off their mortgages, and contemplated the extension of their properties. Hamilton, as a place of import and export for the western country, was participating in the general prosperity, and in a state of excitement on account of the opening of the first portion of the Great Western Railway, which took place the day before my departure. Since that time, the line has been completed to Windsor, on the St Clair river, opposite Detroit; so that travellers may now, in the space of six hours, perform a journey which, in a hired conveyance, occupied me nearly as many days.

On the morning of my departure, while waiting at the door of the hotel for the approach of the wagon—a species of two-horse chaise, open in front—which was to carry my friend and myself on our way westwards, a stranger seemed to linger about as if desirous of addressing me, but diffident as to how he should set about it. The appearance of the wagon inspired him with the necessary courage. With a kind of convulsive effort, he said he had come a number of miles to try to see and invite me to his house, and forthwith he related his whole history, in, what was to me very pleasing, the soft dialect of Teviotdale. He had come to the country sixteen years ago, with his father and two brothers, 'wi' very little in their pockets, and they had done real

weel—he wadna, at this day, tak seventeen hundred pounds for what he was worth, and he had credit for thousands! Ah, sir,' he continued, 'this is a grand country for folk that will work, and hae the sense to ken how to manage. Now, you see, you must come and see us the morn, when you gang through the township of Dumfries, and I'll be watching for you wi' the wagon.' 'Many Scotch in your quarter?' I asked. 'Hundreds; at the kirk at Galt, on a Sabbath, you would hardly ken you were frae hame!'

Promising that I should endeavour to see this new acquaintance in the course of next day's journey, I set off for Guelph, a town at the distance of thirty-five miles north from Hamilton. After passing Dundas, and ascending to the higher level of the country, things gradually assumed a more primitive appearance. Cleared lands in stump, with neat wooden houses and barns, alternated with masses of forest, untouched by the axe, and through which the road proceeded. Occasionally, we passed portions of land, on which the trees were felled and in process of being dragged together in heaps to be burned. In one place, I observed a whole family, husband, wife, and children, engaged in the toilsome occupation of gathering the scattered limbs and boughs; and their clearing of a few acres was dotted over with piles of burning timber, which sent up clouds of smoke into the atmosphere. It was piteous to see so much valuable wood remorselessly consumed; but with no economic means of transport, the destruction is inevitable. In the less advanced situations, the original log-huts had not yet given place to dwellings of a better order; nor would they, with prudent settlers, till their farms had been got into a good state of culture, and a redundancy of cash was at disposal. At intervals along the road, we passed comfortable-looking country inns, with sign-boards swinging on tall poles in the genuine English style; and at every village there were seen the blacksmith and carpenter's shops, at which agricultural implements, wagons, and other articles were in course of construction. Wherever there was a small river with a fall of water, a grist-mill made its appearance, with the encouraging announcement painted in black letters on a white ground across its front—'Cash for wheat;' and as such concerns are found all over the country, it may be said that no farmer needs to travel far from his home in search of a market.

In approaching Guelph, the aspect of affairs mended; and on a rising-ground on the small river Speed, a tributary of Grand River, were observed a handsome church, and a cluster of good houses, with stores and hotels—the rudiments, possibly, of a large city; for the place is to be a principal railway-station. Until 1827, the site of Guelph was an uncleared forest, and during the last seven years its population has increased from 700 to 1860. Having dined, and made some inquiries at this thriving little town, we proceeded in a southerly direction towards Galt, which we hoped to reach before nightfall. But in this expectation we were doomed to be disappointed. Pursuing our course along a soft and ill-made road, bounded by the everlasting zigzag fences, darkness dropped her mantle over the scene; and being afraid of some unpleasant consequences, threatened to the ear by the dash of water, it was not without a feeling of thankfulness that we recognised the cheerful light of a roadside-inn, where we received shelter for the night.

This incident was not displeasing on other accounts. I was afforded an opportunity of extending my knowledge of houses of public entertainment in Canada. On all the public roads, houses of this kind are conveniently stationed at intervals of from six to ten miles, and if not fine, they will, as far as my experience goes, be found clean, respectable, and moderate as respects charges. On the present occasion, for the accommodation of a small sitting-room warmed by a stove, tea, and beds for two persons, the charge was only four English shillings; and when I liquidated the demand by paying a small gold dollar, the simple and good-natured girl, daughter of the landlord, who attended, was so delighted with the beautiful coin, that she declared she would retain it as a keepsake.

Next morning, the excursion was continued down the valley of Grand River, the country becoming more picturesque as we advanced. Passing through a district settled by Germans, who, possessed of good houses, cleared fields, and carrying on various trades, seemed to be in a prosperous condition, we reached Doon Mills, where the view was exceedingly charming, and which, from the hospitality we received, will remain pleasingly imprinted on my remembrance. The whole of the country in this quarter, composing the township of Dumfries, from the irregularity of surface and natural fertility of the soil, is not only beautiful, but very productive. By its communication with Lake Erie, the Grand River offers an additional recommendation to this part of the country. Galt, prettily situated on both sides of this river, is environed with rising-grounds, on which handsome villas are erected; and in looking about, we almost feel as if we were on the banks of the Tweed. My friend of the day before taking care to be on the outlook, obligingly conducted me through the place, and furnished some useful explanations, though I could not afford time to gratify his desire by visiting his settlement at some miles' distance. Besides some large mills, Galt has an establishment for the manufacture of edge-tools, which possess a high reputation. I learned here what was afterwards confirmed in the States, that England cannot produce axes adapted for cutting down trees, and had therefore lost a considerable trade in the article; and that the failure arose from no deficiency in the material employed, but from the English manufacturer vexatiously disregarding the exact model on which this remarkable kind of axe requires to be made—the slightest alteration of curves rendering the implement useless. Galt has increased from 1000 to 2248 inhabitants in five years, and like every town of its size, has two newspapers—many towns of similar dimensions in Great Britain, a thousand years old, not being able to support a single product of the press; or more properly, not being allowed to do so, in consequence of the pressure of fiscal exactions.

The valley of Grand River continues rich and beautiful all the way to Lake Erie, and is one of the most densely populated parts of Canada. Brantford, situated sixty miles up the river from its mouth, is a town of growing importance, and the country which stretches in a westerly direction from it towards Paris is highly esteemed for its fertility. In going from Galt to Paris, we obtain a view of this remarkably fine district, consisting of green and rich meadow-lands, such as are common in Essex. At Paris, a town situated in a hollow at the confluence of two rivers, we come upon a large work of art—a viaduct bearing the railway which is in course of construction from the Niagara river, opposite Buffalo, by way of Brantford to Goderich, on Lake Erie, by which a splendid region in the north-west will soon be opened for traffic. Not to tire by a tedious account of movements, we proceeded by Woodstock—O these odious imported designations!—to London, on the Thames (!) a city on the Great Western Railway, and the centre of a district not to be surpassed for agricultural purposes. Situated within a moderate distance of Port-Stanley, on Lake Erie, and placed almost in the centre of the Canadian peninsula, I have always regarded the vicinity of London as one of the most advantageous districts for settlement. Yet, in a country abounding in so many available localities, it is hard to say how far one is better than another. It is clear, from a very slight inspection, that in the districts through which I had been travelling, there are thousands of places still but partially cleared and improved, which are destined to afford a home to a large population; and the taking

possession and improvement of such places may be said to be going on before our eyes. Penetrated now by two railways, which will unquestionably form the main channels of traffic between New York and Michigan, the peninsula cannot fail to draw towards it a crowd of enterprising settlers. The progress made, independently of such attractions, has not many parallels. In thirty years, the district around London has increased in population 550 per cent. London itself, begun only in 1827, now numbers 20,000 inhabitants, 6000 of whom have been added in three years. In this well-built and busy town, there are seen numerous large manufacturing and commercial establishments; trade is going ahead at a great rate; villas are extending themselves in the neighbourhood; and the farmers, rendered more than ever alert by the increasing value of produce, are pushing on their conquests at an accelerated speed—the whole locality exhibiting a kind of race of prosperity, exceedingly diverting to an onlooker. 'A person cannot help doing well here, if he has any sense at all,' said an intelligent resident in speaking of the place; and I believe him; at the same time admitting, that it would be difficult to say where, in this great country, a man of fair industry and steadiness could not considerably better his circumstances. W. C.

THE SAILING OF THE BALTIC FLEET.

Assuredly, no spectacle afforded by a great nation can be conceived more imposing than that witnessed by thousands of spectators at Spithead, when recently, in the presence of our gracious Sovereign, a fleet, tremendous in its power, and unparalleled in its grandeur, left our shores, bound on a noble mission. Having witnessed this sight from the quarter-deck of the *Duke of Wellington*—a privilege enjoyed by only a very few civilians—I propose, in this paper, to describe my view of the scene.

On Saturday morning, accompanied by two eminent Cambridge professors, I left London by an excursion-train, which was advertised to start at forty minutes after six, but which, in consequence of the enormous number of applicants for seats, did not start until after seven, and then it was in two divisions, each being drawn by a couple of engines. Notwithstanding the great length of the train, we ran down to Portsmouth, ninety-six miles, in less than three hours, where we found an extraordinary assemblage of vehicles waiting to take the passengers to the piers, from whence steam-boats, for a certain consideration, were advertised to go to the fleet. It is on such occasions as the present that official interest is peculiarly valuable; and it was my good-fortune to have a very old friend at Portsmouth, in the person of a gentleman holding one of the leading appointments in the royal dock-yard. He had kindly placed at my disposal for the day his sailing-boat, which we found awaiting us at the King's Stairs, with her smart cockswain, and four sailors.

The day was most propitious. A spanking breeze crisped the water in the harbour, which was studded with dashing yachts and pleasure-boats bound for Spithead. On our way out, we passed under the stern of the renowned *Victory*, whose name is eloquent of naval deeds, which have made the English flag glorious throughout the world. A giant in her days, when Nelson's blood was poured out on her decks, her proportions, in comparison with the line-of-battle ships of the present day, are almost insignificant; yet we must not forget that the old *Victory* has done great things. Close to her lay the collier brig whose fate, it will be remembered, it was to be struck by a ball from a twenty-four pounder, discharged during practice from a frigate at Spithead. We passed within a couple of yards of the wounded ship, and paused to look at the hole made by the ball. The iron missile had crashed through the larboard-side, near the stern, and had torn away a large portion of the plank, leaving a yawning fissure. With such a result from one shot, it was bewildering to think of the terrible power of a broadside. Fortunately, no one on board the collier was injured by the shot or the splinters; but we may picture to ourselves the astonishment of the skipper on finding his peaceful progress up the Channel so summarily interrupted. Of course, the collier will be repaired by the Admiralty; and it was for this purpose that she was lying off the dock-yard. On reaching the mouth of the harbour, the fleet was seen lying before us, occupying a space of about a mile and a half in extent, the distance between the most windward and leeward ships.

Without the harbour, the sea was more 'lively;' but the wind being from the west, our boat dashed on under reefed sails at a rapid rate. Victoria Pier presented an extraordinary spectacle, being literally black with struggling people, all anxious to obtain a sight of Sir Charles Napier, who was on the point of embarking for his flag-ship. At the head of the pier, which was gay with many flags, steam-boats, already apparently full to excess, were waiting for more human freight, which, bearing in mind that the ticket for each person was half-a-guinea, must have proved a rich harvest to the proprietors. But it was only when we were abreast of Southsea beach, that we became fully aware of the vast multitude that had assembled to witness the departure of the Baltic fleet. As far as the eye could reach, the shores were covered with spectators, shewing that not only all Portsmouth, but likewise the neighbouring towns and villages, had poured forth their populations to witness the event.

Our sail to the fleet was of a labyrinthine nature, for the water was so thronged with craft of all kinds, that it required a keen look-out and careful steering to avoid collision. Thanks, however, to our cockswain, an experienced old man-o'-war's man, we reached the ships without accident. Huge as these appeared at a distance, their size was only truly apparent when our boat was under their mountain-like sides, bristling with cannon—

> Like leviathans afloat
> Lay their bulwarks on the brine.

The first ship that we came alongside of was the *Royal George*, of 121 guns, and little inferior in proportions to the giant *Duke of Wellington;* but as the latter ship was not only the largest of the fleet, but in the world, and carried the admiral's flag, we were naturally anxious to see her, and, if possible, to go on board. She lay to the extreme leeward, her mighty bulk towering like a vast cathedral among churches, surrounded, but at respectful distances, by her companions, ready to follow wherever she might lead. The wind being fair, we soon reached her. There was no mistaking her, for there, far aloft, was the figure-head with the well-known features of 'the Duke,' happily, and very properly, devoid of all ornament, but grandly colossal, and sternly plain and simple.

Great as our desire had been to board this huge ship, the feeling was considerably increased now that we were under her; but our prospects were not very cheering, as we were assured that only the admiral's personal friends were allowed this privilege. We were, however, determined to try our fortune, and so, lowering our sails, we ran under the starboard gangway. Here we were soon made aware that there was no admittance for us, for we were warned off by the sentry, who told us, at the same time, to go round to the larboard-side, that at which we were being reserved for the Queen. Accordingly, we coasted round the huge ship, and were not a little astonished by what we saw. Clustering like swarms of bees, were innumerable boats, filled with all manner of articles living and dead—sheep and fowls, bread and blankets, pigs and crockery,

bottles and barrels, parcels and packages of all sizes and shapes, and amongst these, women, old and young, screaming wild farewells to sailors who appeared at the ports. The confusion was bewildering, and was still more confounded by the pitching of the boats in the sea; while, in stern contrast, high over all rose the *Duke*, as the sailors pithily call her, as motionless as a castle.

How to pierce the serried rank of boats was a problem admitting of no easy practical solution, and I doubt whether we should have succeeded had we made the attempt. Fortunately, however, the *Black Eagle*, Admiralty yacht, was alongside in attendance upon the Lords of the Admiralty, and her captain being well acquainted with my friend whose boat we occupied, and which displayed the Admiralty flag, at my request ordered the ladder to be lowered, and permitted us to pass across the yacht to the *Duke*. Wonderful was the spectacle as the eye ranged down the vast extent of deck bearing the huge cannon, which projected from the ports. Happily, we knew one of the officers; but even if this had not been the case, I think we should have been allowed to roam wherever we liked, for no one questioned, or indeed noticed us.

It was just noon; and the sailors were at dinner when we descended to the deck below that at which we had entered the ship. Conceive eleven hundred fellows at dinner, as busy as bees, eating soup drawn from tanks, having cocks four inches in diameter! The greatest jollity prevailed; and a spectator might have imagined that the sailors were bound on a cruise of pleasure to the Tagus, instead of being on the point of going forth to battle. Ever and anon, as one of the many steamers paused alongside, rolling about in the sea as if drunk with enthusiasm, and sending forth thunder-like shouts from its living freight, the sailors responded, making the decks ring again with their wild hurrahs.

Under the guidance of our officer friend, we explored every part of the vast ship, descending to the engine-rooms, which, being below the water-line, are lighted with lamps. The machinery, as might be expected, is very massive and powerful, having to do the work of 1000 horses, and to propel a weight of 4000 tons at the rate of twelve knots an hour. A large dial is immediately over the engineer's department, and indicates the orders of the officer on deck with regard to working the engines. There are many other ingenious and beautiful contrivances, but we must leave the depths of the *Duke*, and ascend to the quarter-deck. Yet, before mounting, let us pause for a moment while surveying an apartment which, shrouded in gloom, has an awful aspect. It is the cockpit; where, it may be before many months or weeks elapse, some of those strong men whose shouts are now heard, will lie moaning in agony awaiting the surgeon's aid, or the more sure and abiding relief administered by the hand of death. The change was indeed great: from the sunshine without, the dancing waves, the enthusiastic multitude, the pomp of war, to this narrow apartment, feebly illumined; and thinking of its uses, I felt what is too often forgotten, that war has its dark side as well as one of brilliant and attractive hue; and that, after all, the bristling and picturesque cannon, obedient to their destiny—

> From their adamantine lips,
> Spread a death-shade round the ships.

On the upper-deck all was activity, preparations being made to receive the Queen, who was expected to arrive at one o'clock. Scarlet cloth covered the ladders, and part of the main-deck. The marines, 250 in number, were drawn up under the quarter-deck; while there, pacing to and fro with restless step, was the chief. Next in interest to the mighty *Duke* was that gallant veteran, whose deeds have won him imperishable renown. Scorning outward appearances, he wore an old frock-coat and round hat of rusty hue, contrasting strangely with the gold-laced cocked-hats and brilliant uniforms of his captains, who were around him; but an attentive observer would soon have discovered that the face of the commander was that of no ordinary man, for there was determination and courage stamped upon every feature. Three or four gentlemen in plain clothes—apparently relatives or friends of the admiral—were on the quarter-deck. These and ourselves were the only visitors.

And now, as one o'clock drew near, telescopes were anxiously directed towards the west, looking for the Queen's yacht, which was momentarily expected to appear. Her Majesty, as is well known, is always punctual in her appointments; and soon the royal standard was descried at the mast-head of the *Fairy*, which was bearing down towards us at a rapid rate, accompanied by three other steamers. All now was excitement. At a shrill call from the boatswain's pipe, from every part of the ship came forth a mighty mass of human beings. Upwards of a thousand men crowded the decks; and at a signal, away they swarmed up the rigging, plucky little midshipmen skylarking far above on the tall masts; while the cannon thundered a royal salute, which was repeated by every ship in the fleet. Then it was that I felt amidst the tremendous roar how awful a battle would be with such batteries as were around us, numbering 953 guns.

Long before the thunder ceased, the *Duke* was so completely wrapped in smoke as to render it impossible for us to see even the nearest ship. When it had cleared away, the royal yacht was alongside; the sailors, from the bulwarks to the tops, sent forth a mighty shout; the band played *God Save the Queen;* the marines drew up as a guard of honour on the quarter and main decks; and the admiral, who had assumed his full uniform, stood prominently forward with his hat off. It was a moment never to be forgotten, and was remarkable as exhibiting the uncontrolled and spontaneous enthusiasm of the fleet, consisting of 9390 seamen.

For reasons which did not reach us, but which probably had reference to the roughness of the water, the Queen, instead of visiting the *Duke*, ordered the admiral and the captains of the fleet to go on board her yacht, which lay immediately under the stern of the *Duke*. There, surrounded by her court, a brilliant staff of officers, and the Lords of the Admiralty, Sir Charles Napier and his captains took leave of their sovereign; and it was a touching sight to see the old admiral standing bareheaded before the Queen, with his silver hair streaming in the wind. Although the scene took place close to us, the few words spoken were not heard by our party; but it was evident that the Queen was affected, for as soon as the farewell had been uttered, she turned to the other side of her yacht, and looked upon the sea in silence for several minutes.

On the return of the admiral to his ship, the band struck up *Rule Britannia*, and the signal was immediately made to the ships 'to get under-way with sail:' not simultaneously, however, for each captain received separate instructions; and for this purpose, hundreds of signal-flags were spread on the quarter-deck, causing the space to appear like a variegated flower-bed. Seen from our position, this movement was one of the most striking events of the day. Ship after ship shook out its vast sails with marvellous rapidity, as if anxious to be off, those to the leeward being the first to get under-way, in order to make room for the others. And now it came to the turn of the *Duke of Wellington* to follow. The gigantic sails were loosened, and, descending in majestic folds, were given to the wind; the anchor was raised, and the head of the huge ship slowly came round.

The spectacle at that moment, from the quarter-deck, was most imposing. The ships, before as motionless as rocks, now, with their vast and complicated

machinery of masts, spars, and rigging, became clothed with sails, which, under the favouring breeze, gave them life and animation. During this time, the admiral, who had resumed his old round hat and frock-coat, was flitting restlessly about, his lips constantly in motion. When, however, his ship was fairly underway, he settled down into comparative tranquillity. It now occurred to me that it was time for us to depart. But before doing so, our officer friend introduced us to the ward-room—a capacious apartment, where a numerous company of officers were busy with sundry comforts in the shape of pies, hams, &c. A bottle of sherry was ordered, which we speedily finished, drinking success to the British fleet, and confusion to the Russians; and I must say, if all the wine on board the *Duke* is equal to that butt, the caterer deserves high praise.

It was no easy task to leave the ship, now underway, on account of the number of boats that was still alongside, handing up never-ending packages. At the starboard-side, however, the gangway was comparatively clear; and as no Queen was now expected, we were permitted to make our exit by this gate of honour, and stepped into our boat at half-past two, having been two hours and a half on board. Dropping astern, we saw the admiral pacing the stern-gallery outside his cabin.

Numerous steamers, yachts, and boats kept company with the fleet, the occupants cheering madly honest British cheers, which will long be remembered, I am confident, by the officers and men of the fleet. Having followed in the wake of the *Duke* until Æolus favouring the progress of the ships with westerly breezes, swelling their spreading sails, we bade farewell to the noble fleet, and turned our prow to the wooded shores of the Priory in the Isle of Wight, from whence we saw ship after ship fade into specks, and the sea and sky mingle in one unbroken line.

FIGARO'S SHOP.

Before returning to our hotel, we stopped at a barber's shop to get shaved. According to legendary report and general belief, this was the identical one occupied by the immortal Figaro of Beaumarchais, Mozart, and Rossini. Such being its associations, who could resist the temptation to pop into it? The barber we found to be a young and skilful artist in his profession, who gave us a most excellent shave, and that, too, without the aid of a brush. An earthenware bowl, with a rim about four or five inches in width, one side of which was scooped out sufficiently to adapt itself to the form of the neck, was filled with warm water, and then placed beneath my chin. With a piece of soap in his hand, this modern Figaro commenced rubbing and washing my face in such a vigorous manner, that in a few moments my features were completely covered with a white and creamy lather. I was almost suffocated, and could scarcely breathe without imbibing some portion of the soapy mass. A single stroke of the keen-edged razor, however, afforded me instant relief. One side of my face was as beardless as that of an infant; another stroke, and the other side of my phiz was as naked as its fellow. A face-bath of Eau de Cologne ensued, and I rose from my seat a lighter and—as persons say who have just passed through some severe ordeal—I trust a better man! Heaven commend me to the barbers of Seville! They are a happy and harmless race, and the most delicate managers of the razor in the universe. They are well versed in all the gossip of the town, and are remarkable for their loquacity and good-nature. Almost any matter of local intelligence you may be sure to obtain from your barber, whose acquaintance, therefore, is well worthy of being cultivated. The highest class of Spanish Figaros are but little below the medical professors in social rank. They are licensed to use the lancet and apply leeches, these being operations which the doctors almost invariably decline to perform. As for myself, I would as soon consent to be bled by one of these fellows as by a more solemn practitioner, though, as a general rule, I think I should prefer keeping my blood within my own body.—*Warren's Vagamundo.*

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Around us still extends a paradise
In the true hearts that love us: Friendship sets
Young saplings all about, that turn to trees,
Abundant in the fruitage of rich thoughts
And generous emotions: round us rise
Prolific flowers, which vernal dewfall wets
With gushing odour—whence do stingless bees
Gather unsating honey: round us floats
A breath of fearless health; and with us strays
A spirit of cheerful industry, which keeps
The mind from brooding on its idle cares,
Intent on aiding others.—Eden-ways
May still be traversed; and where Adam sleeps
Quietly near Eve, may we breathe Eden-airs!

HALLUCINATIONS OF THE GREAT.

Thus Malebranche declared that he distinctly heard the voice of God within him. Descartes, after a long seclusion, was followed by an invisible person, who urged him to pursue his researches after truth. Byron imagined himself to be sometimes visited by a spectre; but he said it was owing to the over-excitability of his brain. The celebrated Dr Johnson clearly heard his mother call Samuel; she was then living in a town at a great distance. Pope, who suffered much in his intestines, one day inquired of his physician what arm that was that appeared to come out from the wall. Goethe asserts that he one day saw the counterpart of himself coming towards him. The German psychologists give the name of *Deuteroscopie* to this kind of illusion. Oliver Cromwell was stretched fatigued and sleepless on his bed—suddenly the curtains opened, and a woman of gigantic size appeared, and told him that he would be the greatest man in England. The Puritan faith and the ambition of Cromwell might have suggested, during those troublous times of the kingdom, some still stronger idea; and who can say whether, had the phantom murmured these words in his ear: 'Thou wilt one day be king!' the Protector would have refused the crown, as did Cæsar at the Lupercalian feasts?—*De Boismont's Hallucinations.*

SINGULARITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

'Your language,' said a learned foreign philologist, in speaking of English, 'is the most unphilosophical, and yet the most *practical*, in the world.' We become familiar with contradictory modes of expression, and do not notice them as do children and foreigners. When we *sand* the floor, we cast sand *upon* it; but when we *dust* the furniture, we remove dust from it. When we *paint* the house, we lay something *on;* but when we *skin* the ox, we take something *off.* We dress a child by *overlaying* it, and scale a shad by *removing* that by which it is overlaid. If it be proper to say, 'skin the ox,' why is it not proper to speak of *woolling* the sheep, instead of *shearing* it? What would we think of a farmer who should talk of *corning* or *grassing* his fields, or *appling* his orchard; or of his wife who should speak of *feathering* her geese, or *blacking* her knives, or *dirting* the clothes? But we do that which is equally ridiculous when we speak of dusting the furniture, skinning the ox, and scaling the fish, although custom has sanctioned those modes of expression, and Noah Webster recorded them in his dictionary.—*New York Illustrated News.*

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THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

CANADA-WEST TO MICHIGAN.

SIX-AND-THIRTY YEARS ago, when machinery had dealt a death-blow to the profession of the handloom-weaver, one of the many victims of that disastrous improvement was a sturdy little man, whom I remember to have seen driving his shuttle in a humble workshop in a small town on the banks of the Tweed. Instead of repining, or continuing the vain attempt to wring a subsistence out of his exploded craft, this capital specimen of an indomitable Scot sold his loom, paid his debts, and with wife and children sailed for America. Arriving in pretty nearly a penniless condition, he made his way, as I had heard, to the London district of Canada, where he settled and was still living.

While I remained in London, I made inquiries respecting the present position of this exiled victim of the power-loom, and was glad to learn that it was highly respectable. Curious to see what actual progress he had made, I paid a visit to his residence, which was situated six or seven miles distant. Although vastly improved in worldly circumstances, I found him living in the same log-hut, which he had reared on his arrival in the country, upwards of thirty years ago. His settlement, which was situated down one of the concession or cross roads leading from the main thoroughfare, was bounded by rail-fences, in which a rude gateway admitted me to an orchard fronting the house, near which were barns, and other buildings, wholly of wood. My appearance created quite a sensation in the establishment, and there was a rush to the door to receive and give me a hearty welcome. In a minute, I was in the interior, seated before a huge fire of blazing fagots on the hearth, over which hung several pots sending a savoury steam up the capacious chimney. The patriarch of the household, eighty years of age, but as full of spirit as ever, sat in an arm-chair on one side, while the mother of the family seated herself opposite. A daughter acted as maiden-of-all-work, and hung about listening to inquiries respecting the country whence the family had emigrated long before she was born. As if signalled by an electric-telegraph, several tall and stout sons soon made their appearance, from their respective dwellings in the neighbourhood. The old man's story, which he dealt out along with jocular reminiscences of 'auld langsyne,' had in it nothing singular, but was nevertheless valuable, as offering an example of what any earnest-minded and self-denying man may do in the western world.

'When I came to this spot,' said he, 'there was not a house for miles around—London was not built. The country was all forest. I helped to make the concession-road which you came by, for which service government gave me a grant of some land. It was dreadful hard work at first, and as the children were young, I had to do everything myself. Before I procured a horse, I had to carry grain on my back for miles to be ground. But having good health, I never complained. It won't do to sit down and cry. Push ahead, and keep on never minding, is here the great doctrine. As the family grew up, I could take things a little easier, and now can look about me at some improvements. I have a capital farm of one hundred acres, cleared, and under crop. It is intended for my youngest son, when I am gone. My three elder sons have each a good farm of the same size. We are now a kind of clan, with plenty of everything—horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry.'

'And no want of apples,' said I, glancing upward at the numerous festoons of dried fruit which hung from the ceiling.

'O yes, that orchard at the door is of my own planting, and it is very productive. No want of puddings, I can tell you, for we also make our own sugar; and, in fact, we scarcely need to buy anything. Very different from the days when I was on the loom, and the goodwife had to contrive how to make both ends meet.'

'And had you remained in that situation,' I observed, 'these sons of yours would probably have been day-labourers at twelve shillings a week. That is the wage now going in your old neighbourhood.'

'You hear that, lads,' said the old man. 'You see how thankful you should be for your mercies. It was a blessed thing I came away.'

'I suppose your sons are doing very well with their farms; they are probably good ploughmen?'

'No doubt of it; and one of them, who has a turn for mechanics, has made a machine for peeling apples.'

'That must be curious; I should like to see it.'

Immediately, there was brought from a recess an ingenious piece of mechanism, not unlike an old-fashioned spinning-wheel. An apple having been stuck on the point of the spindle, and a curved knife being held to it, it was stripped of its skin by a few turns of the wheel; and another machine, with equal speed, took from it the core. I was much amused with these devices for peeling fruit on a great scale, but afterwards found that such apple-machines were common all over the States. It was finally explained to me, that the object of these operations was to prepare apples for winter use. Being cut in pieces, strung together on threads, and hung up in a warm kitchen, the apples will keep sound all winter; and though a little shrivelled and dried in appearance, they make as good puddings as if they had been freshly peeled. So far

as I am aware, this method of preserving apples for culinary purposes is not known or practised in England.

It must be owned, that the general aspect of affairs in and about the emigrant's dwelling was not of that refined character which one might reasonably have looked for after so many years of laborious and successful industry. But if things were somewhat Robinson Crusoeish, the circumstance is explained by original habits, though chiefly by the spare capital having been expended in extending the family possessions. In short, it would have been easy for the aged proprietor to have built a fine mansion for himself; but he preferred, he said, seeing his family settled comfortably; although he doubtless carried his principles in this respect a little too far.

There was much lamentation at the shortness of my stay; and when I departed, the whole household stood around the door to see me drive off, which it required some dexterity to accomplish without doing damage to several families of black pigs—genuine Hampshire brocks, as I took them to be—which were strolling about in the diligent pursuit of apples and other windfalls.

I made some other visits in the neighbourhood of London, and should have been glad to have made more had time permitted; but a sudden snap of extremely cold weather and a slight fall of snow, admonished me that it was time to hasten southwards. Accordingly, I made up my mind to do so, on reaching Detroit in Michigan, for which I now prepared to set out in a conveyance similar to the one that had brought me to the place. My design was to proceed from London to Chatham, a town on the lower part of the Thames, whence there are steamers to Detroit; but some information respecting the badness of the roads deterred me from the attempt, and I ultimately adopted the route to Sarnia, a small port on the St Clair river, near the foot of Lake Huron. After all, I imagine I gained nothing by this arrangement, so far as comfort in travelling is concerned. The distance was sixty miles, which were promised to be performed in twelve hours, but were not, in reality, done in less than sixteen. Already, I had obtained some knowledge of the Canadian roads, and now completed this branch of my education. In one or two places I have spoken of toll-bars, and from this it may, perhaps, be supposed that the roads are generally macadamised, and tolerably good. They are so in the neighbourhood of large towns, but as soon as tolls disappear, the traveller begins to observe a strange falling off in the quality of the thoroughfares. Any attempt at laying down broken stones to form a hard basis seems not to be thought of; the natural surface, be it sand or clay, is left to take its chance; and vehicles go plunging along, as if struggling across a rough and newly-ploughed field. After rains, the case is dismal: the wheels sink to nearly the axles; and in spite of inconceivable toil, the poor horses are unable to make more than two to three miles an hour. Where the ground is swampy, and there would be a risk of sinking utterly out of sight, trees are laid across the path; and over these *corduroyed* parts of the road, the carriage goes securely, but bumpingly, in a very unpleasant way. The best thoroughfares of all, are the *plank*-roads; which I had never heard of till I reached Canada. These are stretches of road covered with a flooring of thick deals laid on joisting; the deals being smooth, as from the saw, and the whole laid so evenly, that carriages are drawn over them in beautiful style. These plank-roads are usually joint-stock undertakings, or belong to municipalities, and are established by act of the provincial parliament, with power to erect turnpike-gates and exact tolls. The appearance of these toll-bars is hailed with inexpressible delight by the traveller, for he knows that on reaching them there is an end, for ten or twelve miles at least, of the jolts and jumbles with which he has for some time been afflicted. With such practical experience of Canadian roads, one can easily understand the longing for snow in winter, when the sleighs are driven along with the velocity of the wind; for then only is extended intercourse conducted with anything like pleasure. Railways, of course, will now change all this, and render travelling as easy in Canada as it is in England; at the same time opening up and developing the resources of the country to an extent that could not otherwise have been anticipated.

With this short explanation, the reader will imagine he sees a two-horse vehicle, open in front, in which are seated two travellers wrapped in woollen plaids, their knees shrouded in a thick buffalo-skin, and thick shawls wrapped round their necks; before them is the driver, a young man in a rough jacket, with coarse boots drawn with studied slovenliness over his trousers, so that these voluminous garments stick out all round in a singularly free-and-easy way. The air is cold; a thin coating of snow has fallen, and partially conceals the treacherous ruts; the sides of the roads are in places fenced with zigzag rails; but in others there is no fence at all, and the thoroughfare is bounded on both sides for miles by thick tangled forests, composed of beech, maple, oak, and other hardwood trees now greatly stripped of their leaves, and amidst which the pines and other evergreens tower in dark masses, affording an agreeable relief to the eye. Leaving the town of London in early morning, the wagon thus goes on its way: at first smartly and encouragingly; then more moderately, with sundry admonitory jerks; and *lastly*, it stumbles on in a very alarming manner, the horses now getting into a trot, then lapsing to a walk, and always meandering from side to side, to seek out good bits wherever they can be found. Canadian horses, however, have immense spirit; and as you may rest assured they will get through some way or other, there is nothing to fear. We had at anyrate a whole day before us, and the novelty of the scene was so exhilarating, that if no fresh fall of snow occurred, there was little cause for disquietude.

During this protracted day's ride, I had an opportunity of seeing a tract of country of comparatively recent settlement. There were no towns and few villages on the road. At intervals of one to two miles, in the midst of clearings, we passed solitary houses, which as usual were of wood, sometimes neatly constructed and painted, and sometimes only log-huts, of recent erection. Occasionally, there were inns, adjoining which might be seen a blacksmith's and carpenter's shop. The greater part of the land seemed to be of good quality, and well adapted for cultivation. At one of the inns where we stopped, we learned that much of the district had been settled a number of years ago by half-pay officers, who, after clearing portions of their properties, and otherwise exhausting their means, got disheartened, and left the place. Those who could not sell their farms, let them to new and more hardy settlers, and these continued in possession till they had realised enough of money to become purchasers; and as such they were doing well—so true is it, that none but those who will work with their own hands, and for a time dismiss all delicacy of living, can expect to thrive as settlers in this new country. On the road we overtook one of this toiling class, and gave him a ride for a few miles. He told us, he had been a rural labourer in the south of England, on the property of Lord ———, where his wages were 8s. per week. On coming to Canada, he first hired himself to a farmer, and having saved a little, rented one of the abandoned clearings, which last

year he had been able to buy, and now, as he said, he was in comfortable circumstances. His latest acquisition was a cow, which he highly appreciated, for the sake of milk for his family. I was much pleased with the manly way in which this industrious person mentioned these particulars. In England, he would probably have talked in an embarrassed, 'if you please,' fashion. Transferred to a country where he was called on to act an independent part, he spoke without timidity, but also without rudeness; and if not what is ordinarily called a gentleman, he at least behaved like one.

Towards evening, the roads were terrible. A thaw having come on and softened the mud, the horses slipped at every step, and at length one of them fell: when again set on its legs, the poor creature was found to have lost a shoe—a misfortune that caused some detention at the next blacksmith's forge, and left us in the dark still fifteen miles from Sarnia. There was only one spark of hope. At a certain distance, we had the promise of coming to a plank-road. Yet the plank-road seemed to recede as we advanced. Sometimes we were told it was four miles off; then it would be as far as five miles; and in despair of reaching it at all, we had arranged to stop for the night at the first inn we came to, when suddenly a joyful sound struck our ear: the horses had got their feet on the planks. In a minute, we were bowling along at the rate of ten miles an hour, and reached our destination without any further misadventure. As we drove up to the door of the hotel, a few twinkling stars afforded just sufficient light to shew the broad surface of the river St Clair, the western boundary of Canada.

Sarnia, as seen next morning, is a thriving little town situated on the St Clair, about a mile below the point where it issues from Lake Huron, and carrying on some trade in shipping. The view across the river, which is half a mile wide, shews us the coast of Michigan, low and lined with trees, with a neat white-painted town, having a steam-vessel moored at its quay. In this steamer, which crossed to Sarnia for passengers, we descended the St Clair, the voyage occupying five hours to Detroit. In the course of the trip, the vessel touched frequently at places on both sides of the river.

The sail down the St Clair was very charming. On the Canadian shore, there was pointed out a long series of small clearings with cottages, forming a settlement of Indians, protected by the British government; and Melville Island, in the lower part of the river, is devoted exclusively to the same object. These Indians, partially civilised, were spoken of as not making any marked progress; and a clergyman, who is charged with their supervision and instruction, stated to me that they were lessening in numbers, and would ultimately be extinct as a race. I believe this opinion corresponds with the general experience concerning the Indian tribes, when brought within the operation of ordinary social arrangements.

On the Michigan side, several pretty little towns were touched at, which shewed marks of growing traffic. Adjoining Lake St Clair, the banks on both shores become exceedingly low, with long marshy spots, on which nothing is seen but small hillocks of mud and rushes, forming the dwellings of musk-rats. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the vessel came in sight of Detroit, a large and handsomely built city, situated on a gentle slope rising from the right bank of the river; and I stepped ashore in the United States.

In quitting the British possessions in America, a few words may be permitted. Imperfect as had been my means of observation, I think I am entitled to say, that in almost all quarters there prevails a very decided spirit of improvement—a steady progress towards a great and prosperous condition. The advance is very remarkable in Western Canada, which cannot, in point of general appearance, be distinguished from the neighbouring parts of the states of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; and it is my belief, that, aided by the various railways already opened or in course of construction, this portion of British America will not be a whit behind any of the more northern parts of the Union. All that seems desirable, for the purpose of consolidating the character and interests of the various provinces, is to unite them in a viceroyalty or principality, with a federal system of customs, posts, and other fiscal arrangements; so as to secure the nearest possible approximation to political independence and nationality. Meanwhile, through the efficacy of railway extension, and the gradual melioration of prejudices, a preparation may be said to be making towards a result of this kind, which, with peace and the general progress of enlightenment, will come in its own good time. It is at least satisfactory to know that under the protection of Great Britain, and left very much to their own government, according to constitutional forms, there is absolutely nothing to retard the advance of these colonies, and I am inclined to think that at this moment they have not a single thing to complain of, for which they have not the means of redress in their own hands. As far as I could see or hear, the whole of these provinces, are in a state of perfect contentment, strongly attached to, and taking a deep interest in the concerns of the mother-country.

All things considered, it would certainly be strange if the British American colonists did not feel happy in their present and prospective condition. They are the very favourites of fortune. Members of a powerful empire, they are not called on to contribute a shilling to the national exchequer. In the home-country, while no inconsiderable portion of every man's earnings is confiscated to meet the annual exigencies of the state, in Canada and the other provinces, the people are exempted from nearly all such demands, and their acquaintance with taxation is confined chiefly to certain custom-house duties and local assessments for schools and other purposes. At present, it is understood to be in contemplation to substitute a provincial armed force for the imperial troops; and this measure, if carried into effect, cannot but elevate the character of the colonies, by its tendency to cultivate and strengthen habits of self-dependence and self-respect.

Making no figure in the political world, and possessing little means of attracting attention, it may be said with truth, that these provinces, beyond the mere fact of their existence, are scarcely known in England. The people at large are not at all aware of their extent or capabilities; and few even of the intelligent classes are in a position to appreciate their social progress. Neglected, except by a generally humble class of emigrants, and by persons engaged in commercial transactions—until recent times treated with indifference by colonial ministers, and left to be the prey of adventurers—the wonder is that these colonies are what they are, and their remarkable progress can be ascribed only to their own intrinsically excellent, yet unvaunted, qualities. Silently and unostentatiously have their lands been reclaimed from the wilderness, and their scattered log-cabins and villages swelled into cities, until at length they challenge observation as a second New-England beyond the Atlantic, to the growth of which no one can assign any definite limits.

The advance, as previously noticed, has been very remarkable in Canada. At the surrender of the province in 1763, its population was estimated at from 60,000 to 65,000. In 1851, the numbers had increased to 890,261 in Lower Canada, and 952,004 in Western Canada—unitedly, 1,842,265, or now about 2,000,000; the ratio of increase being such as to double the population every twelve or thirteen years. The growing wealth of the community is learned from the fact, that while in 1825, the assessable property in Western

Canada was estimated at L.1,854,000, in 1852, it had amounted to L.37,695,000. The cultivation of the soil keeps pace with this increase. In 1841, the wheat crop was 3,221,000 bushels; in 1851, it was 12,692,000 bushels. In 1851, the value of British imports into Canada amounted to L.2,475,000, or about L.1, 6s. per head of the population. A circumstance still more indicative of social progress remains to be mentioned. In Canada, in 1852, there were nearly three millions of miles travelled by the mail, and in that year alone there was an increase of about 250 new post-offices; and the continued opening of such new establishments forms one of the remarkable features of the country.

In travelling through Canada and the adjacent states, nothing is more satisfactory than to find that there prevails the best mutual understanding between the British and American people. Placed on a long line of boundary, within sight of each other, and being connected by many common ties, it is only matter for regret that there should exist any restrictions in commercial intercourse. Unfortunately, the freedom of trade is interrupted by a war of tariffs, as well as by legal obstacles to the uninterrupted navigation of watercourses, vastly to the disadvantage of both parties, and no doubt productive of a demoralising contraband traffic. I would venture to hope that a study of this delicate question, as demonstrated in the successful liberation of trade by Great Britain, will tend to shake the confidence of Americans and Provincials in the doctrine of hostile duties, and induce the belief that, after all, generosity in trade, as in everything else, brings its own great reward.

Intending, in the conclusion of these papers, to speak of the field for advantageous emigration presented by nearly all parts of America which I visited, it is unnecessary for me here to mention at any length how far Canada is suitable for this purpose. A few special facts need only be alluded to.

In the development of minerals, particularly the copper ores bordering on Lake Superior; in trade, lumbering, and navigation; and in agriculture, the enterprising have a wide scope for profitable operations. With regard to improved farms, ready for the reception of settlers, they may be had in every quarter, and information respecting them will be obtained at the offices of land-agents in the large towns, or by consulting local newspapers.* No one purposing to acquire lands, need give himself any uneasiness on this point, for eligible spots will be heard of everywhere. In each county town there is a land-agent appointed to dispose of crown-lands, which are uncleared, and may for the most part be obtained at about 7s. sterling per acre. The best lands of this kind, however, are generally disposed of in the older settled parts of the country. In some cases, uncleared lands are preferable to those which have been cultivated; for the universal tendency is to exhaust, and then sell lands to new-comers. Some caution in making a choice in old settlements is therefore desirable. While men with means may confine their selection to improved localities, I should advise those of more slender resources, but with youth and strength, to proceed to the districts bordering on Lake Huron, belonging to the Canada Company, which sells lands at from 2s. to L.1, 4s. per acre, according to quality and locality. Goderich, on Lake Huron, will soon be reached by railway. As regards persons who desire to work for wages, it is enough to say, that in Canada any able-bodied labourer will at present receive at least 4s. per day; and that bricklayers, masons, and carpenters will be paid 6s. to 8s. per day, while the cost of living will be found much the same as in this country, if not in some places considerably less. The demand for labourers and artisans to be employed on the railways in course of construction is now so great, that it will absorb all who offer themselves for years to come; and how, with such allurements, there is not a more general migration from England, is one of the things not easily accounted for.

W. C.

* Mr Geo. A. Barber, jun., corner of Church and Front Street, Toronto, publishes, periodically, a Land-agency Circular, containing a long list of lands for sale in various parts of Western Canada. Similar lists are probably published by other agents.

READINGS ON RATS.

When science was younger than she now is, and less able to distinguish between being and seeming to be, certain of her followers, who fancied themselves learned in natural history, used to find marvellous attributes in some of the animals they wrote about. For reasons not easy to discover, they seldom mentioned rats without expressions of fear or abhorrence, giving the creatures credit for more than human intelligence. There was no wickedness that rats were not ready to perpetrate. Then there appeared to be strange relations between the cunning rodents and human beings, investing them with a mysterious character, not only in the eyes of the multitude, but in the opinion of students. At times, they were more than half suspected to be agents of the Evil One.

Southey, in his *Doctor*, remarks that whatever man does, rat always takes a share in the proceedings. Whether it be building a ship, erecting a church, digging a grave, ploughing a field, storing a pantry, taking a journey, or planting a distant colony, rat is sure to have something to do in the matter; man and his gear can no more get transported from place to place without him, than without the ghost in the wagon that 'flitted too.' How is it that rats know when a house is about to fall, or a ship to sink? Where did they learn to carry eggs down stairs, from the top of the house to the bottom, without breaking? Who taught them to abstract the oil from long-necked flasks, by dipping their tails in, and then licking the unctuous drops from the extremity? What precedent had they for leading a blind companion about by a straw held in the mouth, and how did they know he could not see? All these are questions requiring no small amount of ingenuity to answer.

As with nations, so with rats; one tribe comes and dispossesses another. The rats that used to gnaw the bacon in Saxon larders in Alfred's reign—that squealed behind the wainscot when Cromwell's Ironsides were harrying royalist mansions—that disturbed the sleep of George I.—were a hardy black species, now seldom seen, and doomed, apparently, to become as rare as the dodo. Like the Red Men in presence of the Palefaces, they have had to retire before the Norwegian rat, larger in size, and brown in colour. Notwithstanding all the popular notions on the subject, it is difficult to explain why this was called the Norwegian rat; for it did not come from Norway. It may surprise those who are sticklers for the Scandinavian origin to know, that this rat was brought to England from India and Persia in 1730. In 1750, the breed made its way to France; and its progress over Europe has since then been more or less rapid. When Pallas was travelling in Southern Russia, he saw the first detachment arrive near the mouth of the Volga in 1766. The species multiplies so rapidly, breeding three times a year, each litter numbering from twelve to twenty, that a single family, if kept out of harm's way, would produce nearly a million in two years. No wonder they drove out our aboriginal black rat! In Ireland, they did more: they killed the frogs, once numerous in that country; and since the diminution of the croaking race, the waters, as the peasantry say, have been less pure than formerly. The Isle of France was once abandoned by the Dutch, because of the prodigious increase of rats: human life

was hardly safe from their attacks. After making themselves comfortably at home here in England, the country of their adoption, they sent colonies across the Atlantic—rat empire, like man's empire, taking its course westward. In the West Indies they found congenial quarters, no cold, and plenty of food; and, multiplying in consequence at an astonishing rate, they became a destructive and intolerable pest, till the inhabitants were obliged, in self-defence, to poison them with arsenic and pellets of cassava. The remedy was attended by dismal results, for, tormented by thirst after eating the poison, the rats swarmed down to drink at the streams, and falling in, the water was poisoned, and a great mortality followed among the cattle that drank from the same rivers. Besides this check, they have many natural enemies in the islands: the *Fermica omnivora* is not the least formidable: a battalion of this species, known as the Raffles' ant, makes but short work in clearing a plantation of every rat. At one time, the negroes used to catch the rats and expose them for sale in the markets of Jamaica, where the black population were always willing purchasers. The Chinese, too, have a weakness for 'such small deer;' and it is a standing bit of fun on board ships lying in Canton harbour, to catch a rat, and hold the struggling animal up by the tail in sight of the celestial crews in the tea-lighters alongside. A shout is immediately set up, and no sooner is rat flung from the ship, than an uproarious scramble follows for possession of the coveted prize. Much mischief has at times been done on board the West India steamers, by rats gnawing their way into the mail-bags, and making free with the contents. In one instance, a will written on parchment was devoured all but the seal, greatly to the vexation of the individual at Demarara to whom it was addressed.

The Greeks knew a good many things; but if naturalists are to be believed, they did not know either the Norwegian rat or the black rat: a large-sized mouse was their familiar pest. Where the black rat originally came from is a mystery. Some suppose it to be a native of America. But how did it get here? Did it swim across Behring's Strait, and traverse the whole continent of Asia? One cause of its present rarity, besides the invasion mentioned above, is that it brings forth not more than five or six young at a time, and only once a year.

There are about one hundred species of rats, large and small, audacious and harmless; very few, however, devoid of the mischievous propensity. Nine inches is a respectable length for a Norway rat; but the *giant rat* of Malabar is twenty-four inches long—one half body, the other half tail. The *hamster* species swarms in the southern provinces of Russia, and has settlements in Hungary and Germany. They are excessively fond of liquorice, whether wild or cultivated, and find abundance of either in those countries, committing sad havoc in the plantations. For winter use, they store up in their burrows from twelve to one hundred pounds of grain in the ear and seeds in pods, all well cleaned and dried. The hamster is about the size of the Norway rat, but with a tail not more than three inches in length. It has a pouch in each cheek, not seen when empty, but when full, they resemble blown bladders coated with fur. These pouches are the animal's panniers, and are generally carried home well filled from foraging expeditions, when they are emptied by pressing the forepaws against them. Dr Russell, who dissected one of these rats, found the pouches filled with young French-beans, packed one upon the other so closely and skilfully, that the most expert fingers could not have economised the receptacle to greater advantage. When taken out and laid loosely, they formed a heap three times the bulk of the creature's body! The hamster, moreover, is brave as well as prudent, and shrinks from no enemy, be it man, horse, or dog: mere size has no terrors for it. If facing a dog, the rat empties his pouches of their contents, and then inflating them to the utmost, gives such a big, swollen appearance to his head and neck, as to present a most extraordinary contrast to his body.

The two sexes live apart in their habitations—the males in one set of chambers, the females in the other; a practice which again shews analogy between rats and some human sects. The peasants dig down to the burrows in winter, and seizing the stores of grain, and the torpid rats, they eat the flesh of the latter in some places, and sell their skins. In Germany, rewards are given by the authorities for all the rat-skins brought in; and it is on record in the town-hall of Gotha, that not fewer than 145,000 were paid for during three seasons.

Somewhat similar in habit is the *economic rat*, which is found inhabiting the American and Asiatic shores of the Arctic Ocean. This species generally form their abode in a turfy soil, where they excavate chambers a foot in diameter, with a flat arched roof, and at times thirty entrance-passages ramifying in different directions. Besides the lodging-vaults, they dig others, to be used as store-houses, and employ themselves during the summer in filling these with edible roots; and so careful are they over the task, that if the least trace of damp appears, they bring out the roots again and again on sunshiny days till they are sufficiently dried. Like their German congeners, they are exposed to pillage, especially in Kamtschatka, where the natives in winter often run short of provisions. They are found also in Iceland; but food being scant in that inhospitable country, the *economic* foragers have frequently to cross and recross rivers and lakes in their search for provant. Olaffsen relates that, on such occasions, 'the party, consisting of from six to ten, select a flat piece of dried cow-dung, on which they place the berries they have collected, in a heap in the middle; and then, by their united force, drawing it to the water's edge, launch it, and embark, placing themselves round the heap, with their heads joined over it, and their backs to the water, their tails pendent in the stream, and serving the purpose of rudders.'

Numerous small animals have been classed by some naturalists as rats, just as in the United States every insect resembling a chafer or beetle is called a 'bug.' Thus the ichneumon becomes *Pharaoh's rat*, and the lemmings, which appear at times in the north of Europe multitudinous as locusts, are set down as rats. Lemmings, however, *are* lemmings, and not rats, though where they come from is still a mystery. The learned Munster, in his *Cosmography*, says they have been 'manifestly observed by the inhabitants to descend and fall with some feculent showers,' which is certainly a very summary way of accounting for the phenomenon, if it were but true. According to old Pontoppidan, the peasants in one part of Norway used to hold a fast-day once a year, trusting thereby to get rid of the pest of rats, mice, and lemmings; and he gives the form of an exorcism used on such occasions, beginning with the words, *Exorcizo vos pestiferos vermes, mures*, &c.

There is another character in which rats have figured: they were once regarded as symbols of witchcraft. In Scotland, if by any chance a rat was ever seen on a cow's back, poor Brindle always 'dwined away' as an inevitable consequence. Then they shewed themselves impressible by a strange charm or spell. We have all heard of the Irish Whisperer, who could quiet the most restive and intractable horse by a whisper into his ear. Well, it appears that the bards of Ireland—that is, the hereditary race, not the interlopers—had the power of rhyming rats to death, as it was called; in other words, they put the creatures out of existence by reciting certain rhymes near their haunts. That there was something in this, may be gathered from the frequent allusions to the practice by writers within the

past four hundred years. Shakspeare makes Rosalind speak of it in words that seem to anticipate a modern theory; and Ben Jonson, in his *Poetaster*, has—

> Rhime them to death, as they do Irish rats,
> In drumming tunes.

In the *Rhythmes against Martin Mar-Prelate*, also the possibility of rhyming rats to death is indicated in the lines—

> I am a rimer of the Irish race,
> And have already rimde thee staring mad;
> But if thou cease not thy bold jests to spread,
> I'll never leave till I have rimde thee dead.

And again, a mention of the practice is to be found in Sir Philip Sidney's writings; and Swift, with covert humour, says, rhyming to death was a power that continued to his day. May we not add, to ours?

Among other particulars of this curious subject, published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, we are informed that Senchan, a famous poet of Connaught, dining one day at the king's palace, was robbed of one course by certain mice, which, during his temporary absence from the table, cleared the dish. Perceiving what had happened on his return, he began to speak a rhyme denouncing the mice, setting forth their mischief, and ending with a command:—

> You mice, which are in the roof of the house,
> Arise all of you, and fall down.

Whereupon ten mice fell immediately dead to the floor.

The potency of the spell was supposed to consist in the satire, more or less pungent, conveyed in the lines. Satire has always been dreaded in Ireland; so much so, that laws were made against it at an early period. Rats, too, have been much dreaded, and not without reason; for in the newspapers of our own day, we sometimes read of infants being attacked by these predaceous animals. Many in Ireland regret that St Patrick did not banish them with the snakes. Belief in the effect of the rhyme has held its ground even to the present century. It is on record, that about 1716, the Rev. John O'Mulconry, who came of the hereditary bards, banished the rats which had long swarmed in Kilferagh church-yard in such prodigious numbers that an interment could never take place without alarm; and of bodies newly buried, nothing but bones remained the second day. The worthy curate, it appears, worked the spell effectually, for a farmer who was out at early morn looking after his crops and cattle about four miles from the church, saw, to quote the chronicle, 'a rather thick and low fog or mist, confined to a narrow breadth, but extending in length almost across the bog. Surprised at such a phenomenon, he stood to observe it more closely; but his surprise was soon increased when he perceived it moving directly towards him, and with remarkable velocity. He immediately thought of his hitherto invisible neighbours, the fairies; and, thinking it would be as well not to stand in their way, he ran as fast as he could to get out of their line of march, which, having succeeded in doing, he turned to have a view of them. But his surprise was much greater at seeing in this mist a long compact train of rats, numbering hundreds of thousands, and crushing to the ground everything in the way of plant or shrub that opposed their progress.' They climbed walls and dikes, and such impediments as stood in their way, and passing through a field of standing wheat, they left a broad gap in it completely levelled. After a course of five miles they arrived at a sandy flat on the shore of the Shannon, where they speedily established a new settlement. Soon, however, the fishermen who frequented the locality complained of the injury done to their nets and other tackle by the gnawings of the vermin; and the disappearance of the rats from the church-yard, and their appearance on the flat having been much talked of in the neighbourhood, a party of a hundred men assembled with spades and sticks to dig out and exterminate the unwelcome intruders. But though great numbers were killed, the rats defended themselves so vigorously, that the men were at last forced to betake themselves to flight, fully convinced that no mere human effort would ever expel the mischievous colony.

Even so lately as 1820, there was a man at Kilkee, who, by means of an ancient rhyme which he knew, banished rats from his house and mill; and it is still believed in Limerick, that certain men lived not long ago in that city, who, by some occult agency, could compel all the rats in a ship to come and cut their throats on an open razor fixed to the deck.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

THE next morning Robert called again on Sir Vivian Falcontower. Lord Luxton he was told was dead; the family had left town, and might be absent for some time; there was no letter or message for him. The crisis was then past. His fantastic speculation had failed; the fascinating smile of Claudia was nothing more than an ignis-fatuus; and her father was a—a right honourable. He must now be once more a hand-worker; stealing from the night sufficient time for the labour of the brain, and awaiting patiently the slow course of events. Patiently! Robert was no philosopher, and no hero. With one half of what he had been virtually promised, and by Sir Vivian's own admission had fairly earned, Sara might have been his! She loved *him*—this he devoutly believed, for in her noble nature there was no guile and no faltering; she would even consent to descend from her position to his, battle by his side with a courage as high as his own, and more hopeful, and waste her young and promising life in an obscure struggle for the means of subsistence. He knew now the strength of his hopes by the wrench with which they parted from his heart. The dream he had indulged during his compact with Sir Vivian, dim and indefinite at the time, was now seen distinctly for a moment—like a sinking ship revealed by lightning—before it disappeared for ever; and when it was gone, the world seemed to have passed away, and he felt as if standing alone in the immensity of space.

Misty—misty—misty was the Common through which he wandered as he turned away from Sir Vivian's door. There were voices around, but they had no articulate sound for him; figures glided past, but they were shadows, without form and void; the rain beat once more on his uncovered head, and the pools of Wearyfoot plashed beneath his feet; but the only tears that now blinded his eyes were large drops of sweat that had rolled over his cold brow.

While Robert was pursuing his metaphorical journey, making the way to Great Russell Street as long as possible, that he might have time to recover from the shock he had received, the family were waiting his arrival to get his escort to some more of the sights of London. Elizabeth was in her own room. The captain and Sara were in the parlour, the former employed in spelling through the morning newspaper in his usual straightforward way, and now in the midst of the deaths.

'I declare,' cried he, 'here is Lord Luxton dead! That is the brother of Sir Vivian Falcontower, and one of Bob's friends. I wonder if he has left him anything—no, not a penny, I'll be sworn. Do you know

Sara—talking of that—I was quite grieved the other day to see you come out of the shop with Elizabeth, so happy, so fresh, so rich looking; you had been buying the handsome what-d'ye-call-ems for your hair, and I assure you it quite made my heart ache: no easy matter to do, you know, for the heart of an old soldier grows into cast iron.'

'And why, dear uncle, should you be grieved at my even looking happy?'

'Why, didn't you see? There was poor Bob, like one of the monuments in Westminster Abbey, so pale and still they are, and with eyes that don't seem to see what they are looking at. And as proud and stuck-up, too, was Bob, and as hard as the marble they are made of: he had just refused his share of my windfall, and he grasped the hand that had the money in it like a vice, and put it away without speaking. No, you shouldn't have looked that way, Sara! What a thing it is that the poor fellow has no father to do anything for him, and that he won't let me stand in his father's stead.'

'He loves you like a son,' said Sara softly.

'I know that—there's just the hardship: he would fight for me, starve for me, die for me; but when it comes to money, then he remembers that there is no blood of mine in his veins, and he will not let me be a father. What could have made *him* so proud?'

'Nature,' replied Sara. 'Many of us are born with good and great qualities that never come to light for want of circumstances to develop them. In Robert they have all germinated, and among the rest that manliness which is often erroneously called pride.'

'But what is to be done, Sara? If circumstances, in which I have had so great a part myself, have made him a gentleman in spirit, can I look on and see him a mechanic in station? What I offered him, I allow, would do but little permanent good—still it would enable him at least to carry on the war handsomely among those proud people who are at present hesitating as to whether they will own him or not; and it would put him more on a footing with that prodigiously fine girl we saw, who is now an honourable, and of course rolling in wealth; and who knows what might happen? This, however, is only a dream, that might come true by chance, or might not, for he is not one to disguise himself in externals, and set up for a fortune-hunter; but Bob is a clever fellow—a prodigiously clever fellow—and if he had a bit of real capital to start with, he might mount like a rocket. That's what I have been thinking of; that's what has taken away my night's rest; and if we could only hit upon some scheme to make him consider what he gets his own and use it as such, I see my way well enough to perform the duty that devolved upon me when I gathered in that poor boy out of the mist of Wearyfoot Common!' The veteran's face glowed as he spoke, and Sara felt her eyes fill as she looked at him. His hair had whitened a good deal, and his still delicate complexion and soft blue eye were no longer concealed by the mass of shadow once thrown upon them by his iron-gray whiskers, beard, and eyebrows. It was vain for the captain now to affect the ogre. His real nature was detected through all disguises; and the very blindest saw in his expression the spirit of a gentleman mellowed by the simplicity of a child, and the gentleness of a woman.

'Now, Sara,' continued he, 'you will perhaps think me selfish; you will suppose the old campaigner is at his tricks, and wanting to indulge himself at the expense of another. But I have sounded Elizabeth, and she sees no objection—she rarely does, you know, when there's nothing against her hypothenuses—and the only one I have now to consult is you. You see, my lass, I have not myself a great deal of money. There is only what is left of the amount that was saved up for the commission, and the windfall I got t'other day, besides the other dividends that are to come: that is not anything like enough. And so—you see, Sara, you are a great rich woman: still you mustn't think me selfish; I hope it is not that; I am almost sure it is not that'——

'I will swear it is not that!'

'Ah! you are a good girl, a kind-hearted girl, a generous, high-spirited girl: I think you will excuse me when I explain it. And so'——

'Uncle, speak out! Your hesitation distresses—almost insults me. Surely you cannot expect opposition from me! Only tell me what, when, how, for I consent before you ask!'

'Well, well, I was sure it would be so. The thing is this. You know Elizabeth is to be my heir, and you of course hers. But a single lady of small income doesn't want a large house, does she? Not very badly, I think. A cottage would do, wouldn't it? I think it would. And Elizabeth thinks so too. Poor Elizabeth! she is always so noble, so disinterested; and since you take after her, Sara, why the business is settled. What I want to do is to sell the Lodge.' Sara did not expect this, for if the good captain had a pride upon earth his pride was the Lodge: she seemed struck dumb for a moment; and then throwing herself upon the veteran's neck, she gave vent to a passionate burst of tears.

'Don't take on so,' said the captain, working hard to keep in the rebellious drops. 'I would not have thought of taking this advantage of her, unless I had now wherewith to insure my life to make up for it so far as money goes. But she *is* a noble creature, isn't she, our Elizabeth? Poor soul! and she so fond of the house, and the name, and the garden, and the walks behind it! But never mind, we'll be all the more kind to her in the cottage; we'll lighten the sacrifice in every way in our power; and make her so comfortable that at last she will forget the Lodge altogether, or at least only think of it softly and dimly as she thinks of poor Mollison.'

All this being settled, the important question was, how to get the intended gift palmed upon Robert as something that was his own? The sum contemplated was a thousand pounds; and with this wealth at his back, the captain fancied his protégé might defy the world. Even Sara was not slow to be persuaded of the fact, for her knowledge of money was founded solely on the experience she had acquired in the economical housekeeping of Semple Lodge; but in regard to the schemes proposed by the captain for blinding Robert to the nature of the windfall, she was far more difficult. One after another she dismissed as impracticable, and ended by begging her uncle to leave the subject, in the meantime, to her consideration. There was no hurry, she argued, for a few days; and, at anyrate, nothing could be done in it till they were just leaving town, for they would be sure to betray themselves by their looks when questioned by Robert.

'So, dear uncle,' she continued, 'you must, for the present, merely beat time. Since you have taken me into consultation, you should not stir a step without my knowledge. May I depend upon this? Do you give me your promise?'

'Of course I do. I will, in the meantime, merely see about the title-deeds, and so on, and put the thing in train, so that as soon as we hit upon a plan, the sale can be effected.'

'Even that will be imprudent. We shall be much with Robert, you know; and as he is not aware of any private business you can have to transact in London, the least motion on your part will ultimately lead to detection. Promise me, dear uncle, that you will do nothing before consulting further with me—nothing to which I am not a party myself. Only promise me this—do!' Sara spoke eagerly, and with a flushed face, and the veteran looked at her with anxiety.

'I promise,' said he, 'and that is enough. But I don't like your appearance, Sara: your cheeks are burning, your eyes have a hot light, and your manner is feverish. You are not well yet. We must get everything over as fast as possible, and go back to Wearyfoot. For my part, I wish now we had never left it; we could have managed our business well enough through some lawyer fellow; and even Bob's money would have come to him less suspiciously if we were at a distance. All we have got by coming here is seeing the play; Elizabeth does not look as if she knew she was out of her own parlour; Molly is as cross as two sticks, and flings about like a mad drum-major of ours, with a name as like her own as if they were twins; a name—no, not exactly in one syllable; in fact it was rather a long name than otherwise—a very long name: but—here comes Elizabeth, looking as if she couldn't help it, and didn't care.'

Robert's walk had restored his firmness; and when he presented himself that forenoon to his country friends, they even thought from his manner that he had heard satisfactory news. To their inquiries, he replied merely that in consequence of the sudden death of Lord Luxton, the Falcontower family had left town. To Sara he spoke kindly, but not familiarly, and took no notice whatever of the peculiarity in her appearance that had been observed by her uncle. This peculiarity gradually disappeared; the hot light died in her eyes; and a cold still reserve mantled over the whole expression. She, likewise, spoke kindly—but distantly. It might have seemed that a gulf of deep smooth water was between them, over which their voices were wafted melodiously to the ear, but inarticulate to the heart.

Sara, too, was resolved. It was clear to her that Robert had fallen, she knew not how, under the dominion of that terrible Claudia, whose image had so long haunted her. It was clear that he had struggled; that he had yielded; that he felt remorse; that at times, in the absence of the enchantress, a dying gleam of the old passion shot up in his heart and in his eyes; and that his whole bearing to her was characterised by the stern unbending honour of his character. There were moments, however, when she thought he did not love Claudia; that in some fated moment ambition had aided the spells of her beauty and her genius; and that he had fallen into toils from which it was at once impossible and dishonourable to escape. But whichever of these hypotheses was the true one, Sara's course was clear. She would not be an object of pity—on that she was resolved—unless she died in the struggle to conceal her feelings; and, guiltless as he was—for she devoutly believed him to be the unwilling victim of some infatuation or fatality—he should owe no pang to her that she could save him.

That forenoon was devoted to some of the ordinary lions of London; and Robert, by strong self-compulsion, threw his mind into the subjects before them, till he eventually forgot his own individuality in the interest they excited. Sara, too, was gradually withdrawn from herself, till she listened with absorbed attention. Never before had she been so much struck with the boldness and originality of his views, with the freshness he conferred upon topics the most hackneyed and worn out, with the power he possessed of giving life to inanimate objects, and of dissipating the shadows that obscure the past. He addressed himself to the three collectively, but she knew that it was for her advantage he spoke, and that he did so unconsciously, as if from a habit of his mind. In this particular his conversation reminded her of his letters from school, and she wondered whether, at each new flight his genius had taken from the small vantage-ground of scholastic learning, he had thought of his poor pupil. To-day, at anyrate, he did think of her, at least in the intellectual part, and she was inexpressibly gratified to find him taking every opportunity of indoctrinating her with his own opinions in reference to the subjects of her studies. On one occasion, for instance, when the captain had expressed his astonishment at the ease with which he translated certain Latin inscriptions in Westminster Abbey, she asked him whether he did so literally, or transfused the meaning, as it were, into English.

'I make the inquiry,' she added, 'because I have recently been doing a little Italian into English, and I was puzzled to know which is the best method.'

'In translating inscriptions,' replied Robert, 'or history, biography, science—anything that depends upon the truth of facts, the translation should be as literal as the idiom of the language permits. But it is poetry you are busy with, and that is in a different category; inasmuch as poetry speaks to us, in great part, by means of images, which in the course of time, and the conversion of language, may lose their value and significance. For instance, the Homeric expression, 'cow-eyed or ox-eyed Juno,' would do very well with us in a travesty of the great epic, but in a serious translation so ludicrous an idea—and one that does not give *us* the faintest notion of the sense of the author—should not be admitted. In a case like this, I think the image should be dropped, and only its meaning translated. The object of poetry is not to communicate facts, but to give enjoyment of a fine and lofty nature; and anything that interrupts this, bespeaks, on the part of the translator, a want both of taste and fidelity.' Such dry discussions, as the reader probably thinks them, were very delightful for Sara. They kept her mind in contact with Robert's, and prevented her from thinking of the gulf that was between their fortunes.

In the afternoon, or what was such to them, they looked on for awhile at the fashionables taking their forenoon ride, or saunter, in Hyde Park, and then lounged away through the trees in the direction of the Serpentine River. They were followed at a distance by two gentlemen, the older of whom at one time seemed anxious to restrain the other.

'I tell you what, Fancourt,' said Adolphus, 'I have more than once suspected that in this matter you have all along been playing into my mother's hand! She desired to break off my suit to a young lady in the country, and just at the àpropos moment comes your proposal that I shall lay siege to a woman of rank and fashion much higher than my own.'

'Well, Dolphy,' replied Fancourt languidly, 'you acted upon my proposal, and have now received the father's permission to pay your addresses, and his promise to render you all the aid in his power. What then?'

'Just this: that you believed from the first that I had no chance whatever with Miss Falcontower—which, by the way, has latterly been one great reason why I persevered against hope—and even against my own wishes.'

'Against your own wishes!'

'Yes; for this curious Claudia had begun to tire, and, in fact, at times to alarm me. Her very imperiousness at first was attractive; the strange passiveness with which I yielded myself to her power made me feel as if I was under fascination, and gave an air of romance to my position, the very dimness and mystery of which blinded and bewildered me. But after a time I was startled when I reflected that marriage is not a scene in a comedy or a chapter in a romance, and when I began to picture this heroine of my imagination in the character of a wife. The intimacy she had somehow formed with the fellow Oaklands was another staggerer, when I turned the thing coolly over in my mind, and more especially when it occurred to me that neither before nor after marriage would it be possible for human power to divert her from any fancy she had once taken into her head.'

'In a word, the fair Claudia's theory had failed her

once more; and you—but that is the mystery—why did you propose when you no longer desired to marry her?'

'Because I was a fool; because it was obvious that *you* considered my suit hopeless; and because I fancied somehow it was necessary to go on. I did so; I took the irrevocable step; and that very evening—but you will laugh!—well, what is that to me? I am independent of your opinion; I am the head of my family; and I have a right to do, and think, and feel as I choose!'

'Surely you have. But what's in the wind now? It was Sir Vivian Falcontower who promised you his influence with Claudia, not Lord Luxton: you will find that both his lordship and his honourable daughter will now look quite over the head of a commoner—so your proposal is the same as if it never had been made.'

'I am quite aware of that, and I await the rejection of my suit with much philosophy.'

'Then whence the heroics? That very evening? Why, on that evening you were at the play—have you been smitten by an actress, and is the mad Orlando now your part?'

'On the contrary, I have been recalled to my senses. Your "rosy-cheeked apple" won't pass with me now, for I have seen specimens of all varieties of fruit, and am a connoisseur. In short, I am no longer to be blinded by your sneers, for I can oppose to them my own knowledge and judgment: that evening I saw Miss Semple at the theatre; and I can undertake to say that, although without the brilliance of Claudia, she is as superior to her in real beauty and true dignity of deportment, as she is in nobleness of character.'

'Miss Semple!' mused Fancourt—'is that the animated wax-figure I had the honour of dancing with at the Hall? She *is* dignified, I admit—or something or other, I can't tell what. She made me, I know, feel deucedly queer; and I am sure, notwithstanding the excitement of dancing, my temperature fell seven or eight degrees Fahrenheit, at the least.'

'Come, that won't pass,' said Seacole, smiling in spite of himself, 'for you acknowledged her niece at the time to be both the most beautiful and the most distingué-looking girl in the room; and a few minutes ago you paid her unconscious homage, by affirming that the figure of the lady—of that lady before us—was absolutely perfection.'

'Oh, I see! I now call the whole thing to mind. So, that is Rosy-apple, is it, with the hairy captain? But who is that handsome young fellow gallanting my partner?—I begin to feel jealous there.'

'That fellow is Oaklands.'

'Indeed! I don't wonder now at your dislike to him. A prodigiously fine young man he is—just the figure and bearing of the conventional nobleman, of an earl, or baron at the least, of the drama or the novel. I should not like such a fellow to be on intimate terms with any Rosy-apple of mine!'

'It won't do, Fancourt: I am quite comfortable. They were brought up together as brother and sister, and have not met till now since long before I came of age. I watched them like a hawk the whole evening in the theatre, without being seen myself; and even now, so far from walking side by side, they have never exchanged either word or look for the last half-hour. It is clear to me, what I suspected before, that Oaklands has been scorched in the blaze of Claudia's eyes; and it is equally clear, that if he ever had the impudence to think of the niece of his patron with other feelings than those of the beggarly dependent he was, she now observes the change with profound indifference. I must speak to them, and get their address.'

'Wait till you are formally off with Claudia,' said Fancourt, laying his hand upon his friend's arm. 'Your man Poringer will manage to ferret them out easily enough. Come, take my advice.'

'I have taken it once too often,' replied Seacole, doggedly: 'Claudia's answer I am sure of; and the moment I receive it—which will be the day after she returns to town—I will demand one from Sara, which my mother prevented me from obtaining on the night of the fête at the Hall.' There was a surly stubbornness in his manner while he said this, which gave Fancourt to understand, for he was an observer of character, that further opposition would be useless, and both gentlemen quickened their steps till they came very near the party they pursued.

'I say, Fancourt,' said Seacole, now hanging back a little—'since you are so famous at giving advice, I want you to tell me what you think I should say. The fact is, I put the question to Miss Semple point blank—my mother interrupted us—and I have never seen her since. That is awkward, isn't it? I feel decidedly queer.'

'My advice is just what I have already given: I would certainly counsel you'—— But at the moment the enemy wheeled about on their return home, and in another minute the two parties met face to face.

The meeting was not so unpleasant for Seacole as he had anticipated. He was rather an object of compassion than anything else in the captain's eyes, and was besides associated with some ideas of the comic which influenced his reception by the veteran. As for Sara, on seeing suddenly the favoured lover of her girlhood, and in the presence of another to whom her woman's heart had been irrevocably given, a painful blush suffused her face—not the less painful that she knew herself to be at the moment the object of Robert's scrutinising gaze. Seacole's countenance reflected the suffusion; but his eyes blazed with a triumphant light, altogether different from the beams that were hidden beneath Sara's drooping lids. He addressed to her, however, only a few common-place words, and then directed his discourse to the captain, giving him an account of a review which was speedily to take place in the Park.

'Will Miss Semple,' said Fancourt to Elizabeth, 'deign to recall to her remembrance the partner who had the honour of dancing with her at the Hall?'

'The action of the memory,' replied the virgin, 'is for the most part spontaneous. I remember distinctly a white cravat on the occasion referred to, and that cravat I have every reason to believe was on the neck of the gentleman who now speaks to me.' This was so far satisfactory; and the hermit of the Albany entered freely into conversation with our spinster, and being an observant man of the world, succeeded very soon in regaining the place in her esteem of which his letter to Seacole, sent to them by Miss Heavystoke, had for a time dispossessed him. As they arrived at a more crowded part of the ring, where a hurried motion now and then took place among the spectators, for the purpose of observing some passing equipage of more than ordinary pretension, our promenaders were obliged to separate, and a different arrangement of the interlocutors took place. The captain was in advance, and Adolphus found himself the escort of Sara.

'Miss Semple,' said he, 'pardon my abruptness, for there is no opportunity for ceremony. The last time I conversed with you alone, we were interrupted by my mother; and for awhile I thought it fortunate that such was the case, for, judging by what you had said, I had a nervous dread of what was to come. I resolved to give you time for reflection. The time I assigned in my own mind has almost passed, and very soon I shall entreat to be permitted at least to renew the friendly intercourse that was once the happiness of my life.'

'I cannot have the least objection,' replied Sara quietly, 'to meet on friendly terms the visitors in

my uncle's house. If you are invited there, I shall not have any disinclination to receive you as an acquaintance.'

'And this is all? O Sara—O Miss Semple!'——

'Mr Seacole,' interrupted Sara, 'I cannot help feeling some shame on your account! Perhaps it is wrong in me to express it; perhaps it may even be considered indelicate to mention what has come to my knowledge; but I have not mingled much with society, and I may be excused for being ignorant of its punctilios. At anyrate, I cannot see a gentleman who has treated me with kindness and distinction place himself in the humiliating position you seem desirous of occupying; and I will therefore say at once, that when you were in the neighbourhood of Luxton Castle, I was in correspondence with my former governess, Miss Heavystoke, and that she forwarded to me a letter from your friend, Mr Fancourt, which you returned to her, with angry contempt, in mistake for mine.' Adolphus seemed thunder-struck for a moment; but he soon recovered.

'Your generosity,' said he, 'should not surprise me, for it is only consistent with your character. But I am in reality more the object of wonder and commiseration than contempt; for the infatuation into which I fell for a moment, while smarting under your virtual rejection, was no more my fault than if I had been struck by the pestilence as it passed by! You do not know the individual you allude to—you do not know the nature of the power she exercises, although so speedily neutralised in my case by a holier enchantment—you do not know'——

'I know all.'

'Do you know that *he* whom you regarded as a teacher—he, of whose knowledge, self-possession, and strength of character you had formed so lofty an idea'——

'No more: I know all!' She looked back, shudderingly. They were now clear of the crowd. Robert was at some distance behind, walking slowly, with erect figure, fixed eyes—silent, desolate, alone. Sara thought little about herself at that moment; but she could have wept for him.

THE PUN UPON NAMES.

Palter with us in a double sense.

Amongst the most inveterate tendencies of our corrupt nature, one not the least difficult to eradicate is that of punning. In the most exalted stations, indeed, no less than in the lowest, we find a constant straining after verbal witticism; and not only do popes, prelates, and princes forget the cares of church and state in this seductive pastime, but the swink hedger, as he sits at his supper, utters his stupid joke, and is refreshed. Circumstances the most solemn, instead of repressing this tendency, frequently call it into more active exercise. Dr Johnson, indeed, in the preface to his edition of Shakspeare, severely censures that writer for playing with words upon serious occasions. 'A quibble,' says he, 'was to him the fatal Cleopatra; for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.' It must, however, be remembered, that though the doctor made sturdy efforts to emancipate the drama from the restrictions in which the writers of the French classical school had cabined, cribbed, and confined it, he had not entirely extricated his own mind from their hateful trammels. The truth and reality whose claims he advocated, though a great improvement upon the false and freezing conceptions of Corneille and Racine, yet fall very far short of actual life.

The censure, indeed, which he casts upon Shakspeare, must be shared by nearly all the great writers of ancient and modern times; nay, nature herself must be brought to the bar, for no one who is conversant with real scenes of distress will venture to deny that grief and indignation, no less than mirth and gaiety, find vent in these sports of the fancy. In short, wherever we turn our eyes, a quibble of this sort stares us in the face, now puzzling us in the devices of heralds, and now warning us in solemn accents from the tomb.

The pun or metaphor derived from the names of persons and places, is one which Aristotle has not disdained to recommend to the use of the student of his *Rhetoric;* and in this paper we propose giving a few of the many instances which are scattered up and down the wide field of history and literature; and we shall begin with those which are the exponents of grief and despair.

The Hebrews, more than any other people, seem to have found relief for sorrow and every other perturbation of mind in thus playing with names: the numerous examples in the Old Testament are too well known to be brought forward here, and we shall content ourselves with citing one only, which strikes us as especially pathetic. Naomi, the bereaved wife and mother, returning with her daughter-in-law to her own people—we are told that it came to pass, when they came to Bethlehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said: 'Is this Naomi?' And she said unto them: 'Call me not Naomi; call me Marah,* for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.'

The great trio of Athenian dramatists abound in instances of this kind; but these we pass hastily over, as it is manifest that such passages lose more than any others by translation; and were we to cite them in the original, the fairer portion of our readers might with reason complain that we were far too learned to be agreeable. We will, therefore, only say that the Ajax or *Aias* of Sophocles finds his misfortunes foreboded by his name, which bears a fatal resemblance to the *Aiai* or exclamation of wo.

We now turn to the writers of our own country, who yield to neither Hebrew nor Greek in expression of pathos; and our first instance we take from the scene in which the volatile and licentious Richard visits his dying uncle.

K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is't with aged *Gaunt?*
Gaunt. O how that name befits my composition!
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and *gaunt* in being old.
Within me grief has kept a tedious fast,
And who abstains from meat that is not *gaunt?*—
For sleeping England long time have I watched;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all *gaunt.*
The pleasures that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast; I mean—my children's looks.
And therein fasting hast thou made me *gaunt.*
Gaunt am I from the grave, *gaunt* as a grave,
Whose hollow tomb inherits nought but bones.

The poet Wither, lamenting the declining estate of his family, is weighty and elegant—

The very name of *Wither* shews decay.

Perhaps, however, Robert Davenport, in his play of *King John and Matilda*, first acted in 1690, is more successful than either. Hubert is introduced recapitulating to the English barons a long series of injuries done them; then turning to Fitzwater, whose daughter had been violated by John, he exclaims:

And thou, Fitzwater, reflect upon thy name,
And turn the *son of tears.*†

In Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, Viola having escaped from shipwreck, and supposing her brother to have been drowned, inquires the name of the country on

* *Naomi*, pleasant; *Marah*, bitter.

† *Fitzwater*, the son of water. We almost wish that Davenport had written—

And thou, Fitzwater, reflect upon thy name,
Indeed a son of tears.

which she has landed, and the captain answering Illyria, she replies prettily enough:

> And what should I do in *Illyria?*
> My brother, he is in *Elysium.*

The last instance we shall bring forward in this kind, though not strictly a play upon the name of person or place, is so closely akin to the subject, and so excellent in itself, that we do not hesitate to introduce it. The unhappy Duke of Buckingham, being led to execution, inquires of those around him—

> This is All-Souls-Day, fellows, is it not?
> *Sher.* It is, my lord.
> *Buck.* Why, then, All-Souls-Day is my body's dooms-day.
> This is the day which, in King Edward's time,
> I wished might fall on me, when I was found
> False to his children or his wife's allies.
> This is the day wherein I wished to fall
> By the false faith of him whom most I trusted.
> This, the All-Souls-Day to my fearful soul,
> Is the determined respite of my wrongs.
> *King Richard III.* Act v. Scene i.

In the dramatic entertainments of modern times, it is found expedient, after depressing the spirits of the spectators by the solemnity of tragedy, to dismiss them cheered and revived by a light and airy farce. Imitating that example, we now turn from instances of sorrow and wo to those of compliment and raillery.

At some era during the Roman Empire — but whether that of Nero or of the Antonines, or what other, depends upon the date assigned to the *Satyricon* of Petronius, a question which Burmann, Ignarra, and Niebuhr must settle among them—persons aiming at an air of good *ton* used to interlard their conversation with quibbles of this sort. Thus the wealthy parvenu Trimalchio takes care not to omit this point in his celebrated entertainment, and accordingly gives his carver the name of *Carpus;* so that in crying *Carpe, Carpe* (carve, carve), he at once names the man, and gives him directions. So also Martial represents Æmilianus, a person of somewhat similar character, as giving his cook the name of *Mistyllus*—the Greek word *Mistylle* being nearly equivalent to the Latin *Carpe.*

Returning to Shakspeare, we find the shipwrecked heir of Naples, as might be expected from his rank and education, far more felicitous. Addressing the daughter of Prospero, he says:

> I do beseech you
> (Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers),
> What is your name?

The lady replies:

> *Miranda.* Oh, my father,
> I have broke your hest to say so!

The youth, however, reassures her:

> *Admired Miranda—*
> Indeed the top of *admiration*—worth
> What's dearest in the world.

In the *Magic Ring* of De la Motte Fouqué, the fair Lisberta of *Milan* is dignified with the title of Die *mailichste* blume des lieblich *Mailand;* and in *Much Ado About Nothing,* the man-hating Beatrice complaining of sickness, her cousin and her cousin's maid take occasion to rally her on a supposed affection for the woman-hating Benedick.

> *Beat.* By my troth, I am sick.
> *Marg.* Get you some of the distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it's the only thing for a qualm.
> *Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle.
> *Beat.* Benedictus? Why Benedictus? You have some moral in this Benedictus.
> *Marg.* Moral? No, by my troth, I have no moral meaning: I meant plain holy-thistle.

For a *jeu-d'esprit* of this kind, however, M. Alcide Mirobolant must be admitted to carry off the palm. Most of our readers are aware that this great *artiste* conceived a romantic but misplaced attachment for Miss Blanche Amory, the daughter of the house in which he was *chef de cuisine.* In a moment of inspiration, he bethought himself of declaring, or rather of delicately intimating, his passion in a manner which only his own words can do justice to. We shall simply here say, that the object of his affections receiving at dinner some 'comrades of the pension,' he served up a repast entirely in accordance with her 'lovely name of *Blanche,*' only permitting himself one brown thing in the whole entertainment—a little roast of lamb. We are not surprised to learn that his compliment met with a perfect success. 'I stood at the door,' says he, 'to watch the effect. It was but one cry of admiration. The three young ladies filled their glasses with the sparkling Aij, and carried me in a toast. I heard it—I heard miss speak of me—I heard her say: "Tell Monsieur Mirobolant that we thank him—we admire him—we love him." My feet almost failed me as she spoke.'

Not only youths and virgins, however, but, as was hinted before, saints and fathers of the church, find relaxation and solace in these sports of the fancy. St Jerome, writing to Desiderius, says: 'Salutation unto thee, and thy holy and venerable sister Serenilla, who, true to her name, has passed the stormy waves of the world, and arrived at Christ's own *calm;* though your name, too, is not without good augury; for we read that the holy Daniel was called a man of *desires,* because he desired to know the mysteries of God.'

Again, in Jerome's *Epistle to Principia,* he plays upon the name of Macarius, the pupil of his early friend, but subsequent enemy, Rufinus. 'Then, too,' says he, 'there arrived in Rome *Olbius,** who might have been true to his name, had he not fallen in with so pernicious a master.'

Sometimes, again, the pun on the name is used to convey something of warning in addition to compliment. Thus in Massinger's *Picture,* Mathias, a knight of Bohemia, on leaving his wife Sophia for the wars, urges her not to give way to excessive grief.

> Be now, as thy name,
> Truly interpreted,† has ever spoke thee,
> Wise and discreet, and to thy understanding
> Marry thy constant patience.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A LATE return from St Martin's-le-Grand shews that in one week of the present year 8,329,000 letters passed through the Post-office. No wonder that, with such an increase, the busy establishment is straitened for room! Where is it to stop? or is it one of those growths which admit of continuous expansion? Trade has much to do with it, for the exports of last year were nearly *sixteen millions* more than in 1852. The amount of business represented by such a sum is indeed enormous, and yet it is merely something over and above the ordinary aggregate. Art and science, too, contribute their share to the increase, as those best know who are engaged in promoting either. Scientific societies now avail themselves largely of the post-office, and send reports of their proceedings to all parts of the world.

The past month shews that the spirit of invention has not been idle. Dr Stenhouse comes forward with his 'Charcoal Respirator'—that is, a respirator so

* The unlearned reader may need to be informed that the words *Macarius* and *Olbius* both signify *fortunate.*

† *Sophia,* wisdom.

contrived as to hold a thin layer of charcoal-powder between the two sheets of fine wire gauze through which the air passes. This being fitted to the mouth in the usual way, will enable the wearer to breathe anywhere and everywhere, in a contaminated or contagious atmosphere, with impunity. The utility of such an instrument is at once obvious: it may be worn in cholera and fever hospitals, on board infected ships, amid the deadly miasm of New Orleans or the plague quarter of Constantinople; and we are assured, that with one of these respirators over the mouth, no harm has resulted from breathing the most offensive and noxious gases.

The idea was suggested by certain recent experiments which have brought to light a most remarkable effect of charcoal in the decomposition of animal substances. Mr Turnbull of Glasgow having buried a dead dog in charcoal-powder in an open shallow box, found, at the end of six months, but little of the animal left except the bones, so complete was the decomposition. And notwithstanding that the box was left uncovered, and the layer of powder above the dog not more than an inch in thickness, no offensive effluvium was at any time perceptible. Similar experiments have been made since, and with the same result. Here we have an important preventive agent against danger arising from a corpse in a house or on board ship, and, as Dr Stenhouse points out, a foul church-yard may be purified by spreading a layer of charcoal over the surface; while, by putting charcoal in the coffins in all future interments, the work of decomposition would be hastened and rendered innocuous. Seeing the probability of a series of skirmishes with the cholera during the coming summer, and the necessity for further sanitation, we consider this subject of the application of charcoal every way worthy of attention.

Important also in a sanitary point of view is the washing-machine invented by Mr Moseley of Birmingham. A really effective apparatus of this sort has long been a desideratum, and here it appears to be realised; for the dirty linen is literally taken in at one end, and turned out at the other thoroughly cleansed and wrung. Besides saving of hand-labour, there is great saving of time; the machine will wash in a quarter-hour as much as a washerwoman in a day. Then there is the contrivance by which all domestic fireplaces are to be made to consume their own smoke—the invention of Dr Arnott, to whom society is already largely indebted for sundry improvements in the art of heating and ventilation. The grate is to be fed at the bottom, so that the smoke and gases rising through the fire above will be consumed, instead of, as at present, flying off in waste to foul the atmosphere; and the chimney throat is cone-shaped with a valve at its upper extremity, to regulate the passage of air, whereby heat is economised. The apparatus can be fitted to any ordinary grate; and we are told, that with this, eighteen pounds of coal suffice to keep an average sized room at a temperature of 65 degrees for twenty-four hours. Dr Franklin in his day saw the absurdity of feeding a fire from the top, and he contrived a pivot-grate, which being inverted to receive its supply of coal below, was then swung back to its usual position. Dr Arnott, however, effects the purpose in a more convenient way, and we hope to see his apparatus adopted in every house. When that shall be done, we may trust that even our great manufacturing towns will be no longer shut from the blue sky that stretches over all.

It has been suggested more than once, that heat might be supplied to houses as well as water or gas. The experiment would be worth trying; and the blocks of houses building in flats in Westminster offer good scope for a trial. The gas supply, too, needs looking after: the quantity consumed yearly in the metropolis is 4,000,000,000 cubic feet; and if the quality were accordant, we should have something like the perfection of artificial light. But Dr Letheby, who is investigating the subject for the corporation, has shewn that the London gas is exceedingly impure, injurious alike to house, health, and atmosphere, and manifestly in need of improvement. The question has been recently taken up in Paris, and the commission appointed to examine it express astonishment in their report to the Académie, 'that while we see every day with what minute care numberless articles of merchandise are weighed or measured, consumers of gas are content to measure the volume received only, and not its quality; when, as is well known, accidents or fraud in the manufacture, or admixture of atmospheric air, will cause a loss of from 20 to 50 per cent. in illuminating power.' This is taking a true view of the point at issue; and we agree with the recommendation of the commission, that gas should be purchased by its light-giving power, not by quantity. The question is an important one; while waiting for its settlement, there is a 'patent gas regulator,' applicable to any number of burners, in use at Manchester, which will enable consumers to effect a considerable saving.

One or two very curious questions in the obscurer branches of science, have been made the topic of lectures at the Royal Institution. Dr Tyndall, taking up the subject of the tones emitted by masses of heated metal while cooling, proved by experiment the incorrectness of the explanation hitherto received, but without being able as yet to assign the phenomena to their true cause. Another was on some most extraordinary effects of motion, which the Rev. Baden Powell, though he interested his auditors in the experiments, could give no satisfactory solution of. One of the effects is this: let a beam, free to turn in all directions, be balanced horizontally on the top of a standard, then put a small wheel on one end, cause it to rotate rapidly, and the beam will still retain its level position, notwithstanding the weight of the wheel. It is as though motion nullified gravity; but as some of our most ingenious philosophers are examining into the phenomena, we may hope that an explanation will erelong be found. Another important subject is that brought forward by Professor Edward Forbes, who has started an inquiry as to the depth of primeval oceans, and he believes it possible to throw light upon it by a study of the colour of fossil shells. The shallower the water, the more intense the colour, is the experience gained by dredging in the seas of the present period; and reasoning from analogy, we may infer the same law prevailed in the earlier periods. Ehrenberg, too, contributes something more to our knowledge of ocean life: he has examined specimens of the mud brought up from depths of 6000 fathoms, and finds them to contain *living* infusoria. The astronomers also have been somewhat excited, not by the discovery of a new planet, but by a book on the *Plurality of Worlds*, written to prove that there is no plurality. The author, a learned doctor of Cambridge, contends that this globe of ours, and this alone, is inhabited. All the others are lifeless. He has thrown down his challenge; it will soon be picked up.

The endeavour to convert water or air into a motive-power for engines, is still vigorously prosecuted on both sides the Atlantic and both sides of the Channel. The searchers are determined to keep on till they have found a substitute for steam. M. Franchot, after many years of study and labour, has now completed his hot-air engine, in which there are no slides, valves, or stops. 'It is,' he says, 'combined in such a way as best to utilise the motive-power of the caloric. The masses of air enclosed between two movable pistons undergo, in fact, continuous and gradual variations of pressure and of temperature, and return periodically to their primitive condition.' M. Nicklès is pursuing his experiments on the magnetisation of rails, and succeeds in making a model locomotive run up-hill as soon as the magnetic current is

turned on. Another electro-magnetic weaving-machine has been invented in Paris, and publicly exhibited; so France and Sardinia may now emulate each other in bringing the ingenious contrivance into general use. As though to provide work for it, a new species of silk-worm has been carried from Assam to Malta, where they are being 'educated,' prior to their introduction into other countries bordering on the Mediterranean, to reinvigorate the European breeds, some of which give signs of decay. It appears, too, that we are likely to have certain kinds of silk from India, hitherto unknown in this country, which, when properly treated, can be woven into shawls equal to any brought from the East. There is a prospect of silk becoming one of the resources of Natal. Several specimens were shewn in a recent exhibition of native produce in that colony; silk-worms thrive well there, and for ten months in the year have abundance of mulberry-leaves.

It is of great importance for the economical application of electricity, that the products of the battery should become economically useful. In the ordinary zinc and copper battery, the sulphate of zinc formed is of little use, except for the purpose of smelting to regain the metal, for its immediate application as an emetic or medicament does not lead to any great consumption of the article. Accordingly, various experiments have been made, with the view of obtaining a battery product of sufficiently extensive utility. Roberts's battery substituted tin instead of zinc, and the exciting fluid being nitric acid, produced stannic oxide, which afterwards being united with soda, formed stannate of soda, an article largely used by calico-printers for brightening the colours on cotton and on woollen fabrics. The profit on this product, it was thought, would pay the expenses of working the battery, the electricity from which, in that case, would be obtained for nothing. Great hopes were entertained that this process of manufacture would be extensively followed, but this does not seem to have been as yet realised. Dr Watson has broached a similar idea, using prussiate of potash as one of the exciting fluids, and producing a prussian-blue or prussiate of zinc, from the decomposition of the iron or zinc cells employed. Sometimes chromate of potash is used, which acting on the products of decomposition of lead cells, forms the bright yellow chromate of lead. Whether these products can be obtained more advantageously or cheaper in the battery than if the ingredients were mixed out of the cells in common vessels, is a question which an extended experience will soon decide.

Dr Giannetti of Orezza, Corsica, shews that a balloon may be used for raising heavy objects from deep water. With one 12 feet in diameter, filled with carbonic acid gas, he lifted 31,000 kilogrammes; and 150 kilogrammes with another, only 10 inches diameter—a remarkable case of great results with small means. Such a balloon, with a clock movement adapted to it, may be made to rise or fall at pleasure; and flat air-tight bags filled with the same gas, would lift ships over a sand-bank or a bar at the mouth of a river, and thus prove of service in navigation.

The Académie at Paris have issued their prize-list, which includes subjects in mathematics, physiology, agriculture, statistics, pauperism, and other branches of knowledge. A gold medal of 3000 francs is offered to any one who will 'establish the equations of the general movements of the terrestrial atmosphere, regard being had to the rotation of the earth, the calorific action of the sun, and to the attractive forces of the sun and moon.' The ingenious individual who has just sent them notice that he has discovered the relations between the movements of the heavenly bodies and the changes in our atmosphere, ought to compete for this prize. From a report laid before the same learned body, the experiments for the preservation of building-stone appear to have been completely successful. Some portions of the walls of Notre Dame, washed over with a solution of silicate of potash, have retained a perfectly dry surface, and present no traces of the green moss which appears on other parts of the edifice. Soft stones have become hard under the application, and the smooth coating has the further effect of greatly diminishing the adherence of dust and cobwebs.

The Industrial Society of Mülhausen have given a prize to two chemists for their success in producing sal-ammoniac in considerable quantities from the refuse liquid of gasworks. And the French government, having an eye to the efficiency of their marine, offer a prize for the smallest construction of engines to propel rapidly with the screw. What we can do in this way has been most satisfactorily demonstrated by the passages of the steam-transport fleet to the East. The *Himalaya* screwed her way to Malta in a little over seven days, and the *Orinoco* steamed from the island to Gibraltar in less than four days. Slow though he be, it thus appears that John has not made over to Jonathan all his power of going ahead, nor yet all his acquisitiveness. The Dutch once monopolised the unenviable reputation of selling powder to the enemy; but now we find that Englishmen, not content with having sold ammunition to the Caffres, were supplying the Czar with barrels of the same combustible, and shot and war-steamers to boot, until the Queen's proclamation stopped them. With some people, the fact that money can be made, appears to justify any transaction, however demoralising. There was something tragi-comical, as the *Times* remarked, in thus sending out soldiers in one ship, and the powder to shoot them in another. Truly we are a model people!

To the no little contentment of the Photographic Society, their art is to be turned to account in the coming war: the commander-in-chief is to have his photographer, who will take sun-pictures of places, constructions, and events, whereby faithful details will be preserved, and often to the saving of much tedious labour in writing descriptions and reports. Should the artist be of an adventurous spirit, he may find frequent occasions for taking photographic images of the flight of cannon-balls and bullets—a task which Mr Fox Talbot has more than once attempted, but hitherto in vain. A whole staff of artists and savans goes with the French army, according to precedent; our lively neighbours having a happy knack of mingling science and slaughter.

The line of steamers from Melbourne to the Isthmus is abandoned for the present, as not likely to pay. Three of the vessels built for the service have been sold to the French government, and the other two are chartered by our own. So the field for swift-sailing ships is still open in the Australian trade; and with a few such as the *Lightning*, the Boston-built clipper of 2000 tons that came across the Atlantic from light-house to light-house in ten days, we can afford to wait till Ericsson gets his caloric-engine to work, and then the cost of coal may be disregarded. The people of Adelaide are so well pleased at the opening of the Murray, that they are going to run four more steamers on that river, the result of which will doubtless be to create a trade as valuable as gold-mines. The proposal of the Geographical Society for another North Australian exploring expedition, is approved by government, and will be aided by a money-grant. It will cost probably L.5000. Captain Stokes is to have the command, with Mr Haug as assistant. The project is, to ascend as far as possible the Victoria, that river being navigable for frigates sixty miles from its mouth, and then strike across in a direct line for Adelaide; a course which it is thought may bring the party upon the source of the Albert. We trust a happier fate will attend this new effort to penetrate the unknown interior, than befell the Leichardt

expedition. Dr Barth has shewn what can be done in the way of overcoming difficulties.

Late accounts from Panama shew the difficulties in the way of a ship-canal across the Isthmus to be much more formidable than had been represented. Fresh surveys will have to be made; meanwhile the railway is lengthening, and the passage from ocean to ocean will soon occupy but a few hours. The work of surveying is not unattended with risk: three men of Commander Prevost's party were killed, and a fourth carried off prisoner by the Darien Indians. Bogota promises to lend 200 troops for protection in future.

The war-cloud which hangs over Europe will have burst ere these lines appear in print: the first shot will have been fired, and a contest begun of which no man can foresee the end. The consequences are already felt in more ways than the fall of funds: trade, finding its ordinary channels closed, is seeking new ones. A line of screw-steamers is talked of to run from Hull to the Prussian ports on the Baltic, from whence merchandise may be conveyed overland to the subjects of the Czar, who will still want English manufactures, notwithstanding their imperial master's wrongheadedness. And with Russian hemp risen to L.64 a ton, earnest inquiries are being made for a substitute; some say that if due pains be taken, the East Indies will supply all we want, and more; and as for tallow, chemists are to find a substitute. It appears, too, that cotton may be used instead of hemp for sailcloth, and with manifest advantage. It has been successfully tried in some American ships, and if found to answer on further experience, here will be at once a great economy.

Talking of war, we are informed that in our notice last month of flying railway artillery-trains, we ought to have mentioned that the subject was brought before government by Mr John Blyth, engineer, early in 1852, when an uneasy feeling was abroad respecting a French invasion.

THE FIRST NOTE OF THE WAR.

It was in a foreign land, not far away, but still 'over the water and over the sea,' in the literal sense of the old ballad, at the southern side of that Channel across whose waves the too faithful adherents of the wandering 'Charlie' so often cast a longing gaze, and wafted the heart-sick yearnings of hope deferred. I was sitting on one of the benches beneath the elms on the esplanade that encircles the ancient ramparts of the Haute Ville de Boulogne, when suddenly the air was shaken with a dull, distant reverberation, dying away in far echoes, so prolonged and deep, that after one glance upwards for a thunder-cloud, answered by a March sky, more blue and cloudless than I had ever seen before, I turned with a sort of shuddering haste to the time-worn towers above me, almost expecting that an earthquake had loosened their foundations, and that I should see them tumbling down in the crash. But no: all was safe and quiet there, grim and trim as ever. The sentinel outside the château was pacing up and down as methodically as if neither earth nor air had spoken. Hark! again and again it sounded, that deep grand roll; and now more accurately ascertaining the direction from whence it proceeded, I turned my eyes towards the sea, and the heart's quick throb almost taking away my breath for the moment, told me, even before thought could form itself into words, that I was listening to the voice that had been silent for nearly half a century—the sound of England's floating guns—the first note of the war!

We had been for weeks hearing and reading with avidity of all the preparations, the marching, the manning, the embarking, the enthusiasm of the men, the subdued sorrow of the women. We had heard it reported that our fleet was to meet the French ships in the Channel, and pass by together, one of those days; but how different from all written descriptions or anticipations was this actual report, with what a strange stern reality it struck upon the ear! The mind drank in the booming sounds fraught with so many glorious memories, and quick as thought flew back to a former century, picturing the hurry, excitement, consternation, such sounds would have awakened on the very spot where I was at that moment so quietly standing. I cast my eyes along the vista formed by the grim archway perforating the rampart wall, on to the Palais-Impérial, still bearing its superscription as erected by Napoleon at the time he was projecting his invasion of England. I could see the little cocked-hat and close-buttoned surtout again speeding along the crest of the hill, as he took his accustomed morning gallop to Wimerau—the scene of his formidable flotilla—to inspect the daily embarkation and disembarkation of his practised legions: and then again returning to the present time, I recalled that same Wimerau, as we had visited it last summer; its look of utter desolation, half buried amidst dreary sand-hills; its roofless houses, its deserted, unfinished streets; its causeways leading to nothing; and, above all, its gigantic docks and basins, and floodgates and connecting bridges, their irons rusting, their piles of timber rotting and blackening in the wind like the bones of some malefactor on a gibbet—a fitting memorial of the abortive plans, the intended crimes and ravages to which they were to have been the leading accessories. Well, there they now perish. O England! utilitarian England! had your ambition been thus foiled, would you have left such a thriftless record? No: snug within your dock-yards or your arsenals would those countless tons of timber and of iron long ago have been stowed, waiting to be transformed into messengers of usefulness and civilisation to the ends of the earth. O Ireland! not all the police of the district could have preserved those remains from roofing your cabins, and boiling your potatoes, and shoeing your horses, during the last fifty years. But France—carelessly she disregards them, honestly she leaves them, and we, we visit them, and smile and clap our hands to think they were all erected in vain. And still more pleased, we smile this day to think how all that is changed; how the half-century that has passed since then has converted bitter warlike enemies into generous friends, co-operating for the peace of Europe; that another imperial Napoleon has just declared that 'the days for conquest have passed, and that the world will no longer permit a war of aggression;' and that we, far from our island home, in the land of our ancient foes, can sit on this boulevard as securely as if we were under our own fig-tree, listening to the sound of our country's guns; and if we feel any disturbance, it is only from seeing how little sensation these create.

It is said the French are an excitable people: in anger and in gaiety, they are eminently so: their wrath is very fierce and sudden; their gaiety, when well got up, a thing quite enviable to behold: but of that disinterested, enthusiastic feeling dwelling deep within the English heart, stirring up the nation as it were one man in a crisis like the present—of that, they know nothing.

The heart-stirring sounds echoed again and again across the waters: my book had fallen unregarded at my feet when first I started up, and there I stood with rapt gaze, searching through the yet leafless branches of the elms for one glimpse of the white sails, which, if I heard aright, must surely soon be crossing that blue expanse; but not finding them as yet within range of my sight, I turned for information, and indeed for sympathy in my national feelings, to some one of the numerous passers-by. There, however, they went along without a look, or a word, or a pause; the baker with his basket of loaves, the *bonne* with her infantile freight; two boys continued their everlasting

battle-dore and shuttle-cock; a girl tripped away with her skipping-rope—all as unconcernedly as if nothing unusual were to be seen or heard; the distant thunder of the guns every five minutes reverberating through the air. Gradually a group of some half-dozen persons of the middle class, men and women, had collected near me; one of them held a printed paper in his hand; he was gesticulating and speaking energetically, and the words 'Anglais' and 'tapis' passing from lip to lip, assured me of meeting with some fellow-feeling at last. I drew nearer still, but my cordial glance was soon chilled, my eager question checked, on finding that the printed notice was an auction-bill—the subject of such engrossing interest literally some English carpets and furniture which were advertised for sale on the following day!

At that trying moment, round the corner of the esplanade came another woman, somewhat of the same class as the party I have just described. A thrifty, motherly little Englishwoman she was, and no mistake; her smart, firm, business step, her close poky bonnet, her squarely pinned shawl, her tidy little market-basket, but, above all, her face of honest pride, and her eager look towards the sea, told, without a word, of what stuff she was made—that she was one of those English mothers that rear our English *men*. On she came, flushed and eager, yet with something resolute in her air; she might have personified the advance-guard of a victorious army, dealing her triumphant word of news, 'Les Anglais!' right and left, as she sped along. It recalled so vividly a long-forgotten memory of childish days, when our nurse would scare us into good behaviour with the announcement, 'The French are coming!' and the good little woman uttered it with so much of the same admonitory air, that I could almost have shaken hands with her as an old acquaintance, had she given me time; but on she went, slightly pausing beside our apathetic group with a look of mingled astonishment and contempt, as she again exclaimed, 'Les Anglais!' with a quick wave of her hand towards the sea, and a bright, exulting smile. She was answered by a general shrug of the shoulder and elevation of the eyebrows, a deliberate pinch of snuff, and then a quiet 'Oui, madame; et les Français aussi;' and that being their share of the matter, back again they turned to their carpets and tables, while the little Englishwoman, with her brave island heart, passed on.

Just then, the green doors of a neighbouring *pensionnat* flew open, and out rushed a motley crowd of boys to play. Ah, they were true sons of England, too! their quick young ears caught the booming sound, their bright young eyes scanned the far horizon: off went the caps in the air, with a loud 'Hurrah for old England!' down upon the impassive group they pounced, with a gay 'Vive l'Angleterre!' and again out came the snuff-boxes, and again was re-echoed the same imperturbable retort: 'Oui, messieurs—les Anglais, mais les Français aussi.' And while the eager boys, and masters, too, ran off in search of higher grounds and of a wider view, my French neighbours resumed their conversation as quietly as if there had been no such interruption, or as if they had no further interest in the affair.

And so it undoubtedly was; war had pressed too mercilessly on a former generation; and the present one, but now recovering from its devastating effects, is, as far as the masses are concerned, dead at heart to the old exaggerations of national glory. It is 'France and her rulers' now; the taxes supply resources, the government expends them, and the people are *ruled*. Many, of course, grumble, but it is between their teeth; many more admit that affairs are far better ordered now, and every day sees increased resignation to the existing state of things: but it is altogether a selfish state of feeling, an aggregate of individual calculations on actual loss or profit, and according as the one or the other preponderates, it balances the estimation of public measures.

I am convinced, if my neighbours at that moment had spoken out their opinion of the war, it would probably have been bounded by a conjecture as to the increase of taxation, whether it was likely to augment the price of bread—or still nearer home, what additional quantity of bedding they should have to contribute to the *casernes* according to the late ordonnance, to secure an exemption from military billets on their houses in the event of troops marching through. Nothing short of a direct personal interest excites them strongly on the subject, though where that does exist, their feelings are warm enough, as I presently received proof.

My attention at this moment was arrested by the arrival of one of the fisherwomen of the port; one of that dauntless, arrogant race indigenous to Boulogne, a community holding themselves separate and apart, looking down on the other inhabitants as modern intruders, and remorselessly trampling or jostling them on the footway or pier, if they happen inadvertently to stand in their path. She alone, of all the comers and goers, seemed aroused by the firing: there she stood in her picturesque attire—her full scarlet petticoat, just reaching the trim ankle, her purple stockings, and sabots sloping away beneath the heel, displaying the perfect symmetry of her elastic foot, her blue jacket, drawn in tightly at the slender waist, her fluted cap and long gold earrings forming a framework round her face. She stood with erect and well-poised figure, shading her eyes with her hand as she gazed outwards on the sea. Our little Englishwoman probably, like myself, had a yearning for sympathy on the present occasion, for she was now standing beside the new arrival, questioning her at intervals, and both looking eagerly in the same seaward direction. What a contrast between the pair! At length the matelotte turned with an impatient gesture to her chance companion, and bending her brows almost fiercely on her, she suddenly inquired:

'Is it true?—do your journals tell you that an Englishman is to have the supreme command of the fleet—that our men are to *serve* under the islanders' rule?'

Here was the root of bitterness: her wild eyes flashed haughtily on the Englishwoman's placid countenance, as she sternly reiterated her question: 'Is it true?'

Our little countrywoman looked at her gravely and kindly, her exulting words were hushed, her honest national glow of pride subdued in a moment; she met that scowling glance with a look of such compassionate forbearance, as she gently laid her hand on the upraised arm, and in kindest accents said: 'Who have you amongst them?—a brother, a friend?'

The look, the tone, were as oil on the waters. Ah! far above those world-awakening echoes, higher and still higher will those accents of womanly tenderness soar—more enduring than the most brilliant results of victory is the blessing to the peace-makers; and even while emperors and kings are carrying on their negotiations, 'casting their gifts into the treasury,' the widow's mite shall not be unregarded.

Yes, like ice beneath the summer's sun the matelotte's hard feelings melted; with softened voice and tearful eyes she answered: 'More than friend or brother—they have my husband, my provider, the father of my two young children.'

'Then thank the God above you!' exclaimed our little woman energetically, with another beaming glance—'be for ever thankful, should it be as you have said; for know, that if your sailor is under British command, he will be safe while safety is possible, he will be cared for when care is wanted, and he will win his share of glory wherever it can be won!'

Her subdued listener bowed her head and folded her arms across her breast with a touching air of

resignation. The Englishwoman continued: 'I never heard—I do not know how our rulers may have settled it; but this I do know, there is one question we can easily settle between ourselves; which would you prefer—to have your husband a sailor under the British flag, or a slave under the Russian knout?'

No more was needed: with a bright glance of intelligence and gratitude, the matelotte nodded her head as she stooped to take up her empty basket, and with another smile and nod just as bright and expressive, our patriotic little countrywoman trotted away.

HOW TO KEEP GATHERED FRUIT AND FLOWERS ALWAYS FRESH.

A friend has just informed us that fruit and flowers may be preserved from decay and fading by immersing them in a solution of gum-arabic in water two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. This process covers the surface of the fruit with a thin coating of the gum, which is entirely impervious to the air, and thus prevents the decay of the fruit, or the withering of the flower. Our friend has roses thus preserved which have all the beauty and fragrance of freshly plucked ones, though they have been separated from the parent stem since June last. To insure success in experiments of this kind, it should be borne in mind that the whole surface must be completely covered; for if the air only gains entrance at a pin-hole, the labour will all be lost. In preserving specimens of fruit, particular care should be taken to cover the stem, end and all, with the gum. A good way is to wind a thread of silk about the stem, and then sink it slowly in the solution, which should not be so strong as to leave a particle of the gum undissolved. The gum is so perfectly transparent, that you can with difficulty detect its presence, except by the touch. Here we have another simple method of fixing the fleeting beauty of nature, and surrounding ourselves ever with those objects which do most elevate the mind, refine the taste, and purify the heart.—*Country Gentleman.*

PACKING AN INFANT.

The characteristic composure of the people was well shewn in a young mother with rather pleasing features, who brought her infant of four months old out of one of the huts, and seating herself on the sunny side of it, proceeded in the most deliberate way imaginable to *pack up* the child for the night in its little wooden cradle, whilst half a dozen of us looked on with no small curiosity. The cradle was cut out of the solid, and covered with leather, flaps of which were so arranged as to lace across the top with leathern thongs: the inside and the little pillow were rendered tolerably soft with reindeer moss; and the infant fitted the space so exactly, that it could stir neither hand nor foot, yet made little resistance to the operation. A hood protected the head, whilst it admitted air freely. When the packing was finished, the little creature was speedily rocked asleep.—*Forbes's Norway.*

GOD BLESS YOU.

As we journeyed on, a trifling incident occurred, which very favourably disposed us towards the peasantry of Spain. A large party of field-labourers, attired in scarlet jackets and sashes, were returning to their homes after the toils of the day, and were singing in unison a lively song, in token of the happiness within their hearts. The sun was now sinking behind the hills, and the stars of evening were beginning to gem the vast canopy of heaven. A soft and rich twilight gave a sweet mellowness to the features of the surrounding landscape, infusing thoughts of romance and poetry into our minds, and making everything appear to us like the scenery of a picture or a dream. As we reached the body of peasantry, they immediately separated to each side of the road, and as we passed between them, they saluted us with the beautiful expression: 'Vaga vel con Dios' (Go you with God). A thrill of pleasure ran through my veins as I heard this national benediction, pronounced with such deep solemnity, and issuing like a full and majestic chorus from the lips of these humble tillers of the soil.—*Warren's Vagamundo.*

IMMUTABLE.

'With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'

Autumn to winter—winter unto spring—
Spring unto summer—summer unto fall—
So rolls the changing year, and so we change,
Motion so swift, we know not that we move.
Till at the gate of some memorial hour
We pause; look in its sepulchre to find
The cast-off shape that years since we called 'I'—
And shrink, amazed.—Yet on! we may not stay
To weep, or laugh. All that is past is past—
A minute more, and the life-mocking form
Drops into nothingness, like centuried corpse
At opening of a tomb.

Alack, this world
Is full of change, change, change, nothing but change.
Would we were like these snow-drops in my hand,
To live our spring, and die ere summer comes!
Is there not one straw in life's whirling flood
To hold by, as the torrent sweeps us down,
Us, scattered leaves: eddied and broken, torn
Asunder; or in smooth stream gliding slow,
Dividing each from other without pain;
Or gathered in brief union, as it seems,
Which is but stagnant chance—pausing to rot
By the same pebble till the tide shall turn;
Then on—to find no clinging and no rest,
For ever rootless and for ever lone.

O God! we are but leaves upon Thy stream,
Clouds on Thy sky. We do but move across
The steadfast breast of Thine infinitude,
Which bears us all. We pour out day by day
Our long brief moan of mutability
To Thine immutable, and cease.

Yet still
Our change yearns after Thy unchangedness,
Our mortal seeks Thine immortality,
Our manifold and multiform and poor
Imperfectness, desires Thy perfect One.
For Thou art One, and we are all of Thee:
Dropped from Thy bosom, as Thy sky down drops
The morning dews, that glitter for a space,
Ignorant whence they came and whither tend,
Until the sun, outlooking on his fields,
Upcalls them all, and they rejoicing go.

So, with such joy, O Light eterne, we spring
Thee-ward, and leave the pleasant meads of earth,
Forgot alike their green prime, their love-flowers,
Their dry and dusty ways that drank us up
Remorseless—we who were poor drops of dew,
That only wished to freshen a flower's breast,
And be exhaled to God.

O Thou Supreme,
All-satisfying and Immutable One,
It is enough to be absorbed in Thee,
And melt—if it be only to a voice
That through all ages with an infinite joy
Goes evermore loud crying: '*God, God, God!*'

THE WATER-LILY.

It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel and speckled frog, and the mud-turtle, which continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its obscene life and noisome odour. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others.—*Margaret Fuller.*

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MAJOR TRUEFITT'S SENTIMENTS ON A GREAT QUESTION.

I LIKE the ladies—what military man does not?—and am deeply sensible of their many delightful qualities. They greatly excel us men in a vast number of things: indeed, in certain matters we can't pretend to match them at all. But, when some flighty fellow or some outré specimen of her own sex stands up and says, the woman has exactly the same intellect as the man, and is accordingly capable of the same social and political functions, and ought to enjoy the same rights, I demur. I don't, I can't go in with that, sir. Such an idea strikes at the root of all those very properties which I find so agreeable in woman, and would make her out to be something which we men, indeed, should regard with indifference, if not dislike. In being something engagingly less than man—a Charming Imperfection, as I may say—lies her true individualism, her attraction, and her strength.

A learned churchman of our day, who writes profoundly on logic, gives in conversation the following definition of woman: 'a Creature that cannot reason, and who pokes the fire from the top.' That exactly jumps with my idea of the sex. They can do hundreds of fine things, with and without Berlin wool, within and beyond the bounds of crochet, but they cannot reason. Had not man possessed reason, sir—for anything that woman has of that gift, I question if humanity would yet have attained to the power of kindling a fire at all. [Now, bear with me, gentle dames, for, remember, I like you all the better for it.] I take it upon me to say, that woman by herself would never have thought of floating a ship, or planting cereals, or fashioning a flint into an arrow or a knife. I doubt if she would have even arrived at the idea of baking and cooking, of weaving or sewing. Man has conceived all her tasks, set her to them, and kept her at them, she going on with them in unreasoning, mechanical, beautiful obedience from the beginning. And so far is she from suggesting any scientific improvement in any of them, she can hardly be brought to understand, much less to admit and act upon, any such improvement which man may suggest to her. I never yet knew a woman put on a fire upon rational principles, or in any other than in a hap-hazard sort of way. Of the expedients to make its kindling certain she has not, and apparently cannot form, the faintest conception.

Then look at all the dear creature's ways and doings regarding dress. What a record of Preposterousnesses is her whole chronicle of fashions! It is evident that she has no idea of making one thing fit or tally with another; a shoe, for instance, big enough for a foot, a bonnet big enough for a head, a corset wide enough for the waist. It is mere chance whether she wears sleeves large enough to hold her whole body (as they were sixteen or eighteen years ago), or diminished away to a mere band across the shoulders, as they were with a certain Irish literary lady, when a gentleman who met her at a ball, and observed her laughing at him, congratulated himself that at least she was candid and downright, and clearly had no thought of laughing at him in her sleeve. Neither has she any perception of what is convenient and what inconvenient in dress. Just now, the whole sex is found wearing gowns so long and voluminous as to impede them at every step they take, and which they can keep from dragging in the dirt only by employing a hand to hold them up. The same garments are loaded with six or eight flounces, which the ladies themselves understand to be an elegant ornament to their figures, but which, practically, in the eyes of rational observers, serve, on their rising from table, to give them the most ludicrous profiles that could be by any means devised, and are the more remarkable as being always the last feature of the fair wearer that leaves the room. We see them also exhibiting hanging sleeves, and ornaments pendulous from the wrist, as if altogether blind to the fact, that these superfluities are liable at table to be always draggling in soup and sauce, and are, in short, a nuisance to themselves and all who sit near them. To shape means to ends, or adapt things to each other for a serviceable result, is in the power of many of the inferior animals, as all students of natural history well know; but [bear with me, ladies, again, and on the same grounds as before] such ingenious adaptations are clearly beyond the scope of the human female intellect. They cannot understand such things, even when explained to them by well-meaning specimens of the reasoning sex who may take an interest in seeing their self-incurred inconveniences brought to an end. And so they go on, bearing with an insensitive weakness evils altogether beyond masculine philosophy—even, it may be, incommodiousnesses that threaten health, nay, life itself; as, for instance, the constriction of the waist within about two-thirds of its natural dimensions, to the marring of all the functions of some of the most delicate organs of the human frame.

It is to be acknowledged that there are a few of the sex who make a certain approach to reason, pretty much as there are certain animals which shew a tendency to the power of speech. With this small but interesting minority, you may sometimes get so far as to obtain an admission, that it is foolish to be always stumbling on one's skirts, when their being an inch

shorter would spare the inconveniency, or to wear a bonnet which gives neither protection from the cold nor shade from the light. But they always plead, at the same time, their helplessness as to a remedy: they *must* go with the fashion. Well, here I find only a fresh fortification for my position. The poor dear creature confesses herself the slave of a thing utterly foolish and contemptible. She owns that she has not the moral courage to put an inch of needful silk between her nose and the sun, unless the thing be countenanced by the multitude. If her milliner tells her that soup-draggling sleeves are the fashion, she declares she can be the martyr to bear, but not the martyr to resist. Could there be a more expressive or affecting proof of that beautiful defect which gives the gentle being such a fascinating power over us! A man, to whom it was proposed that he should always have something flapping here, and some other thing sticking out there, troubling and inconveniencing him at every moment of his life, without being of any use or benefit whatever, would kick the impertinence away from him in a moment, probably with a few of those cursory remarks which such things are apt to draw from the rational sex. But 'the creature that does not reason, and who pokes the fire from the top,' submits to everything of the kind which you may impose upon her. Sweet weakness, charming *étourderie*, amiable patience! Never can *we* hope to rival it.

There is another point in which female inferiority is very strong, and this is—in time. Woman has no right sense of time, and is never punctual, except by chance. Were there only women acting in the world, there would be no such thing as a railway time-table. Bradshaw would vanish from the horizon of actual existences. Trains would start at any hour at which they could be got ready, and the collisions would be so numerous and fatal that it would put the ladies to their speed to keep up the proper amount of population in the country. Clocks and watches would become mere appearances, for no woman can keep a horological machine in order. To prove all this to be something more than fancy, I only ask you, sir, to call to mind any occasion on which your wife was correct to an appointment, or spared you the vexation of waiting for her when you were about to walk abroad or drive to a dinner-party. I would ask for an authentic instance of a lady who was in the habit of winding up her watch regularly at night, as men are. The fact is, a woman does not care for a watch for the sake of its legitimate function of a time-indicator. In that respect, perhaps, she feels it to be rather an impertinence. She desires a handsome gold one to hang at her girdle as an ornament; but as for its works or hands, why, it may want these things altogether for anything she cares, and only have a mock dial-piece eternally indicating twenty minutes past nine. The *eidolon* or image of a watch is sufficient for her. Now, all this is very charming. She is really strong here. We feel that there is a kind of innocence in this unconsciousness of time. It looks like an unconsciousness of existence itself, with all its sins and shortcomings.

It is in this way that the non-reasoning character of woman generally has such an immense charm for us. Reason is a hard, stern, disagreeably real thing, very useful for men no doubt, and ultimately essential to the interests of humanity, but it never adds to the grace of any character. Now, see how woman, being happily devoid of this attribute, delights us with its opposite! Tell her of something she does not like to admit, the dear creature does not think of reasoning against it. She contradicts, and is content. Point out anything wrong in a household, and she silently answers by letting you feel the opposite thing in its extremest form of inconvenience. Try to reform her faults, and she disarms you with her tears. Speak to Ellen of the empty-headedness of that long-legged ensign whom she worships, and her heart pleads against the decree by a reference to his nice blue eyes. Warn Sarah of the manifest bad temper of her *fiancé* Charles, and she replies to it all, that it would break her heart to want him. In a woman's inductions, one instance is quite enough. Her thought is as good as a fact, and an inference from a supposition tells with her irresistibly, provided only the feelings are pleased. Enchanting, unreasoning creature, sad are the scrapes you sometimes fall into from want of our reflection, and vexing occasionally are your arguments with no argument and conclusions without and in despite of data! But who could wish you to be otherwise than you are?—the most puzzling, incalculable, thoughtless, delightful of all creatures.

ARTESIAN WELLS FOR LONDON.

While water is to be had by simply turning the tap in the kitchen or wash-house, few persons give themselves the trouble to think of the vast apparatus, the powerful machinery, and the great expense required to produce so convenient a result. The precious fluid 'comes on' as a matter of course, until an accident in the pipes, or a severe frost, such as we had in January, or some other casualty stops the supplies, and then we begin to appreciate both the benefit and the privation. The means taken to furnish water to our large towns, though in many instances less perfect than they ought to be, are yet of high importance to our social and commercial advancement, to cleanliness and health. Who does not remember the stir and talk provoked by sanitary inquiries within the past few years? and how strenuously an abundant supply of water was insisted on as a remedy against many of the evils incident to town-life. Quality, too, was as much to be considered as quantity—water must be good, or else beware of the consequences! What was it that 44,000,000 gallons were pumped every day into London, if the water was not fit to drink when distributed? And then it was shewn, that wherever the worst water flowed, there the cholera was most destructive.

Thereupon many schemes were propounded for remedying a state of things truly disgraceful to the metropolis of the British Empire. One was for deriving a supply of water from the Thames where it flows clear and sparkling by the pleasant chalk-hills of Oxfordshire; while others were for laying minor streams to the north, east, and south under contribution. A large 'gathering ground' at Bagshot was talked about, part of the waste and wild region enlivened by the encampment of 1853, which, being sandy, formed an excellent filter for the rain that fell on its surface. One daring projector suggested an aqueduct all the way from Bala Lake, in North Wales, noted for the purity of its waters; and others thought that the best source would be found by sinking wells in different parts of the metropolis deeper than ever wells had been sunk before. Most of these schemes promised a daily supply of from 100,000,000 to 400,000,000 gallons—a quantity ample enough for the thorough flushing of all the sewers, as well as for the public service on the most liberal scale. Not one of the projects has yet been adopted: meanwhile, the companies have improved the quality of the water they distribute; but the grand desideratum—water of the best possible quality in unlimited and constant supply—has not yet been achieved.

Such is a general view of the facts, from which, turning to particular considerations, we find the subject to possess a remarkable scientific interest. Artesian wells, as the very deep sinkings are called, carry us into the domain of geology, where, unless the geologist come to our aid, guess-work will usurp the place of science. As he alone can direct the miner where to dig with the certainty of finding coal, so to him must we look to tell us where, far down beneath

the surface, repose the water-bearing strata, vast reservoirs formed by nature, which need but to be tapped to yield up their contents in copious and perennial jets—the old earth, as it were, opening its veins for the sustenance of its inhabitants.

Were this the place, we might institute a comparison between these aqueous treasures and certain mineral ones much sought after; but our present purpose is more practical than moral—we have to shew what science has to say on the question of tapping the reservoirs. That it can say something is demonstrated by Mr Prestwich, a well-known geologist, in a volume * that merits more than a passing notice, and we can promise that the time spent in a brief survey of his facts and reasonings will not be thrown away.

Every one knows what a basin is: it may be shallow or deep, according to circumstances. But the basin we have to talk about is one to be measured by miles, not by inches. Let any one stand on the highest part of Hampstead Heath, and look southwards to 'Surrey's pleasant hills,' and he will overlook what is called the London Basin—some ten or twelve miles of visible diameter. There is, however, much more than meets the eye, for the curving strata which form the vast hollow, crop out at such distances in the surrounding counties as to comprise an area of some thousands of square miles. It is, as it were, a series of basins placed one within the other, the largest of course lowermost. The upper one is composed of clay—London clay, as geologists call it—in some places 400 or 500 feet thick, and filled with beds of sand and gravel. Below this lies the chalk-basin, which, there is reason to believe, varies from 700 to 1000 feet in thickness, as though made proportionately stronger to bear the greater superincumbent weight. Between the clay and the chalk is a stratum about 80 feet thick of the lower tertiary sands and clays; and below the chalk lie the Upper and Lower Greensands, with a thickness of from 10 to 600 feet; and these we have to consider as the bottom of our basin, the formations lying still deeper not being included in the question.

Each of these basins contains more or less of water supplied by the rainfall on the surface, the clay, the chalk, the Greensands, the quantity increasing as we descend. One year with another, the amount of water derived from rain and melting snow varies but slightly, though exceptions do at times occur, and of this amount, part escapes in evaporation, part in brooks and rivers, part is absorbed by vegetation, and part sinks into the ground, more or less rapidly, according to the nature of the soil and underlying strata. Where these are porous and easily permeable, there the water soon disappears, sinking until it meets with some obstacle, such as dense clay or crystalline rock, which prevents further subsidence. The water naturally follows the curve or inclination of the strata in its descent, and collects at last at the lowest point, as in a natural reservoir, from which, if an orifice be made, it will rise to the surface, in obedience to a natural law.

Nature, it will thus be seen, provides a supply of water for the metropolis, and for other places similarly situated, by a very simple process: the question is, how to make it available? We shall come to this point presently; for the moment, we have to consider what are the resources at our disposal. The clay-basin being nearest the surface, was for a time the only one drawn upon by the Londoners; but the increase of population increased the demand not only for water but for beer, in all the variety so fondly appreciated by dwellers within sight of St Paul's; and if we are to believe the brewers and some other manufacturers, well-water only will answer their purpose. So, the clay-basin yield being insufficient, down went the seekers some 500 or 600 feet further, with an energy scarcely equalled by nugget-grubbers, till they came to the chalk-basin, where the supply was inexhaustible; and in this way, by repeated borings in different places, a number of Artesian wells have been formed, which, under ordinary circumstances, may be regarded as perennial.

The chalk stratum extends from Kent and Surrey under the valley of the Thames to the hills of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire, and neighbouring counties—an area of about 3800 square miles, on which the mean fall of rain is estimated at from 3800 to 3900 million of gallons every day—a quantity which may well be exhaustless. The water finds its way downwards through the numerous fissures which abound in chalk, until it comes to the lower portions of the stratum, where crevices are few, and there it makes its way along the line of stratification, which is indicated by the imbedded flints. Those who are experienced in such matters, know that ample sources of water may always be looked for immediately beneath the flint layers; it is into these that most of the London wells are sunk; and the supply obtained is said to be from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 gallons daily—an amount perhaps somewhat overstated. Here, however, we see why such amazing supplies have been derived from the chalk. In the Tring cutting of the North-western Railway, the yield was 1,000,000 gallons per day; at Brighton, a well gives 231,840 gallons in twelve hours; 1,800,000 gallons per day were obtained from an experimental well sunk in the Bushey Meadows; and a calculation has been made, that, with efficient borings and drift-ways at Watford, 8,000,000 per day might be derived from that locality.

Quantities so immense might be thought sufficient for ordinary purposes; but Mr Prestwich shews them to be trifling compared with the supplies to be obtained by going lower and piercing the Greensands. That such is not only possible, but actually the fact, will be seen on a little reflection. The area of the Greensands far exceeds that of the chalk; it reaches from Cambridgeshire in the north, to the sea in the south; from Devizes in the west, to Folkestone in the east; and wherever within this region the Greensands crop out on the surface, there the rain is greedily sucked in as it falls. It may surprise some readers to hear that places so distant should be regarded as sources of water-supply for London; such, however, is the fact, for as the water in sinking follows the dip of the strata, it gradually descends to the bottom of the basin, where it is most wanted. The Greensands thus serve the double purpose of filter and reservoir; and as they rest on a thick and impervious deposit of Weald and Kimmeridge clays, there can be no escape of water in a downward direction. There it remains stored up, a fountain of the great deep, until released by human enterprise and ingenuity.

The mean annual rainfall in England is from 26½ to 28 inches, according to latitude, of which one-half, more or less, sinks into the ground; the greatest amount of infiltration of course taking place in the rainiest months. Some deposits are much more permeable than others; but on comparison, the superiority of the Greensands in this particular becomes strikingly manifest: Mr Prestwich estimates their steady undiminished yield at from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 gallons in the twenty-four hours. Such a quantity would constitute a valuable supplement to the supply now furnished to London; the more so, as the water appears to be of excellent quality. Judging from the wells sunk at a few miles from the city, the water is remarkably pure, soft, and limpid; and the nature of the Greensands is such as to insure a better quality of water from them than from some other strata. We attach the more importance to this fact, remembering

* *A Geological Inquiry Respecting the Water-bearing Strata of the Country around London, with reference especially to the Water-supply of the Metropolis, &c.* By Joseph Prestwich, Jun. London: Van Voorst. 1851.

that the Report of the Board of Health, published in 1850, deprecates the drinking of London well-water on account of the 'bad consequences' that follow its use, and the conclusive instances brought forward in proof of the hygienic benefits resulting from the use of soft water.

It is satisfactory to know, that the consideration here involved presents no difficulty; for chemical analysis has shewn, that clay possesses a surprising power of absorbing soluble salts, and, consequently, while the waters are traversing loose sandy strata mixed with clay, the filtration would appear to be perfect, as cleansing and absorption go on at the same time. 'When it is considered,' says Mr Prestwich, 'that the waters have to pass through many miles of the Lower Greensand, in some places entirely silicious, and at other places partially argillaceous, it really becomes a question whether the water may not be, to a very great extent, freed from extraneous matter, and rendered by this means only, so far as regards the alkaline and earthy salts, comparatively soft and pure.' This, however, is a question which actual experiment can only determine. We should be glad to see it tried for the reasons already stated, as well as others not less obvious. It might be well worth considering, whether to fetch water from a distance of many miles, or from 1000 feet beneath the surface, be the preferable method. In the one case, the water has fallen from the clouds, far away in the pleasant country, where no smoke and few atmospheric impurities are present to contaminate it, and makes its way underground, through a natural filter, to the great central reservoir; in the other, it must flow through pipes or an uncovered channel. There is no risk of a barren result, for the quantity of water available every twenty-four hours would still be the same as above mentioned, even if no rain fell for a whole year. 'Let it be borne in mind,' pursues Mr Prestwich, 'that the effective permeable beds of the Lower Greensand are 200 feet thick—that they occupy an area above and below ground of 4600 square miles—that a mass of only one mile square and one foot thick will hold more than 60,000,000 gallons of water—and some idea may be then formed of the magnitude of such an underground reservoir. A fall of one foot in the water-level throughout the whole area of outcrop, would give more than the quantity of water required for a year's consumption of London.' The temperature would be, according to depth, from 63 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

Another consideration is, how deep must we go for these abundant supplies of water?—a point on which our knowledge of the chalk-formation enables us to speak with little chance of error; and on careful calculation, it appears that a boring 1040 feet deep would be necessary to pierce the Lower Greensands. Great as this depth may appear, it presents no difficulty insurmountable by mechanical genius. Then with respect to the height to which the water will rise, Mr Prestwich argues, that the conditions being nearly the same as those of the well of Grenelle, near Paris, the result will be similar; and he assumes that in a well sunk in London, the water would rise from the Greensands to a height of from 120 to 130 feet above the surface. This at once gives a distributing power independent of machinery, and would be sufficient for most practical purposes.

An Artesian well may be called a natural spring artificially produced: its analogy to a spring, by which nature liberates her hidden watery treasures, is at once apparent. Like the spring, too, though somewhat turbid on first bursting out, it in a short time flows perfectly pure, and at the same time its chemical character will be improved by the action of the ceaseless stream on the salts with which the strata may be impregnated. This is an important fact, for a well might be condemned when first sunk, which, a few months later, would yield most excellent water.

In France, where Artesian wells are comparatively numerous, the water is used for all domestic purposes, and as a 'moving power for mills, factories, and hydraulic machines; for warming large buildings, for public wash-sheds, for irrigation on a large scale, for fish-ponds; in plantations of water-cress, paper-making, and the weathering of flax.' For purposes in which a uniform temperature is required, the water is peculiarly serviceable.

We think that Mr Prestwich has made out his case, and we regard his volume as a valuable aid towards that branch of progress which comprises sanitation, with commercial, physical, and moral economy. With these facts and views before them, no corporation or commission would be justified in deciding on a mode of water-supply without first giving them due consideration. The question of cost may be simplified by referring to what has already been done: the well for the Blackwall Railway cost L.8000; another, L.4444, on the premises of Truman, Hanbury, & Co., the brewers; and others for lower sums, down to L.20; but it should be borne in mind, that good part of the expense of the great London wells is for the machinery which must be always employed to pump up the water. This would be entirely saved by boring down to the Greensands, as the water would, as we have shewn, rise of itself to more than 100 feet above the surface. Mr Prestwich estimates L.1800 to L.2500 as the cost of boring down to the Upper Greensand; and to the Lower Greensand, L.1000 more. When we remember that the supply is perennial, the item of cost falls low in comparison. The Wells of Solomon, which have been flowing abundantly for ages in the parched Arabian desert, afford the most valuable and enduring evidence of the capabilities of Artesian wells.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CONSPIRACY.

We dispute the correctness of Claudia's opinions touching the levelling power of death. Never are the social distinctions so punctiliously observed as when the late living and breathing man lies prone on his back, a statue of senseless clay; never are the vanities of caste and the pride of rank so strong, as when the vault or the grave receives its new inhabitant, and dust is rendered to dust, and ashes to ashes. If the wax-like figure which is the object of the solemn show has worn a coronet when in life; if it has exercised high command over its fellow-men; or, arrayed in satins and gems, looked down with scorn upon its fellow-women—the atmosphere of pride in which it lived, moved, and had its being still surrounds it in the coffin, and the spectators, who would pass lightly a score of meaner funerals, hold their breath with awe.

The obsequies of the late Lord Luxton were performed with a pomp that would have been extravagant even in the case of some great public character: but no one thought of asking how he had earned the distinction; no one called to mind that, when living, he had been only an old, fat, good-natured man, who would have been desperately vulgar had he not chanced to be brought up as a nobleman. It was a great funeral, that was what was thought and said—what mattered it whether the defunct had been in life a great man? The bell tolled, the procession swept slowly on, the plumes waved in the heavy air, the priest proclaimed the resurrection and the life, the black vault swallowed up its prize; and then the world went on as before, with its old pride, its old

vanities, its old ambitions—with no difference whatever, except that there was a new lord both in the mausoleum and the castle.

Claudia had much to do in those days: many punctilios to arrange, many precedents of rank to consider, many questions of heraldry to discuss; and it is likely that she was very soon roused from her feeling of desolation. However this may be, she found time occasionally to converse with our old friend Miss Heavystoke, and not always on the subject of that lady's young charge.

'When I lived at Wearyfoot Common,' said the governess one day ——

'You at Wearyfoot Common!—Oh, I remember; you seemed acquainted with Mrs Seacole, and that is the locality of the family seat. Did you teach in her house?'

'No, at the house of Captain Semple.'

'At the house of Captain Semple!'

'Yes: my pupil was his niece Sara, a very charming girl, and acknowledged to be the beauty of the district.' Claudia mused.

'I have heard of Captain Semple,' said she—'probably from Mrs Seacole. He had a sister as well as a niece?'

'But too old to teach. Indeed Miss Semple fancied that she had an aptitude for teaching grown persons herself!'

'Any more in the family?' said Claudia, suppressing an inclination to yawn.

'Not any more.'

'I imagined I had been told of a son.'

'That must have been a mistake, for the captain was never married. Your informant must have alluded to Mr Oaklands, who was at school during the greater part of my residence.'

'Oh, a nephew, no doubt.'

'No; a foundling brought up and educated by the captain.'

'Upon my word!—you are coming to a romance. A foundling, brought up in the same house with his patron's beautiful niece — there could be but one result!'

'In a novel, I allow. But Robert and Sara hardly knew that they were not brother and sister till the captain's affairs went wrong, and the young man was taken home from school. Shortly after, the whole establishment was broken up, and young Oaklands went adrift upon the world.'

'Was there no scandal on the subject of the boy?' asked Claudia, musing again. 'I think I have been told that the captain's conduct towards him was supposed to be influenced by some stronger feeling than mere humanity.'

'If so, that must have been before my time, and the scandal had died out. The good captain is not a man to be suspected of irregularity of any kind, except in the matter of whiskers. Such a Black Forest of hair I never saw before on a human face!'

'Black?'

'Iron-gray; but now, alas! I am told, almost white.' Claudia looked strangely at Miss Heavystoke, who could hardly bear what she had herself described as the condensed lightning of her gaze.

'Where are they now?' demanded the young lady suddenly.

'In London.'

'Ah, I thought so! I have seen just such a head as you describe, placed, too, on ci-devant military shoulders; and with your half-pay captain a young person remarkable for the classical style of her beauty —like what you might suppose of a Helen without sin and without remorse, or rather of a Chryseis, the "spotless fair," amid the truculent heroes of the Iliad.'

'That is Sara!' said Miss Heavystoke.—'It is just what Mr Oaklands said of her, and he has now turned an artist, and should know something of beauty. How they used to dance, that young pair, till it was far on in the night, and my fingers ached with playing—and with no partners in the quadrille but the chair and Molly!'

'Dangerous amusement,' remarked Claudia, 'for a young painter to dance till midnight, in a lonely country-house, with a heroine of Homer, and for a heroine of Homer to have for her habitual partner'——

'A young painter!' kindly suggested Miss Heavystoke, for Claudia stopped abruptly. 'But Miss Sara was by that time almost betrothed, at least it was the belief of us all that the attentions of — of — of the gentleman would end in proposals.'

'Of what gentleman?'

'One of the neighbours,' replied Miss Heavystoke, in some embarrassment.

'His name?' The question was not put offensively —quite otherwise; but evasion was impossible when Claudia willed.

'Seacole,' replied Miss Heavystoke.

'So! And what occurred to break off the affair?'

'The gentleman's visit to Luxton Castle,' said Miss Heavystoke, turning suddenly to bay; 'and his falling under the more powerful enchantments of Miss Falcontower!' Claudia received this announcement simply as information: the manner was a matter of indifference to her, and she did not think it necessary to make a single remark upon the subject. Perhaps, however, the part she herself played in the Wearyfoot novel, may have struck her as being a little curious. Perhaps she thought it odd that she should have been the means of breaking off the young lady's engagement, and throwing her upon the friendship of Robert Oaklands. Perhaps the scene on the stair of the theatre presented itself from a new point of view, and she saw two heroines instead of one: the one permanent and principal, the other temporary and secondary; the one destined for the dénouement, the other playing her part of a moment with smiles, and looks, and meeting hands, and then passing away for ever! Such may have been her reverie, for there is a dearth of resources in the country. It was, at all events, a condescension for the woman of rank and fashion, the daughter of a baron, the high-bred, the beautiful, the accomplished Claudia Falcontower, to suffer her mind to be occupied, even for an instant, with the obscure fortunes of a country girl and a foundling—at the best.

But the instant was extended to minutes—hours—days, we cannot tell how many; and still Claudia dreamed, or seemed to do so, before circumstances occurred to give her mind again to the world. The circumstances were grave enough even to curtail the ceremonial of absolute retirement during the first period of mourning; for the ministry had, from some mismanagement or some mishap, got into an awkward plight, and their fortunes hung trembling in the balance. Having hitherto avoided purposely political details, we shall not now suffer ourselves to be betrayed into explaining the position of Lord Luxton with regard to the government; but certain it is, that he watched the turn of affairs from his present distance with intense anxiety, and that at length neither the post nor the telegraph, though both were busily at work in his service, could quiet his impatience.

'I must be upon the spot!' said he one day suddenly; 'This is a crisis at which I cannot longer be merely a distant looker-on. You, Claudia, can represent the family here, and take care, with your usual watchfulness, that the solemnity of the occasion is kept up during the proper interval.'

'No, papa,' replied Claudia, quietly; 'you will want me in town—we shall both be wanted at such a time—and as I shall neither be seen nor heard of, so far as the world is concerned, there will be no breach of decorum.'

'Are you sure of that? You are usually a greater stickler than I.'

'I stickle as far as policy demands—not an inch further. There are circumstances in which ordinary rules must be disregarded, in which it is true policy to defy them. Conventionalism is the slave of the prudent, not the master. To sit for ever crouching under the eye of the world befits only a timid spirit, ignorant that the world's applause always waits on brave and noble action, when justified by the emergency and the magnitude of the stake.'

'Of what are you talking, Claudia?' said her father. 'Surely you wander from the subject, and are losing yourself in your own thoughts?'

'It may be so,' she replied, with the fixed look which in other women would have been attended with a contraction of the brows: 'association plays us strange tricks sometimes, but you will find me as practical as ever for all that. When do we set out?'

'Then you *are* going?'

'I am.'

'Do you arrange the time, then; let it be to-morrow, or if that is impracticable, the next day—not an hour later. What time do you say?'

'This evening.'

'This evening!—that is being practical with a vengeance. However, so be it;' and Lord Luxton seemed much relieved when the affair was settled, for owing to long habits of dependence upon the masculine mind of his daughter, she had become a necessity, and he dreaded engaging in any serious business alone.

When the hour of departure approached, Claudia bade good-by to Miss Heavystoke in a condescending and even kindly manner, saying as she was turning away—

'And suppose I meet Mrs Seacole, shall I say anything from you?'

'If you would take the trouble of presenting my respectful remembrance, I should be obliged.'

'And your other Wearyfoot friends?'

'There is no chance of your meeting them. They are strangers in town, and in quite a different circle of society from the one you move in: although Miss Sara would be looked upon with consideration even there, being a born gentlewoman as she is, and with a naturalness of beauty that is even more attractive in artificial society than elsewhere.'

'I have seen her. She *is* beautiful: but is she anything more?—I don't mean amiable, for all young ladies are that, so far as public observation goes. But what does she do? What is her métier in the world? Is it crochet, cookery, painting, religion, dancing, music—what is it?'

'It is all of these,' replied Miss Heavystoke—'yet none in particular. She is distinguished by—I do not know how to define it, but I would say—thought, combined with feeling, and applied to everything that presents itself to her mind and her senses. She reads; she is literary; it was her advice that young Oaklands should become an author—and I really think (for I am told he does not apply himself to painting alone) it had more influence upon him than mine: although that, you will admit, was the more wise and practical—to turn an usher in a school.'

'So! Literary!—Yes, Miss Heavystoke, yours was the better counsel; but your mention of his name recalls to my remembrance something I heard and had forgotten. It relates to the scandal we talked of: the mother—so the story goes—was a servant in the family, she is now a sort of washerwoman in London, and her son resides openly with her.'

'All that,' said Miss Heavystoke warmly, 'I can undertake to say is untrue, and it must have been invented by one who is either an enemy of Mr Oaklands, or who is altogether unacquainted with his character. The idea of his being the son of Margery the cook, I, who resided in the house for a considerable time, know to be unfounded; and as for his living as one of the family of a menial who served where he was brought up as a gentleman, and where he acquired all the sensibilities of one, the notion is utterly preposterous.'

'You think it would not suit his gentility?' but the flash that accompanied this remark only roused the good lady the more.

'I think it would suit his gentility,' said she, 'to live, if necessary, in a garret at a shilling a week, provided he could there live—and starve—unnoticed and alone!'

'Then, you think it is an invention that he resides with this person?'

'I think, at least, that if otherwise all the rest must be true!'

'Well, Miss Heavystoke, as time presses, I have only another question to ask, and that, as you know I am a *fanatica* in such matters, you must excuse my thinking of a little more importance than the subject we have discussed:—does your young pupil begin to appreciate the difference between German and Italian music?'

This being answered satisfactorily, Claudia bade good-by, and having joined her father, was speedily on the road to London.

During the interval of her absence from town, no change of any importance had taken place in the position of the Semple family. Their stay was prolonged from day to day, they hardly knew how or why; but it seemed to them that each day generated the necessity for another day in town. This was doubtless owing in part to the attentions of Adolphus and his friend Fancourt, who played admirably well the part of Ciceroni, and who would take no refusal of their services. Sara was at first distant and reserved; but when she found that her rejected lover, even when they were alone, made not the most distant attempt to renew his suit, she became reconciled to their presence, and interested in the places to which they led the strangers. Of the two she preferred Fancourt, a thoroughbred man of the world, full of racy remark, although that was often caustic and satirical, generally true, and always amusing. Such men are never otherwise than attractive to young women brought up in seclusion; and in Fancourt the worldly incrustation, just as in Claudia, was clear enough to shew numerous good points in the original character. What might be the nature of his assiduities to a country girl who was to vanish in a little while from his sight probably for ever, it might be difficult to guess, if we did not remember that he was an idle man about town, and Sara, independently of qualities that Fancourt could appreciate very well, a singularly lovely person in whose society it was a distinction to be seen. He may have had deeper motives for aught we know. He may have intended to wait till his friend Adolphus was in a position to propose seriously, and to receive the rejection he saw at a glance would follow, and then to ask himself, Sedley Fancourt, whether there was any absolute necessity for his remaining for life a monk of the Albany.

Robert at first made one of the party in their excursions; but when he saw his place so ably filled, he withdrew gradually, and only called occasionally at a late hour in the evening, when he knew the family would be alone. Not that he found himself disagreeably situated with the gentlemen. Fancourt and he were mutually pleased with each other; and as for Adolphus, he hardly felt his presence at all, one way or other. His anxieties for Sara were at an end, so far as the young master of the Hall was concerned, for Sara was no longer subject to the illusions of girlhood; and he was rather satisfied than otherwise—for this the stern rule he had prescribed for himself required—that her time and thoughts should be taken up with interesting objects and agreeable society. In their personal

intercommunications, there was now nothing that could have been remarked by a stranger. They had both schooled themselves too severely for that; yet at times a word, a look, unnoticed by those around them, would call up, like a spirit, some old memory, some buried hope; and the pale brow of Robert would flush, and the heart of Sara seemed to die within her.

Sara's greatest annoyance at first was in finding the round eyes of Molly constantly fixed upon her in inquiry and astonishment, and often filling with tears; but after a time the demonstrative affection of the poor girl was rather soothing than otherwise, since a complete revulsion appeared to take place in her feelings towards Robert. Molly, in fact, was in the habit of gossipping with Miss Bloomley; and that young lady had told her of the manly avowal made in Driftwood's studio, and had even confided to her as an inviolable secret, that if poor Robert had but a trade of the slightest gentility to depend upon, she would not hesitate to reward his nobleness of spirit with her own fair hand. All this Molly made no scruple of confiding to her young mistress—for doing so was the same, as she said herself, as not telling it to nobody at all—and Sara, although but little affected on hearing of the non-existence of the expectations, was moved to tears by the nobleness. Robert's prospects of rank and fortune had never seemed to her to be anything more than a dream or a misconception; but even admitting their reality, she was absolutely certain that they would not influence in any way whatever his feelings or his conduct.

The time at length came when the Simpletons—for so Fancourt audaciously styled them to his friend—were to return to their Lodge. The day was fixed; and Sara, who had some business of a private nature to transact, was deep in confidential intercommunications with Molly. These two young women were more frequently alone with each other than usual, and the bedroom of the former was generally the place of meeting. Sara grew obviously nervous, and Molly flitted about the house like a spirit with a bad conscience. Not, however, that she desired to relieve her mind to some horrified listener: on the contrary, she was rather afraid of being tempted to do so, and for that reason avoided Miss Bloomley instead of haunting her, and, when they did meet, gazed at her so like somebody drawing Priam's curtains at the dead of night, that the young lady was alarmed. The plan of operations, however, was at length settled; the minute was at hand; and the two conspirators, with an awful look at one another, retired towards their several quarters to prepare for action.

But Sara was called back to the parlour by the captain, and she returned like a detected culprit in a flutter of alarm.

'Sara,' said he, 'this business cannot be delayed longer. Since we can hit upon no better scheme, the money shall go to him through the post in a blank letter, addressed in a printed hand. He will be sure to think it comes from Miss Falcontower'—Sara started—'or at least from some of the relatives, who take this underhand way of assisting one whose claims they know to be just, although they have not the manliness to acknowledge them openly. It is a good idea, isn't it? Bless you, darling, he will never think of me, knowing what an old selfish fool I was when Miss Heavystoke wanted me to sell the Lodge, and being well aware that I have no other means of raising the wind. Why, he'd as soon think of you, whose money is locked up, every penny, so as to bring you in just enough to support you as a nice, little, quiet, fine-hearted, economical gentlewoman that makes her own frocks! To-morrow morning, before our chicheronians come, or what do you call 'em, I'll just bowl down in a cab to these Lincoln's Inn lawyers of yours and mine, and put the thing in train to be finished out of hand.'

'No, dear uncle,' said Sara, 'you must not do that. I have heard, through Molly, enough to shew that Robert's prospects have all melted away, although his fear of vexing you has prevented him from saying anything himself. To whom, then, in all the wide world could he trace the money but you? We must go more cunningly to work. Even some little delay on your part may be necessary—and such matters, as you said yourself, may be managed as well at Wearyfoot as here. Trust to me a little while longer!' To this the veteran demurred a good deal. He said he could not think of leaving Bob in such a position as his, and with a countenance so stern and made up. He put him in mind, for all the world, of a man in his company who went upon a forlorn-hope because—no, not exactly because he hadn't money enough to marry his sweetheart, but—no, not altogether because some Miss Falcontower had jilted him—but, in point of fact, because he was condemned to six dozen, and had no other way of getting off. However, the end of it was, that the matter was left for awhile longer in Sara's hands.

This occurred one evening when the party had returned from a fatiguing excursion. The two gentlemen had taken leave at the door. Elizabeth had retired to her own room to rest for an hour; and Sara told her uncle that she too would be invisible till it was time for the supper-tray. On reaching her quarters, she found Molly already there, cloaked, bonneted, and nervous—in what she herself called a fit of flustration. It was with no steady hands that Sara prepared herself in like manner for a late promenade; and then the two watched at the door of the room—they knew not for what, for in reality their going out would have attracted no attention—and at length Sara grasping her companion by the arm, they sallied forth, glided quickly along the hall, and went out into the street.

They hurried out of Great Russell Street, by its eastern outlet, as if they thought they were pursued. When they had crossed Bloomsbury Square, and reached Southampton Row, by turning a little way to the left they might have obtained a cab; but not being aware of this, they struck down by King Street into Holborn. Along this main stream they had only to float eastward till they came to one of the avenues into Lincoln's Inn Fields; and after the first sensation of timidity wore off, they were hardly sorry that no cab presented itself till they were too near their destination to make it worth while to employ it. Although early in the evening, it was already dark, so far as nature was concerned; but the abundance of artificial light made the street as clear, and, together with the orderliness of the passers-by, gave the two country girls as much confidence as if it had been noonday. On reaching Great Turnstile, they easily recognised it, as they had been there several times before; and through this narrow avenue they glided into the immense wooded square of Lincoln's Inn Fields. On the left of this expanse was the place they sought—a small square of hard pavement, hard walls, hard heads, and—so they say—hard hearts.

They ascended to the first floor of one of these cold hard buildings, and Sara, pushing open a door slowly and nervously, looked in. What she had heard was true. It being full term-time the lawyers were still at work, and her errand was not in vain. But the passage was so cold, so long, so breathlessly silent, so dark—although lighted by two dim sepulchral lamps, one just within the door, and the other at the further end. She thought for a moment of breaking her resolution, and taking Molly in with her; but her courage triumphed. Molly should be innocent of all knowledge of what she was about to do; and thus when questions came to be asked hereafter, it would be impossible to wrest anything from her simplicity or her truthfulness.

'Stay here, Molly,' whispered she; 'I may be many minutes—I may be half an hour, so do not be impatient; only take care not to leave the stair.' She went into the passage, and shut the door. Molly listened intently to hear her go in by the door at the further end, but in vain. These doors closed like the claws of a cat; they had no more voice than a coffin-lid.

Molly waited in the darkness and silence till she was weary as well as afraid. She then stole down the stairs step by step, and felt some relief in looking out even upon the cold hard stones. Presently she heard the noise of a vehicle driving in. The stones received the wheels with a cold, hard, yet hilarious sound of welcome, each stone announcing the arrival to the rest, till the news diffused a kind of flinty mirth, a hard, dry, rattling, caustic laugh over the whole area. It was an elegant private equipage, with two footmen behind in deep mourning. A lady with a thick black veil, and wrapped in a black cloak, with the hood hanging upon her shoulders, alighted.

'Take back the carriage,' said she, in a singularly clear voice; 'my lord will want it immediately to go out to dinner. Let a cab be in waiting here for me;' and raising her veil, and fixing upon Molly as she passed her a glance that went 'through and through,' she stepped lightly up the steps, and vanished in the darkness of the stairs.

As the new-comer opened the door of the passage, Sara emerged from the one at the further end. They met in the dim middle, and both paused involuntarily for an instant to exchange looks. Sara, sick and faint, yet willing to believe her thought an illusion, hardly knew how she reached the door; but when there, in spite of herself, she turned her head before going out. The other had done the same, and the light of the two lamps, falling dimly on their faces, and leaving the rest of their persons in shadow, made them shew like spectres to each other for an instant before they disappeared.

WHAT IS A CONGREVE ROCKET?

WHOEVER has stood upon a fortification near a cannon when fired, will have noticed the recoil, or backward movement of the piece on its wheels. More feelingly the force of the recoil will manifest itself to the rook-shooter, who, firing skyward many times in succession, often gets punished for his wanton destruction of corvine-life, by a bruised shoulder, or occasionally even a broken collar-bone.

Now, in all ordinary cases, it is the object of the gunmaker—understanding the term gun in its generic sense, including cannon as well as small-arms—to deaden or diminish this force of recoil. As concerns small fire-arms, more especially rifles and pistols, any considerable recoil is most injurious, as it throws the barrel out of the due line of aim; and this is the chief reason why so great a weight of metal is put into such barrels. In the case of pieces of ordnance, it will be found that the force of recoil, when it goes beyond a certain extent, not only disarranges the aim, but renders the piece unmanageable, more especially on board ship.

Let us suppose, now that the cannon on the fortification is charged—is discharged—and recoils. The explosion, however, being instantaneous, the recoil soon comes to an end. If the explosion were susceptible of prolongation, and if the mouth of the cannon could be maintained by some device in its original position, then the best way of attacking an enemy, supposing the expense of a cannon to be no object, would be to turn the breech of the gun towards him, and allowing it to take flight through the air like any other projectile. This notion may cause a smile; but we do not know in what manner the general theory of Rockets could be rendered so intelligible, as by commencing where we have commenced—with the recoil of a gun. A rocket, in point of fact, may be described as a gun charged with a slow-burning combustible, so that when discharged, or rather ignited, it recoils, first a little, then a little more, and so more and more, until the force of recoil imparts to the mass a power proportionate to its weight multiplied by its velocity. Most people have seen a sky-rocket; many have examined it, perhaps; still more have traced the fiery course of the beautiful pyrotechnic ornament as it mounted aloft with arrow-like velocity, then watched its graceful bend and final distribution of variegated stars. Lastly, most persons are cognizant, we presume, of the fact, that each rocket is furnished with a stick, serving the purpose of a rudder, or a tail. Now, the sky-rocket is propelled in consequence of its own recoil. Were we to retain the idea with which we commenced our description, we should say *re*pelled, in consequence of this recoil; but inasmuch as recoil becomes in the rocket the primary or chief force, we had better, from this period to the end of the paper, turn our ideas of recoil upside down. As for the stick-tail, or rudder—the reader may denominate it as he pleases—its use is to keep the mouth or aperture of the rocket, from which the flame escapes, continually downwards. It is tied laterally to the rocket. If it admitted of being affixed centrally, then the flight of the rocket would be more direct, instead of having a general tendency to lateral flight. Considering the rocket as an ornamental fire-work, this directness of flight would be rather prejudicial than otherwise, its curvilinear path being exceedingly beautiful. Were it desired, however, to metamorphose the sky-rocket into a warlike projectile, then, in proportion to its directness of flight, would be its advantages.

Step by step, we are now approaching the construction of a Congreve or war rocket, which, as at present made, chiefly differs from a sky-rocket in the two particulars, of having a sheet-iron instead of a paper cone, and of being supplied with a central instead of a lateral stick. The first Congreve rockets did not possess the latter advantage. They had sticks laterally attached, like those of ordinary sky-rockets, as may be seen in the Rotunda or Military Museum at Woolwich. Of this kind were the rockets employed by our troops at the battle of Leipsic; and so desolating were their effects, that some French troops against which they were fired immediately laid down their arms. The war-rocket is so intimately associated with the name of Sir William Congreve, that by over-zealous advocates he is assumed to be their inventor, although he himself disclaims the honour. In his book on the rocket-practice, he states that rockets, considered as projectile weapons, were of great antiquity in India and China, and claims to be only the improver of the weapon. Indeed, we have met with undoubted testimony, that the projectile force of the rocket used as a military weapon was known in Europe before the latter part of the sixteenth century: in the year 1598 appeared the collection of *Traites Militaires*, by Hanzelet, in which book there exists not only a full description of the manner of using rockets as military weapons, but a rude wood-cut, shewing the method of firing them.

Some years ago, we remember to have seen in the

London Adelaide Gallery certain Chinese war-rockets. They were captured by our troops at the siege of Amoy, and brought to the British metropolis. To all intents and purposes, they were sky-rockets, with the sole addition to each of a barbed arrowhead affixed laterally in the line of the stick, and projecting beyond the head of the rocket. Compared with even the smallest Congreve rockets employed in our service, they were insignificant affairs. Their flight would be altogether irregular, their power of penetrating comparatively weak. Nevertheless, one of them would undoubtedly have killed a man at the distance of 200 yards: consequently, these Chinese weapons admit of being regarded as a variety of small firearm; while even the smallest Congreve rocket may be compared with artillery. So much, then, concerning the history of the war-rocket up to the time of Congreve. He was the first who employed an iron instead of a paper case. He was also the first who applied the central stick; and succeeded in making rockets of one denomination so equal in weight, that the elements of the flight of one being known, data were afforded for the discharge of others.

The war-rocket is a very terrible instrument of destruction, possessing certain advantages which other projectiles do not. Thus, for example, the discharge of rockets, as a consequence of their very nature, is attended with no recoil against a solid body. That which corresponds with recoil in an ordinary gun, is, as we have seen, the propulsive force of the rocket, and the counterpart of this propulsive force is exerted against the air. Owing to this absence of practical recoil, rockets may be fired from boats just large enough to carry them; whereas shells of equal weight, if employed in naval warfare, can be fired only from very strong ships. Rockets carrying within themselves their own propulsive power, require neither guns nor mortars to project them; consequently, they may be fired from places altogether inaccessible to artillery, and they may be constructed of much larger dimensions than any available shot or shell. Gun-founders are now pretty well agreed, that no piece of ordnance can be cast without flaws if much larger than a 13-inch mortar; and the weight of the latter is 5 tons, although the charged 13-inch shell scarcely weighs 200 pounds. The French tried the experiment of increasing the size of a mortar preparatory to the siege of Antwerp. The experiment was unsuccessful, their monster-mortar bursting after having been only a few times discharged. 'The rocket,' to use the words of Congreve, 'brings into operation the power of artillery everywhere, and is nowhere embarrassed by the circumstances limiting the application of artillery.' It imparts to infantry and cavalry the force of artillery, in addition to the power of their own respective arms. Thus, a foot-soldier might, on particular occasions, carry several 12-pound rockets, each having the propulsive and penetrating effect of a 12-pound cannon-shot, without the embarrassment of the 12-pounder gun. The rocket, as we shall hereafter discover, may be discharged on many occasions without the aid of any apparatus—but even the corresponding rocket tube, by means of which its accuracy of flight is promoted, weighs only 20 pounds, whereas the weight of a 12-pounder gun is no less than 18 hundredweights. In addition to this advantage, the flight of a rocket is visible; whereas the flight of ordinary warlike projectiles is invisible, and superadded to the power of penetration, the rocket has that of scattering the devastation of fire. These properties of the war-rocket being considered, the reader will be at no loss to understand some of the advantages possessed by the missile.

Nevertheless, the employment of the war-rocket is not attended with those universal advantages over shot and shell claimed for it by Congreve. Amidst its good qualities there lurks the very bad one of irregularity of flight, its accuracy of trajectory curve not being comparable with that of a cannon-ball or shell. Rockets can be advantageously fired neither against a wind nor across the direction of a wind, and for reasons which a little consideration will render obvious. The long wooden stick affords a powerful lever for the wind to act upon, the iron rocket itself being at the same time unequally affected; hence ultimate deflection takes place. The striking of a casual object in the course of a rocket's flight is another ordinary cause of deflection; and to such an extent is deflection occasionally produced from this cause, that rockets have sometimes come back, like boomerangs, to the spot whence they were fired. Something of this kind once occurred at Woolwich during a military exhibition got up for the gratification of Marshal Soult. The veteran, amongst other displays, was shewn what our war-rockets could accomplish; when one of these erratic missiles striking against a stone or something of that sort, immediately departed from its normal course, bounded high aloft, and finally rushing down, plunged deep into a bank near where the marshal was posted. It was on account of this erratic propensity to which rockets are somewhat given, that they were never great favourites with the Duke of Wellington. Some of the newly invented projectiles having been forwarded to the Peninsula, the Duke took an early opportunity of trying their range and effects. The British outposts were on one side of a marsh; the enemy's outposts on the other. The distance was convenient: the rockets were pointed, lighted, and discharged. The result was anything but satisfactory. Either because the wind was unfavourable, or because the rockets had not been long enough in the field to know friend from foe, or for some other reason, they with common consent turned tail to the enemy, and came back to their friends! The Duke entertained a prejudice against them from that day forthwith. Nevertheless, they are acknowledged to have saved a brigade of Guards during the passage of the Adour; and subsequently, at Waterloo, they made sad havoc amongst the enemy.

The original ideas of Sir William Congreve relative to the best manner of arming troops with the war-rocket have never been carried out. He advocated the distribution of the missile to every branch of the service —infantry, cavalry, and artillery. He objected to the formation of a special rocket service: however, in this matter, his opinions have been overruled. Congreve suggested three methods of firing his rockets: 1. From a tube, and singly; 2. In a volley from many tubes, mounted on one carriage; 3. In a volley from the ground. Two only of these methods are now retained —namely, the first and the third. The rocket tube is a pipe or cylinder of metal corresponding in size with the diameter of the rocket intended to pass through it, and its business, to give a correct line of flight. In the earlier days of Congreve-rocket practice, there were no tubes, deeply grooved surfaces being used instead. The rocket tube is so contrived that it can be placed at any angle of elevation, and be thus pointed in the manner of a gun. The proper line of aim having been secured, the rocket is thrust into the tube, and ignited, when, after deliberating for an instant, it rushes through and pursues its destructive course. Having thus made evident the construction and use of a rocket tube, the reader will readily understand the intention of a compound-tube arrangement. Let him imagine twenty or thirty of such tubes mounted on one carriage, each tube discharging its own rocket—and a correct notion of what is understood by the tube-volley will be acquired. This apparatus is no longer retained in our service, the ground-volley of rockets being employed instead. In the ground-volley, the rockets are merely placed on the ground (which must be moderately smooth), with their heads toward the enemy, when they are ignited, and speed away. For the first hundred yards, they ordinarily pursue a course of considerable

regularity, seldom rising above the height of a man's head; ultimately, however, their flight becomes exceedingly irregular, darting about in all directions. This, in certain cases, is not disadvantageous, but the reverse. So impossible is it to predict where one of these rockets run wild will go, that it is in vain for anybody to think of getting out of its way.

A great many endeavours have been made to avoid the necessity of employing a rocket-stick. Congreve never could succeed in this attempt, but Mr Hale has been more fortunate. We do not exactly know the principle on which his rockets are made, but we believe he causes them to assume a rotatory or rifled motion, and thus provides for their regularity of flight. Mr Hale has, moreover, introduced other improvements in the manufacture of rockets. He does not fill them by ramming in the composition, but by the more equable force of hydrostatic pressure, by which means a larger amount of composition is introduced than can be effected by the ordinary method. Nor must we forget to mention the very ingenious device of this gentleman for restraining the rocket during the first moments of its propulsive endeavours. Although the power of a rocket, when in full flight, is tremendous, yet its initial effort is very trifling; so much so, that one of considerable dimensions may be held back by a very small restraining force. Now, it happens that, in the ordinary course of firing, a Congreve rocket is apt to droop as it first leaves the tube, thus losing much of the accuracy of flight it would otherwise have possessed. This drooping is in consequence of the paucity of the force it has as yet acquired—for rockets, in point of fact, like young people, go astray sometimes from the circumstance of beginning their career too soon: so it occurred to Mr Hale, that he would hold back his projectiles—not by the tail, for they are devoid of that ornament—but hold them back by a sort of spring, from which they cannot free themselves until they have acquired a certain definite initial pressure.

We will now conclude these remarks on Congreve rockets, by stating the chief occasions on which they have been employed. The first was in October 1806, when rockets of very large calibre were brought into requisition for the bombardment of Boulogne. In less than half an hour after the first commencement of attack, the town was observed to be on fire in many places, and the damage effected was doubtless very great, although its exact extent was never known, the French taking such effectual means to guard the secret, that our ambassador, Lord Lauderdale, whilst passing through Boulogne shortly after the attack, was vigilantly watched, lest he might observe the extent of the ravage. In 1807, Copenhagen was bombarded with very heavy rockets; and again with great effect, they were subsequently used against Acre. These are the chief occasions in which Congreve rockets have been used at sea. In the land-service, their employment dates from the battle of Leipsic, where they were employed with terrible effect. Their history during the Peninsular war has already been given—also at Waterloo. The Congreve rocket is no longer a secret in our keeping. Various continental nations now make and employ them very effectually. The Austrian rockets are said to be particularly good. One of the most curious applications of the Congreve rocket was in the slaughter of spermaceti whales. We have now lying before us a 6-pounder whaling-rocket, precisely similar to the military prototype in every respect, save that of being furnished with a harpoon-head. The idea of using the Congreve rocket for this purpose was ingenious enough. The inventor intended that the missile, when discharged, should penetrate into the very centre of the whale; then bursting, fill the huge animal with such an amount of gas, that swim he must, whether he chose to do so or not—all very pretty in theory, no doubt, but entirely false in practice. Congreve whaling-rockets did not come into general use; nevertheless, they must have been made in very large numbers. We remember, on one occasion, to have seen a stock of many thousands lying idle in the store-rooms of a large whaling establishment. And now, in conclusion, let us state, that the largest Congreve rockets ever made weigh about 300 pounds, are eight or ten feet high, and have sticks in proportion. Very pretty visitors these to come hissing into the midst of a town!

THE WHITE LADY OF BRANDENBURG.

During the eighteenth century, the house of Brandenburg, like nearly all the other royal houses of Germany, experienced numerous vicissitudes; but, worst of all, was constantly divided against itself, and agitated by domestic tragedies, which may be said to have shed a gloom on its fortunes for ever. From time immemorial, the superstitious belief had prevailed in the family, that, as a prelude to each successive catastrophe, a female spectre, habited in dazzling white, appeared in some dreary place, and at some gloomy hour, to the principal sufferer. With this tradition, every one of the princes and princesses was familiar. They regarded it as part of their destiny, and looked forward to the advent of the apparition almost as a matter of course.

The young Prince Frederic, and his eldest sister Wilhelmina, entertained a strong mutual affection, which induced them to communicate their thoughts freely to each other. This, under other circumstances, would have been a source of happiness to them. But in the palace of Berlin, happiness was a thing not to be thought of, for their father, Frederic-William, appeared to exert all his power and ingenuity to render its presence impossible. Every day, he loaded his wife and children with imprecations, threatened them with imprisonment and death, spat in the delicate dishes after he himself had been served, that they might not eat of them; attempted occasionally to commit suicide, and then took refuge in brutal drunkenness, which only rendered him still more furious and dangerous.

Frederic, afterwards, by the adulation of mankind, called the Great, was naturally driven by such paternal indulgences to seek for consolation in friendship. It may easily be supposed that he was not led by his experience to put his trust in princes. He looked for an intimate among the middle ranks of society, and the person he selected to be his Pylades was a young officer rejoicing in the euphonious name of Kat. But we must not suffer ourselves to be deceived by sounds. However unpoetical may have been his family designation, he was in himself a person of noble soul, equal to the duties of any situation, brave, romantic, generous, ready at all times to sacrifice himself for the good of others. The choice of such a friend was honourable to Frederic's judgment, and had fate permitted their attachment to become as lasting as it was strong and enthusiastic, the reputation of the philosopher of Sans Souci might have escaped many of those stains which now lower and deform it.

As the Prussian monarch, through unaccountable caprice, or the desire to wound as much as possible the feelings of his children, occasionally forbade the prince and princess to see each other, Kat was often, at such times, intrusted with messages from the brother to the sister. Misfortune almost invariably disposes people to think kindly of those who sympathise with them, no matter what may be their rank or station. Wilhelmina

beheld in Kat only her brother's friend, and as, besides being handsome, he was gentle and winning in his manners, it is not very surprising that, seeing few other men, and none that shewed any deference for her, she should have experienced a secret preference for this young officer. Sometimes, when circumstances permitted, they all three met together in friendly enjoyment. Fearing to be free with others, they on such occasions made up for their general reserve by indulging in the most unbounded confidence, passing in review the whole court, from the king and queen to the meanest gentleman in waiting.

It soon became evident to Frederic that Kat loved his sister, who, without the slightest regard to royal conventionalities, returned the feeling. An ordinary prince would have resented this; but he was not an ordinary prince, and therefore regarded not merely with approbation, but with delight, the mutual attachment of the individuals he loved best in the world. The intelligence came to him with disgust that plans, meanwhile, were in agitation at court for disposing, in the common way, both of his sister's hand and his own. Contemplating marriage from an extremely unfortunate point of view—that is, in connection with his own father and mother—it can scarcely be a matter of surprise that it should have inspired him with disgust. His French studies, also, and the practice of Germany, where nearly all princes contract what they call left-handed alliances, tended to produce the same effect. When his father, therefore, set on foot any scheme for bartering away himself or his sister, in exchange for political influence, he exerted his utmost ingenuity in thwarting him. Kat likewise, it may well be believed, made the best use of his power over the mind of Wilhelmina to deter her from entering into an engagement which would have been fatal to his happiness. These facts the Prussian king could not exactly know, though his suspicions were awakened. He had recourse, therefore, to his system of espionage. Courtiers of both sexes were instructed to keep watch over the movements and communications of the trio, who, being young and ardent, were not much upon their guard; and at length the conviction became rooted in his mind, that their singular friendship obstructed the development of his policy.

Wilhelmina had very few thoughts or feelings which she did not frankly communicate to her brother, but she had some, and among these was the strong love she felt for his young friend. He could not, indeed, fail to know that some attachment existed between them, but she shrank from confessing the extent of it, and often arranged, clandestinely, interviews with her lover. One morning, when she had just promised to meet Kat at dusk in the long elm-walk at the extremity of the royal gardens, her father sent for her into his apartments. He was suffering from gout, and sat in a great arm-chair, against which two heavy crutches, by the assistance of which he walked at times, leaned ominously. The queen stood trembling at his side, afraid to speak, but casting deprecating and imploring looks at her daughter. Wilhelmina shuddered and turned pale.

'I see,' exclaimed the king, 'that you are sinking under the weight of a guilty conscience. You know you are deceiving me, in conjunction with your mother and brother.' Wilhelmina thought of her assignation with Kat. 'I say, you are deceiving me, or at least attempting to do so. But there are more eyes upon you than you imagine. You should remember the old saying: "that walls have ears;" and that when children enter into plots, to bring trouble and disgrace upon their parents, it behoves them to display more prudence than you and your rebellious brother exhibit. But I have discovered all your schemes, and know how to punish you.'

The poor princess almost dropped to the floor. Her father, she saw, was in a paroxysm of anger, almost approaching to madness. He turned now and then fierce and threatening glances towards the queen, who looked aside to conceal her tears, and was only restrained by terror from throwing herself into her daughter's arms. He bade Wilhelmina draw near, but she was overwhelmed with fear, and could not prevail on herself to approach him. He then attempted to rise, in order to seize her, as he had often done, by the hair of her head, but a sharp twinge of the gout supervening, he fell back in the chair writhing with agony; in the midst of which he seized one of the crutches, and hurling it with all his might at his daughter, would certainly have brought her days to a sudden conclusion, but that, bending down her head, she suffered the missile to fly unimpeded towards the window, through which it made its way with a crash into the court below. This was the signal for flight; and both queen and princess ran shrieking into their own rooms, followed as far as they could hear by the most frightful imprecations and anathemas.

As ill-luck would have it, Frederic soon after came to pay his respects to his father, whom he found entirely alone, all his ministers, courtiers, and even servants contriving not to hear his vociferations. If we had not the most unimpeachable testimony for the scene that followed, we should regard it as an extravagant fiction. When the prince entered, his father, fixing upon him a demoniacal look, accused him of entertaining some monstrous designs, which had never entered the poor young man's imagination, even in his dreams. He, therefore, repelled respectfully the charges made against him. This was too much. Anger, amounting to absolute rage, overcame the sense of pain. The king sprang from his chair, and seizing his son by the throat, dragged him with all his force towards the window, where, with the strong cords of the blinds, he attempted to strangle him. He was a large, powerful man; the son, weak and delicate; and the parricide was nearly accomplished before any of the courtiers would venture in to preserve their master from the commission of a crime which would have cast a blight over his whole life. Frederic, however, was nearly black in the face when disentangled from the cords and borne fainting out of the apartment.

An unintermitted system of persecution was now pursued by Frederic-William against his queen and his two eldest children, whose lives were thus rendered nothing but one tissue of gloom and wretchedness. His majesty's matrimonial schemes, however, suffered no interruption. As if he had been the best of fathers, he exerted himself vigorously to obtain a wife for his son, and a husband for his daughter, which he persuaded himself was all that could be desired to render them perfectly happy. His own experience of wedlock had doubtless led him as well as his queen to this conclusion! But their children remained steadfast in their unbelief, and looked upon the marriage-ring with little less horror than a compact with the Evil One. This was more especially the case with Frederic, who, in an unlucky hour, came at length to the determination to put an end to his own misery by flying into France. This resolution he communicated to Wilhelmina, with the strictest injunctions to keep the secret from her mother, who, through a mistaken sense of duty, would probably have betrayed his design. All the necessary preparations were undertaken by Kat, who, in the devotion of his friendship, braved, with his eyes open, the danger that impended over him. The slightest accident might shipwreck their project, and he knew the old king too well not to foresee that he would take a terrible revenge.

It boots not now to inquire into the means by which they raised the necessary funds for defraying the expenses of their journey, how they procured passports, and succeeded in lulling to sleep the suspicions of the

monarch and his courtiers. Kat contrived, an hour or two before his departure, to obtain an interview with the Princess Wilhelmina, who received him in her own apartment, though trembling all the while with anxiety and terror. Every footstep that moved through the corridor, every voice in the courtyard below, every whisper of the wind through crevice or cranny, represented to her in fancy the approach of her terrible father. In fact, before the young officer could make his escape from her room, the queen came rushing in to say that she was inquired for. Kat hid himself behind a screen, and when the mother and daughter had departed, stepped forth into the corridor, descended a narrow staircase with which he was familiar, and hurrying along the streets of Berlin, joined the young prince in a small grove beyond the walls, where, without companions or attendants, Frederic awaited his coming with two horses. These they mounted, and, making the best of their way towards the frontier, indulged in the flattering hope, that in a few days they should be beyond the reach of Frederic-William's pursuit or vengeance.

The Prussians even then had been drilled into tameness and submission; otherwise, as several gentlemen whom they encountered on the road knew the young prince perfectly well, they might have offered him an asylum, or aided him in effecting his escape. The utmost they did was to allow him and his companion to pass on without obstruction. This they were enabled to do during two days; but the great trial they knew would be on the third, when they should have to pass of necessity through a fortified town on the banks of a river which they could not traverse by swimming. It was with sinking spirits and the most gloomy forebodings, that they approached the gates, and beheld the walls and turrets rising like sepulchral edifices in the evening air. Frederic from time to time clasped the handle of his sword, and once inquired of his companion whether, in case of discovery, it would not be the most advisable course to imitate the ancient Romans, and put an end to their embarrassments by suicide. At the moment, he would have thought even this preferable to being dragged back to Berlin, and delivered as a prisoner into the hands of his father. As they drew near the gates, they instinctively slackened their pace, and all the philosophy of which they were masters could not prevent them from regarding each other with an expression of extreme alarm. But no choice was left but to demand admittance or to turn back. Of course, they resolved on the former; and to their surprise, the sentinels at the gate suffered them to pass without the slightest inquiry. Overjoyed at this piece of good-fortune, they resolved to make the best use of it, and pushed on to the further gate, leading over a long bridge into the open country. No one stopped them in the streets, or appeared in any way to regard them. They therefore entered the *corps-de-garde*, through which lay the approach to the gate, with reviving confidence, but in an instant were surrounded by a body of soldiers, who, before they could even think of resistance, had disarmed and made them prisoners. Frederic, almost frantic with excitement and disappointment, demanded of the officer who regulated these proceedings by whose authority he was thus arrested.

'By your father's, prince,' replied the major. 'An hour ago, you might have travelled the frontier unmolested; but a courier has just arrived from Berlin, commanding me, on pain of death, to detain your royal highness and your companion. Having myself served in the royal guards, I was well acquainted with your person, as well as with that of M. Kat, who was for some years my companion in arms.'

To this, Frederic made no reply, but requested to be conducted to the dungeon assigned for him. He was perfectly right: it was indeed a dungeon; but at first Kat was allowed to be his companion. Prussian despotism, however, did not disdain to have recourse to those arts and contrivances which the princes of the house of Hapsburg have since practised with so much skill and credit against state-prisoners. By means of a small cell constructed in the thickness of the wall communicating through a narrow aperture with the dungeon, the conversation of Frederic and his companion was overheard, and carefully entered in notes, which were immediately transmitted to the king. Considering their position and their disappointment, it was no matter of wonder that they expressed themselves intemperately. Frederic did not spare his father, and Kat, unmindful of the reverence which Germany inculcates for crowned heads, indulged likewise in very strong language. When their first burst of indignation was over, they appeared to derive hope even from despair, and resolved to devote all their resources of mind and body to deliver themselves from the power of a sovereign whom they now designated as a cruel, crafty, merciless despot.

With the Princess Wilhelmina, matters were, meanwhile, little better than with them. She was under no necessity of feigning illness, for, having lost at the same time both her beloved brother and her lover, her agitation, fear, and grief threw her into a fever, during which she fell more than once into a dangerous delirium: we say dangerous, because, under its influence, her tongue lost its guidance, and syllabled perpetually the names of Kat and Frederic. In one of the intervals between one of these paroxysms, when, as it appeared to her, she was wide awake, the White Lady of Brandenburg, with a very dignified air and attitude, approached her bedside. The candles had burnt low, her only attendant was fast asleep, the wind roared fiercely in the chimney, and the hootings of the screech-owl from a neighbouring turret mingled terribly with the night-blasts. She attempted to address the spectre, which leaned compassionately over her; but no words passed between them. In a few seconds, the White Lady turned away her face, and appeared with one hand to be shrouding her eyes from some appalling spectacle, while the other was pressed closely against her bosom. Wilhelmina, in agony and trembling, watched its movements with intense earnestness. Presently, the tapers threw up a bright glare, then sank, flickered for a moment, and the chamber was wrapped in total darkness. Sleep then came to her relief; and when late, on the following morning, she again opened her eyes, the rain was beating against the casements, and her beloved friend and governess, almost in the very attitude of the White Lady, leaning over her, and wiping the perspiration from her brow.

In the course of the day, her unhappy mother, bending beneath the weight of her affliction, came by stealth into her chamber, and throwing herself into a *fauteuil*, hid her face in the bed-clothes, and sobbed long and bitterly. With her habitual imprudence, she disclosed to Wilhelmina the fate of Frederic and his companion, and by so doing brought on a fresh attack of fever, which nearly put a period to her daughter's life. When she saw the mischief she had caused, her regret and sorrow knew no bounds. Under the force of maternal instincts, the natural weakness of her character disappeared, and, setting her tyrannical husband at defiance with the courage of a heroine, she remained day and night by her daughter's bedside, regardless of his menaces, and for the time making light of death and life.

To describe the state of mind into which the king was thrown by his son's act of disobedience, would exceed the powers of language. It cannot be doubted that for the time at least he was mad. Encouraged by his flagitious minister, Grumeon, he resolved upon the exhibition of an awful tragedy, which should inspire all Christendom with horror. Nothing less than the blood of his son would appease his paternal resentment; and openly, in the face of day, he published his determination, and made preparations for his execution. It is

believed that the Austrian ambassador, Seckendorf, a man of the most profligate principles, likewise favoured secretly this infamous design, though all the sovereigns of Germany, as well as the king of England, exerted their utmost influence to deter the Prussian monarch from the perpetration of the crime he meditated. The greater their exertions, however, the more obstinate he became, as he appeared to regard it in the light of a victory over all the powers of Europe to put his only son to death, that he might establish universally the conviction, that he could do in Berlin whatever he thought proper, in spite of Germany and the world.

Into the political negotiations connected with this affair, our limits will not permit us to enter. We return, therefore, to the prince and his companion, who, having been removed to the fortress at which they were made prisoners, were thrown into separate dungeons in a small obscure city in the heart of Prussia. It seemed to be the object of the father to subdue the courage and constancy of his son, as well as in other respects to degrade his character, since all manner of devices were made use of to induce him to betray his friend; but to the honour of Frederic be it said, all the snares laid for him were unavailing. He persisted in his original declaration, that the plan of flight was his own, and that Kat only consented to accompany him at his earnest desire and entreaty, and after having exhausted all his efforts in the endeavour to divert him from his purpose. In this way he hoped to concentrate his father's vengeance upon himself, and save the life of his friend. Had Frederic always acted thus, no prince whose name is recorded in modern history would have better deserved to command the admiration of mankind. Kat, on his part, surpassed, if possible, the prince himself in disinterestedness and heroism. He persisted uniformly in affirming that Frederic was innocent—that neither of them, indeed, had intended serious disobedience to the royal commands—but that, in a moment of youthful frivolity, he had persuaded the young prince to accompany him on a secret visit to the French capital, where they meditated only a short stay, after which it was their intention to return to Berlin, even before their absence should be discovered.

Everything in Prussia was then conducted through military agency, chiefly because men connected with the martial profession were supposed to be less accessible than others to the weaknesses of friendship or affection. The hope of promotion, moreover, was expected to quiet any scruples which might arise in the mind respecting the humanity or justice of any transaction. Accordingly, an officer was sent to Frederic, who, having first examined Kat, came into the prince's apartment with mock humility, but with real insolence, to interrogate him respecting his views past and present—to utter the most atrocious accusations against his friend, and to extort from him, if possible, a confession of some rebellious project, which would appear, at least, to justify his father in taking away his life.

Through this ordeal, Frederic passed with great intrepidity and success. He repelled, with scorn and indignation, the calumnies attempted to be fastened on Kat, and maintained unflinchingly that the error of that gallant young officer arose solely through mistaken friendship and affection for him. The spy, who had evidently been drilled at court, now adroitly threw out certain hints respecting the feelings of Wilhelmina, which so incensed Frederic, that he instinctively moved his hand towards where his sword had used to be, and would unquestionably have run his interrogator through the body had the trusty weapon been still within his reach. Recollecting himself suddenly, he turned a look of intense scorn upon the military inquisitor, and said: 'If my father forgets himself, you would feel it to be your duty, were you a gentleman, to spare the honour of his daughter. The Princess Wilhelmina stands far beyond the reach of vulgar suspicion and calumny. She is my sister, sir; and the time may yet come when it will be in my power to chastise all those persons who dare to cast aspersions upon her. For myself, you are welcome to heap on me every insult suggested by low and base natures. As a son and a prince, I shall submit, because it is my father's will. But let the vicissitudes which constantly take place in the affairs of this world suggest to you the prudence of remaining within the limit I prescribe to you; for, be assured, I have a memory which will treasure up whatever may be now submitted to it, whether for good or evil.'

The officer professed, and no doubt with truth, his willingness to be convinced by this reasoning. He also protested that he was acting strictly under orders, and said he would faithfully represent to his majesty the respectful and obedient state of mind in which he found the prince. Immediately afterwards he took his leave, and during the remainder of the day Frederic was not disturbed by the entrance of a single individual; even his food was forgotten to be brought to him, so that he became the victim of physical as well as mental depression. Not a footstep was heard in the neighbouring chambers, no sound of a sentinel in the court, and as he looked forth through the iron bars, he could behold nothing but a few withered leaves blown hither and thither by the wind. The sun shone faintly on the dusky walls, and a faintness came over him as the sense of absolute silence and stillness fell upon his heart. He had no books from which he might have sought some relief; his chamber was bare, containing nothing save an iron bedstead and a wooden seat, on which from time to time he threw himself in despair. The hours wore away, the shades of evening came on, and by degrees thickened into absolute darkness, and yet no attendant appeared either to bring him light or a morsel of bread. Being of a feeble constitution, this long abstinence affected him so much that in the course of the night he fainted on his bed, and remained plunged in a sort of stupor till morning.

When he came to himself, his mind was in a state of indescribable depression; stillness and silence continued to prevail throughout the fortress, where nothing but himself seemed to be endowed with life. Long he lay motionless on his hard pallet; but his feelings growing more and more painful every moment, he sprang on his feet and approached the window. Did his eyes deceive him, or was he plunged in some horrible dream? Concentrating all his soul in the sense of sight, he looked forth into the court with frantic terror. Darkness pervaded earth and air; yet through the gloom he could discern one object but too distinctly: it was the body of his gallant and intrepid friend dangling from a low gallows, which had been erected during the night, exactly opposite his window! He fell senseless on the floor, where he was found some hours afterwards by a common soldier, who, it is said, without orders, had sought the apartment out of pure compassion. For some time he supposed the prince to be dead; at length, however, he revived, though not to the same life he had lived before. The whole economy of his thoughts and the constitution of his mind were changed. He uttered no lamentations or threats, but one fixed purpose seemed to have taken possession of his soul—life and death appeared to have become indifferent to him. He refused to utter one single syllable when an officer entered to interrogate him, and the food which they at length bethought them of offering to him, he motioned away with a wave of the hand. Like his sister, he found relief in sickness, and the death with which his father had threatened him appeared for many days to be coming of its own accord.

In due time Frederic recovered, and in the course of years he became king of Prussia. He then remembered the murderers of Kat. The chief murderer was, he knew, beyond his reach; and so, when he came to make inquiries, were the others, for, bearing in mind that he

possessed a memory, they had vanished from the kingdom of Prussia, and sought refuge in other parts of Germany. Wilhelmina, whom, to the latest hour of his life, he loved tenderly, never forgot her attachment for Kat, and in the midst of war and political excitement, and the cravings of literary and philosophical ambition, Frederic often devoted whole hours to conversation with her. They then recalled the happy days they spent together with this only friend, whose memory they both cherished to the last. If it was Kat's ambition, therefore, to be loved, he succeeded, since he left in the minds of the two individuals he valued most, the deepest possible remembrance of his unexampled affection and fidelity.

THE MONTH:

THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

THE LIBRARY.

The Russian and Turkish books which are the natural consequences of the present state of eastern and northern affairs, are, upon the average, of a mediocre quality—got up for the market, and a great proportion of them bearing evident marks of barefaced manufacture. Only one or two works have appeared shewing traces of their authors having been actually on the field, and eye-witness to the exploits of Omar Pacha. The London morning journals, however, with their usual enterprise, have sent special correspondents to the Danube and to the Asiatic side of the Euxine. Several of these gentlemen have gone out with the regiments, and we are already receiving from them letters marked no less by intelligence than graphic power of description. The French government are despatching, under the wing of their military and naval forces, able military recorders, marine and battle painters, with that most useful class of artists—photographists. We understand that General Raglan means to convey to the scene of action one chronicler, one painter, and one 'sun artist.' Happily, many of the officers are both artists and authors, by land and sea, and we may expect a copious crop of productions in both departments, which will have the great advantage of actual authenticity, and graphic description and illustration. The Baltic, we observe, as well as the Euxine, is also beginning to call forth its describers and chroniclers. We already have travellers who either indite from the fortified towns and rocky channels of the north, or hasten to put upon paper the reminiscences of former journeyings through the Sound or the Great Belt—with perhaps a summer excursion as far as Cronstadt. At all events, there is no doubt that the history—military, civil, topographical, and illustrated—of the war east and north, will be written and portrayed in far more detail than were the great contests of the Republic, of the Empire, and of the Peninsula, in their meagre gazettes and apocryphal war-journals touted round the streets by vociferous postmen.

Turning from the literature, present and to be expected, of the war, we proceed to notice a few of the most remarkable books of the past month, and amongst these we may class M. Guizot's *History of Oliver Cromwell and the English Commonwealth, from the Execution of Charles I. to the Death of Oliver Cromwell.* Bentley.—This is an important work, full of new information of every species, from contemporary memoirs, from the state-archives both of France and England, and from histories of the era published down to the latest date. The style of M. Guizot is at once dignified, picturesque, and vigorous. The subject, indeed, demands this, and he at the same time throws the illumination of a calm and clear philosophy on the agitated state of the nation at the time, the ferocity and fanaticism of the Puritans, the fierce and vigorously urged policy of the Protector, the great events which that produced, the dissolution of the Long Parliament, the Scotch and the Irish battles and victories. Nor are the effects of Cromwell's foreign policy neglected. On the contrary, the chapters touching them form both the most interesting and the most novel portion of the work. The execution of the king, the rapid career of success of the Puritan party, their marvellously soon acquired domination over the three kingdoms, the all but total subversion of the national church, and the enthronisation of the great leader, not in Westminster Abbey, but in Westminster Hall, where he was girt with a sword of state, clad in a robe of purple, presented with a rich Bible, and styled, if not His Majesty, at least His Highness — all these events astonished the entire continent. Once firmly established on his throne—for it was a true throne—he commenced a career of foreign policy of unsurpassed glory. He dictated peace to the United Provinces—avenged the injuries of Christendom on the pirates of the Mediterranean—seized Jamaica—and made himself almost a Puritan pope over the reformed communities of the continent, declaring to the descendant of St Peter, that 'unless mercy was shewn to the people of God, the English guns would be heard in the Vatican!' On all these topics, M. Guizot throws new light, chiefly in letters from Louis XIV. to Cromwell and Fairfax—which are now given to the world for the first time. Altogether, the last work of the French historian and statesman is one tending to diffuse great information and excite great interest in this and other countries. We may add, that M. Guizot has been fortunate in his translator—Mr Andrew R. Scoble—the style of whose English is highly commendable.

Finland: Notes Collected in 1848, *during an Excursion from St Petersburg to Torneo, by Prince Emmanuel Galitzin.* Paris.—We have here a Baltic book of a different calibre from the majority of those which we noticed at the commencement of this paper, matters political being in a very different state in 1848 from what they are in 1854. The topics of the travelling prince embrace only the themes of peace in a copious description of Finland. He descants upon its coasts, its fiords, its mountains, its multitudes of lakes, offering great facilities for navigation, many of them communicating with each other—an important circumstance, since the mountain-roads are difficult and dangerous. The soil consists generally of a sandy loam; but it would appear that its fertility has declined since the tyranny of the czars has been exercised on the peasantry, instead of the mild rule of the Swedes, its rightful possessors. Finland abounds in rivers, some rapid, and all clear save one, the Cano, which is obscured with the mud of its channel. It would be impossible, in our limited space, to follow the multitudinous details touching climate, vegetation, minerals, such as lead, iron, slate, and granite, of which great quantities, and of the finest quality, are quarried. Passing, however, from mining, the prince notices the extent of cattle-rearing and fishing: he enters into more statistics of production than we have room for; gives an account of the Russian constitution of this vast province, sketches its towns, harbours, fortifications, and particularly two towns—the former Viborg, one of the most important places in the country, from its situation on sea-beaten rocks, fortified to the highest peak; and the latter, Helsingfors, which possesses the same advantages, but in still greater degree. The prince narrates at much length the varied fortunes of this fortress, which passed alternately from the Swedes to the Russians, and *vice* and *versa*, until, in 1810, it was betrayed finally to the then ruling czar by the treachery of Admiral Cronstadt. This short *résumé* is intended to convey an idea only of the general character and amount of information garnered in the prince's *Notes Recueillies.* Incidentally, the accounts of the fortified

seaport towns give at this moment to the volume an interest and a value which it is probable the author never dreamed of when engaged upon his lively and comprehensive work.

The Poetical Works of John Keats, with a Memoir by Richard Monckton Milnes. Moxon.—Every new edition of Keats is a slap in the dead faces of his traducers. The more the pity that the poet's delicate, tender, and exquisitely poetic mind should have felt so keenly the hostility of the rude, cold, heartless, and lightless intellects which assailed him. But though kind friends supported him, and, what was better, appreciated him, of the two great literary organs of the day, the *Edinburgh* damned the budding poetic blossom with faint praise, and the *Quarterly* trampled it savagely and ignorantly beneath its rude feet. The fact is, that a new light was rising—that the luxurious, aspiring, emblazoned diction of the old poets was beginning to raise, and illumine a band of youthful aspirants, when they were set upon by the Cossacks of criticism—men who paid no reverence to, and had indeed little or no knowledge of Spenser and Chaucer, or of the mighty old dramatists, the pedestals of Shakspeare, or of the delicate subtilty and fine poetic cunning of the poets of the early part of the seventeenth century—such as Donne, or, in lesser degree, Cowley—contenting themselves with the attenuated though elegant, weak though witty, poetry of the time of Anne. These were the men who, not appreciating Keats and several of his compeers, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, and even Lamb, indulged themselves in criticism, which present reviewers would shrink from, and as Shelley well said, 'hooted Keats from life.' The present edition has nothing of novelty, but Mr Scarf's illustrations are very beautiful.

THE STUDIO.

Since the last 'Month,' two exhibitions have been opened—that of the National Institution of Fine Arts in the Portland Gallery, at the top of Regent Street; and that of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

The former, which comprehends among its contributors not a few mediocrities, attains, nevertheless, to a greater degree of merit than it did last year. The worst of it is, that it is flooded with landscapes, most of them—particularly those of the Williams family, one of whom alone contributes fifteen works—being of a more or less monotonous character: Welsh landscapes, moonlight effects in forests, or brooks, heaths with sheep, gleas, mists, harvest-homes, English lanes, and so forth, all treated in much the same manner. No. 48, by Arthur Gilbert, is the gem of the collection, *A Calm Evening*—a beautiful effect of setting sun over a placid river, rushes, and water-plants; on the right bank, which is in shadow, but still discernible, trees magnificently depicted; in clumps on the left, with the sinking rays of the sun upon a third of their higher branches, the lower and the trunks in shade. The water is painted with vivid truth; and, altogether, this is *the* landscape of the exhibition. One of the best *genre* painters is Frederick Underhill. His subjects are generally rustic children, in vigorously painted bits of landscape. E. J. Cobbet is another pleasant boy and girl painter. Mr J. E. Lauder contributes several ambitious works, among them *The Ten Virgins*. Here the grouping is good; the wise and foolish virgins are flung, the wise in the light, and the foolish in the dark, telling the story. John Surtees, besides several sweet landscape bits, gives *Blooming Heather*; the heather, deer's foot, and heath, well painted; and a capital couple of young moorlanders, boy and girl, coming merrily along with bundles of furze upon their backs. Samuel D. O. Swarbreck has a remarkably clever Chester gallery, with all its quaint perspectives, its lights and shades, falling on characteristic living life and still life. Alfred Provis contributes a most delicately painted Breton interior, and several other pieces of the same class. Mr Glass, who has produced so many characteristic cavaliers and moss-troopers, disappointed us in his *Escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven*. The royal fugitive sits with an unexpressive countenance on a stiffly galloping horse; while Douglas rides beside her and looks behind. The water of the midnight brook, through which they are plunging, is by no means well painted; and, altogether, the work is inferior to *The Raid*, or *The Guide*. With the mention of these few works, we have indicated the best specimens in the Gallery.

The Society of British Artists does not seem to be by any means keeping up its character. Its fault is a want of elevated subject. As in the National Institution, there is an overflow of landscape, so monotonous that the eye wearies under the tameness. Of historic subjects there are remarkably few compared with the number of works, 555; and of sacred subjects still fewer. Pictures of *genre* certainly abound, and of still life many highly finished specimens may be observed: *mais que valaient ils?*

To Mr Hurlstone, the president, we always look for Spanish subjects, done, as much as possible, after Murillo and Velasquez; but out of nine, six are portraits, and the remaining three are Moorish, and of these we must do them the justice to say, that they are well drawn, richly and harmoniously painted, and full of the national expression. The best of the landscapes are those by Mr Boddington, who contributes nine, all superior works, of mountain, river, and lake scenery; and those by Mr Clint, who has a stormy sea-scene off Scarborough, which shews fine feeling for marine, and rock, and gloomy sky scenery. After a charmingly painted cabinet picture, struck off to the life—the bustle of a French port—the rest of his contributions are mountain and river landscapes. Mr Pyne sends Italian landscapes; and Mr Zeiller—whose works are generally Norwegian landscapes, and sledges in snow-storms, chamois-hunters and shepherds—this year changes his quarters to Walachian mountains and mountaineers, which he paints with the same vivid snow effects, and well-drawn men and horses. There are a multiplicity of other landscapes, the general character of which we have indicated. And as *genre* cabinets, we may mention, in conclusion, Mr C. Baxter's graceful treatment of *La Pansa;* and another work of the same class, Mr Collins's *Juliet*, which is full of sweetness and tenderness of expression. Still another graceful head is that of Mr Havell's, the subject Adeleine, from Tennyson. *The Gleaner*, by Mr A. Fussell, is a small work, but of much promise.

A few days ago the Royal Panopticon was opened. This building, situated in Leicester Square, is perfectly unique of its kind: it is the only specimen of pure Saracen architecture in England—the representation, in fact, with some necessary alterations, of the most perfect hall existing in the Alhambra; the Saracen style being preserved to the minutest detail, from the horseshoe arch of the gate, to the tesselated glass of the fountain, the Moorish lamps, and the Moorish cyphers and emblazonments. Inside, the blaze of adornment is startling. The general form of the hall is round: the three galleries which run along the walls are supported by fourteen pillars. These pillars are diversely ornamented with beautiful Moorish arabesque, in various styles, and lead up to the dome, which is a blaze of decoration disposed in broad belts, each differing from the rest, and rising on a circle of horseshoe arches—a circular light in the extreme height of the roof, which is 97 feet, the diameter of the hall being the same. The building is intended to be devoted to science and to the manufacture of the most elegant of household articles, in a great variety of departments; as yet, the rule being that everything sold upon the establishment is to be made within its walls.

We only refrain now from a more extended description, because an article treating the subject at a length which would be inadmissible here, has been prepared, and will presently appear.

We looked the other day into the studio of Mr John Jones, to view the plaster casts of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, which Mr Jones had recently presented for inspection at Buckingham Palace. This is the first bust ever modelled of Her Majesty with the lips closed, and we fear we can hardly style it an improvement to the face; but tastes differ, and we shall certainly not discuss so delicate a point: at all events, both busts are exceedingly like the royal sitters. In the studio, are a similar pair of casts of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, and the Empress Eugénie, also by Mr J. Jones. Of the former we can speak: it is strongly characteristic. The empress too, particularly in her exquisite profile, is a close resemblance.

There is on exhibition in Marlborough House a very curious collection in terra cotta—and one or two in wax—of model statuettes principally executed as designs for great works by Michael Angelo, and a single specimen by Raphael. Only six or seven out of fifty are of real value. A wax model of a skeleton, by Michael Angelo, is a wonderful piece of art; and a magnificently moulded hand grasping a bowl, has been vainly attempted by hundreds of imitators. A monumental recumbent figure, for a tomb of the Medici in a church in Florence, is very striking; and a group of Hercules and Cacus, although much injured, is a most vigorous piece of struggle. The Raphael is called a Jonah, representing that personage as a prophet. The attitude is an outstretched one, shewing all the limbs, of which the modelling is the most exquisite thing that can be imagined. The collection is stated to have remained long hidden in a house in Florence. It has been successively offered in vain to the Austrian and French governments, and it is now here to tempt the English. The Jonah, we understand, is valued by several high authorities at L.1500; if so, how much for the Michael Angelos?

THE GREAT STEAM-SHIP.

The ways for laying down the projected immense screw and paddle steamer for the Eastern Steam Navigation Company are in the course of completion at the yard of Mr Scott Russell at Millwall. Many hundreds of tons of iron for her keel are ready to be put together, and the contracts have been signed for the completion and launching of the ship within two years. The extreme length on main-deck will be 700 feet, being 430 feet longer than the *Himalaya* steamer; extreme length of keel, 680 feet; extreme breadth of beam, 83 feet; depth of hold (forming four decks), 58 feet; length of principal saloon, 80 feet; height of ditto, 15 feet; tonnage, 10,000, or builder's measurement, 22,000 tons; stowage for coal, 10,000 tons; stowage for cargo, 5000 tons; 500 first-class cabins, with ample space for second and third class passengers, besides troops, &c.; while her screw and paddle engines will be of the aggregate nominal power of 2800 horse. She will also carry an immense quantity of sail. The principle of construction, as designed by Mr Brunel, will be similar to that of the tube of the Britannia Bridge. Her bottom, decks, and sides are to be double, and of a cellular form, with 2 feet 6 inches between. She will have fourteen water-tight compartments, also two divisional bulkheads running her whole length, so that it would appear as if the principle of the T girder, as we suggested, only in this case donbled, were comprised in the new principles of construction. The great length of the ship, it is contended, according to all present experience, will enable her to pass through the water at a greater velocity, with a similar power in proportion to her tonnage, than ordinary vessels now require to make ten knots an hour, and that speed is, in fact, another result of great size. The immense proportions will admit of carrying sufficient fuel to accomplish a voyage round the world.—*Builder.*

THE UNIVERSAL.

BY W. STEDMAN.

Is there an eye that looks around,
  O'er heaven and earth, o'er land and ocean,
And sees no gentle things abound,
  To stir the soul to sweet commotion?
No voiceless song of harmonies?
No music sounded through the eyes?

Is there a soul that dwells within
  An eye of hazel, brown, or blue,
That sees not, 'mid the clash and din
  Of changing worlds, a beauty too?
Serenest sunbeams resting lightly
O'er the volcano, burning brightly.

In every ray that falls on earth,
  And from that earth reflected rises,
There is a joy, a gentle mirth,
  That soon the captive soul surprises;
Sweet glimpses of the lost ideal,
Flashing about the transient real.

The pretty flower that decks the lea,
  Each day its bosom opening wider,
Yields choicest honey to the bee,
  But poison to the bloated spider.
And are there hearts and eyes that see
This difference of philosophy?

As with the part, so with it all;
  As with the flower, so with creation,
And there's for hate, as bitter gall,
  As honey sweet for adoration.
Ah! honey sweet, a busy bee,
Let's work in thy philosophy.

PRESTIGE OF SPECTACLES.

I descended to the Kulhait river, on my route back to Dorjiling, visiting my very hospitable tippling friend the Kajee of Lingcham on the way down. He humbly begged me to get him a pair of spectacles, for no other object than to look wise, as he had the eyes of a hawk. He told me that mine drew down universal respect in Sikkim, and that I had been drawn with them on in the temple at Changachelling, and that a pair would not only wonderfully become him, but afford him the most pleasing recollections of myself. Happily, I had the means of gratifying him, and have since been told that he wears them on state occasions.—*Hooker's Himalayan Journals.*

THE WIDOW'S ERRATUM.

A printer's widow in Germany, while a new edition of the Bible was printing at her house, one night took an opportunity of going into the office to alter that sentence of subjection to her husband, pronounced upon Eve in Genesis iii. 16. She took out the two first letters of the word HERR, and substituted NA in their place, thus altering the sentence from, 'and he shall be thy LORD' (*Herr*), to, 'and he shall be thy FOOL' (*Narr*). It is said her life paid for this intentional erratum, and that some secreted copies of this edition have been bought up at enormous prices.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

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SOCIAL POLARISATION.

THE death of the amiable Judge Talfourd at the moment when deploring, as a cause of demoralisation and crime, the separation of classes in English society and the want of sympathy between them, has lately brought those sad social facts again prominently under notice. For a few years, they have been kept comparatively out of view, in consequence, apparently, of the great changes flowing from the general liberation of industry; but, like nature, however they may be expelled, they will be sure to recur and draw attention, so long as they continue to have any existence.

It becomes a profoundly interesting question, Can this separation of classes and consequent division of sympathies and interests be remedied? With a great indisposition to consider this question unhopefully, we must confess that, notwithstanding such partial efforts in the right direction as entertainments by masters to men, gentlemen coming forward as popular lecturers, societies for improving the dwelling-houses of the working-classes, and the interest taken by gentlefolks generally in the getting-up of schools, we see a powerful tendency to a continually widening separation—a tendency which seems inseparable from that very freedom we possess of pursuing each his own worldly interests, on which the activity of our industrial system so much depends, and against which no one will listen to a single word.

It is allowable to put this matter to the proof of a personal appeal, and we would therefore ask the best inclined master and mistress, of the middle classes, if they feel it to be possible to come to more familiar terms with their servants. We would ask any candid individual, accustomed to live independently of trade, and tuned to the proud refinements which a superiority to drudging industry produces, if he thinks the time can ever come when he will condescend to be on visiting terms with any of his *trades-people*. The responses are only too well known before they are uttered. On the continent, as we well know, there is less fastidiousness, because, less advanced in industrial organisation, the circumstances of individuals have not yet arrived there at so great a discrepancy. It is here we read a solution to the riddle, that England is voted as at once the most mercantile and aristocratic of countries. It is a thing, unfortunately, which acts and reacts, for, as the withdrawal of the high goes on, the low, from want of the influence of their superiors, are thrown lower, and, thus becoming the more repulsive to that class, tend to be further separated from them. The process may be described in a word, by borrowing an idea from one of the physical sciences: it is social polarisation.

It has revealed itself in many prominent facts of the last hundred years. We see it in the constantly increasing disposition of the more comfortable classes in large towns to draw off into *west ends* or other detached districts, leaving their inferiors to herd in large masses, free from their leavening influence. In our own city of Edinburgh, for example, high and low once lived in literally the same houses, though in different floors, and many kindly charities must then have been exercised between the rich and poor, since the one class came daily before the eyes of the other. Now, the one class lives in the *new* town, and the other in the *old*, with no connection between them beyond what may be kept up by missionaries and the agents of benevolent societies. So also in old times, when farmers were plain, drudging men, they were content to live in the same apartment with their engaged assistants. Their own sons and daughters, if they had a superfluity of them, being liable to go out and act as servants to others, they never thought of any degradation or even condescension attending this practice; and, according to all accounts, while the farmer and his family were perhaps less exalted as moral beings than they are now, the servants (if it be just to call them by such a name) were not less remarkably superior to the occupants of the *bothies* of our days. The present farmer, working a good capital in his business, and enjoying many of the refinements of life, cannot live with his servants—can still less allow his children to live with them: the servants, therefore, must needs herd with each other, without any of that benefit which they formerly derived from the moral influences, such as they were, which were exerted by their masters in their daily intercourse. In like manner, the small manufacturer of the early part of the last century had all his apprentices, and many of his other hands, as inmates of his house, where, of course, they must have been somewhat attempered by any moral force that might reside in himself. The large manufacturer of our day stands hopelessly separated, in domestic respects, from his work-people. These must needs live amongst themselves, with no spark of a sustaining or elevating social influence among them, except the comparatively abstract and weak one which the zealous clergyman may attempt to bring into play, he being at best but a visitor, not an associate or a neighbour. It is refinement that does all this. It is refinement that shuts us up in our handsome houses, that forbids us to address our servants kindly and confidentially. Such, really, is the paradox of our civilisation. Raising society at one end, it depresses it at the other. We are, in a word, *polarised*.

We have, then, great systems of industry, tending to concentrate and economise means, and to increase

wealth, but just as clearly tending to widen social distinctions, and so create great and painful problems in another direction.

But, it is said, the worker gets his fair share of the proceeds of this new style of industry: he has far higher wages than he formerly had. Quite true. From the cheapness, too, effected by the concentrated industry, the workman of our time, even though he had still only the same nominal wages, could now command a far larger share of the luxuries of life than he ever could before. As it is admitted that the working-class are in a less satisfied, as well as satisfactory state, than they were long ago, the necessary inference is, that they make a worse use of their advantages than they might and ought to do. Well, this is in a great measure true also. It has even been found that crime rises and falls amongst them in attendance on rise and fall of wages—Judge Talfourd stated this in his last speech—and it is a common observation among masters, that, as a rule, the higher paid workmen conduct themselves least respectably, and bring up their families worst. It is a fact to the same purport, though not generally seen, that we never heard till these days of large operative gains, of there being so much to find fault with in the dwellings of the working-class. Undoubtedly, were their now larger incomes managed as well as their formerly low wages were, houses would be provided for them on the ordinary principles of trade, instead of being left to the partial and inadequate efforts of employers and benevolent associations. But how comes it that the higher gains tell so ill for the benefit of the class? We have pondered much on this question, and for years found no sort of rest in it. We have turned it in all sorts of lights, and viewed it in every relation we could think of. One point we have latterly concluded upon as quite clear—namely, that for so broad and constant a result, only some large, pervading, and tremendous cause could account. There must be some terrible tendency, or some terrible deficiency, in the state of the lower labouring world, under our new industrial dynasty. Well, is it not just the widened distinction which has taken place between employer and employed?—the increased hopelessness of passing from the one condition to the other, in consequence of the comparatively large capital now required for mastership?—and not merely the larger comparative capital, but the larger comparative skill, will, self-denial, moral force of all kinds. It is notorious that the well-paid artisan, with an employed family, will realise more income than many a working clergyman or schoolmaster, while it is ten to one that he even makes the attempt to use it equally well. To lay up any part of it does not occur to one in a score, or if it occurs is set aside, with, 'What is the use of my saving? I cannot sensibly increase my income by it—it would perish at the first exigency.' There is, in short, an absence of some needful self-working principle in his case—something analogous to the cheap defence of nations—that would save us this continual distressing, worrying crusade for the elevation of the labouring masses, by making them elevate themselves. Is it not simply that the motive power of Hope—that power which causes the merchant and trader to continually strain to make the little more—is wanting in the workers, placed as they now are in a system where wealth always creates wealth in an increasing ratio, and the destruction of the poor is peculiarly their—poverty, we were going to say, but it is more just to say, a degree of means larger absolutely, but smaller relatively, and so far as its power of accomplishing progress for the holder is concerned, than formerly fell to their lot?

The fact undoubtedly is that some men rise from the condition of operatives into that of masters, for some of our greatest manufacturers are known to have been originally working-men. It is a possibility for some singularly constituted and happily circumstanced men thus to rise; but it is not sufficiently easy to do so, and the examples do not tell upon the multitude. Once a man has fairly got into the capitalled and employing position, he obtains the benefit of that gale of antagonism, which continually works to the making the master's little more, and if he possess real prudence and self-command, he probably ends in wealth. But below that point, there is continually blowing an equally powerful gale in the contrary direction. The ultimate divarication is startling. We contemplate at this moment a family of clever prudent men who have risen from a lowly sphere to enormous wealth, and are now planting themselves in the superb halls and broad estates of the ancient gentry, while the armies of their workmen are generally so devoid of any tendency to make an economical use of their gains, that it is thought to be a real, though negative benefit to them, to be called upon to purchase the necessaries of life from stores established by their masters—establishments which in themselves yield the masters a handsome income. It is not merely a separation of conditions and sympathies which we have to deplore, but a constantly widening distinction in intellect, force of character, and morals. The masters, merely as human beings, become colossi; the men are dwarfed. And how is it to be wondered at, when the former see every day how additional capital and additional character are the means of improving fortune, while the latter have neither any immediate use for saved money, nor any reason to think that their morals will in the smallest degree affect their prospects?

Society may wail over this spectacle; but we more than fear that, in the circumstances, the antagonism is unavoidable and irresistible. It is a principle deep founded in the constitution of the world, and which we see working in every moral scene. It may be a strange consideration, but it is a true one, that beyond a certain point, even virtue reacts unfavourably on society. The *very good* are the cause why there are others *very bad*. It is because very good people necessarily abhor vice and error of all kinds—throw it off from them, fly from it, leave its victims hopelessly condemned, and therefore liable to become worse and worse. The moderately good, not viewing it with such repugnance, retaining still some sympathies for their erring brethren or sisters, give them, it may be said, a chance. By keeping them in their own congregation, they may even exercise some good influence in recovering them. It has often been wondered at that certain outcast classes are so much more wretched in this country than in others; but it is simply because good society is so much more fastidiously moral here. We claim—and in all sincerity think we are acting very right in claiming, the privilege of 'cutting' this person and casting off that, of denouncing this man's guilt and that woman's sin, and resolving to have no more to say or do with this person and that person; never once reflecting what is to be their next move after our withdrawal, although we see in numberless instances that it is a downward one. In a less high-strained society, there is no such casting out, and while the best are but tolerably good, there are none so very bad.

It is a very natural idea to occur—it is no worse to you that I am much richer, more refined, more virtuous than you, and why should you complain or be envious? But there is, we see, a ground of complaint after all in these discrepancies. Great means in a few hands do most undoubtedly crush the commercial efforts of small men, although perhaps redounding to the good of the entire community. Extreme refinement keeps common breeding at a distance, and allows it no chance of improvement. Exquisite morality directly tends to produce the too well named 'abandoned.' All these things we see at work in this advanced society of ours, and blossoming abundantly in heart-burnings and

strikes among the workers, and a *lues populi*, such as nobody dreamt of when the phrase was first used. Are there any remedies to be had? No nostrums, we suspect, though facilities for small joint-stock concerns among operatives may be admitted to be a hopeful means of somewhat correcting that reckless frame of mind in which so much of the evil subsists. The thing, to all appearance, will go on, on, on, perhaps with some occasional checking and correction, but on the whole stretching the paradox wider and wider, till either it cracks in terrific confusion, or some great prophet arises to give mankind a new direction and a better destiny.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TRAVELS OF DISCOVERY.

THE dinner-carriages had disappeared. So had the cabs bound for the theatres. The omnibuses were few and far between; and more than an hour ago those persons who patronised neither cab nor omnibus, but walked home from business, had reached their suburban dwellings and six o'clock tea. The visible population of London had changed its character, both in respect to numbers and appearance. The females had an air of directness, as if they had chosen the hour for business; the men wore generally that solitary look which betrays the want of a family fireside; the policemen mustered strong, having sallied forth to take their promenade uninterrupted by the crowd, or to make the agreeable to Polly, who had come up from the hot kitchen, when the dinner was fairly off her hands, to breathe the fresh air on the area-steps. London was mostly within doors. Some of the inhabitants were at dinner—these were the aristocrats; some had already dined, and were chatting over their wine—these were the upper middle classes; some were at tea—these were the lower middle classes; some had left tea more than two hours behind, and were longing for supper—these were the small shopkeepers and hand-workers. The guest-rooms of most of the houses were full; so were the theatres; so were the exhibitions; so were the popular churches where evening-service was performed; and in a proportionate degree the streets were empty. But it was not a gloomy void that was thus presented; for the shop-windows blazed, and the long lines of gas-lamps sparkled like stars in the blackness of the evening.

In approaching the suburbs, the glare was gradually left behind, the shops and lamps becoming fewer, and the former sometimes disappearing altogether. The aspect of the scene, early as the hour was, became decidedly solitary; and this character was aided even by the few lights, occurring at regular but distant intervals. The road leading towards the Bayswater suburb, so busy and so gay a few hours ago, might almost be described as dreary; the country-like expanse of Hyde Park being left behind, and only the blank wall of Kensington Gardens lining one side of the way. When a solitary cab was seen to stop here at one of the turnings, the few piétons passing regarded it as a relief, and looked with languid curiosity at the descent of the single person it contained. Those who did so turned to look again; for although the individual was shrouded from head to foot in a black cloak and veil, with the hood drooping far over her bonnet, there was an unmistakable air of distinction in her walk and carriage. She moved quietly along, however, up the turning, and the spectators passed on their way.

The lady walked slowly and collectedly up the street, as if she was going to her own or a neighbour's house; but when she had gained the end, she paused and hesitated. Streets were on all sides—before, behind, and on either hand. She chose the left, and thus proceeded further to the west. At the end of that street there was another pause, another self-consultation, and she turned to the right. Then came a longer pause: the evening was dark, the lamps few, the wilderness of brick and stucco seemingly interminable. Occasionally somebody passed her, and turned round to look: this made her quicken her steps. Once or twice a policeman turned the bull's eye of his lantern upon her veiled face, and then wheeling about, followed her; but gradually his pace became slower, and then he altogether abandoned the pursuit. This is an ordinary ruse of the Force, who calculate on the individual followed, if conscious of having been at any unlawful work, betraying his delinquency by taking to flight; but in the present case the veiled lady did not run, but glide at what appeared to be her usual rate of speed.

She at length seemed to regret her reserve or timidity, and looked round as if in search of some one to direct her. A servant-girl at the moment came out of one of the houses, and she addressed her.

'Kensington Gravel Pits?' said the girl. 'Oh, you must take that street opposite, and go on a good step. You are from the Tyburn way?'

'Yes.'

'Well, you see you have come out of your road. Hartwell Place? I don't know that; you must ask again when you get nearer it.' The lady bowed and glided on, and the girl stood staring after her till the black figure was lost in the black darkness.

Soon after this, while the solitary wayfarer was passing a house of some pretensions, the door suddenly opened, and from the brilliantly lighted hall several young men, who had apparently been too familiar with the wine-decanters, issued forth in boisterous merriment. One of them, struck with the nun-like figure that was gliding past, followed her, while his laughing companions incited him to the chase with a view-hollo that made the street ring. The lady quickened her gliding pace—quicker—quicker—till the gentleman fairly ran, and at his highest speed. She distanced him for a time, turning several corners, and darting across several streets, till at length he was sensibly gaining upon her, and would perhaps have ultimately won the race, had not his foot been caught by a large stone, which brought him down with a heavy fall. Two policemen turning the nearest corner at the moment, witnessed the accident, and seeing a female in the act of flight, one of them pursued her, while the other went to the assistance of the gentleman, who lay stunned upon the street.

The policeman was a still more dangerous enemy than the gentleman, for he sprung his rattle as he ran, and presently the terrifying sound was heard taken up at several points, some distant, some nearer, as if by echoes. When turning the next corner, the fugitive was intercepted and caught roughly by the arm, while the glare of a bull's eye was turned upon her face. Still she spoke no word; and when the pursuer came up, the two were about to lead her back to where the supposed offence had been committed, when the footsteps of the other policeman were heard thundering along the street, and his voice exclaiming: 'All's right—Let her alone!' When he approached, he explained that the gentleman had fallen by accident, and that the lady ran only because he had frightened her: even before he had finished she had moved away in silence as before, and was already at some distance.

'Are you sure you are right?' said one of the trio. 'Isn't it odd, that if frightened, she didn't cry out? I don't like that silence!'

'Don't the gentleman know best anyhow?' replied P. 47. 'If he don't charge, we can't take her; and sure a woman's houlding her tongue is no offince!'

When the silent lady reached a certain distance, she slackened her pace, panting like a hunted deer. But there was something resolute even in her quick-drawn breaths, and her figure was still erect and her nerves strung. She had not given in. She would carry out her project, whatever it was, in spite of fortune. But, owing to her ignorance of the locality, rendered practically darker by the darkness of the evening, she had made a mistake. She had left the cab too soon: it might have taken her far nearer the scene of action, without the slightest risk of its awakening observation. Her intrepidity was not of so common a kind as might be supposed; for until now she had never in her life been in the case of an unprotected female. She had hitherto moved through the world like a queen in a play, surrounded by domestics, court, army, and preceded and followed by a flourish of trumpets. To find herself alone and on foot, wandering in the dark, and through unknown paths, stared at like a spectre by the passers-by, and hunted like a criminal by policemen—this was a situation so absolutely at variance with her rôle, that the courage which sustained her must have been something truly heroical.

But Claudia was determined, *coute qui coute*, to ascertain a certain fact; and a few words with Mr Poringer, spoken apparently at random, had shewn her that this would be easy, if she could only reach the place unobserved. She would be fooled by nobody. She would believe nothing but what was revealed to her by her own eyes. She would distrust Adolphus; she would distrust his lackey; she would distrust Miss Heavystoke; she would distrust Oaklands; she would distrust her own father. She would see, learn, know everything herself. Her visit to the family lawyer, which was on ordinary business, might have been paid at any other time, or she might have sent, more characteristically, for him to wait upon her; but she chose to go, and at an unusual hour, that her father might be from home during her absence, and that she might have an excuse for making use of a conveyance not driven or accompanied by the servants of the family. Her meeting there with Sara, and the nature of this young person's business, which she had extracted from the lawyer, gave her a sensation so new and strange that she could not analyse it. It served to fix her resolve, however, still more firmly; it elevated her courage, it gave speed to her steps, and made her feel as if every moment was precious, as if she had already lost time, as if her fate depended upon her object being attained that evening.

The adventures she encountered had been quite unforeseen; but her habitual presence of mind had been equal to the exigency. To summon the aid of the police, to complain, to utter even a word that might seem to require explanation, would have been to run the risk of public inquiry. Even to ask her way frequently, appeared to her to be dangerous to her scheme; and it was, therefore, chiefly by dint of patient prowling, that she at length succeeded in reaching the opening of Hartwell Place, the name of which she read by the light of a dull lamp at the corner. It was at this hour a singularly gloomy-looking avenue; the gardens forming one side of the way being a mass of impenetrable shadow, while the only light in the street beyond the corner where she stood was a kind of luminous haze, thrown forth apparently from a window at the further end. This shewed her that the information she had received concerning the locality was correct; and with the same deliberate and noiseless pace with which she had been accustomed to float up the long vista of her own drawing-room, she glided on along the solitary street. The object of her journey of discovery being simply to look in for a moment at the window, we will now give the reader a peep of the interior: but in doing this, we must be permitted to proceed in our own deliberate way.

Robert Oaklands had not been idle during the long intervals of his visits to his Wearyfoot friends. A portion of the day he gave up to writing for the weekly and monthly periodicals, for he could not afford now to wait the slow movements of a quarterly; and the rest of his time he spent in inquiry and reflection on a plan he had hitherto kept to himself. His resolution, however, had that very day been taken; and in the evening, when Mr Driftwood called, he did not scruple to mention to him and Mrs Margery what he was about to do.

'You may remember, Mr Driftwood,' said he, 'that when I came to London first, in reply to your question as to how I proposed to live, I gave you a long list of my accomplishments, and you seemed to think that even a small portion of the number would suffice.'

'I think so still,' replied the artist: 'what you want is steadiness—you won't stick to a thing when you begin it. If you had followed the painting, you might have been near me by this time; and, at anyrate, if you had joined me in business, as I proposed, you might have rattled off the portraits as your share of the work, while I executed gallery-pictures that would have been a fortune to us both one day.'

'Even the portraits, I fear,' said Robert, smiling, 'would have wanted the Grecianizing hand of the master!'

'So they would—I would have touched them all over after you. Come, you shall have a chance yet: take back your word, and come to Jermyn Street to-morrow.' Robert shook his head.

'Then what are you to be after? You took to the cabinet-making, not so genteel a thing as painting to be sure, but still you would have done well enough there if you had only stuck to it. But some new crotchet came in the way, and no human being could tell what you were about for ever so long. You may have been a billiard-marker for aught I know; and even that would have been more rational than hunting about, as Margery's idea was, here, there, and everywhere, after grand relations you never saw or heard tell of in your life.'

'That is all true—sit quiet, Margery, and don't mind him—but cabinet-making, you know, would never have brought me more than journeyman's wages, and I had, and have, a strong fancy for something more. Still my projects have all failed—I admit that, and it is necessary to try something new. Now, you may remember my capabilities were not bounded by painting, cabinet-making, and authorship.'

'Oh, you could do fifty other things, I know, and I saw you myself do half of them. You are a house-painter, a glazier, a carpenter, a bricklayer, a slater, and so on—but what is the use of that? Would you be more than a journeyman for the number of your trades? You could carry a hod, too, ever so high. Stuff!—If you could get up a pole one-third of the length, and stand on your head on the top of it, it would be more to the purpose.'

'Perhaps I could do even that: I shouldn't mind trying if it came to the push. But the truth is, I think it a pity that such accomplishments as these should be lost, and lost they are in an old country where all of them are separate and crowded trades. I am going to try a new field, Driftwood; yes, Margery, and one where it will go hard with me if I cannot find a lump of gold the size of an egg at least, to send home to you.' This announcement excited a great commotion in the room. The artist took it upon him to be exceedingly angry with his imprudent young friend; and Mrs

Margery, so rudely awakened from her favourite dream, could hardly find voice for remonstrance.

'And just when it was all coming out,' said she, 'exactly as I told from the first! It's a flying in the face of Providence to interfere with fate, that's what it is! See if you will get as comfortable a room in these outlandish places, or as nice a bit of victuals as any lord in the land has on his plate, or a shirt more spotless than you will find in the first drawing-room in England! And see if you will get anybody to mind your little comforts—and rise before daylight to get your breakfast the first thing, so that you may not work on an empty stomach—and think nothing of anything, but thank you for it all—and feel so proud, and so hap—hap—happy!'—and poor Margery lifted up her voice and wept.

'What he will get,' said Driftwood, sententiously, 'is cold and rags, with the damp ground to lie upon; starvation if he finds no gold, and a pickaxe through his skull if he does.'

'Don't mind him, Margery,' said Robert, soothingly—'that picture is quite in the out-of-doors-style: I shall never, it is true, either abroad or at home, meet with the comfort and kindness I enjoy here; but I can rough it as well as most people, and I can work and live where men of higher talent and higher rearing would sit down and perish. As for the pickaxe, I am not sure that I shall put myself in the way of it at all—I rather think I shall not. The mines are a lottery in which there are only a few prizes to a thousand blanks; but in the midst of a population, one-half of which cannot, and the other half will not work at ordinary trades, there must be numerous fields of industry and ingenuity for such as I.'

Here the conversation was interrupted by a single knock at the door, and Doshy presently ushered in a female visitor, handsomely dressed in walking-costume. It was Molly; and the two Wearyfoot friends were in one another's arms in an instant, Mrs Margery weeping on her friend's bosom, and her friend, who was never behind hand on such occasions, weeping with her, and taking the cause of sorrow upon trust. Molly, after this preliminary business was over, curtsied to Robert with some awkwardness, for, like other sensitive ladies, Molly was the victim of conventionalism. She knew that it would be improper to be so familiar with a gentleman of his figure and manners, but she longed to tell him at once how sorry she was for her late ill-humour. To sit down with him like an equal was out of the question, but there was no other room in the house with a fire, which the weather rendered indispensable; so the matter was compromised by her and Doshy getting well into a corner, while Mrs Margery occupied an intermediate place between them and the gentlemen. Molly was too much astonished at the news that was speedily communicated to her in whispers by Doshy to be able quite to comprehend it at first; but she was assisted in this by recollecting the fact she had come herself to announce, that the captain and his retainers were to set out the next day on their return home. There seemed to her to be something strangely sympathetic in the two movements—the one to Australia, the other to Wearyfoot; and she took the liberty of thinking, that, for all Mrs Margery's experience, there was as much genuine fate in the one denowment as in the other. Robert received the intelligence without apparent emotion; for he got up presently, as if to fetch a book from the shelf at the further end of the room. But he did not find what he wanted; for he returned, and then went back again, and so kept wandering up and down the floor, as if he had lost himself on the Common.

'It is very easy,' said Driftwood at last—for he, too, had been in a reverie—'it is very easy to talk of going here and there—but how is it to be done? You will want money, Oaklands, money to get you an outfit, to take you to the antipodes, to enable you to travel from the coast to the mines, and to keep you alive till your earnings begin to come in. For my own part, you see, these confounded guineas are very slow, and my gallery-pictures have not yet been found out by the connoisseurs. In another year or so I should be able to give you a cheque for a thousand easily enough, and that would insure your success; but at present, why'——

'For the present,' interrupted Robert, 'I cordially accept your good wishes instead. A smaller sum than you mention would indeed make the adventure easy, and expedite my return, perhaps by many years; but talking of that is of no use—I see my way towards raising by and by what is actually necessary, and hard work, perseverance, and time must do the rest. Come, instead of a thousand pounds, you shall give me a couple of your spare brushes, Driftwood; and I will take as much care of them as I did of the cake Molly made for me at my first exodus from the Lodge. I kept that cake, Molly, for months, and it did me more good than any cake I ever ate before or since.' This made Molly burst into a nervous laugh that ended in a gush of tears—with which she half-drowned a little girl who had the mishap to enter the room at the moment.

This little girl was followed by two little boys. They were the children of a poor widow who lived in the upper part of the house, and were in the frequent habit of receiving lessons in reading from Robert in the evening when he was at home, besides a good hunch of bread and butter from Mrs Margery. The little creatures were very poorly dressed, but clean and tidy, and had been so kindly treated by their hosts that they felt and behaved as if they were members of the family. Robert had already one of the boys by his knee with the lesson-book open on the table; another was climbing into Mrs Margery's lap; and the girl was struggling to get away from Molly, whose intentions she was not altogether sure of—when that young lady let her go suddenly, head over heels upon the floor, and gave a loud scream.

Margery flew to her friend, and Robert and Driftwood likewise rose hastily. Molly, however, answered not a word to their questions, but sat staring at the window, with her round eyes dilated even beyond their usual size, and absolutely blazing with astonishment. There was nothing at the window to account for her scream. If the evening had not been so dark, it might have been supposed that the waving of the trees in the gardens opposite had excited her imagination; for Mrs Margery had been in the habit at Wearyfoot of dispensing with shutters, the kitchen windows opening into the garden, and her present abode being the last house in the row, and there being no passage beyond, she still kept up the custom.

'What ever is the matter with you, Molly?' said Mrs Margery; 'have you lost your senses since you came to London?' At the moment a carriage chanced to pass the end of the street.

'There—there!' cried Molly; 'I knew I could not be mistaken! It's a face nobody could mistake who had once seen it, and it was lighted with two eyes that were like gas jets looking in at the window!'

'Is it a spirit you fancy you have seen?' asked Driftwood.

'O no, sir; I know better than that—a spirit doesn't go off in a carriage, but in a flash of brimstone! Though it was like a spirit too; for its black mourning-dress seemed only a piece of the black night; its black hood was raised over its brow that it might stare in upon us the better, and so the lighted face looked as if it was floating in the air.'

'Molly,' said Robert, earnestly, 'of whom are you talking?'

'Of Miss Falcontower.'

'The girl's crazy,' cried Driftwood, indignant at having been betrayed into excitement by so palpable an absurdity.

'Did you ever see the lady,' said Robert with much vexation, 'you have so thoughtlessly named?'

'Oh, I saw her come out of her carriage, and I was told who she was.'

'That accounts for your illusion. Her face being a very remarkable one, has dwelt in your imagination; and that dark window with the panes glittering in the fitful light of the candle and the fire, has supplied you with materials for a picture.'

'Oh, that's all very well for you, Master Robert,' said Molly, somewhat sullenly; 'but for my part, I can't see nothing but what's before me; and if this was my last moment, I'm ready to make oath that what I did see was neither ghost nor picture, but Lord Luxton's daughter.'

Robert was much struck with the earnestness of this declaration. There was obviously no intentional deception on Molly's part, and the chance of her being under a delusion herself seemed at least to diminish. But how to account for the presence of that unfathomable Claudia? Could it be that the wild notions of Margery—for he now understood how these had been confounded with his apparently more tangible expectations—had reached the ears of the Falcontowers? Could it be that he himself was suspected of being at the bottom of the fraud, and that Claudia's was a visit of espial, intended to ascertain from external appearances his real position in the world? But this idea merely flitted across his mind for a moment; for how could she have known of Margery's custom—a very uncommon one in London—with regard to the window; and, ignorant of this, could it have been her intention to inquire from door to door into his circumstances? More than all, how was it possible to suppose that one with so many dependents at her command would undertake in her own person so singular a task?

To reason on the subject, however, was vain; and, taking up his hat, he proposed, as he sometimes did, to accompany Driftwood, who was now preparing to go, to the end of the street. It was arranged that the artist should have the felicity of escorting Molly home; but that young lady, saying that she would join him presently, lingered behind to bid a confidential good-by to Mrs Margery. Her friend had by this time dried her tears, or else the triumphant smiles that broke on her good-looking face had absorbed them naturally. As soon as the gentlemen were gone, she whirled Molly to a corner of the room, out of view of the window, and laying her two hands on her shoulders, and putting her mouth to her ear, said in an eager whisper—

'Don't you see, girl? Isn't it all coming out, just as I told you from the first? And isn't the denowment hastening on as fast as ever it can?'

'What's coming out?' said Molly in astonishment, 'when Master Robert is going to the other world, and Miss Sara to Wearyfoot?'

'Hush, not a word! You don't know anything about it: you are as blind as a mole, for all your great eyes. What would Miss Falcontower be doing here this blessed night, unless it was a-coming? How should you have seen her yourself prowling about, and flattening her nose, I dare be sworn, against our window, like my cousin Driftwood, as round as a crown-piece? I tell you, girl, it is as sure as fate itself—and that is seldom put out of its way, except by foolish people who don't understand it. And you will be married, Molly, out of hand; and a comfortable match you will make of it, now that the young baker has succeeded to his father; and your first girl will come up here as soon as she is old enough, and join me in the business, and have it all to herself when I am dead and gone. See if that doesn't come out too!' Mrs Margery, in the triumph of her art, would perhaps have gone on arranging, in the most satisfactory manner, the destinies of numerous generations, but Molly was not in the vein to listen. The spectral face of Claudia was before her imagination still; and it affrighted her so much that she would fain have taken refuge in ignorance from the preternatural illumination of her friend, just as when a child she had been accustomed, from similar feelings, to hide her head in the bed-clothes.

The two ladies, however, took a loving farewell of each other, uncertain whether they were ever to meet again in this world; and Molly, with wandering steps and slow, pursued her solitary way down the dark street to join her convoy.

SLAVERY, CANDLES, AND WAR.

A STRANGE grouping of words this! War and slavery may act and react on each other; each may produce the other; and both are bad, let them be produced how they may. But how candles can be materially affected either by slavery or war, or could act as a moving agent against those evils, is not so apparent. Nevertheless, there is an intelligible link of connection; and this connection may perchance become more intimate than it has hitherto been. The reciprocal action of war and slavery, without an intermediate agent, we will at once dismiss—it is too political a subject for these pages; but we can promise the reader that there is much that is interesting and instructive in the answers to these two questions: How may war affect candles?—and how may candles affect slavery?

How may war affect candles? By a very simple commercial operation—raising the price of tallow. We must not talk about recent news, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer will search for the penny-stamp on the corner of this sheet; but it is not venturing too boldly to state, that we are now at war with Russia. Now, Russia is our great storehouse for tallow. We kill 'beeves and muttons' in large numbers, and these beeves and muttons are richly supplied with fat. But still we cannot satisfy the wants of the tallow-melter: our meat-fat is good, and much of it finds its way to the spit, the oven, and the saucepan; and even if this were not the case, the manufacturing requirements for soap and candles could not thus be met. We make something like 200,000,000 lbs. of soap annually, besides a quantity of candles, the amount of which is not known, because no Excise duty is paid upon them. The home supply of fat and tallow is quite inadequate to this demand; we are beginning to receive cargoes from Australia, and we receive cargoes from countries nearer home; but those from Russia far outweigh all others. The tallow of home produce is prepared by persons called renderers: the fat and suet received from the slaughterers and butchers are chopped into pieces and boiled in water; the greater part of the fat melts out of the membranes, floats to the top, and is skimmed; another portion is squeezed out by powerful presses; and, finally, the dried and pressed membrane, under the name of 'graves,' is used as a fattening food for poultry. In Russia, the processes are analogous in principle, though differing in details. The cattle which roam over the vast steppes of Southern Russia, are driven to the *salgans*, or tallow-factories, where they are fattened for slaughter—the fat for tallow, and not the meat for food, being the main object in view. When slaughtered, a little of the offal is removed, and the rest of the carcass is cut up into pieces; these are thrown into boilers, each of which is of such monstrous size as to contain the substance of twelve or fifteen oxen. The boiling, and the skimming, and the pressing produce three or four kinds or qualities of tallow, which are packed in barrels, and sent to market. Now, of the 250,000,000 lbs. said to be annually sold by Russia to other countries, England takes so large a quantity, that any interruption

to the trade between the two countries will be seriously felt by the cattle-owners and tallow-factors of Southern Russia. We have imported in the last six years no less than 7,654,908 hundredweights of tallow from Russia, giving a yearly average of 1,275,818 hundredweights, or more than 140,000,000 lbs. If the import becomes impeded by the operations of war, we shall suffer by paying higher for our tallow, and consequently for our candles and soap; and if the impediment becomes still greater, the sellers will be nearly ruined, for they will lose for a time their best customer. It is thus that war may affect candles, by raising the price of the raw material out of which they are made.

How may candles affect slavery? This is a far more interesting question, both morally and commercially, than the one which we have just considered. In order rightly to understand it, it may be well to notice a few facts in the chemistry of candle-making.

Until within the last few years, ordinary candles were made wholly of tallow; those of better quality and higher price being made of wax and spermaceti. The tallow was melted just as it came out of the casks, and the candles were dipped or moulded with this hot material. M. Chevreul, however, an eminent French chemist, bethought him that it might be worth while to inquire a little into the chemistry of tallow, to ascertain whether the whole substance is combustible, or whether it contains anything which, by being incombustible, retards rather than assists the burning of the candle. He began his labours in 1811. In 1813, he succeeded in separating a substance which he called margaric acid, from tallow; he next separated another, the oleic acid; in 1814, he discovered a third, which he called stearic acid, or stearine. Now, he found that all these three acids, one liquid and two solid, are combustible; but that they are combined in tallow with a fourth substance, which he named glycerine, and which is incombustible. Hence came a question: whether candles would not burn better if the glycerine of the tallow were removed? Some years afterwards, Gay-Lussac proposed to Chevreul the establishment of a company, or industrial association, for the manufacture of margaric and stearic candles. Chevreul consented, and the two distinguished chemists set to work with the patent which they obtained; but chemistry and commerce are not always equally well understood by the same persons; and the company, whose formation was proposed in 1825, proved abortive. What failed to the chemists, however, bore fruit to others: M. Bonnet made 'bougies stéariques Rue de Buffon;' and MM. Milly and Motard made 'bougies de l'Etoile;' both kinds being improvements on the old tallow-candles. By 1833, the sale of the 'bougies de l'Etoile' had risen to 25,000 kilogrammes (about twenty-five tons) annually.

Here, then, was a satisfactory point attained: candles could be made with the noncombustible materials left out; and in respect to guttering, and smoking and snuffing, they were a vast improvement on the old tallow-candles. But at what price had the improvement been obtained? Ay, 'there's the rub.' It was found that five pounds of tallow were required to produce two pounds of the purified material, which raised the price of the candles to eighteen or twenty pence per pound. This would never do for general consumption. Something must be done; some new fatty substance must be discovered or thought of as a substitute for tallow. *Palm-oil* was hit upon for this purpose. Dr Hempel and Mr Blundell took out a patent, and Messrs Blundell and Spence introduced palm-oil candles —which, however, being dark in colour, never came into general use. Meanwhile, Mr Soames had taken out a patent for cocoa-nut oil candles; this patent was sold to Messrs Wilson and Lancaster, and became the groundwork of the celebrated Vauxhall establishment, 'Price's Patent Candle Company's Works.' These cocoa-nut candles required snuffing; but it was now discovered that a mixture of cocoa-nut stearine with palm-oil stearine produced a material for candles, and which yield a beautiful light, require no snuffing, and could be sold for 1s. per pound. Thus matters went on; a powerful company was formed; numerous patents were taken out by the company, and others purchased by them from other inventors; and at length matters arrived at the enormous scale on which they are now conducted at Vauxhall.

There may seem to be only little progress made yet in arriving at a solution to our question: How may candles affect slavery? But we are approaching it by very legitimate steps. The largest candle-factory in England, and probably in the world, uses *scarcely an atom of tallow*. This is a great fact. Vegetable fat is used instead of animal fat. The Vauxhall fraternity are vegetarians, in this sense. Their vegetable provender consists chiefly of cocoa-nut oil and palm-oil. These oils are very interesting in their nature, source, and mode of procuring. In Ceylon and other parts of the East, there are extensive forests and plantations of the cocoa-nut palm-tree; the trees take about ten years to arrive at maturity, and they then yield about 100 nuts yearly on an average for nearly a century. The kernel of the nut contains oil; it is first dried, after being gathered, then crushed under edge-stones, and then pressed both hot and cold; the resulting liquid is cocoa-nut oil. The other substance named above, palm-oil, differs from cocoa-nut oil in this—that while one is obtained from a kernel within the fruit, the other is obtained from a soft rind external to the fruit. The fruit is about the size of a pigeon's egg, with a golden-coloured exterior pulpy envelope. This pulp is bruised and boiled in water; a yellowish oil separates, rises to the top, and cools to the consistence of butter. The natives of Guinea collect the oil in calabashes or large gourds, and bring it down to the British factories or warehouses on the coast; they bring it as they make it, even if it be but a single pound, and barter it for articles of English manufacture.

The company's works at Vauxhall are not unknown, by reputation at least, to the readers of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. In No. 446 of the Second Series, under the title of *Lights for the Night*, an account was given of the admirable schools established by the company, chiefly through the energy of Mr J. P. Wilson, for the boys and girls employed by them. These schools have become quite famous, as shewing what may be done if a commercial company will throw a little heart as well as head into their work. We notice the works now in this place, only for the sake of saying a few words concerning the employment of palm-oil and cocoa-nut oil for candles. These oils, together or separate, undergo many chemical and mechanical processes, until they present the form of pure solid stearine, or 'composite,' or 'Belmont sperm,' or one among many varieties which are adopted for different purposes. The candles are then made in moulds, none of them being 'dips' or 'store' candles. The company require thousands of tons of palm-oil annually; and as for cocoa-nut oil, they have purchased a thousand acres of cocoa-nut plantation in Ceylon, that they may be certain of a supply of material.

The subject, then, has approached this stage—that beautiful candles are now made of solid stearic acid, which burn better than those made of unpurified tallow; that palm-oil yields this stearic acid at a lower price than tallow; and that palm-oil is obtained from the very part of Africa which yields the unfortunate victims of the detestable slave-trade. Now, it has occurred to many persons that the cultivation and extension of the palm-oil trade may be made a means of lessening the slave-trade. Barbarous tribes sell their neighbours

into slavery because they can obtain a good price for them. But what if they could obtain a good price for palm-oil instead? They will then need the men at home to make the palm-oil, and will of course give up selling them into slavery.

Mr G. F. Wilson, managing director of Price's Patent Candle Company, gave a lecture before the Society of Arts in 1852 on the stearic candle manufacture, in which he drew attention to this very important question. A committee of the House of Commons examined the subject a few years ago, and obtained evidence, among other persons, from Mr Hutton, whose firm had been engaged in the African trade for more than forty years. He stated that the palm-oil trade is carried on in British vessels; that it is a barter-trade, the palm-oil being almost entirely paid for in the manufactures of Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow; that the trade might be very much increased gradually, but not suddenly; that it employs a very large proportion of the population of the districts where it, the oil palm-tree, is grown, in gathering, preparing, and bringing the oil down to the British factories; and that he considered it an indisputable fact, that the legitimate trade and produce of Africa are, in every respect, the most desirable means that can be applied to the suppression of the slave-trade.

Another witness examined was Mr William Jackson, well acquainted with African trade, but still better known as the chief among the energetic founders of Birkenhead. He stated that palm-oil is a produce that may be indefinitely multiplied, and that we are only in the infancy of our trade with the west coast of Africa. He states his opinion, that whatever be the demand, the supply would rise to meet it, although there may be delay in certain seasons. It appears that, until 1826, the English merchants sent out such articles as beads, small looking-glasses, and other trifles, which attracted the simple curiosity of the natives; but new tastes were acquired, and the blacks sought to obtain utilities in exchange for their palm-oil. On one occasion, Mr Jackson's firm sent out a portable house worth L.1000, to King Eaman of Old Calabar, to be paid for in palm-oil.

Captain Forbes, in his *Dahomey and the Dahomans*, written since the evidence was collected by the above committee, says that 'the inhabitants of a vast extent of coast have been led to give up the slave-trade, because they have been taught the immense increase of the value of the palm-oil trade over that in slaves;' that 'the taste for British goods runs high, and if these could not be purchased with slaves, palm-oil would be manufactured to obtain them;' that 'one-third at least of the extent of the slave-coast has been already conquered by civilisation and legal traffic, and it requires perseverance alone to reduce the remainder. All the high-roads to Central Africa, the Delta of the Niger, in which I include the Benin, the Cameroons, the Calabars, &c., have submitted to the laws of civilisation, and the inhabitants scout with disgust the idea of selling their fellow-men.'

It is said that no less than 20,000 tons of Liverpool shipping are engaged in the palm-oil trade alone. The trade has indeed become very large. In the five years, 1849 to 1853, the imports varied from 448,589 hundredweights to 636,628 hundredweights, being already a very important relative percentage to the imports of tallow. The African region over which the tree grows whence this palm-oil is obtained, is wide-spreading; but Dr Kehoe, an official gentleman stationed at Sierre Leone, recommends the point at which a junction is formed by the Niger and the Tchadda, as the best place for a British trading-station with the whole region, commanding, as it does, the whole internal system of water-communication. The Shea butter—a vegetable fat of rather more solid consistence than palm-oil—is produced from a tree growing in nearly the same localities as the oil-palm; and it is conceived that the same commercial establishments which would open a trade in the one would do so in respect to the other.

After dwelling on the commercial aspects of the question, and the importance of England freeing herself somewhat from dependence on Russia for tallow, Dr Kehoe proceeds to say: 'But it is the Africans who will be chiefly benefited by our trade; and we have every rational reason to expect that, in the course of time, it will greatly check or destroy the foreign slave-trade. . . . . Though it is absurd to suppose that commerce can work miracles at once, or at once stop the slave-trade, yet its tendency unquestionably is to humanise and civilise; it gives men new ideas and new wants, and causes them to exert themselves to gratify them by their own industrial efforts; we may therefore fairly hope to see, under its influence, all classes of Africans gradually improve.'

These hopes may possibly be too sanguine; but they will shew how, in many minds, there is just now a chain of connection between Russia and War, and Candles and Palm-oil and Slavery.

PIERRE DUPONT AND HIS POETRY.

Unknown and unnoticed by us, a new poet has arisen among our Parisian neighbours, who has, in seven years, attained a high degree of popularity. His name is Pierre Dupont. The advent of any writer whose words penetrate to the hearts of his countrymen, is an event worthy of attention. His utterance, though in a foreign tongue, must not pass by unheeded, for song is the common property of the world, and the true singer should be universally welcomed.

The songs of Pierre Dupont are peculiarly deserving of observation; not for their intrinsic merit, which is, however, considerable, but on account of the public feeling they embody—the political and moral sentiments they evidence, and of which Pierre Dupont is the echo.

The French nation degenerated morally under Louis-Philippe. Peace, with its economical blessings, brought many vices; and during the latter years of the monarchy, a merciless spirit of avarice pervaded all ranks of society. Head triumphed over heart, and the maxim, *enrichissez-vous*, excluded, by not including, the principles of justice. Oppression and revolution were the result. Avarice is all selfish; for, although riches may stand as a guarantee of respectability and order, there must be an end of high feeling when they are held up to a nation as the sole aim of individual exertion. At this juncture, when impulse and poetry languished, some fresh, pure, nature-loving chansons were heard for the first time at certain public and private concerts in Paris; and a volume of graceful pastoral lyrics found its way to the pianos of the *bourgeoisie*. With this volume commenced the Parisian life of Pierre Dupont.

The infancy and youth of the poet resembled that of most men who have raised themselves to celebrity. They record little incident, yet suffice to interpret the life they preceded. Domestic affections, early love, restraint, and the spirit of resistance, combined to make a poet. He was born at Lyon, the city of French industry, on the 23d of April 1821. His family were artisans; and the spectacle of constant work, of order, of the daily creation of wealth, had its effect in forming the mind of the youth. At four years of age he lost his mother, and being adopted by an aged priest, a relative, was sent, for the purpose of education, to the

religious seminary of Largentière. On leaving this establishment, he was placed in a banking-house; but his taste revolted from the dull routine of business, from the accounts, the books, the punctuality, and he shortly threw up the situation in disgust. He now first began to turn his attention to literature, and wrote his book, entitled *Les Deux Anges*.

At Provins resided a grandfather of Pierre Dupont, whom he frequently visited, and there he had the good-fortune first to meet M. Pierre Lebrun of the Academy. Through the kindness of this gentleman, a subscription was raised to defray the expenses of publication; and *Les Deux Anges* was about to be given into the hands of the printer, when the poet was drawn in the conscription, and compelled to join a regiment of hussars. Fortunately, the yet unemployed subscription remained in the hands of M. Lebrun; the fund was devoted to the purchase of a substitute; Dupont was released; and his public life, earned by the first effort of his pen, began in earnest.

A second subscription was raised, and the book published. Faulty, incomplete, undeveloped as it was, this volume obtained the prize at the Academy, and the writer received his first literary employment as an assistant in the formation of a dictionary. Dry as these labours must undoubtedly have proved, there can be no question as to their utility in establishing and augmenting his taste for rhetoric. He learned to appreciate the full meaning and value of words—to weigh the lightest shades of expression, to distinguish the brief, the true, and the comprehensive. All this is evident in his poetry. His tones have the ring of the true metal. He is neither diffuse, artificial, nor forced; he uses no long words. His lines are idiomatic, earnest, tender, brimful of straightforward feeling. His gaiety is as bright as the spring sunshine; his tears well up from the overflowings of a beating, passionate human heart. He puts the best word in the right place; and here we think he owes not a little to the drudgery of the dictionary, to the stormy Academical discussions on grammar and rhetoric, and to the lively disputes of M. Cousin with M. Victor Hugo. But soon Pierre Dupont found the Academy almost as wearisome as the banking-house. He felt that to be happy he must be entirely free, and he longed to live alone. He withdrew entirely from the employment of this institution, preserving, nevertheless, his friendship and gratitude for M. Lebrun.

His exquisite collection of songs *Les Paysans, chants rustiques*, next appeared—an elegant edition, illustrated with graceful lithographs, and clad in an appropriate cover. This venture was destined to meet with a complete success: the circles of Paris were grateful to the poet for having introduced an element of truth and nature among the frothy and artificial strains of their musical soirées. Even the fastidious *habitué* of the Italian Opera listened with unaccustomed pleasure to the mingled and various emotions which found a voice in these rustic pages; and the least enthusiastic were moved by the simple melancholy and the innocent joy of some, as well as by the hardy accents of the labouring peasantry, which were forcibly presented in others of the series. Meanwhile, advancing upon the path which seemed peculiarly to belong to his genius, Pierre Dupont wrote and composed a song which may well be deemed one of the most remarkable productions of the age, and deeply significant of the times in which it was produced. We allude to the *Chant des Ouvriers*, published in 1846. Appearing on the eve of a great revolution, conceived at a crisis most eventful in the history of nations, this song is worthy of more than ordinary consideration. It awoke an echo in the breasts of thousands; its melancholy truth, and the fitful gaiety of the *refrain*, more sad even than the rest, vibrated instantaneously upon the hearts of the inhabitants of a great city. At a period when the merciless greed of the few was purchased by the sufferings of the many—when the ruler of the state, intent solely upon the aggrandisement of his own power, built higher and higher the unstable fabric which was soon to be his destruction—when the cries of suffering were changing, unheeded, into the distant murmurings of revolt, a song like this *Chant des Ouvriers* attained a superior value; it became a political omen, the type of a new thought; and the people spoke from the mouth of the poet.

The state of trade, and the condition of the French operatives six years ago, could not fail to touch the impressionable heart of a poet like Pierre Dupont. All at once, that ill-paid and unhappy multitude who were daily breathing the poisonous effluvia of mercury, white-lead, phosphorus, and other chemical ingredients—sleeping amid vermin, toiling in ateliers, and inhabiting the wretchedest quartiers amongst thieves and chiffonniers—all at once this neglected class received an advocate and a poet in Pierre Dupont. His song was speedily in every mouth. Would it be too much to say, that perchance this very song may have aided to hasten the great outburst of popular feeling that ensued, and so have contributed to the downfall of the Bourbon dynasty?

Whatever may have been the results of this lyric, it has certainly obtained an immense popularity in Paris; and few persons, especially those who have been so fortunate as to hear M. Dupont himself sing those memorable verses, will readily forget the first impression thereby produced upon them. It is with extreme diffidence we venture to subjoin the following version of a poem that must unavoidably lose so much of its original fire in the process of translation as this:—

SONG OF THE WORKMEN.

We light our lamps before the dawn of day,
  And wake from sleep at Chanticleer's first warning;
We rise, and toiling for our scanty pay,
  Return and seek the anvil before morning.
Our hands, our arms, our feet for bread are sold;
  We with our bodies labour on in sorrow;
And yet, against the pangs of wintry cold,
  Or coming age, we cannot shield to-morrow!
    Then let us love, nor pause to think,
      While still we pass the can!
    Though the cannon's sound may thunder round,
      Drink, drink—
      The liberty of Man!

'Tis our unresting arms that from the earth
  And jealous ocean wrest those hidden treasures
Which feed with pomp the idle pride of birth,
  Rich meats and clothing, and all selfish pleasures.
Gems, metals, diamonds, pearls from the deep,
  Fruits from the hill, corn from the level plain,
We win for kings. We are the hapless sheep . . . .
  What mantles from our wool the masters gain!
    Then let us love, &c.

And with what fruit does industry endow
  The back that bends beneath such labour mean?
Whence rise the dews that bathe the workman's brow?
  Alas! the workman is but a machine!
Our Babels rise to Heaven—from us her trade,
  Her wealth, her wonders, doth the world derive;
But when the golden honey-store is made,
  The master burns the bee within the hive!
    Then let us love, &c.

Our women, placing their own babes aside,
  Take to their breasts the offspring of another;
And he, in time, taught by ancestral pride,
  Disdains to sit beside his foster-mother.
From day to day, as groaning France can tell,
  The master's hand weighs heavier upon her:
Law is despotic; and our daughters sell
  To midnight revellers their tarnished honour.
    Then let us love, &c.

Arrayed in rags, and dwelling out of sight,
Down in the cellars, up beneath the eaves,
We live with owls and bats that love the night,
Or crouch in gloomy holes amid the thieves.
Meanwhile the ruddy blood leaps in our veins
Impetuously warm, and every one
Would fain be out upon the woody plains,
Or basking 'neath the oak-leaves in the sun!
Then let us love, &c.

Each time the rushing torrents of our veins
Have flooded trembling Paris, we have bled
To crush our tyrants and to burst our chains;
And ne'er in vain that bloody dew was shed.
Then mark the future—never glance behind—
Stronger than War is Love! With song and mirth,
Let us await the rising of that wind
Which wafts the clemency of Heaven to earth!
Then let us love, &c.

From this time the destiny of Dupont was decided: he had nothing to do but to press forward. To sing the joys, the griefs, the dangers of every class, to investigate all the aspects of humanity, to lighten the horizon of suffering, and to give encouragement to labour by the administration of a gentle and consoling philosophy—such were the duties that fell to the province of his muse, and these he yet continues to fulfil. The revolution of February 1848 burst upon Paris, and all the hopes and misfortunes of that movement found an echo in the poetry of Pierre Dupont. *Le Chant des Soldats*, *Le Chant des Etudiants*, and *Les Deux Compagnons du Devoir*, rang like a war-trumpet amid the ranks of the army, rousing the *ouvrier* in his workshop, and the student amid the seclusion of the schools. Still, the more tender and simple accents of rural poetry had not lost their attractions for the popular lyrist; and every now and then, in the pauses of his political labours, some rustic ballads found their way to the public ear, as refreshing amid the clang and tumult of war as the murmur of a mountain-waterfall. Among these, *Les Bœufs*, *Ma Vigne*, and *Le Noël des Paysans* may be especially indicated.

The works of Dupont divide themselves obviously into three parts—pastoral, political, and philosophical songs. The last, the most significant, perhaps, of the poet's own individuality, are enveloped in a pensive obscurity, which may be deemed either a defect or an additional charm. The secret of Dupont's philosophy is love. His intense worshipping of nature, his frank reliance upon the innate virtue of the human heart, his belief in love and truth through all the darkness of suffering and want, his trust, and his sympathy, form the great inner charm of his writings. Love is, according to his creed, the universal panacea; and even in his war-songs this gentleness and forbearance are peculiarly apparent. For instance, he has said:—

Le glaive brisera le glaive,
Et du combat naîtra l'amour!

On reading these chansons, we find in them one all-pervading under-current of meaning, which, though not always expressed in words, is universally apparent—that chain, connecting song to song and heart to heart, is the love of humanity. We believe this principle to be a new element in French poetry; and we hail the advent of Pierre Dupont as a bright omen for the destinies of his countrymen. Already others are following in his footsteps—already a portion of his task is achieved.

Poetry is a divine and beautiful thing; and when, in a pure and noble guise, she finds her way to the workshop, the attic, the hospital, or the dungeon, who can say how blessed a revolution she may not there effect?

We will conclude with a translation of one more song, which celebrates the day set apart by the Roman Catholic Church for prayers for the dead, under the mournful title of—

THE DAY OF THE DEAD.*
(LE JOUR DES MORTS).

Wifeless and childless now for thirty years
I've dwelt alone, my home's surviving member;
I deck my hat with cypress, wet with tears,
When dawns the second morning of November.
Then through the misty field and marshy dell
I faltering walk, and never once look back,
Pursuing to the church the tolling bell,
Where door and shrine are draperied with black.

De profundis!
O God, with mercy-loving hand
Conduct my dear ones to the skies,
And take the dead of every land
Unto your holy Paradise!

More crowded than on Sundays, until late
With kneeling suppliants filled, the church appears
A widowed bride in mourning for her mate,
Clad all in sable, gemmed with silver tears.
Now rolling like the tempest far away,
The organ swells, then thunders through the gloom
Loud as the trumpet of the judgment-day.....
I feel my heart oppressed as in a tomb!

De profundis!
O God, with mercy-loving hand
Conduct my dear ones to the skies,
And take the dead of every land
Unto your holy Paradise!

Next in the grave-yard I kneel down to pray
Upon the grass beneath the elder-trees;
And so I pass the rest of this sad day
With body bent—with wet and aching knees.
Yet colder far in winter frost and snow
Are those who lie beneath in weary beds!
In spring 'tis better, for above them grow
Sweet violets, and grass waves o'er their heads.

De profundis!
O God, with mercy-loving hand
Conduct my dear ones to the skies,
And take the dead of every land
Unto your holy Paradise!

My cypress branch, keep green until the spring,
And be not planted o'er this grave in vain—
Keep green till blossoms grow and linnets sing!
Farewell, my dead!—I homeward turn again.
Now, going back, I think of glories fled;
Of comrades long forgotten, battles won.
They tell me now those gallant hearts are dead,
And cold the greatest far—Napoleon!

De profundis!
O God, with mercy-loving hand
Conduct my dear ones to the skies,
And take the dead of every land,
My friends who formed that gallant band,
Unto your holy Paradise!

But if this hero, whom all hearts regret,
Lies buried in fair Paris, as they say,
I will go there when blooms the violet,
And on his grave one parting garland lay.
Yes, I will go before I seek that bed
Where emperor and shepherd equal lie;
For I, like others, must rejoin my dead,
Since I have earned by grief the right to die!

* A charming edition of the chants and chansons of Pierre Dupont is now publishing in Paris, at fifteen and twenty centimes the number. Each *livraison* contains an exquisite steel-engraving after Tony Johannot, Andrieux, and others, and is accompanied by a page of music giving the melody of each song, whereof Dupont is the composer.

De profundis!

O God, conduct with loving hand
My wife and children to the skies,
And take the dead of every land,
Mine ancient friends, that gallant band,
Unto your holy Paradise.

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

OHIO—CINCINNATI.

A HUNDRED and more years ago, when the French still possessed so large a portion of America that the English were sometimes not quite sure of being able to keep their ground against them, there stood on the sloping and woody frontier of Michigan, a pretty little French village of wooden houses, forming a post for carrying on trade with the Indians, and called Detroit, from its situation on a narrow part of the river which flows from Lake St Clair. In these quiet old French times, an occasional canoe laden with peltry was perhaps the only craft which made its appearance at the landing-place. Now, in the hands of the Anglo-Americans, we see on the spot a series of substantial quays, at which a long line of sailing and steam vessels are drawn up, and when we land in this far-inland mart of commerce, we feel very much as if amidst the bustle of a seaport.

Walking into the city, everything is indicative of change. In two or three places, you may notice dingy wooden buildings of antique construction, with verandas, in which, in the days of yore, Frenchmen in queues smoked their long pipes, and Frenchwomen knitted the family stockings—relics of the old village now all but gone, and swallowed up by tall and handsome edifices of stone and brick. The streets and avenues, broad and ornamented with trees, are thronged with business; and banks, stores, and hotels meet the eye at every turning. The situation seems to be adapted for carrying on an extensive traffic with the lakes, and being near the terminus of the Great Western Railway of Canada, it cannot fail to become an important centre of intercommunication. By taking this railway at the Falls of Niagara, passengers will run across Canada to Michigan, not only in a much shorter time than they could pursue the line along the southern shore of Lake Erie, but they will in every respect enjoy greater comfort in the transit. The Erie Railway has become notorious for disorderly conduct, and interruptions take place at different points by a change of gauge; likewise, at Cleveland, a badly-regulated ferry requires to be crossed. Already, the citizens of Detroit have expressed a wish that the mails for Michigan may be sent by the Canadian route.

At Detroit, the traveller perceives that he is on the threshold of that great west, which is now only opening up for settlement, and he can scarcely avoid hearing accounts of the marvellously rapid progress which is making in the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Probably, the most surprising instance of this kind is that of Chicago, a city of Illinois, on the western shore of Lake Michigan, which was begun in 1831, and already numbers 60,000 inhabitants. A gentleman mentioned to me that, forty years ago, he could have purchased the whole ground on which the city stands for 500 dollars; now, as large a sum as 10,000 dollars for the site of a single store would not be considered extravagant. Boundless, however, as is the field for settlement in Illinois, Michigan, and other western states, I should recommend emigrants from Europe not to attempt going beyond Canada or Ohio; either of these being sufficiently far distant, and having the advantage of being readily accessible from the Atlantic cities. The west may be best settled by American pioneers, with constitutions and habits adapted to the new regions beyond the lakes.

As the boundary between Canada and the States, the river St Clair, or Detroit, is not seen without a certain interest. From the city of Detroit, we look across to the British shore, half a mile distant, and observe that behind the frontage of wharfs forming the railway terminus, there extends the village of Windsor, with a number of pretty villas scattered about its outskirts. It will be recollected that the river at this and other points, is that eagerly sought-for line of separation, to which fugitive slaves from the south direct their flight. Having succeeded in gaining the Canadian shore, and being therefore safe from pursuit, the refugees disperse to offer their services as waiters in hotels or steamboats, or to settle down as cultivators of the soil. At a spot called Dawn, a short way within the frontier, they have established themselves in considerable numbers, and are said to be in a thriving condition.

Down the beautiful river Detroit to Lake Erie, I proceeded in one of the splendid lake-steamers, bound for Sandusky in Ohio, which was reached after a voyage of six hours. The vessel wound its way among various islands at the head of the lake; but these, level, and generally covered with trees, possessed no strikingly picturesque features. The shores of Lake Erie are for the most part of the same character; though fertile, and blessed with a fine climate, the country is tame in outline, and all that usually meets the eye is a fringe of trees overhanging the low and muddy banks. On one of the islands in the lake, a vineyard is successfully cultivated.

Sandusky, situated at the bottom of a bay on the southern shore of the lake, is another of the old French villages, expanded and modernised into an American city. From this place, I proceeded by the railway-cars to Cleveland, the line pursuing the lake-shore nearly the whole way, sometimes going across inlets, on posts sunk in the water, and at other times darting through masses of forest, amidst which were occasionally seen the log-huts and clearings of settlers. The land seemed rich, apparently a heavy alluvial deposit, fit for any kind of grain crops.

Beside me in the car there sat an aged personage of lanky appearance, with thin clean-shaved cheeks, and a broad-brimmed white hat, rather the worse for wear. He spoke continually, either in ejaculatory remarks, or in inquiries about everything. The car had just got under-way, and all had settled in their places with the ordinary gravity of American travellers, when my neighbour began in a pretty high key, addressing nobody in particular, and pausing about a minute at the close of every sentence:—

'Well, here we are all safe, I hope . . It's a pleasant thing to know you are going home . . O yes! . . Not so cold as yesterday; no . . The train seems to be running across the lake . . We have nothing but water on both sides . . O, I see I was mistaken; there is a pile of lumber . . Great lumbering trade hereabouts, I guess . . I have been as far as Milwaukee, to see my daughter, who is settled there—she is very comfortable . . I am going home to Boston . . A long way that . . But there's a fine sunset, at anyrate' . . (Looking at me)—'How far do you go, stranger?'

'I am going to Cleveland, and then to Cincinnati.'

'O, you're travelling that way, are you? Perhaps in the dry-goods line?'

'No, I am not travelling for business; only making an excursion to see some of the more interesting places in America.'

'Why, sure! You are from the old country, I guess.

Well, now, that *is* strange. What part of England are you from?'

'I am from Scotland.'

'Are you? Well, we 've no want of Scotch in the States; they 're a 'cute set of chaps—well posted up on most things. I suppose you're married . . You might be at anyrate' . . (Here he again began to maunder, speaking straightforward to the atmosphere.) 'Well, well, marriage is a proper thing; no doubt . . I have seen a good deal in my time . . Just before leaving home, I received a letter from a niece in New York, inviting me to her wedding . . I sent word, that I wished her and her proposed husband much happiness; and the only advice I could give them, was to mind themselves, and take charge of their own babies . . Yes, yes, a strange world this . . Many people think they have nothing else to do, but make a present of children to uncles and grandfathers, as if they had not had enough to do looking after their own. . . Won't do, no how, for me, *that*' . . (Conductor goes through the car.) 'I say, conductor, are we in the right track? . . This the way to Cleveland? . . When do we change? . . O ay, yes, yes, all right; I thought so . . A man can't help being anxious . . I am going home . . Ah, it's a long way . . But I can sleep in the cars . . Of course I can . . I always carry a cap in the crown of my hat . . Nothing like taking little luggage . . And so you are from the old country? . . Yes, yes, you have plenty to see . . I declare it's getting quite dark . . Well, I daresay we'll get to Cleveland in good time.' And so on he went with little intermission to the end of the journey. 'I see,' said he, 'they're slowing the train . . There's the engineer's bell . . We shall stop in a minute.'

And true enough, the train drew up. The passengers hurried out, and walking down an inclined platform, reached the bank of a river, and placed themselves upon what seemed a raft, without railing or guard of any kind along the sides. As it was exceedingly dark, I cannot venture on a description of this extraordinary ferry-boat, which crossed the Cuyahoga river with the passengers and their baggage in a manner by no means pleasant. Several times, in passing under the mooring-lines of steam-vessels, we were told to duck down our heads, to avoid being swept from the unprotected deck; and at these times, while there was a general prostration, might be heard the eccentric Bostonian speaking to himself aloud: 'Ay, ay, one does meet sometimes with curious things . . I hope the rope won't take off my hat . . I felt it graze on my back just now . . I am glad we are now near the other side . . There's a man with a lantern . . I think I see the omnibus . . Well, I'm thankful it's all over.' 'And so am I,' said another of the passengers. 'It's the last time in my mortal existence they catch me on them tracks any more.'

Amidst these audible mutterings, the ferry-boat touched the quay; and in the scramble which ensued, I saw and heard no more of my loquacious fellow-traveller—the only person, by the way, of an inquisitive and prattling turn of mind whom it was my fortune to encounter, and probably one of the few survivors of that by-gone class of characters supposed to be peculiar to America. In the present day, so far as I could see, the people of the United States have too much to do to mind anybody or anything further than what concerns themselves; and so far from troubling you with questions, they are absolutely indifferent as to who or what you are, and let you go your way in peace.

In arriving at Cleveland, I had come upon the great thoroughfare of emigrants between New York and the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi—the point where they turn off from the lake-shore road towards Cincinnati. On getting to the railway-station, a scene of prodigious confusion presented itself. Some hundreds of Germans and Irish of both sexes were seen bivouacked beside vast piles of trunks and bags. Some had lost sight of their baggage, and ran frantically about looking for it everywhere, at the risk of being run over by locomotives. In proportion as the cars filled, the hubbub gradually lessened; and at length, after securing my seat, the train set off with its immense freight of passengers, most of whom were in quest of a home in the New World. The journey occupied about twelve hours, and was latterly through one of the finest parts of the state of Ohio—namely, the valley of the Miami, which, with rich sloping fields, and bounded by picturesque woody hills, presents a variety of landscapes, such as are seen in the more beautiful parts of England. Falling into the Ohio, the Miami River, in its descent of 150 miles, affords valuable water-power for numerous manufactories; while the valley through which it flows admits of a canal being carried from the Ohio to Lake Erie; and thus the district is the great channel of communication for traffic between the lake countries and the Southern States.

It was about nine o'clock on a bright sunny morning, that, coming down the valley of the Miami in the cars, I first saw the Ohio, a river of large volume, but, from a long-continued drought, much smaller now than usual, and with steep sloping muddy banks on both sides, surmounted by green hills, here and there dotted with the white mansions of a settled and thriving population. Turning down the valley of the Ohio, close under the high grounds, Cincinnati, the Queen City of the West, was revealed in all her beauty, seated on terraces amidst picturesque knolls on the right bank of the Ohio, and looking complacently across the broad river towards the garden-like lands of Kentucky. Settled for a few days at the Burnet House, one of the largest and best-conducted hotels in the United States—and more like a palace than a house of public entertainment—I had time to make myself acquainted with some of the more remarkable features of this extraordinary city and its neighbourhood, as well as to hear something of Ohio and its adaptation for emigrant settlers.

When speaking of the rapid advance of civilisation westwards, Cincinnati is usually referred to as affording the most striking instance of progressive increase, not only as regards population, but manufactures, commerce, and every attribute of refinement. The mind can hardly realise the fact, that till 1788, or just sixty-six years ago, there was not an Anglo-American settlement in Ohio; and that the only whites were a handful of French fur-traders on the borders of Lake Erie. What is now the population of this magnificent state? Upwards of 2,000,000! Its metropolis, Cincinnati, was in 1800 only a village of 750 inhabitants—in 1850, its population was 115,000; and many thousands of fresh settlers are added every year. We do not, however, observe any rawness in the appearance of the place. Fronting the Ohio, there is a long quay lined with substantial though not very regular buildings, and from this exterior quarter, thronged with shipping, streets ascend to the higher grounds, and are intersected by others at right angles. The houses are, for the most part, built of a reddish-coloured sandstone, tall, massive, and crowded with stores and business offices—every floor, in some instances, to the height of six stories, being a different concern. Several streets are lined in the American fashion with trees; and at intervals we come upon churches of tasteful architecture, with spires shooting up above the tallest buildings. One peculiar feature is everywhere observable—the number of sign-boards in German. This language is seen inscribed on doorways, and so frequently heard spoken, that one almost feels as if he were in Hamburg. Of the entire population, 51,000 are foreigners, of whom 30,000 are Germans, 13,000 Irish, and 3600 English. The number of Scotch is singularly small, being only 771. This scarcity of an element generally

found wherever there is any prospect of well-doing, is probably to be accounted for by the absorption of Scotch emigrants in Canada, and the states immediately west of it. While Ohio has been strangely neglected by settlers from Great Britain, it has become a land of promise to Germans, who, fleeing from the dull despotisms of central Europe, find here a boundless scope for their genius and persevering industry. They find, likewise, a region resembling that of their own dear Rhine—a country of corn and grapes, rich in every valuable product, and possessing those genial seasonal influences which clothe the earth in flowers.

Placed on the Ohio, 1600 miles from the ocean, steamers are seen at the quay of Cincinnati, taking on board freight and passengers for New Orleans, and all other places of importance on the Mississippi, and its larger tributaries. Vessels of less burden proceed up the Ohio to Wheeling and Pittsburg, whence there is now a communication by railway with Philadelphia and Baltimore; and keeping in recollection the ready access by railway and canal to Cleveland, on Lake Erie, it will be seen that Cincinnati is the centre of a circle which bears on the Atlantic in the east, the vast prairies on the west, the lake countries on the north, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south. It is only by a perception of this wide and comprehensive radius, with its enormous and ever-accumulating demand for products of mechanical industry, that we can understand the character of those manufacturing establishments which are making Cincinnati one of the wonders of the new world—and which, after all, are nothing to what they must ultimately become when the population of the great West is consolidated.

When one thinks of a carpenter's shop, he has probably in his mind two or three rude-looking apartments, with at the most a dozen men in paper-caps working at benches with planes and chisels, or leaning over a plank with a hand-saw; or with experience a little more extended, he may perhaps get the length of fancying a cabinet-making establishment with fifty picked hands, turning out several handsome pieces of furniture daily. The idea of a factory as large as a Lancashire cotton-mill for making chairs, tables, or bedsteads by machinery, would hardly present itself to his imagination. Yet, it is on this factory-mill system that we find house-furniture produced in Cincinnati. Curious to see such places, I spent a day in rambling about the outskirts of the city, where manufactories of various kinds are conducted upon a scale that went very far beyond my previous notions of what can be done by machinery.

The first establishment I visited was the furniture-factory of Mitchell and Rammelsberg—a huge brick building, five stories in height, with a long frontage at the corner of two streets, and in which 250 hands are employed in different departments. Many of these are occupied merely in guiding and superintending machines moved by shafts and belts from a large steam-engine on the ground-floor. Every article receives its shape in the rough, by means of saws; and these move with such rapidity, that their teeth are invisible to the eye. The articles are next planed, or turned, and morticed, in the same inconceivably rapid manner. In the planing operations, some surprising effects are produced. A rough deal, or other piece of wood, being arranged on a bench under the action of a plane which revolved horizontally, was in a few instants smoothed as if by the finest hand-labour. Chairs of a common class, but neatly turned and painted, were the principal article of manufacture. The number produced almost goes beyond belief. I was informed that the average quantity was 200 dozen every week, or at the rate of 124,800 chairs per annum, worth from five to twenty-four dollars per dozen. Among these, a large number are rockers. The machinery for scooping out and shaping the seats was exceedingly ingenious. The next article in importance is chests of drawers, of which 2000 are manufactured annually. Baby-cribs are another important item; but the number of them produced could not be definitely stated. Much of the lighter kinds of work, such as painting and varnishing, is done by boys, who make from four to eight dollars each in weekly wages. Many of the workmen—all being on piece-work—realise twelve dollars per week; but some have even higher wages. My attention was called towards the process of ornamental hand-turning, chiefly executed by Germans. One of these clever mechanics went through his work with astonishing speed and precision; his keen eye never being for one instant raised from the whirling lathe before him. This person, I was told, made eighteen dollars per week, and being a sober, well-behaved man, he had already realised property to the value of 5000 dollars (L.1000 sterling). Many other workmen in the establishment were spoken of as having accumulated property by their industry and economical mode of living. The most steady hands were stated to be native Americans or Germans. 'English and Scotch were good workmen, but not usually well educated, or of sober habits.' I heard the same thing said elsewhere.

The next establishment I looked in upon was Mudge's bedstead-factory, in which similarly improved machinery was employed to cut out and finish various parts of the articles required. As many as 1000 bedsteads are turned out every week, valued at from four to twenty-four dollars each. Some other works were visited, but it is undesirable to enter on details respecting their products. In the fabrication of iron stoves, locks, and hinges, window-frames, ornamental cabinet-ware, upholstery, firearms, hats, boots and shoes, machinery, axes and other edge-tools, carriages and numerous other things—the operations were on a similarly gigantic scale. In one of the boot-and-shoe factories, there are wrought up annually 10,000 sides of sole-leather, 40,000 sides of upper leather, 20,000 sheep-skins, 2500 calf-skins, 5000 poundweights of boot-nails, and 600 bushels of shoe-pegs. The wages paid away in this establishment amount to 60,000 dollars per annum. On hearing facts of this kind, the question continually occurs: Where do all these manufactures go? Of course the explanation is found in the perpetual demand over the vast regions of which, as has been said, Cincinnati is the centre. Every day, thousands of fresh families are making a settlement in the wilderness, and each needs bedsteads, tables, chairs, and other articles of domestic use. On the quay at Cincinnati, therefore, you see vast piles of new furniture, iron stoves, tinware, cases of boots and shoes, and everything else needed by settlers, preparing to be despatched a thousand miles by steamers on the Mississippi and its tributaries. One manufacturer of cabinet-work told me he had received an order to make the whole furniture of a hotel in California!

Like all travellers from England who visit the factories of the United States, I was struck with the originality of many of the mechanical contrivances which came under my notice in Cincinnati. Under the enlightenment of universal education, and the impulse of a great and growing demand, the American mind would seem to be ever on the rack of invention to discover fresh applications of inanimate power. Almost everywhere may be seen something new in the arts. As regards carpentry-machinery, one of the heads of an establishment said, with some confidence, that the Americans were fifty years in advance of Great Britain. Possibly, this was too bold an assertion; but it must be admitted that all kinds of American cutting-tools are of a superior description, and it is very desirable that they should be examined in a candid spirit by English manufacturers. In mill-machinery, the Americans have effected some surprising improvements. At the machine-manufactory of Messrs Burrows, of Cincinnati,

is shewn an article to which I may draw the attention of English country-gentlemen. It is a portable flour-mill, occupying a cube of only four feet, and yet, by means of various adaptations, capable of grinding, with a power of three horses, from fourteen to sixteen bushels per hour; the flour produced being of so superior a quality, that it has carried off various prizes at the agricultural shows. With a mill of this kind, attached to the ordinary thrashing-machines, any farmer could probably grind his own wheat, and be able to send it to market as finely dressed as if it came from a professed miller. As many as 500 of these portable and cheap mills are disposed of every year by the Messrs Burrows; and they are seen at work all over the southern and western states. Surely it would be worth while for English agricultural societies to procure specimens of these mills, as well as of farm-implements generally, from America—a little of the money usually devoted to the over-fattening of oxen would not, I think, be ill employed for such a purpose.

In some of the wholesale stores of Cincinnati, articles of English manufacture are kept; and the imports of foreign liquors and luxuries of the table seemed to be considerable. On the whole, however, it was pretty evident here, as at other places, that the Americans aim at independence in every branch of trade; and indeed they can scarcely avoid doing so; for the drawing of supplies of so vast a nature as they require from distant nations is totally out of the question. Besides, here is every raw material on the spot. Iron, wood, and coal, and other grand necessities of manufacture, are at hand in inexhaustible abundance. The coal-fields of Pennsylvania, on which are based the prosperous iron-foundries and engineering establishments of Pittsburg, are, from their extent, a kind of geological marvel, and render this great country independent of the pits of Durham and Northumberland.

The most curious thing of all about Cincinnati, is its system of pig-killing and pork-pickling. The place is known as the principal hog-market in the United States. The hogs are reared in the country around on the refuse of the corn-fields after harvest, and among the extensive forests, where they pick up food at little or no cost to their owners. Brought in steamers from a great distance, they are seen marching and grunting in large herds through the streets to the slaughtering establishments in the neighbourhood. The season in which they begin to make their appearance is the fall, when they are in prime condition, and when, from the state of the temperature, their carcasses can soon be cooled by the air, and rendered fit for pickling. The greater number of the hog slaughter-houses are behind the town, on the road towards the higher grounds, and are generally wooden structures of a very plain description. Each is provided with a series of pens, whence the animals walk in single file along an enclosed gallery towards the apartment where they meet their doom.

When a pig is killed in England, the sufferer usually takes care to let the whole neighbourhood hear of the transaction. On such occasions, it is the prescriptive right of the pig to squeak, and he is allowed to squeak accordingly. In Cincinnati, there is no time for this. Impelled along the passage from the exterior pen, each hog on entering the chamber of death receives a blow with a mallet on the forehead, which deprives him of consciousness and motion. The next instant he is bled to death; and by means of an extensive system of caldrons and other requisites, the carcass is speedily cleaned, dressed, and hung up to undergo the proper cooling, previous to being cut in pieces and pickled. The largest of these establishments is situated in Covington, on the opposite side of the Ohio, and consists of a series of brick buildings, which cover nearly two acres. Here an inclined plane leads from the ground to the top of a house four stories high, and along this the hogs are driven to an upper floor to be slaughtered, and where as many as 4000 can be accommodated at a time. The processes of cleansing, making lard, and so forth, need no description. In most cases, the business of curing pork is separate from that of slaughtering; but here they are united; and the arrangements for cutting up, pickling, barrelling, and branding, are all on a vast scale. An idea of the work gone through is obtained from the single fact, that the pickling takes place by steeping in nine brick-built tanks, each of which holds 400 barrels of pork. Upwards of 12,000 hogs and 3000 oxen are killed, pickled, and packed here in a season. Altogether, about half a million of hogs are so disposed of per annum in Cincinnati; but the number varies according to circumstances; and questions as to the extent of the 'hog crop,' are as gravely discussed as the crop of wheat or Indian corn. Much of the export of pork is to the European markets.

Something more may be said of the Queen City of the West—what concerns her literary and educational establishments not having yet been touched on—but this may be left for the commencement of next chapter. W. C.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE AURORA.

To say that attempts have long and often been made to explain the cause of the aurora, is not new; but it will be new to many readers to hear that progress has been made in reasoning about this interesting phenomenon, as well as in the demonstration of facts less difficult of proof. According to theorists, the cause was to be found in certain effects of refraction, or antagonisms of cloud strata, or the presence of metal in a gaseous form in the atmosphere, or to cold, or to electricity; while others regarded it as cosmical—belonging to remote space. Among so many explanations, which was the true one? This was a question not easy to decide, and so savans have gone on experimenting and speculating with praiseworthy diligence and curiosity, for the one as well as the other is essential to the progress of science.

Professor de la Rive, of Geneva, is one of the few who have made the aurora a special object of study. Nearly twenty years ago, he suggested that to one and the same cause was due the origin of hail, of electricity, of the variations of the magnetic needle, and of the aurora; and he now finds himself in a position to state, that the view then put forth has been confirmed by all subsequent observations. As chroniclers of the advance of science, we think we may worthily offer a brief outline of his theory, as developed by him in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*.

Let us premise that an aurora borealis is always preceded by the formation of a sort of vaporous veil on the horizon, which rises slowly to a height of from 4 to 10 degrees. Presently, that portion of the sky which is in the magnetic meridian of the place of observation, begins to darken with a brownish hue passing into violet, and embracing the segment of a circle. The edge of this segment is bordered by a luminous arc of brilliant white light, that sometimes quivers and dances, and appears in a strange kind of effervescence for hours together. A play of colours, through every tint, from the darkest to the lightest, with bewildering rapidity, long streamers flash upwards to the zenith, and a sea of flame, traversed by dark rays, floods the northern sky. Then at that spot to which the magnetic needle points, the rays curve together, and form what is called the crown of the aurora. This result is, however, rare: when it does take place, it always announces the conclusion of the phenomenon. The vivid colours and undulations disappear, and soon nothing but a few pale ashen gray clouds are seen in the heavens.

These appearances, which are familiar to many

persons, are attended by certain remarkable phenomena: a crepitating noise, for example, not unlike the rapid flutter of a distant sail, which has been popularly described as the noise made by the petticoats of the merry dancers; and this sound is accompanied by a peculiar sulphurous odour. Positive electricity, too, has at such times been found in the air; the direction of the magnetic needle undergoes perturbations more or less intense, and so unfailingly, that M. Arago, when pursuing his researches in the lower vaults of the observatory at Paris, could always announce the appearance of the aurora in our hemisphere from the movements of his needles. During an aurora in November 1848, the instruments of the electric-telegraph between Florence and Pisa were as strongly magnetised as though the batteries—which was not the case—had been in action. The compasses of ships at sea have been at times so disturbed by the aurora, that the vessels steered a false route; and the error was only detected after the phenomenon passed away.

We thus see a very intimate relation between the aurora and certain magnetic or electrical effects; and now we may proceed to M. de la Rive's theory. The atmosphere, he says, in its normal state is constantly charged with a considerable quantity of positive electricity, which increases in proportion to the height; while the earth, on the contrary, is charged with negative electricity. Between these two, a process of recomposition or neutralisation takes place; most frequently by the humidity of the air; at times, by the fall of rain or snow; and less frequently by thunder-storms and water-spouts, which, in a very energetic form, exhibit the tendency of these two accumulated electricities to unite. The winds serve also to mingle them, wafting the positive to the negative, and the reverse.

It has been proved that the earth is an almost perfect electric conductor, and that it is constantly traversed by electric currents. According to M. de la Rive, these currents are produced by the positive electricity of the atmosphere which enters the earth at either pole, because those points being always covered by condensed vapours, present the best conducting medium. This is the normal process for establishing an equilibrium between the two electricities; the intense electrical discharges which take place, particularly within the tropics, constitute the variable or accidental process.

It is at the poles that the great electrical discharge takes place. 'This discharge,' says M. de la Rive, 'when it has a certain degree of intensity, will be luminous, especially if, as is nearly always the case near the poles, and sometimes in the higher regions of the atmosphere, it meet on its way with those extremely tenuous frozen particles out of which the loftier clouds and mists are formed.' Of the existence of these particles, and in inconceivable numbers, there is no sort of doubt. In the balloon ascent of Barral and Bixio at Paris, in 1850, the aëronauts found themselves on a sudden, although the sky was cloudless, in the midst of a thin transparent haze, which was alone produced by needles of ice so small as to be scarcely visible. Lunar halos, rain and snow, almost invariably precede an aurora; it is to the presence of these needles that the halos are due, and the rain and snow to their condensation of aqueous vapours. They form also the auroral veil, through which, owing to their tenuity, the stars are visible.

From simultaneous observations made by observers forty or fifty miles apart, the parallax of the aurora has been ascertained, and its height above the earth determined. This ranges from six to ten miles; the phenomenon, therefore, takes place within the limits of our atmosphere. With respect to the auroral arch, there is reason to believe it to be a luminous ring, with its centre at the northern magnetic pole, and cutting the magnetic meridians, which converge towards that pole, at right angles. Hence it is that the apparent summit of the arch always appears to be in the magnetic meridian of the place of observation. The arch, moreover, is supposed to have a sort of rotary movement from west to east, which is precisely what might be predicated from the course of the electrical current.

The nearer we approach the pole, the more frequent are auroræ; and as the appearances take place in all northerly latitudes, it sometimes happens that the observer is surrounded by the auroral matter escaping from the earth, and he then hears the fluttering or rustling noise which has been alluded to. It is only when too distant that the noise is not heard. On this point, M. de la Rive speaks positively. He considers the cause to be 'the action of a powerful magnetic pole on luminous electric jets closely surrounding it;' and by means of an ingenious apparatus, he has succeeded in producing a similar noise with attendant phenomena. The sulphurous odour proceeds, as in thunderstorms, from the conversion of the oxygen of the air into ozone, by the passage of electric discharges. Like the noise, however, the odour can only be perceived by an observer situated in the midst of the auroral matter.

It is well known, that in some of our arctic expeditions which might be considered most favourably situated for observation, no movement of the magnetic needle has been seen to accompany the aurora. The reason is, as M. de la Rive explains, that those high latitudes are inside the circle described by the aurora around the magnetic pole, and are not under the influence of the electric currents which circulate outside of it, but neither below nor above, as demonstrated by observation.

The aurora is of daily occurrence, and sometimes actually takes place while the sun shines; but it is of very variable intensity. May, June, and July are the months of fewest appearances; March, September, and October of the most; the latter because the auroræ are strongest at the equinoxes, especially the autumnal. The number actually observed in a year varies from 200 to 300.

A striking fact remains to be noticed; it is one that appears completely to identify the aurora with other electrical phenomena: the auroral light is not polarised, neither is there any trace of polarisation in the light obtained from electricity by artificial means. No better proof of the identity of the two classes of phenomena could perhaps be furnished.

We have mentioned an ingenious apparatus contrived by M. de la Rive. With this, he brings his theory to the test of experiment, and, as we believe, makes out his case. It consists of a glass globe, in which is inserted an isolated bar of soft iron, bearing a copper ring, which communicates by a wire with the conductor of an electrical-machine. On exhausting the air within the globe, and exciting the electricity, all the luminous phenomena of the natural aurora are produced around the ring and the bar.

A SIGHT OF PAUL JONES.

After dinner, walked out with Captains Jones and Landais, to see Jones's marines, dressed in the English uniform, red and white; a number of very active and clever sergeants and corporals are employed to teach them the exercise, and manœuvres, and marches, &c.; after which, Jones came on board our ship. This is the most ambitious and intriguing officer in the American navy. Jones has art and secrecy, and aspires very high. You see the character of the man in his uniform, and that of his officers and marines, variant from the uniforms established by Congress—golden buttonholes for himself, two epaulettes—marines in red and white, instead of green. Eccentricities and irregularities are to be expected from him. They are in his character, they are visible in his eyes. His voice is soft, and still, and small; his eye has keenness, and wildness, and softness in it.—*President Adams.*

BURYING-PLACES OF POETS.

Chaucer was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, *without* the building, but removed to the south aisle in 1555: Spenser lies near him. Beaumont, Drayton, Cowley, Denham, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Johnson, Sheridan, and Campbell, all lie within Westminster Abbey. Shakspeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried in St Giles's-in-the-Fields; Marlowe, in the church-yard of St Paul's, Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger, in the church-yard of St Saviour's, Southwark; Dr Donne, in Old St Paul's; Edmund Waller, in Beaconsfield church-yard; Milton, in the church-yard of St Giles's, Cripplegate; Butler, in the church-yard of St Paul's, Covent Garden; Otway, no one knows where; Garth, in the church at Harrow; Pope, in the church at Twickenham; Swift, in St Patrick's, Dublin; Savage, in the church-yard of St Peter's, Bristol; Parnell, at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr Young, at Walwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector; Thomson, in the church-yard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins, in St Andrew's Church at Chichester; Gray, in the church-yard of Stoke Pogis, where he conceived his *Elegy;* Goldsmith, in the church-yard of the Temple Church; Falconer, at sea, 'with all ocean for his grave;' Churchill, in the church-yard of St Martin's, Dover; Cowper, in the church at Dereham; Chatterton, in a church-yard belonging to the parish of St Andrew's, Holborn; Burns, in St Michael's church-yard, Dumfries; Byron, in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe, at Trowbridge; Coleridge, in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott, in Dryburgh Abbey; Southey, in Crossthwaite Church, near Keswick; Shelley, 'beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers surrounding ancient Rome;' and Keats beside him, 'under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius.'—*Barker's Wensleydale.*

NIGHT-SCENE.

The night was closing in apace; even the hum of busy insect life was dying away. Long streaks of orange and purple shewed where the sun was sinking into his glorious repose; while the topmost branches of the forest-trees were still surrounded with a halo of light, against which the dark bed of foliage stood forth in relief as in a golden frame; the ripple of the burn, as it murmured amongst the pebbles, appeared to grow louder with the stillness of evening; the good-night of each peasant rung on the air like heartfelt blessings; it seemed that the flowers exhaled a richer perfume; that the night-breeze was more soothing than in the daytime. It is said of the blind, that deeper and keener perceptions are bestowed upon them to compensate to them for deprivation of sight, so on the night doth it seem that nature sheds sweeter and gentler blessings of repose and stillness, to compensate it for the absence of the glorious light.—*Cochrane's Florence the Beautiful.*

HOW INDIA-RUBBER SHOES ARE MADE.

Contrary to the general impression, India-rubber, in the process of manufacturing, is not melted, but is passed through heated iron rollers, the heaviest of which weigh twenty tons, and thus worked or kneaded, as dough is at a bakery. The rubber is nearly all procured from the mouth of the Amazon, in Brazil, to which point it is sent from the interior. Its form, upon arrival, is generally that of a jug or pouch, as the natives use clay-moulds of that shape, which they repeatedly dip into the liquid caoutchouc, until a coating of the desired thickness accumulates, when the clay is broken and emptied out. The rubber, after being washed, chopped fine, and rolled to a putty-like consistency, is mixed with a compound of metallic substances, principally white-lead and sulphur, to give it body or firmness. Those sheets designed for the soles of shoes are passed under rollers having a diamond-figured surface. From these the soles are cut by hand, and the several pieces required to perfect the shoe are put together by females on a last. The natural adhesion of the rubber joins the seams. The shoes are next varnished and baked in an oven capable of holding about 2000 pair, and heated to about 300 degrees, where they remain seven or eight hours. This is called the 'vulcanising' process, by which the rubber is hardened. A large quantity of cotton cloth and cotton flannel is used to line shoes, and is applied to the surface of the rubber while it is yet in sheets. Not a particle of any of these materials is lost. The scraps of rubber are remelted, and the bits of cloth are chopped up with a small quantity of rubber, and rolled out into a substance resembling pasteboard, to form the inner sole. The profits of this business have been somewhat curtailed of late by the prevailing high price of rubber, which has varied within a year from twenty to sixty cents per pound. The demand, however, is very large. A species of rubber-shoe lined with flannel, is extensively used in some parts of the country as a substitute for the leathern-shoe.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

SCENERY OF THE COAST OF THE BLACK SEA.

I forbear giving way to descriptions that could say nothing of the glorious natural spectacles which the coast, beheld from out at sea, afforded in luxurious abundance. The foaming breakers, the rocky banks, the impenetrable woods, losing themselves in endless distance; the ranges of hills, with their many tints and leafy crowns; and behind them all the great mountain-chain, with its incessantly shifting play of colours. Here, unless a perfectly serene day, such as April seldom offers, secures a clear and steady view, all is continual change. A dense mist concealing all things, is often drawn before the peering eye; and vainly does the baffled sense then seek for a relieving point of vision; until a sun-glance rends the ashen veil, and a shining beam, like a golden magic-wand, charms into sight a world of beauty; and wood, hill, and glacier are gleaming in new splendour around.—*Bodenstedt's Thousand and One Days in the Morning Land.*

SYRIAN NOTIONS OF MEDICAL SKILL.

A doctor is thought nothing of here unless he resorts to violent remedies. I was told a curious anecdote of a *soi-disant* doctor, who acquired a great reputation in Beilan. He was much given to administering emetics, and having a very delicate patient, resorted as usual to this method of cure, leaving in the hands of the patient's brother three strong doses of emetic, which he directed should be administered at intervals of three hours. The brother, finding the first powder had no immediate effect, gave the unfortunate invalid the remaining two within five minutes. The result was violent sickness, succeeded by spasms and cramp, which in a few hours terminated fatally. Next day, the doctor was astonished to learn, on inquiry, that his patient was dead, and evinced his concern in his face. 'Never mind,' said the brother; 'it was so fated; but, Mashalla! you are a great doctor: the medicine you gave never ceased operating till the moment of my brother's death. It was a fine medicine, and if it couldn't cure him, nothing earthly could.'—*Neale's Eight Years in Syria.*

PURSUIT OF THE FINE ARTS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The prisoners are allowed to be seen by no one, but some of the cells are exhibited. One of these I particularly noticed, the walls of which were really beautifully painted by a man who had been in prison for five years before he came here. He stayed and decorated his cell here for another five years, and when discharged he commenced stealing again, and in less than two months was condemned to two years in another prison. He decorated the walls of that cell in a most elaborate manner, and is now in Baltimore Jail for another theft, and has begun his old pursuit, which, as he has some ten years to stay, will result in some grand master-piece in the fresco style. This odd talented creature is a German, and extracts his colours from the yarns given out to him for weaving.—*Transatlantic Rambles.*

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CHRISTMAS-DAY ON THE NILE.

THE voyage up the Nile from Alexandria or Cairo to the Cataracts has now become as common as the Rhine-trip was some years ago. The regularity and dryness of the climate have induced many London physicians to send patients there who suffer from chest complaints: the number of such travellers in pursuit of health is, accordingly, becoming greater every year. The East India Company allow their officers on leave of absence to remain on full pay while they are in Egypt; so, many of the heroes of Scinde and the Sutlej, of Cabool and Afghanistan, taking advantage of the permission, meet friends from England, and enjoy a three months' holiday on the Nile. A supply of antiquaries is never wanting, where every mound conceals a buried town, and every hillside is excavated by tombs filled with the remains of the past. Many enthusiastic clergy also are yearly found treading in the track of Moses and the Israelites. Many a sportsman takes a Nile boat, in order to try his rifle and his skill on a crocodile. Many an artist may be found undertaking the same journey, to sketch the various costumes of the people, the scenes on the river, the busy streets of Cairo, the mosque and the minaret, the majestic columns of Karnac, and the mud-hut of the peasant surrounded by its palm-grove: past and present alike suit his purpose. Then we have the author in various shapes, from the lady who writes letters not intended for the post-office, but honestly directed to her publisher, and the gentleman whose notes are never intended for publication, but are brought to light at the earnest solicitation of too partial friends, to the diligent investigator of the secrets of history or the marvels of ancient art; such as Lepsius and Sir Gardner Wilkinson. Nor are lady-travellers wanting. In one boat may be seen the fair blue-eyed daughter of a remote Scotch village, who has followed her husband from Calcutta to the Indus, who has lived the life of camps, but not lost an iota of her feminine gentleness, and now supports the feeble steps of him whose strength has fallen before the climate which the slender girl has withstood. In another, a widow is alone with her only son, hoping to obtain for him the health everybody but herself can see will never return. Further on, are the daughters of an English noble, who have left the many enjoyments of home-life without a sigh, to tend a sick husband and an aged father; not only enduring what to them are privations with cheerfulness, but even enjoying them in so good a cause—the kind friends while the successful rivals of the artist and the author—the impersonation of all that is graceful in manner and good in intent. This is no fancy picture. Many who not long ago passed a winter on the Nile will remember for many a day the harmonious voice which gave additional charm to a conversation where the object of each was the pleasure of making others happy. They will remember the cheerful affability, the natural, unforced politeness, and the frank kindness of some who perchance may read this paper, and be reminded by it of Christmas on the Nile.

When the incentives to travel are so numerous, and it is known that security to person and property is as effectually secured from the Mediterranean to the confines of Abyssinia, as from Charing Cross to Temple Bar, no one will wonder when we state that every winter about sixty boats are hired from Cairo and Alexandria, by English travellers only, for the Nile-trip. On a certain day towards the close of December, fifteen of these boats were assembled at Thebes; most of them were lying close to the village of Luxor, but two or three were on the opposite side near Gournou. It was agreed, however, on Christmas-eve, that all should meet next morning, and spend the day and dine together as best they could, in memory of Old England. The assemblage was a peculiar one. Some were on their way towards the Cataracts, others returning. Messrs Brown, Jones, and Robinson, having hired a boat together, had hurried up to the second cataract without waiting to see anything on their way, intending to visit the lions on returning; but they had been delayed by contrary winds, were tired of each other, and bored by the whole affair. They were now hurrying back to get letters; and although Brown thought he might be laughed at in England if he had not seen Karnac, after going so far to do so, and had therefore smoked a cigar among the ruins, yet he would not go to the Tombs of the Kings; and Jones and Robinson, hearing that there were plenty of snipe in a marsh near Medinet Habou, went off with their guns, and returned in great glee with a contribution of twenty couple of birds to the Christmas-dinner, far better satisfied with themselves than if they had been 'dawdling about old walls.'

Mr Spooner, and a German doctor who was travelling with him, went off with a gentleman in green spectacles, who measured the height, length, and breadth of all the largest stones; while the doctor instructed the lady in the language of the Egyptians, and made sketches of her seated on her donkey, with the most charming little rows of lace round the frilled edges of the inexpressibles which ladies who ride donkeys in Egypt do well to wear. The Rev. Thomas Grinder, who was *coaching* three pale and hopeful youths for their 'little go,' and farmed them for the trip, rode about expounding the wonders of nature and art to his half-starved pedestrian pupils. Sir Charles Gaunt, a gay old beau about town,

was travelling that he might have something to talk about at London dinners from April to August, and was improving his time by flirting most desperately with the smiling young wife of an old, sour East Indian, who had lost his liver in some Bengal jungle. A handsome young naval officer, in the last stage of consumption, whose mother, with all the beautiful hopefulness of a mother's love, had left husband and home to tend and comfort her son in his search after health, had just received news of his promotion, and, while the flush of death sat on his cheek, was busy with hopes and plans of still further advancement in his noble service.

We need not portray our Nile party further than to state, that all the above, with sundry others in shooting-jackets and wide-awakes—some with a turban round a straw-hat, others with an umbrella—a small proportion of ladies in cloaks and hoods—a number of sketch-books—a photographic machine—a whole herd of donkeys and their drivers, with guides and interpreters, formed an assemblage which would have mightily astonished Pharaoh, had he risen up among the ruins of his palace. It was indeed a curious sight. Among the vast remains of the stupendous works destroyed 3000 years ago, and after 3000 years of ruin and successive spoliation still remaining the grandest monuments of ancient art in the world, wandered the sons and daughters of the island whose power and dominion is greater and more extended than ever was that of Egypt, Greece, or Rome. Here, upon the fallen fragment of the colossal statue of an Egyptian king, sat an English girl, shading her fair face from the sun with a parasol made in London, sketching the remains of the once proud sovereign, for the edification of her maiden aunts as they sat over their tea in Little Pedlington; there, astride upon a sphinx, dreaming of some 'capital run' in Leicestershire, sat Brown, quietly basking in the sun, and perfuming the air with his Havannah; a little further on, a half-naked Arab was uncorking a bottle of Bass's Pale Ale, which our friend the Indian was taking instead of an antibilious pill; then followed a merry party on donkeys, trotting off to the Colossi. The English newspapers up to the 12th of November, just arrived from Cairo, took more than their share of attention from the hieroglyphics. Sheshonk led into captivity with his Hebrew subjects, sunk into insignificance beside the last accounts of the Mannings; and the efforts of the Protectionist party excited almost as much interest as the struggles of Miss Snowdrop to free herself from her fallen donkey.

The day was spent in sight-seeing; and a glorious day it was for the purpose—a bright sun, a clear sky, and a fresh breeze—perhaps a trifle too warm in the sun, and rather too cool in the shade for the invalid or the fastidious, but thoroughly enjoyable, and in most striking contrast with the frost and snow which make an English fireside the type of all comfort at Christmas.

There was far too much to see for one day. A volume might easily be written about what the different members of the English party who met that day at dinner had seen in their morning rambles. The said dinner was a rare one. None of the boats was large enough to hold the whole party, so an extempore tent was fitted up on the bank, near the water's edge. A number of oars were driven into the sandy soil, and to them the sails of the boats were attached. A lofty pole in the centre supported the canvas roof. Tables were joined together—chairs contributed from different boats—table-cloths, knives and forks, glasses, &c., were collected in the same manner; and the service, if not uniform, was tolerably complete. There were one or two little mishaps. Some of the cooks had quarrelled; and one, according to the custom of the country, had nearly succeeded in strangling another by twisting his turban round his neck. A tin case of turtle-soup, which Sir Charles brought from his stores for the express purpose of delighting Mrs Jamieson, when opened and served up, proved to be more odoriferous than palatable. For the first time, Sir Charles thought Mrs Jamieson's smile unpleasant. Some English roast-beef, also in tin cases, was a failure; but the mutton and fowls of the country, the mock-turtle, made of pigeons by an Arab cook, the omelettes and the mishmish (or apricots and rice), to say nothing of the plum-pudding, were all perfect in their way, and formed as good a dinner as any epicure could desire. The conversation was an odd mixture of Old England and Ancient Egypt, toasts to absent friends, and compliments to new acquaintances. One was full of his morning-visit to the Tombs of the Kings, enraged at the depredations of Lepsius, who had carried off twelve shiploads of sculptured stones, and damaged ten times the quantity he could not carry away. One friend discoursed in most poetical style upon the narrow gorge or deep valley, the 'valley of the shadow of death,' in the rocky sides of which these sepulchral galleries are excavated. The long low entrance-galleries, the descending staircases, and the great halls with the painted walls and the huge sarcophagi, were all subjects for declamation. The painted figures of the different races of people known to the Egyptians, the endless processions, the figures of men and women engaged in all the concerns of daily life, from birth to death, as fresh in colour and distinct in outline as when painted more than 3000 years ago, brought before us the manners and customs of the people who built the temples and palaces we had been visiting—the concerns of indoor-life, the pursuits of agriculture, the ceremonies of the court and the altar, the offerings to the king and to the gods, the chase and the amusements, the rewards and punishments, the birth, marriage, and death, and the judgment of the soul after death, forming a pictorial history of Egypt which 'he who runs may read.'

A large party had also been the round on the western bank, from the temple-palace at Gournou to that at Medinet Habou, including the Memnonium and the two seated colossi of the plain. There is little to see at Gournou, beyond the portico of the temple-palace, which is a long row of simple columns in the form of stalks of water-plants tied together near the top, and a central hall sixty feet in length, supported by six columns. The whole building, indeed nearly all the buildings about Thebes, are of a sort of freestone very much like our Bath-stone. A walk of about a mile along the edge between the desert and the cultivated land, brings us to the Memnonium or Remeseum, one of the most beautiful monuments of Egyptian art. There still remains a central hall 100 feet by 133, with twelve massive columns, 21 feet in circumference, along its centre, and eighteen on either side, 18 feet in circumference—making forty-eight columns supporting a flat solid roof, studded with stars, on a ground which still preserves its blue colour. The walls are covered with sculpture of curious battle-scenes—the chariots and the horsemen, the suppliant and the captive, the siege and the retreat, all being so graphically represented that they might serve for illustrations to a new Egyptian Iliad.

The colossal statue of Rhamses is overthrown, and many parts are destroyed. It was the largest in Egypt, and is computed to have weighed 887 tons. Very near, sit the two colossal statues of the plain—the vocal Memnon and his companion. Some of our English friends visited them at sunrise, to satisfy themselves whether any sound could be heard from this wonder of the ancients. The height of these statues is 60 feet. The pedestal of that of Memnon is covered with inscriptions in Greek and Latin of those who heard the sound at sunrise; among others, that of the Emperor Hadrian. Various explanations have been given of this sound, and there can be no doubt that it

was some natural phenomenon, which ceased when the statue, which had been overthrown by Cambyses, was repaired by Septimus Severus. It was heard before the mutilation as well as after it, as is fully proved by many ancient authors, but no authentic instance can be found after the repair.

We might talk for hours of the great temple at Medinet Habou, and the battle-scenes on its walls, of the statues, obelisk, and temple at Luxor, and of the far-famed Hall of Columns at Karnac, 170 feet by 329. This is the great sight of Egypt, and with its central avenue of twelve columns, 66 feet high and 12 in diameter, with one hundred and twenty-two, 42 feet high and 9 in diameter, is grand beyond description. When it is known that all these columns are covered with painted sculptures, that the outer surrounding walls are also filled with hieroglyphic inscriptions and sculptured battle-pieces, our readers may be inclined to think that Brown, who spent Christmas-day smoking his cigar among them, spent it better than Jones and Robinson, who preferred snipe-shooting. Those who ate the snipe, however, did not think so at the time, and gave the sportsmen a parting cheer, as their boat was swept towards Old England by the downward stream and a light breeze, soon after the dinner-party had separated to their respective boats. Some who read this paper will well remember that day; and amid the festivities of the London season this year, will think of the deep-blue starry sky, and the clear fresh air of Egypt—will hear again the monotonous chant of the boatmen — will remember the palm-grove and the watch-fire, the filling sail and the ripple of the stream, and will shed a tear over the memory of some now gone, with whom they spent their first and last Christmas-day on the Nile.

THE SICK-NURSE AND THE SICK-ROOM.

Were we to take a census of the female population of England, which should include all individuals between the ages of fifteen years and fifty who considered themselves entitled to be reckoned amongst the genteel classes of society, and from that census were to arrange in two columns, on the one hand the names of all who could play tolerably well on some instrument, and had a fair knowledge of French, German, or Italian; who could dance, dress tastefully, and were competent to take a share in the entertainment of an evening-party; and on the other were to place the names of those who well understood the humbler arts of managing a household; directing the conduct of their servants; controlling family expenditure; and last, though by no means least, that important duty of nursing and comforting the sick, and shedding sunlight over the chamber of the invalid—how lamentably small would be the number of those whose place was in this latter column in comparison with those who made a good figure in the former!

It is not that we would by any means discourage our countrywomen from the pursuit of those branches of study we have named, or from that of any others which would conduce to the cultivation of their minds and talents, or give them pleasant occupation for a leisure hour. We do not desire to see the daughters of our land return to the habits of ancient days, when to superintend the labours of the still-room, the kitchen, and the embroidery-frame, alternated with repeating Aves and Credos, and dressing the wounds of captive knights—nor would we have them like the modern Berezovian women of whom we are told in that amusing work, *Revelations of Siberia by a Banished Lady*: 'The culinary art constitutes the principal branch of education among the fair sex, and far from blushing when detected in this employment, they pride themselves on their proficiency in it as the highest of female accomplishments.' This would certainly a little exceed our wishes; but we do not perceive why an art so very important to household comfort should be wholly neglected. It would be amusing to observe what would be the effects of a law enforcing 'that no lady under the grade of the titled aristocracy should be permitted to enter into the matrimonial state until she had creditably passed such an examination as should satisfy competent authorities that she possessed a sufficient degree of knowledge in all points connected with household economy, to entitle her to a certificate of her capability "of discreetly conducting a family, and directing its management in the parlour, the kitchen, and the nursery."' Under such a regulation, how busy would the young ladies be in studying the art of cookery; and if, in addition, the following Berezovian rule were adopted in our land, how eagerly would their fair hands dabble amongst flour and butter, preserves and pickles! The rule to which we allude is, that 'every young bride on her arrival at her husband's house must invite guests to a dinner *prepared by her own hands*, and this repast is considered as a test of the education she has received at her parents' house. Shame and disgrace are the consequences should she be found deficient on such an occasion, and shame also to the parents who did not attend to that essential branch of her education.' But this is not what we desire. We would not thus occupy the whole of a woman's time; but we would have every female well consider whether in making a good knowledge of modern languages, or a skilful performance on the harp or piano, the first object, or even the second in her children's education, she is doing her duty: whether she is leading them to fulfil the object of family relationships and social bonds.

It is no new remark amongst thinking people, that to attach an undue value to the elegances of education is an error at present but too prevalent in all classes of society; and it is a fact which daily presses itself on our notice, that the young females in most families, however competent they may be to amuse a gay circle by their well-cultivated talents and highly-informed minds, are sadly deficient in the details of common life: needle-work is neglected, a knowledge of housekeeping undervalued, whilst even the humblest degree of insight into the practice of cookery is absolutely scouted. As to the art of nursing the sick, it is one so absolutely unknown to young ladies, that though the loving daughter or sister may evidently desire to take the charge of her suffering relatives' comfort, she sorrowfully feels that none of her early instructions or habits have tended to prepare her for this, the dearest task of women; and she withdraws from the effort, seeing that the hired nurse, or the lowest servant in the household, performs those coveted duties more quietly and satisfactorily to the poor sufferers than herself, inexperienced and untaught as she is.

There are more qualifications requisite to the formation of the character of a good nurse than would at first sight be supposed. Patience, firmness, self-denial, all are important graces for her to possess who would fill that office well; but there are several other requisites. Sound judgment and delicate tact are most valuable adjuncts, and a quiet, cheerful spirit is inestimable both to the patient and the nurse herself.

Everything about a sick-room should wear an air of cheerful repose. In what degree the appearance of cheerfulness should prevail must depend on the nature of the patient's case; but that bright fairy should always be there, and ready to display herself when permitted; for although the acuteness of disease may be such as to require that an extreme of quietude and stillness should reign throughout the apartment and over all around it, yet lugubrious faces and dismal tones are never welcome to a sick person, and are more likely to distress and injure him than even an undue amount of gaiety. With a view to this most desirable end, 'cheerful repose,' be very careful that the chamber over which you, in your capacity of nurse, are to rule, shall always present as much as is possible of a pleasant and comfortable aspect. Never allow any cups, basins, or other relics of meals, to remain in the chamber. A sick-room, littered with such utensils, with an unswept hearth, and a couch or bed disarranged and untidy, is an unpleasant spectacle to every one, and tends to anything but cheerfulness.

How different is our feeling on entering a room where, if in winter, we see a clear bright fire burning in the grate; or in summer, an open window and a vase of fresh flowers, a table with a little work, and a few books, together with clean linen on the bed, and unsullied purity around, all indicating that a watchful eye and a friendly hand has been there—from that which we experience when dirty cups and jugs, a dusty hearth, and an array of medicine-bottles and powder-papers meet our eye, and tell of nothing but sickness and neglect. We have spoken of flowers in the sick-chamber, and it is well that they should be there; for nothing gives so cheerful and lifelike an aspect to a room as a glass of bright and well-arranged flowers; but it must be only during the day they should be suffered there. By day, flowers are wholesome and cheering friends, but at night they are deadly enemies; and for this reason: during the hours in which light prevails, all vegetables throw out that gas so highly important to animal life—oxygen, and absorb that of which an undue amount is most deleterious—carbonic acid. Under these circumstances, they are friends; but in the hours when darkness reigns, then they reverse the order they have before observed, and absorb from the atmosphere the oxygen, returning to it the carbon. For this reason, no flowers or growing-plants should ever be kept in a sleeping-room at night, but more especially in one where an invalid reposes. No very lusciously scented blossoms, however, should at any time be allowed a place in the sick-chamber. Jasmines, lilies, heliotropes, and others, which exhale a heavy and rich fragrance, must, alas! be excluded; but carnations, geraniums, a rose or two, mignonette, and other aromatic scented flowers, will afford a safe enjoyment, and acting as a reminder of God's beautiful creation in the garden and the field, will supply to the poor sufferer a fund of wholesome and refreshing thought. But they should be daily renewed, and not even allowed to stand long in the same water, as—especially in hot weather—the stems are apt to induce putridity and an offensive smell, which must of course be injurious.

A constant systematic attention to the management of light, temperature, ventilation, sound, and motion, are all important to the comfort and wellbeing of your charge. As much light as the patient can bear without a feeling of distress, should always be admitted into a sick-room. Doubtless, when the eye or the brain is affected, this will be but little: in such cases, the medical attendant will of course dictate; but in ordinary cases, light is beneficial, not only as adding to the cheerful appearance of the room, but as a chemical agent in purifying the atmosphere, and restoring it to a healthy state. Care should, nevertheless, be taken that no overbright light, either reflected or otherwise, should be allowed to fall either on the eyes of the patient, or on any lustrous object within his sight, as that is sure to annoy. A candle inadvertently set down so that its rays may be reflected by a mirror or any other shining object within his range of vision, will be as likely to disturb a sick person as the sight of the candle itself. A similar degree of precaution should be used lest flickering lights from the fire should harass him.

A careful watch should be kept also over the temperature and the ventilation of a sick-chamber. An overheated room, or one in which the air has been allowed to become stagnant and loaded, is more injurious to the sensitive invalid than can well be conceived. Sixty degrees of Fahrenheit seems the highest standard of heat suitable for most invalids. There should always be either a fire or an open window or door, so that the air may be frequently changed in the room; yet great care should be taken that the patient is not exposed to draughts of cold air. A little management will easily effect this in most chambers; but if the weather or other cause should render it undesirable to keep either door or window open for any length of time together, one or other of them may be set a little ajar for a few minutes once in two or three hours, which will effect your purpose.

With regard to sound, you can scarcely be too careful—we do not mean that unbroken silence and stillness should be observed: this may be needful in some cases, but ordinarily it would be undesirable, and would prove oppressive to the patient. A nurse who possesses the charm of a serene and mild countenance, a cheering smile, and a soft clear voice, is always the most welcome in a sick-room. You should never whisper either to the patient or to any one in the room; but always draw near to the person you are addressing, so as to be easily heard, and speak in a distinct and audible, though low-toned voice; and having asked a question, give your full attention to the reply, so that you may catch the meaning at once, and then act, if possible, without further interlocution.

Avoid all irritating noises, and especially eschew silk gowns which rustle, and shoes which creak or tap the ground in walking: we have known a person ill with fever rendered delirious by the former cause, and rave of nothing but his nurse's silk gown for hours. Never make a bustle in the room. If you have occasion to call on an attendant to arrange any matters in the apartment, always give your directions out of hearing of its inmate, and then guide your assistant in performing your wishes by signs and single words rather than prolonged directions. Nothing worries more than the shaking of curtains, and knocking about of pans and brushes, that sometimes accompany a 'putting to rights.' If you take charge at night, or if your patient is nervous and sensitive of sound, have a cloth on your table, so that no clatter of putting down scissors, snuffers, or other articles, may assail his ears or break his slumbers. But one of the greatest triumphs of a skilful nurse is to manage her fire noiselessly, so as to supply it with fuel and keep it alive and bright. It is quite possible to do this, and to maintain a good fire throughout the night without making any sound that would awake the lightest sleeper—we have ourselves often achieved this feat, and consider it one that reflects more credit on us than most things in which we have been concerned. But to compass this end, a lady must stoop very low indeed! even so low as to condescend to lift every bit of the coal with her own delicate fingers, and with them to push the jetty lumps into the place in the fire where their presence is most needed. She may put on gloves if she pleases—and certainly she will be wise to do so; but if she wishes to be successful in keeping in her fire quietly, she must utterly ignore the existence of those noisy implements, the tongs and shovel. But how is she to stir the fire? how to clear the lower bar from the

ashes? Easily enough: the poker must share the banishment of its confrères, the tongs and shovel, and a stiff stick become its substitute. With this, and a good supply of patience, she will do very well. Insert the said stick slowly and softly into the best place for lifting your fire, then very, very gently, and very, very slowly insinuate it further, and press it further down, and so by slow degrees raise the fuel, and give it the necessary movement. After a time repeat the process in another part; but all must be done with as much caution as an Indian wheel would use in carrying off a booty which lay under his sleeping master's pillow. So to manage matters may take you perhaps a quarter of an hour, whilst one good emphatic stir would do the work in a second of time; yet you may account your quarter of an hour well spent if it avails to preserve to you that precious friend and companion a fire, without subjecting your charge to a rude and hasty awakening. You should scatter some ashes on the hearth and inner bed of the fender, so that cinders and ashes which may fall may make no noise to disturb the sleeper; and whilst speaking of the management of this important functionary, the fire, a recipe for keeping it alive during a long night, when none is watching over it, may not be ill-placed. Get a clear, bright bit of fire in your grate, not more than half filling it; on the top of this lay some small lumps of coal in a moderately thick layer, and thereon place a layer of equal thickness of damp deal saw-dust; above this, a few bits of stick, and bank up the whole at the top with a thickish layer of damp small coal. The fire will penetrate the lumps, and stop and smoulder in the saw-dust. The sticks are not expected to burn during the night, but to get dry and hot, and be in a state for speedy ignition when pushed in between the bars in the morning. A fire thus managed will keep in for twelve hours or more without overheating the room or expending fuel, and afford, at the last, sufficient materials for making a good fire in an instant. If you are preparing to keep watch at night, be careful to have everything you are likely to want brought on a tray at once, and placed within your reach, so that you may be able readily to supply any little nourishment or medicine to your patient comfortably and without noise.

Your movements in a sick-chamber must be in a great degree regulated by the character of the illness of the person over whom you are watching. There are, no doubt, occasions where a stealthy step, and slow, cautious movement are essential; but unless in cases of emergency, a free and natural action is in general better —care, of course, being taken that no sudden or impetuous movements should startle and annoy a sensitive invalid. It would seem a reasonable and common-sense rule, that the less a sick person is reminded, by external circumstances, of his state, the more hope there will be of his mind and spirits being kept in a healthy condition; and therefore it is better to keep off everything that is found to annoy, so far as it may be practicable to do so, and to preserve in his rooms as much as possible a *natural* tone and aspect.

The guardians of the sick should at all times be very cautious not unnecessarily to instil into their patient's mind any thoughts of an anxious or an alarming character. Never repeat any sad stories or startling reports, nor induce suspicious or uneasy thoughts relative to the conduct of any of the servants, children, or other members of the family. Be at all times careful, both in conversation and in selecting subjects for reading, not to bring forward anything of a too exciting nature, avoiding all harrowing tales and terrifying newspaper statements. Be watchful, also, never to fatigue your patient's mind by exercising it on too argumentative or difficult subjects. You must not gauge the mind of an invalid by its measure when the body was in a more healthy state; for the mind that is capable of high intellectual effort when in health, is, when depressed by sickness, as incapable of it as the lowered and attenuated body of a sick man is of using the athletic exercises in which, in a state of greater vigour, he may have excelled; and, on the same principle, never dispute with a sick person any point which it is possible, with propriety, to yield, for the spirits—perhaps the temper—become irritable from indisposition.

The clear and practical knowledge of some of the simpler branches of the art of cookery which we have before advocated, is essential for a good nurse. We have seen food presented to the sick such as it was impossible for them to eat, and which was of course rejected with disgust, when neither patient nor nurse was aware that its disagreeable appearance or smell was merely an accident arising from bad cookery, and not an essential feature in the article itself.

And now let us say a few words that may aid in regulating the conduct of an ardent young nurse, and pilot her away from those rocks on which she will be but too likely—as we ourselves, alas! have done—needlessly to make shipwreck of her own health. It will seem strange to some if we say that a very refined sort of selfishness is at the root of much of the excess in nursing which we sometimes see injuring the health and paling the countenance of the loving wife or child who has the charge of nursing an invalid during a time of severe and prolonged illness. She cannot bear the pain of feeling that she is missed, and still less does she like that another should take her place, and perform for the beloved one those little offices which it is her delight to consider as peculiarly her own; and therefore, in despite of remonstrances, in defiance of warnings given her in the form of exhaustion of mind and body, she persists in standing at her post by the sick-bed, taking too much on her, declining rest when, without injury to her patient, she might properly take it; refusing to take a sufficient degree of nourishment, and perhaps pressing on in her self-imposed labours many hours together without any food, and also secluding herself wholly from air and exercise, which she needs, and ought to obtain; and thus she goes on sometimes for weeks and months together, obtaining praise for self-sacrifice, when, in fact, she is rather guilty of self-indulgence. And what is the end of all this? In all probability, a sudden failure of strength arises, illness overtakes her, and she is at once withdrawn altogether from the cherished task, which, but for her wilful over-exertions, she might have retained to the last; and her illness forms a heavy additional call on the energies of an overtasked household, and a painful source of anxiety and distress to the precious object of her affections in whose service she has been working. Every nurse ought, as a matter of duty—not only to herself, but to her patient and the family of which she forms a part—carefully to guard against such want of moderation as we have named. If she sits up at night, she should seek some hours of rest during the day, *whether she likes it or not;* she should daily go into the open air, for half an hour at least; and in respect of food, as well as in every other way, should sedulously guard the health which is so highly important to the household. It is a sort of common family treasure of which she is the guardian, and if she suffers it to decay or be lost unnecessarily, she is guilty of a moral delinquency, and her family should exclude her from the post she covets until she becomes amenable to the laws of common sense and sound judgment.

Of course we are aware that there *are* cases in which this extreme of effort which we have been condemning is really necessary. In such, let the young nurse go forward and trust in God to preserve her, and to bless her in her work; but let her be true-hearted and faithful in deciding whether such exertions are really necessary, or whether they do not arise from some such feeling as we have suggested; and let her consider

that, although she may stand the brunt of such an unnatural state of life on one, or even more occasions, she will surely in the end be worsted if she does not listen to reason and take care, remembering that the better part of valour is discretion.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XIX.

A DOUBLE SEPARATION.

A LADY of our acquaintance used to express her surprise that it was considered indelicate or unpolite to say to anybody—more especially to one of her own sex—How old are you? and that the person so questioned should be unwilling to give a straightforward truthful reply. If I am asked, said she, how long I have resided in such a place, I do not think of evading the question, but mention the time as well as I am able; and when the inquiry relates to the number of years I may have been a denizen of this world of comings and goings, why should I feel or speak otherwise? The fair reasoner might have gone further in her philosophy of commonplace. She might have said: Since this earth is but a stage on a journey taken by us all, why do we mourn when a friend reaches the goal before us? and whence is our desolateness of heart when a separation takes place for a probably shorter space, and when even in this world we have the prospect of meeting again?

Such reasonings do very well to exercise the judgment; but we question whether they have the slightest effect upon the heart. No one, for example, was better aware than Robert of the transitory nature of this mundane scene, or less inclined to wish that it were indeed an abiding-place and a continuing city; and yet the leave-taking that was before him the next morning seemed to his imagination like the rending asunder of soul and body. On his long walk to Bloomsbury his feet seemed to cling to the ground, his head hung upon his breast, and the usually vigorous and energetic young man presented a complete picture of desolation.

But the parting itself was not so bad as the anticipation, at least in its external phenomena. It never is. The very effort to conceal the feelings divides them, and the heart is shared between grief and pride, desolation and triumph.

'Well, Bob,' said the captain, when he went into the room—'you are off, I hear, for the other side of the world? I don't blame you—I did something like it myself; and you will have a better chance of getting on there than in a place like this, where people can't stir their elbows for the crowd. But as you are not going for some time yet, you will run down to Wearyfoot to bid good-by? Yes you will?' Robert shook his head. 'No? I thought so. Perhaps you are right—it's of no use. But I am not like you, full of strong young life, and I can't help feeling down in the mouth a little. I am getting an old fellow, Bob; I noticed in the glass this morning that my hair is almost white; and if it had been so ordered that you were to have been with us down yonder for a few years, till you helped to carry me quietly—and I am sure you would do it lovingly—to that lonely little Wearyfoot churchyard, where the grass grows so trimly among the white stones, and where the weary foot is indeed at rest, why'——

'Darling uncle!' cried Sara, throwing her arms round the veteran's neck in a passion of tears. Some large drops rolled, one after another, down the waxen cheeks of Elizabeth. Robert alone seemed unmoved; but when he spoke, his voice was constrained and husky.

'The grass in Wearyfoot church-yard,' said he, 'will, I trust, be many times alternately green and withered before you, my beloved benefactor, are carried thither. But when that does take place, my consolation will be to know, that your last moments were soothed by the cares of those you loved, and your kind true heart laid in the grave by tender hands.'

'And you, Robert?' said Elizabeth—'will not the wanderer be with us even at the end of many years?'

'The wanderer,' replied Robert, 'may by that time have found a grave himself.'

'But if not?' said Sara, almost inaudibly. Robert paused before answering, and a struggle of some kind appeared to take place in his mind. When at length he spoke, his cheek was slightly pale:

'This side of the ocean,' said he, 'I have not found fortunate—not from my very birth. Why, then, should I wish to return? I will not even suffer myself to think of the ordinary changes brought by time—of new ties, new feelings, new graves; the things and persons of the present will remain with me as they are for ever; and so I shall be able to defy the evil fortune before which I have hitherto succumbed.'

'All this means,' cried the captain, 'that you are not coming back! You are a fine fellow, Bob, and a good fellow; but I don't understand you: I never did, even when you were a boy—even when I was teaching you to fence, and when Sara was teaching you to dance. I can understand your going—that's all very right; but why not come back?—and when you know, too, that not one of us will have any pleasure in life till you do. Why, your letters from London filled up our time and our thoughts from one letter to another. Even Margery's pothooks were precious, and they did Sara so much good, that poor Molly wouldn't open them herself. Isn't it true, Sara?' Sarah did not reply; she was shaking from head to foot, and Robert determined to cut short the painful scene. A double knock at the street-door afforded him an excuse.

'There are your friends,' said he; 'I saw them pass the window. They are doubtless coming to escort you to the railway, and that will enable me to attend to some pressing business of my own. I had a thousand things to say, but they will be better said by letter—we shall have time for quite a long correspondence before my departure. Farewell!'—and he clasped the veteran's hand and covered it with fervent kisses—'may God requite you for all your goodness to the beggar and outcast!' The captain strained him in his arms for a moment, coughing savagely away some desperate sobs, and then Elizabeth threw herself upon his bosom, and wept helplessly. Sara was just vanishing at the door of the inner room; but Robert followed her, and as the visitors were at the moment announced, he shut the door after him.

'Do not part, Sara,' said he, 'without shaking hands! If you only knew the cost of this self-sacrifice'——

'I know nothing,' said she, turning quickly round—'speak!' and she fixed her eyes eagerly on his. Another struggle seemed to take place in his mind, and this time of so terrible a nature that large drops of sweat rolled down his brow.

'I dare not,' said he at length—'Farewell!' and he released her hand. She walked silently away; and presently, the hardly audible sound of the opening and shutting of the door informed her that Robert was gone.

Robert was strong in his consciousness of rectitude. With the exception of the conflict of the last parting moment, the only temptation that had assailed him that morning was suggested by Sara's question as to his return. They were both young. Would not a few years have a fair chance of enriching him in a

country where wealth is sometimes collected in a few days? This thought darted like lightning through his brain, but like lightning it vanished. To set Sara's life-long happiness at stake on the mere chance of his success—to buoy her up with a hope which was as likely to be illusive as otherwise—and lead her on from year to year in a dream, in the course of which both her cheek and heart might wither, was not to be thought of. Let the prospect be closed at once; and if love still survived, why, then, who could tell what might happen after the lapse of years?

Robert had another scene to get through that forenoon; and the one that had just closed, instead of weakening his energies, nerved him for what was to come. It was with inexpressible bitterness of spirit he took his way to Lord Luxton's house. The evening before, there were no stars visible in the heavens to consult; but he had taken counsel of the void darkness, and did not return till that began to be edged with the cold gray light of the dawn. It seemed clear to him now that the Falcontowers had been in error as to his family position; that they had considered this, however comparatively obscure, not to be such as would reflect disgrace upon them; and that, detecting the falsehood of the report that had reached them regarding his noble birth, they had determined to observe with their own eyes the true nature of his social status. From his knowledge of Claudia, he was not at all surprised that she should leave her father in the carriage at the end of the street, and come alone to the window; and perhaps, under other circumstances, it might have given him even amusement, to imagine the feelings with which the high-born and haughty slave of conventionalism must have beheld the unaccustomed scene that was then presented to her eyes. But the same meanness which could induce them to defraud the man of low birth of the fairly earned reward of the successful writer, would affix upon him—whose interest seemed alone to be interested in the affair—the stigma of suborning others to bolster him up by means of fraud and falsehood. This he would not submit to. Instead of sending for his papers, and allowing the unfortunate connection to drop in silence, as had been his intention, he was now on his way to the house in person, to force upon Lord Luxton such explanation as he might find necessary.

The new peer and his daughter were in the library, according to their ordinary custom, conversing on their affairs. The father was sometimes a good deal puzzled by the manner of the young lady, which, always decisive, was this morning what in a man would be called stern. Her words were few, abrupt, uncompromising. She looked older. The lines of time, whose appearance she had hitherto contrived to repress, were now visible in the unusual paleness of her countenance; and her eyes, in general so lustrous, looked heavy, yet feverish, as if they had not been recently closed in sleep. Lord Luxton, who was ignorant of her evening expedition, and of the adventures which had doubtless disturbed her equanimity, supposed that Claudia permitted her mind to dwell too earnestly on the turn taken by public affairs, and he was kinder in manner than was his wont. The young lady, however, was not in the vein for anything like either pity or affection, and received such demonstrations with a coldness allied to scorn. The conversation, therefore, was not agreeable, for the subject was perplexing; the ministerial crisis becoming more critical every hour, and Lord Luxton in corresponding difficulty as to his line of action. In the midst of it the door opened, and Robert Oaklands walked into the room.

His admission was quite accidental, and yet natural. The porter, in whose capacious mind rested the fate of visitors, like other dignified functionaries was late of coming to his post—at so early an hour of the forenoon, his countenance would have been thrown away; and the door, therefore, was opened by one of the footmen who knew Robert merely as one who was admitted as a matter of course, and allowed to find his way unannounced to the library. Both Claudia and her father had recognised his straightforward, resolute knock, to which perhaps on the present occasion his feelings added unwonted sternness. The peer made no remark, his orders, he thought, having rendered him safe from unpleasant intrusion; but the quicker ear of Claudia had caught the visitor's step, light as it was, as he approached the room, and without looking towards the door till he entered, she drew herself up, pale, cold, rigid, impassive.

A slight bend of the head received the visitor, and Lord Luxton motioned to a chair. Robert, however, remained standing behind it.

'I have called, my lord,' said he, 'in consequence of a circumstance which occurred yesterday evening, and which compels me to suppose that you labour under some mistake as to my real character. A report, I understand, reached your ears before you left town that some mystery attached to my social position, and that I was entitled to occupy much higher ground than I did. Is this the case?'

'It is.'

'It is clear, then, from the circumstance I have alluded to, and from your not putting direct questions to me upon a subject in which you appear to have felt so condescending an interest, that you supposed me to be a party in what seemed to you a fraud—probably the chief party concerned, the suborner of the false testimony you received.'

'Having made no accusation, Mr Oaklands, either direct or implied,' said the peer with dignity, 'I feel myself under no necessity of replying to the remark; more especially as it is put in a tone which gives it the form of accusation rather than defence.'

'Defence! I mean no defence, my lord, whatever. All I have to say is, that the idea, if you entertained it, is erroneous, and betrays a very mean capacity for the appreciation of character. The report originated in the enthusiasm of, I may say, natural affection, and may have received some apparent confirmation from a misconception with regard to it under which I laboured myself; for I believed the hints that were dropped respecting my approaching elevation referred to the expectations you yourself had held out to me for a very considerable time.'

'I understood, sir,' said Lord Luxton, 'that you were aware of the importance, even as regarded your own interest, of concealing those expectations till I permitted you to speak?'

'You are right; and I cannot tax myself with having betrayed them. The equivoque was caused by my supposing it to be just possible that in some moment of domestic musing an unguarded word may have dropped from me which was caught at by the ignorant affection I have referred to, and made to harmonise with its own idiosyncrasy.'

'Very well. With regard to the expectations themselves, it is necessary to be frank. Independently of the difficulties of the ministry'——

'Pardon me, my lord, I will not hear a word on that subject. I came here to place my own character in a proper point of view—I have nothing to do with yours. Having now accomplished my purpose, I will, with your permission, collect my papers, and bid you good-morning.' Robert then walked with quiet dignity into the inner-room, the scene of his long and thankless labours.

Claudia had taken no part in this conversation. She did not move; she hardly seemed to breathe; she looked like a statue, only with living eyes that were fixed upon Robert with an intensity in their gaze, which did not appear to stop at the features, but to penetrate to the very soul. When he withdrew, she

turned slowly, as if on a pivot, those strange eyes following his firm but noiseless step, and watching his calm proud bearing, till he disappeared in the study.

'I am glad we have done with him,' said her father in an under-tone; 'he is an insolent young fellow, and wants to be taken down. Don't you think so?' Claudia did not hear: she was still looking towards the study, and listening to the movements within.

'His refusing to hear my explanation is quite enough, even without the ministerial crisis: what do you say?' She said nothing—she was probably deliberating within herself as to what she should say to him. Presently he reappeared; and, with a slight bow to the two, was just leaving the library.

'Stay, Mr Oaklands,' said Claudia suddenly; 'having claimed the liberty of explanation for yourself, you have no right to deny it to others. Lord Luxton was about to explain to you, when you interrupted him, that a ministerial crisis, which occurred during our absence from town, would render it difficult, if not impossible, for him to exercise his influence in your favour to the extent he desired. But that is not all. Whatever your ideas may be on the subject, we who live in the world are obliged to conform to its laws and customs; and his lordship cannot, as an individual, even if his own wishes tended thereto, overturn the order and reasonable gradations of society. For a man of obscure family to rise gradually to distinction is nothing new in this country; but to do so suddenly, his family must be either literally obscure, kept entirely in the background, or their obscurity must be merely that of poverty, from which they may be able to rise gracefully with the man himself.'

'I quite understand,' said Robert, with a cold, half-contemptuous smile: 'his lordship fancied that connected with me there were some small faded remnants of gentility, attenuated merely through famine, which would be no great drawback to my success in life, and he therefore promised to put me in the way of fortune—for a consideration. He now finds that there is no gentility at all in the case; and although he has received the consideration, and knows that I was completely ignorant of his mental reservation, he withdraws from his promise.'

'The statement is not complete,' said Claudia, quite unmoved; 'there is unfortunately not merely no gentility, as you phrase it, but something quite the reverse—in the case of one like you, appallingly so; and this obliges him to break his promise so far, simply by destroying his freedom of action.'

'In the case of one like me! Why so, if I may presume so far?'

'Because you are not a man of society; because your family is a part of yourself; because they must rise with you, if you rise, side by side; because you would flaunt their vulgarity and ignorance in the eyes of the public; because you would endeavour to extort for them the same respect to which you were entitled yourself; and because the attempt would cover with ridicule not only you, but your supporters and everybody connected with you.'

'You speak truly,' said Robert, 'so far as mere vulgarity and ignorance are concerned; but my case is worse than you suppose.'

'Worse! Were your parents ever married?'

'Probably not.'

'Was not your mother a menial servant?'

'Worse!'

'Do not your brothers and sisters wear on their very brows the ineffaceable stamp of poverty and low nurture?'

'Worse! worse!'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean that my origin is far lower than you imagine.'

'What, then, were your parents?'

'Vagrants—beggars—probably thieves. If I have brothers and sisters, the stamp they bear may be the stamp of Cain.'

'If? Then you do not know? You have shrunk with loathing and contempt from the contamination they would have brought?'——

'I did not shrink; I do not loathe or contemn. What right have I to do so? I was born one of them, and we shared alike, doubtless, in those qualities that are a part of the gift of life. In me, when we were separated by circumstances I did not seek, these qualities were developed and grew healthily; in them, they either withered in embryo or sprang up into poisonous weeds. Me this education of circumstances introduced into the library of—a right honourable; them it conducted, too probably, to the workhouse or the hulks. I may loathe and despise their crimes, but I cannot do otherwise than love the criminals; and with regard to myself, I can only reflect with gratitude and awe on the accident, so to call it—as mere an accident, madam, as that of birth!—which has enabled me, to a certain extent, to control the circumstances by which I am surrounded, and has thus raised me to the dignity and freedom of a man.'

Robert looked proudly into those wild eyes he had so often controlled before; but the blaze they now encountered was as powerful as the one it met, because sharing in its own nature. Claudia's pale cheek was overspread with a glow which entirely obliterated the faint lines of time, and restored all its radiant beauty to her countenance.

'Then you are truly,' said she, 'as I have heard, the foundling—the waif—of Wearyfoot Common! You are free to pursue your fortune in the world—to dare—to combat—to conquer it! You are alone, are you not?—alone, I say—alone!' and her figure seemed to expand, her nostrils dilated, her eyes lightened, and she looked with an aspiring and defiant gaze, as if at some object in the far distance.

'I am alone,' replied Robert, catching no inspiration from the tone—'alone! I have no blood relation that I know of on the earth; and even between the strangers to whom I owe everything and the homeless vagrant they educated into a man, there will soon roll—as soon as I can accomplish it—many thousand miles of ocean.' He spoke low and despondingly, for he felt as if the faint lone star of the Common was at the moment vanishing in the heavens; and the unequal breathing of Claudia was heard distinctly in the silence which his words seemed to mark rather than interrupt.

'But do not think,' said he, recovering—'do not think that the avowal demands your pity any more than your scorn. The world has in our day entered into a new cycle; and the weak prejudices that still linger among us owe such shadowy vitality as they possess to little more than the mean traditions and abject imitations of the novelists. The light of knowledge, which has resolved the nebulæ into stars, has established the individuality of men. No longer crouching behind our ancestors, and concealing our insignificance under coats of arms, we stand forward, each according to his own lights, and look the heavens in the face. And even so are we judged by public opinion; and even so by the loftier, nobler spirits of the small fraction of the people to which such as you belong. Worth, talent, energy, are now more valuable than a whole gallery of family portraits—which serve only to afford a means of comparison, in most cases a humiliating one, between the feeble descendant and the strong ancestor. Look at us both, my lord, at this instant, and say which has the more cause for pride—I who have kept my engagement, or you who have forfeited yours?—I, who give you my time and labour as an alms, or you who pretended to purchase them?—I, the individual man destined to carve out my own fortune, or you, swathed as helplessly

and hopelessly in by-gone generations as a mummy in its folds of perfumed linen?

'As for you, Miss Falcontower, I can only lament the blindness which darkens a fine spirit, and withdraws to mean and trivial objects those noble powers that if properly directed would achieve greatness and renown. To you I owe more than the interesting study you have yourself presented: I owe the materials for large and enlightened views of a section of life which is hidden from the vulgar in myths and symbols; I owe those revealings of the social world which one like me could acquire only through the teaching of an accomplished and high-bred woman. This debt I shall probably never be able to repay; but it may chance that I shall one day make such use of what I have learned as will give you the satisfaction of knowing that your kindness and generosity have not been in vain.' Robert bowed deferentially as he concluded and withdrew.

'Insufferable insolence!' cried Lord Luxton—'Claudia'——

'Hush! hush!'

'How is it possible to do anything for this man?'

'Hush, I say, hush!' She was looking towards the door, and threw back her hair impetuously from her ears to listen the more intently. An expression of doubt, wavering, terror was in her face, as she seemed to count the receding footfalls that would have been inaudible to ears not abnormally excited. Presently this expression changed, rapidly but not instantaneously, into courage, confidence, resolve. Then a single expiration of the breath seemed to burst the chains of years, and give her impatient spirit to life and freedom; a joyful and dazzling illumination overspread her face; she bounded with the elasticity of a girl to the door, flung it wide open, tossed up her curved arms laterally to give her lungs play, and as she threw forward her chest, gave forth her magnificent voice in a long, wild, exulting cry—

'Mr Oaklands!' The house rang with the sound, which quivered with a thrill between pain and pleasure in the ears that heard it.

But it was lost to him for whom it was intended in the loud shutting of the street-door, and after a terrible moment of suspense, her high-wrought feelings collapsed, and Claudia for the first time in her life fainted, and fell senseless upon the floor.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

We have always thought flagellation, as ordered by a judge, a most unjust mode of punishment, simply because there is no making sure beforehand of how severe or how light the specified number of stripes may be. An executioner of Edinburgh, in the time of George II., hit what we mean when, in answer to an inquiry on this point, he said: 'I lay on the lash according to my conscience.' Think of so much being left to the arbitrament of an executioner! The school authorities of Harrow appear to have never considered the matter in this light, for they have deputed to one set of the boys, called 'monitors,' a title to flagellate the rest, whenever they may think it necessary. In a quarrel between a monitor and another boy, the monitor has the pleasant advantage of 'whopping' his antagonist, to within an inch of the boy's life if he pleases, under colour of law, and in perfect safety from retaliation. The public, we need scarcely remark, have become aware of this curious peculiarity of the discipline of Harrow, in consequence of an instance of the use of the privilege by a certain Master Platt, in reference to a Master Stewart, who had to submit to thirty-one blows of a cane on his naked back, for merely having had some altercation on the playground with Master Platt (in which it appears he was in the right), and whose back was consequently left in a state which called for medical care, and drew the attention of a justly indignant parent. A medical man thus described the suffering part: 'I found the whole of the back across the shoulders, from the border of the left armpit to the top of the right shoulder, *one entire mass of bruises*, the colour varying from a bright red to a deep black. There was one deeply blackened spot on the upper and broad part of the shoulder, covering a space of very nearly four inches square by measurement.' It is tolerably evident from this in what a state the 'conscience' of the flagellator had been at the time of the infliction. As to its condition afterwards, we are left in little doubt, for the young gentleman, so far from expressing any compunction, has justified himself by representing that he has known severer punishments inflicted by monitors for less offences—that is to say, Master Stewart has, after all, got less than his deserts. What a testimony to the humanity of the Harrow School discipline! And what a specimen of the sense of justice inspired into its pupils! It is to be feared that Master Platt's sentiments of conscientiousness in matters where his own interests and passions are concerned have, under such discipline, been raised to a painful pitch of intensity; and were we connected with him in any authoritative relation, we should be deeply concerned to watch over him in future years, lest this probity towards himself should lead him into more serious scrapes than the present.

Harrow is an ancient and eminent school, and such dignified establishments are usually not very open to advice. Yet it *is* a fact which might be worthy of the regard of Harrow, that there are other schools, and passably successful schools too, which, so far from multiplying the lashing-power in this extraordinary way, have almost abolished or dispensed with it even in the masters. It is a world of change, and, many think, of progress; and among its changes is a gradual doing away with the law of force, and a promotion of that of gentleness. It is rapidly becoming a prevalent opinion as to schools, that the necessity of force is simply in proportion to the incompetency of the teacher, and the inadequacy of the moral superintendence. The public, generally, have been startled at the barbarism—for so they term it—of the idea of allowing one set of boys to subject the rest to a cruel and degrading punishment. They feel even an injustice in the case of Platt, who is first allowed, or rather trained to, the gratification of his revengeful feelings, and then marked with a stigma for gratifying them somewhat in excess. Let Harrow lay this to heart, were it only for its own interests as a school. Assuredly, its having a few conscientious young executioners like the one now under notice, might be felt by many rational, not to say kind-hearted parents, as something of an objection to contributing fresh pupils to the establishment.

UNITED ASSURANCE AND GUARANTEE.

In conducting life-assurance business, it is always important to hold out the prospect of additions, or bonuses, from accumulating surplus of funds, as it feeds hope, and thus proves an inducement to the virtuous act of insuring upon life. In the cognate business of probity-assurance, or *public guarantee*, it is, we understand, felt as a discouragement, that the

annual premiums are wholly, as it were, lost money. A clerk who may have paid five pounds a year to guarantee his intromissions to his employers to the amount of L.1000, feels at the end of fifteen years that he is minus not much less, perhaps, than a year's income, with nothing to shew for it. On this account, the security of friends and relatives is still clung to by many in preference, though there can be no doubt that it is a great hardship to individuals to be subjected to such risk, when a public company can satisfy the needs of the case equally well. To obviate this objection, Mr James Knight has suggested and advocated a plan for absorbing guarantee in a connection with life-assurance; and a company of respectable means, and under excellent auspices, has been started for carrying the idea into effect. As an original conception aiming at a social improvement, we deem it worthy of notice. For a sum just about the same as that commonly exacted in many old life-assurance offices, L.500 will be insured upon the life, and half that sum as guarantee for fidelity in trust—this for the first five years; after which a lower sum is demanded, being that solely required for the life-policy, it being considered that the value of the life-policy is then sufficient for the guarantee, the more particularly as it is covenanted that, in the event of infidelity to trust, the life-policy is forfeited. At the same time, the holder of the policy, if he remains so a sufficient time, becomes entitled to share in the 'profits'—that is, surplusages—of the concern. Seeing that the taking of a life-assurance policy is in itself so laudable and proper a step for nearly all sorts of persons, the effecting of guarantee, with *that* in addition, can only be considered as so much the better, even without regard to any special advantages in the point of economy, or in any other respect. When these advantages, however, are also held in view, we think there can be little doubt that Mr Knight has done a valuable service to the public in suggesting and realising the plan.

IMPROVED LIFE IN THE NEW DWELLINGS FOR THE WORKING-CLASSES.

Dr Southwood Smith has published some striking statistics, shewing 'the power of good sanitary conditions to secure to the working-man and his offspring the like measure of health and life as is possessed by the wealthier classes.' Some years ago, a philanthropic company prepared several sets or blocks of dwellings for operative families in London, all of them arranged and constructed in such a manner as to give advantages too often denied to that class of inhabitants. In the first place, the site was thoroughly drained; secondly, there was free admission of air and light to every apartment. Water was furnished to every house, and each had its own system of drainage. The speculation has been satisfactorily successful in point of return for the money laid out, and the sanitary results have been most remarkable. Out of a population of 1343, the mortality in a year has been 10, or 7 in the 1000, while in the whole of London it has been at the rate of 22 in the 1000. Amongst children under ten years of age, 490 in number, the mortality has been 5, or say 10 per 1000, while in the whole of London the mortality in the same class has been at the rate of 46 in the 1000. After allowing something for the selected character of the inhabitants of these dwellings, we can scarcely doubt, with such results, that the good sanitary conditions have had a very great effect. Such a fact ought to be an encouragement to further efforts for the rearing of an improved kind of working-men's dwellings; and what ought further to stimulate the process, is the fact presented in a late intelligent pamphlet by Mr Cheyne Brady,* that, out of a multitude of such speculations in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and other large cities, not one has as yet failed to yield a fair, while some have actually afforded a very handsome percentage.

* London: Edward Stanford. 1854.

MAY-FLOWERS.

May is come, and all nature seems to be awakened from her winter's sleep. As a fair young maiden, who has arisen at dawn from her couch, and, refreshed by an early bath, goes forth in her morning-robe, looking more lovely in that light and simple attire than when at night she moves amidst a courtly throng, decked in rich silks and glittering jewels—so does May appear. She is not dressed in the gorgeous hues of summer: most of the flowers which form her fairest decoration are of delicate tints; and the green mantle, which she seems to have thrown on in haste, is of the most light and tender hues; and yet is she, thus clad, more welcome to us, and more lovely in our eyes, than June with her glowing roses, or July with her 'streaked gillyflower' and many-tinted exotics.

But what are the flowers that give her charms to May? There is the sweet, sweet cowslip, the airy cradle of that most exquisite conception of the poet's brain, Ariel:

> Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
> In a cowslip's bell I lie:
> There I couch when owls do fly.

And what did our fay see around him in his cowslip-bell, ere the breeze had rocked him into slumber? He must have seen, as he glanced around, that above him rose a long pale yellow tube, in the centre of which was a globe of green, from which hung a long green pendant, terminated by another and smaller sphere, also of tender green, all beset with little glittering gem-like processes, like a chandelier in a regal hall. On the sides of this tube, and a little above the chandelier, he would discern five grooved and moulded ornaments, all powdered over with gold-dust, as it might seem, and depending from five pointed stems wrought out of the substance of the wall of his tubular ceiling. This tubular ceiling he would perceive widened out around him into an alcove formed of five arched divisions, each cleft half-way up, and all of a brilliant golden hue. On each of these divisions rested a bright orange-red mark. These red marks Puck explains to us—

> Those be rubies, fairy favours;
> In those freckles lie their savours.

But we doubt this fact: we should rather say that these 'savours' exhale from the sweet honey-like coating which lines the inside of the tube, and hangs in a luscious-looking crop at its summit—that which tempts the bee and butterfly to invade Ariel's home, and rifle it of its sweets. Now, we cannot doubt that our fay, when not lying in the cowslip's bell, would have sometimes been swinging on its fragile stem, and climbing its stalks, and nestling among its leaves; so we may as well describe what he saw there also.

The cowslip is of the natural order *Primulaceæ*. The leaf is much like that of the primrose, but never so large. The leafy expansion, when it has reached about half-way down the fleshy midrib, narrows into a mere margin: it is of smoother texture than that of the primrose, less downy and less wrinkled. These leaves are all radial, and grow in thickset tufts, with many blossoms arising from amongst them.

The heads of flowers in fine specimens often contain from twelve to twenty separate corollas, each of which is furnished with one pistil and five stamina (the chandelier and ornaments of our fairy's cell). The calyx is tubular, and, like the petal, ten-cleft. The blossoms are disposed umbel-wise on the summit of a common stalk, which is hairy, and often tinged with red. Few people

are aware that the primrose is also an umbellate flower. Trace one of the flower-stalks to the earth, or a little below it, and you will find that it is connected with several others of what appear to be separate flowers—the only difference in its structure from the cowslip being, that in the one, the greatest length of the stem lies between the corolla and the junction with the common stalk, and in the other, between the root and the junction of the stalk and flower-stems. The oxlip is a link between the two, the junction in that flower occurring at about midway between the corolla and the root.

In moist hedgerows, amongst mosses, and generally near some brook—or in shaded woods, basking among the dried leaves round the trunks of old trees, or even sometimes growing on them, we find another of the gems which adorn the coronal of May. This is the pretty little wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*), called by old Gerard, and the people of his day, Alleluya, or Cuckoo's Meate; 'because,' he says, 'either the cuckoo feedeth thereon, or by reason when it springeth forth and flowreth, the cuckoo singeth most, at which time Alleluya was wont to be sung in the churches.' He describes it as 'a three-leaved grasse, a lowe, base herbe, without stalk, the leaves immediately rising from the root on short stems—at their first coming forth folded together; but often they do spread abroad, and are of a fair light-green colour. Amongst these leaves come up small and weake tender stems, such as the leaves do grow upon, which bear small starlike flowers of a white colour, with some brightness of carnation dashed over the same. The flower consisteth of five small leaves, after which come little round knops or huskes, full of yellowish seed.' It is a most lovely and delicate little plant. Its trefoil leaves are of a brilliant emerald hue, tinted with crimson beneath; its stem and root of that transparent carmine tint which adorns the red-stalked rhubarb, and the stalks of both flowers and leaves are of an extremely slight and fragile character. In some states of the atmosphere, the leaves close together, and form a sort of triangular-peaked canopy; and the blossoms, except when under the influence of a full sunbeam, are closed up, and hang on their stalks like drops of congealed dew. The seed-vessel, when ripe, bends downwards, so as to be completely hidden by the leaves, whence the wood-sorrel is usually considered to bear little or no seed. This peculiarity of structure is noticed by a poet:—

> Wood-sorrel hangs her cups,
> Ere their frail form and streaky veins decay,
> O'er her pale verdure; but parental care
> Inclines the shortening stems, and to the shade
> Of closing leaves her infant race withdraws.

The whole plant is strongly acid, and from its leaves the poison oxalic acid is drawn. This is done by soaking them in water; and in the sediment they deposit in their decay may be found small crystals, which are the oxalic acid. There is a species of this genus which grows only in the south and south-western parts of England, and is very rare—*Oxalis corniculata*. This bears yellow flowers and long horn-like seed-vessels, and is altogether of a much larger growth.

In the meadows where the floods have but lately retired, or perhaps even yet linger, we find wealth of flowers. There grows the large marsh-marigold (*Caltha palustris*) which

> In green and gold refulgent towers,
> And isles of splendour shine, whose radiance throws
> A glory o'er the scene.

There, too, is that noble plant the corn-flag (*Iris pseudacorus*), throwing up its finely formed sword-like leaves in dense forests from the swampy ground, and displaying its bright yellow blossoms; and the many coloured milk-wort (*Polygala vulgaris*), and the rich purple orchises, and the lovely blue hyacinth (*Hyacinthus nonscriptus*), cluster on every bank, and begem every copse in richest luxuriance, abundantly mixed with the pretty white stitch-wort (*Stellaria media*). This common little flower, which grows everywhere, is one which ought to receive more notice than usually falls to its share. It is a plant of great beauty, from the clean firm growth of its leaves, the very delicate and peculiar tint of the green which they exhibit, and the fine spring of its shoots, buds, and calyxes: the little star-shaped corolla, though pretty, is the least of its beauties. It is also interesting from the circumstance of its having been from this little plant that Linnæus first obtained his idea of what he calls the *sleep* of plants. In the evening, the leaves approach each other in pairs, so as to enclose between their upper surfaces the tender buds of the plant; the pair of leaves next below the upper pair have longer petioles than the others, so that they can close over the terminating leaves, and thus protect the end of the branch. The flowers are only open for three hours in the day—namely, from nine till twelve o'clock—they do not unfold even at this time, except in sunshine, keeping erect when open, but drooping when folded. After heavy rains, they often remain closed for days together.

But fair as are the meadows in May, the woods and coppices outrival them. What are any of the plants we have named in comparison with the hawthorn, that sweet flower, which so especially belongs to this month, that it even derives its most common name, May, from it? Well may Chaucer eulogise the 'white hawthorn, which so sweet doth smell;' well may every shepherd choose to—

> Tell his tale
> Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Shakspeare, too, fails not to praise the hawthorn; and Burns, that sweetest of nature's minstrels, can find no dearer name for her he loved than that of this plant, and says—

> The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
> Where, like an aged man, it stands at break of day;
> But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away—
> And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

Truly, 'the May-flowered hedges scenting every breeze,' are most lovely and attractive objects; and he who has no appreciation of their beauty, must be wanting in some essential qualification for enjoyment. With the hawthorn, we may see the white guelder-rose (*Viburnum opulus*), or, as the Germans call it, the 'snowball tree,' beginning to shew its white blossoms, which will, in due time, be followed by those clusters of semi-transparent coral-berries which so beautify the woods in autumn; and there also are the tassels of snowy cherry blossom, and the fine carmine-tinted wild-apple bloom, glowing in their pure beauty, and affording a feast to the 'sedulous bees' humming among the branches. The birds now carol from every spray—the lark, aloft in mid-air, pours out her song of praise; whilst every here and there we see the pretty 'orange-tip butterfly,' or some of the broader winged sulphur coloured, or others of more varied hues, skim along in the air, or pitch among the flower-laden branches; whilst huge dragon-flies hawk about over the brook, in search of their prey of little insects, their gossamer wings glittering like jewels in the sunlight.

But of all the scented gems which 'flowery May' throws prodigally from her lap, which can exceed in sweetness the pearly lilies of the vale? Old Gerard calls them emphatically 'May lilies;' and in that sweet month they may be found hanging their pure white bells beneath the broad shadow of their tent-like green leaves, and scattering odours of unrivalled sweetness throughout the more sheltered and secluded spots in the deepest woodland glades. This fair flower has at all times been considered as the type of that lovely and heaven-born grace—humility.

We all know the value of the lily as an ornament to a lady's parterre, or a set off to her drawing-room table, and we all know how frequently this delicately formed plant has been selected as a model for the sculptor, the painter, and the worker in silver or mosaic, but we may not all be so cognizant of the virtues which our old herbalist Gerard ascribes to it. First of all, he states that 'the flowres of the *valley lily* distilled with wine, and drunke, the quantity of a spoonful restoreth speech unto those that have the dum palsie,' &c.; adding, 'and comforteth the heart;' secondly, he affirms that 'the water aforesaid doth strengthen the memory that is weakened and diminished;' and thirdly, 'the flowres of May lilies put into a glass, and set in a hill of antes close stopped for the space of a moneth, and then taken out, therein you shall find a liquor that appeaseth the pain and griefe of the gout.' This flower boasts the botanical name of *Convallaria majalis*. The Germans call it *Mayen Blumlen*.

No month will furnish so rich a plateau or vase of wild-flowers as this most lovely May. You may cluster together the exquisitely delicate green of the young oak, just started into leaf, and with it the light catkins, which are just being developed, and the carmine-tinted bunches of oak-apples, which in some years cluster so thickly on its young twigs as to make you almost fancy, that instead of being a mere blight, theirs must be a pleasant fruit; and then mix with this tender green the blue of the hyacinth, the rich purple of the various tinted orchises, the snowy anemone, and the blushing wild-apple blossom, and you have such a varied and brilliant ornament for your table, as can never be culled save from the hedges and meads in early spring. Or if you prefer a high vase, where will you find such perfect grace as in the drooping tassels of the different carices and rushes, the irises and sedges, and the abounding variety of form and colouring which are supplied you by the different species of meadow-grasses? Oh, May *is* a lovely month! The nightingale tells you so as she trills her rich notes in the moonlighted glade; the thrush and black-bird, and all the thousand choristers of hill and dale, tell you so as they greet the first glances of the sun; the lark tells you so, as she mounts on high through the liquid ether, raising her clear notes of praise; and above them all we may hear the voices of young lovers rejoicing in the spring of life, the May of human existence, and telling you that this season of returning warmth, and light, and beauty, is but a transcript of the warmth, and light, and joy which irradiate hearts where faithful love and well-grounded confidence have taken up their abode, and which are already cemented by ties which no chilling blasts of the future shall ever have power to dissever, because God himself has bound them to each other and to himself.

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

CINCINNATI TO NEW YORK.

'THE life of a Mississippi steamer is five years,' said a gentleman with whom we were conversing on the subject of river-navigation; and he added, that there was so constant a demand for new vessels, that about thirty were built every year in Cincinnati. I went on board several of these splendid but short-lived steam-boats, as they lay on the banks of the Ohio, and would have gladly descended to New Orleans in one of them, if not warned to keep at a respectful distance from the lower Mississippi, on account of the prevalence of yellow fever.

From the centre of the long quay where the steamers draw up at Cincinnati, a large and commodious ferry-boat crosses the Ohio at short intervals to Covington, a town still in a rudimental state, but becoming a place of residence for persons whose business connects them with Cincinnati. There are a few manufactories in the place, but with these exceptions, Covington does not shew any marked signs of activity, and the contrast with the bustle of business on the Ohio side is somewhat striking. The comparative dulness is ascribed to the disinclination of free emigrants and workmen to settle in Kentucky, where they would be brought in contact with slavery.

To say nothing of slavery abstractedly, anything calculated to retard the development of industrial occupation in this fine part of the country is much to be lamented. The Americans themselves are scarcely aware of the productive powers of the sunny banks and fertile and far-spreading valleys adjoining the Ohio. The grape, which is grown with advantage in various parts of the States, here attains that peculiar perfection which adapts it for the manufacture of wine. Several enthusiasts in horticulture, among whom may be mentioned Mr Longworth, have, for the last twenty years, in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati, devoted much attention to the grape; and now, within a circle of twenty miles, there are upwards of 300 vineyards, which lately produced in one year 120,000 gallons of wine. I had the curiosity to taste two of the best kinds of this native product, made from the Catawba grape: one resembled a dry hock, and the other was an effervescing champagne, light and agreeable to the palate. So popular have these become, that at no distant day foreign wines of a similar class will cease to be imported. I found, likewise, that under the encouraging auspices of a horticultural society, the strawberry is brought to great perfection on the banks of the Ohio, and that, during the season, as many as 200 bushels of this fruit are brought every day into the market of Cincinnati. Not satisfied, however, with this large local sale, the producers, I was told, are opening a trade with New Orleans, to which the strawberries are sent packed in ice. Sixteen hundred miles seemed to me rather a long way to send strawberries to market; but when did an American think of distance?

Public education being enjoined, and liberally provided for, by the laws of Ohio, the stranger who takes any interest in such matters will find in Cincinnati numerous schools worthy of his notice, in which instruction of the best quality is imparted without charge to all pupils indiscriminately. Where free education exists in England, it is a charity: here, it is a right. The natural fruit of a system so exceedingly bounteous, is an educated population, possessing tastes and aspirations which seek a solacement in literature from the materialities of everyday life. I do not know that I ever saw a town of its size so well provided as Cincinnati with publishers, libraries, and reading-rooms. The Young Men's Mercantile Library Association has a most imposing suite of apartments fitted up as a library and reading-room—the number of books amounting to 14,000 volumes, and the reading-room shewing a display of desks on which are placed nearly a hundred newspapers. Cincinnati is, I believe, also favourably known for its cultivation of the fine arts; and its exhibitions of pictures at anyrate shew that its inhabitants do not employ all their time in mere money-making. In the cathedral of St Peter, there are some valuable paintings by European artists; one, by Murillo, having been a gift from Cardinal Fesch.

My return from this interesting city of the West was made by means of the railway to the flourishing city of Cleveland, whence I proceeded by a continuation of the line to Buffalo, at the foot of Lake Erie. In quitting Ohio, where so many indications of advancement present themselves, I would take leave to remind intending emigrants, that for fertility of soil and geniality of climate, they will find few places within a moderate distance which can match this exceedingly fine state.

For its crops of Indian corn and wheat, its wool, beef, and pork, it enjoys a wide celebrity; and, as has been seen, its southern and picturesque frontier, with an Italian climate, yields a much-admired variety of wines. In the more cleared parts of the state, land, of course, sells at a comparatively high price—say, at from thirty to fifty dollars per acre; and therefore this is not a district for the settlement of a humble class of emigrants, who look to the immediate acquisition of property.

In travelling through the state of Ohio, some of the land is seen to be still under forest; and in numerous places, to accommodate the line of railway, a passage has been cleared through the dense growth of trees. Here and there we pass small towns of neatly painted houses—the germs, it may be, of great cities; and wherever the cars stop, there is a considerable traffic in the exchange of passengers. The train that carried me from Cincinnati consisted of six cars, including among the passengers a number of pedlers, who, with basket in hand, went from car to car, while the train was in motion, offering books and newspapers for sale. One of these travelling merchants went to work in a methodical manner. First, in making his rounds, he left with each passenger a circular descriptive and recommendatory of a particular book, and in due time returned for orders, which he executed on the spot. On some of the lines of railway, peddling in this and other forms has become so offensive, that it is now forbidden. Besides visits from the traffickers in books and newspapers, the passengers in the train were waited on every hour by a negro boy, supplying glasses of water. With a tin watering-pot in one hand, and a tumbler in the other, he respectfully addressed each person in turn. The providing of water in this manner, seems to be part of the railway system in the United States. I, at least, saw few trains without a supply of water for passengers. Sometimes a vase and drinking-glass occupy a spare corner in the car, and every one is left to take care of himself; but more frequently the water is carried round for general accommodation. As vases of water are likewise exposed for public use in many of the hotel-lobbies, one is impressed with the belief that the Americans are the greatest water-drinkers in the world—whether as a matter of taste or necessity I am not able to say.

It is an unfortunate peculiarity in American railways, that certain states have adopted different gauges, so that a break necessarily takes place in passing from one to another. In the journey I was now performing, I had occasion to leave the state of Ohio; pass through about twenty miles of the state of Pennsylvania; and finish in the state of New York. In each of these states, the tracks were of a different width, and the shifting was anything but agreeable. One of the changes took place at the town of Erie, which, as may be known by scraps of intelligence in the English newspapers, has lately gained a most unenviable notoriety for unlawful outrage. The cause of this disreputable procedure is singular. The proprietors of the line being desirous to extend the New York gauge through the adjoining part of Pennsylvania, and so make one break less in the length of railway, the people of Erie became alarmed at the prospect of trains passing through their town without stopping; and to prevent this calamity, they tear up the rails as fast as they are laid down. I believe that in attempting a uniformity of gauge at the spot, so as to avoid breaking bulk, the railway is transgressing some pre-arrangement with the parties interested; but into the actual merits of the quarrel I do not go. What is to be lamented, is the continuance of a series of outrages for months, to the derangement of traffic and the great scandal of the American people; for foreigners who hear of these strange doings, naturally impute them to a disregard for law, and a culpable negligence or weakness on the part of the executive power. Assuming that the inhabitants of Erie should ultimately and legally enforce the stoppage of trains and breaking of bulk within their city, it will be interesting to note what the country to the west will do under the circumstances. Meanwhile, it is not the least curious and incomprehensible thing about the Erie outrages, that they are promoted by the mayor of the city, and are sympathised in by the governor of the state of Pennsylvania!*

Arriving at Buffalo, where I spent a little time, I found another remarkable example of the sudden growth of a populous city; for, although it was laid out so lately as 1801, and burnt to the ground during the miserably conducted war of 1812–13, it now numbers 60,000 inhabitants, and is a substantially-built and most respectable-looking town. Considering its situation, Buffalo could not have failed to expand into importance. It stands at the foot of Lake Erie, at the opening of the canal to the Hudson; and besides having a large traffic from this cause, it is now a central point for several railways, the latest of its advantages in this respect being its connection with the Brantford and Goderich line, now opened through Canada. The town has a fine prospect over the lake and the Canadian shore, to which large ferry-boats are constantly plying. The building of steam and other vessels for the lakes is carried on to a large extent, and to all appearance, I should say, Buffalo is one of the most thriving marts of trade and commerce in the United States.

After seeing so much of the bustle of business in Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Buffalo, it was a grateful relief to make a leisurely journey through that charmingly retired part of the state of New York, in which lie several small lakes, celebrated for the picturesque and rural beauty of their environs. My way was by the small town of Batavia, from which to Canandaigua, situated on a lake of the same name, the country was of a very pleasing character. Instead of being a dead and monotonous level, the surface became diversified with hill and dale; white villages and churches occurred at proper intervals; the ground was generally cleared and under good farming; and only so much forest was left as served to ornament the landscape. For a tract of forty or fifty miles along this route, with Canandaigua as its centre, the country, so far as I had an opportunity of judging, is one of the most pleasing parts of America. Western New York, however, is nearly all a choice district; and as it has now been settled for a long period, it shews numerous tokens of an advanced condition. We see fields in which there are no stumps—always a sure sign of antiquity; and one fancies from the look of the villages, that he might find in them as many as three generations of inhabitants.

Although prepared by these appearances of maturity, which greatly reminded me of home, I was, notwithstanding, surprised by the staid, and—I must use the word—genteel, aspect of Canandaigua. Excepting that many of the houses were of wood, there was little to suggest the idea that we were out of England. Imagine a pretty piece of country, with hills of

* On Monday, the railway across Sycamore Street, in Erie, was torn up at about noon, in obedience to the orders of the mayor. The reason alleged for this renewed attack upon the railway company is, that certain cars, containing freight from Cleveland for Buffalo, were sent through direct, instead of being stopped at Erie, and the property there transhipped. The sheriff of the borough was promptly on the ground, and did everything in his power to prevent the track from being removed, making an earnest appeal to those who were present to aid him in enforcing the laws, and in preventing any infringement of the rights of the company. The spectators, however, stood regardless of the appeal, and permitted the employés of the mayor to proceed with their work. It is proper to add, that this fresh outburst of Erie indignation will not interrupt nor retard the travel between Buffalo and the West. The break extends only a few feet, and is simply made, as we are informed, as a means of preventing freight-cars from passing Erie without breaking bulk.—*New York Tribune*, March 17, 1854.

moderate height clothed in woods of brightly variegated foliage—a beautiful sheet of water, fourteen miles long and from one to two miles in breadth, glittering like a gem amidst these picturesque elevations—and on a broad slope rising from the northern extremity of the lake, a town, consisting for the greater part of detached villas, the abode of a retired and tranquil population. Such is Canandaigua; a place of repose—an anomaly in a land of everlasting bustle—a Cheltenham without racket. Extending upward from the margin of the lake, the main street is fully a mile long, and as broad as a fashionable square in London; and, as is usual in America, it is lined on each side with a row of trees, which offer an agreeable shade in summer. At the centre, this spacious thoroughfare is crossed at right angles by another street, along which the railway has been laid, so as to make the terminus exactly in the middle of the town. Adjoining this central point, we find a hotel of the ordinary gigantic dimensions, which I can recommend for its good management. With all suitable conveniences, in the way of stores, educational establishments, libraries, and churches, according to taste, and with society of quite a select class, this town of villas, and gardens, and rows of trees, and green paddocks for sleek horses and cows, and stylish equipages driving about making calls, and a lake for boating and fishing, is really the beau-ideal of a place where one would like to spend the quiet evening of life.

Here, at anyrate, I passed two or three days with no common satisfaction in the mansion of a kind friend, who had been long resident in the country, and I was glad to have an opportunity for making some inquiries respecting the price of land and other subjects of importance to emigrants. I have already mentioned that the western part of the state of New York is, from geniality of climate, fertility of soil, and other advantages, exceedingly eligible for the settlement of agriculturists. At Canandaigua, cleared farms of various kinds may be heard of for sale, but at prices corresponding to the advanced value of property; and if uncleared or partially cleared lands are wanted, they also can be had without trouble, and at a very moderate cost.*

Any one looking at a map of the States, will observe that in this part of the country there is a number of lakes, besides that of Canandaigua, the whole stretching in the same direction parallel with each other. All are beautiful, with pretty towns in their vicinity—Geneva, at the head of Seneca Lake, being one of the largest of the group. According to geologists, the several valleys embracing these sheets of water were at one time—but who can tell how long ago?—the channels of outlet of Lake Ontario, which thus found its way to the Hudson. No one can travel by the line of railway which pursues its course along the heads of the different lakes to Syracuse and Utica, without seeing evidences of the action of rushing water on the face of rocky steeps, and being, accordingly, impressed with the belief that great changes must have taken place in this interesting district.

The railway from Canandaigua, which is an extension of that from Rochester, passes successively through a number of towns rapidly growing in size, and attaining considerable importance as seats of manufactures. The principal town of this kind is Syracuse, celebrated for its extensive manufacture of salt from brine-springs. The water is pumped from deep wells, and the salt is made, according to quality, either by solar evaporation, or by boiling. There are now about 200 manufactories of this article, and as much as 5,000,000 of bushels are produced annually. The land in which the wells are sunk being public property, the state, as I understand, receives as duty a cent per bushel. As Syracuse is situated on the Erie Canal, and communicates by railway in different directions, it has many facilities for trade: it is a well-built and rapidly growing city.

Southwards from Syracuse, the railway gets into the valley of the Mohawk, and after passing the flourishing town of Utica, much fine scenery is disclosed. At Little Falls, a small but busy town situated among rocky protuberances and overhanging cliffs, with the river dashing and leaping over its rugged channel, the draughtsman would find numerous subjects for his pencil, equal in picturesque beauty to some of the best points in Swiss landscape. When we consider that only seventy years have elapsed since pretty nearly the whole of the district through which we are passing was a wilderness possessed by tribes of Indians, its present condition as an apparently old-settled country, with thriving cities, elegant mansions, and improved farm-establishments, seems quite marvellous. A gentleman at Canandaigua told me that, about forty years ago, he could not reach Albany in less than a week, the journey being one of great toil on horseback. Now, the distance is performed by railway in ten hours.

My previous visit to Albany having been very brief, I now remained some time in the place, to see its State-house, public libraries, and normal-school establishment. The State-house, situated on the top of the rising-ground on which the city has been built, is a conspicuous and elegant structure, devoted to the meetings of the legislature of the state of New York. In connection with it, I was shewn a library of 30,000 volumes, for the use of members, and open to the public. A considerable number of the books are of the best English editions, no expense being spared to procure works of the highest class in general literature. Adjoining is an extensive law-library. Among the more interesting works shewn to strangers, is a series of large volumes, embracing the printed legislative proceedings since the English organisation of the colony. It is interesting to observe in the series, how, at the Revolution, the British royal arms and styles of expression are quietly dropped, and followed by the republican forms, as if no break had taken place in the course of procedure. One of the volumes during the colonial régime purports to be printed by Franklin. There are likewise shewn some old colonial charters from the king of England—dingy sheets of vellum, kept as curiosities in glass-cases, along with mummies from Thebes, and other instructive antiquities. It is pitiable to see 'George the Third, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland,' as he is styled in these old writs, reduced to this condition; but at the same time, it must be allowed that if George and his advisers had possessed a little more discretion, his charters and those of his descendants might have been living utilities, instead of obsolete curiosities.

At the time of my visit, a new building for a state-library was fitting up at an expense of 80,000 dollars. On the opposite side of the square stands the State-hall, containing the administrative offices of the state; and near it is the City-hall. Both are of white marble, and have a fine architectural effect. In these several establishments I received every desired information; and on my departure, I carried with me not only the grateful recollection of much undeserved kindness, but presents of state-papers and reports on a most munificent scale. Of all the states in the Union, that of New York has excelled in the grandeur of its public documents. Numerous statistical, historical, and scientific investigations have been issued at the expense of the state, in a series of large and splendidly illustrated volumes; and these are imparted in a manner so liberal and considerate as to command universal respect.

Originally a Dutch settlement, Albany in the present

* Larger or smaller quantities of land, of excellent quality, may be purchased at the office of J. Greig, Esq., Canandaigua. The person in charge of the office is a gentleman from Edinburgh, who will afford all proper information, and in whom every confidence may be placed.

day is a substantial city of thoroughly American appearance, with about 60,000 inhabitants; and its situation near the head of the navigation of the Hudson, renders it a flourishing emporium of commerce. Steam-vessels daily descend the Hudson to New York, making a voyage of 125 miles; and the return-voyage upwards is considered to be one of the most agreeable trips in river-navigation. The time of departure of the boats not being quite convenient for me, I descended, not by steamer, but by railway—the line, in many parts of its course, being erected on piles within the edge of the water, and at other places keeping within sight of the finer parts of the river. After so much has been written by travellers of the scenery of the Hudson from New York to Albany, it will not be expected that I should describe its varied beauties. For about twenty miles, midway, it goes through a picturesque mountainous district, known as the Highlands of the Hudson; and here it may be said to resemble the Rhine without its ruined castles. Instead of these, we have several forts—among others, West Point, of historical interest—many pretty villages and mansions, and here and there islands of the rarest beauty. In the vicinity of this mountain-tract, we have the town of Poughkeepsie, on the left or northern bank. For sundry reasons—one of them the desire to see an old friend, and another to visit a venerable American writer who lives in the neighbourhood—I stopped at Poughkeepsie for a couple of days. A more delightful little town can hardly be imagined. Not so retired as Canandaigua, it has yet a good deal of its character. Lying basking in the sun on the sloping banks of the Hudson, its long streets lined with trees, and its neighbourhood dotted over with detached villas—some of them in a fine Elizabethan style of architecture—and situated within an hour and a half by railway of New York, it is doubtless one of the most pleasant places of residence for those who do not choose to be in the world, and yet not quite out of it. Poughkeepsie has several large manufactories, and a considerable trade with the adjacent parts of the country; and with a population of 14,000, I was assured it does not own a single public-house—a phenomenon worth mentioning.

One of the days during my stay was devoted to an excursion to the residence of Mr Paulding, situated a few miles from the town, on a rising-ground commanding a view of the Hudson and Catskill Mountains beyond. The visit to the spot, with its literary and other associations, is an incident long to be remembered with pleasure. A ride by railway carried me speedily from Poughkeepsie to New York—a place far too important to be noticed at the end of this rambling account of my journey eastwards. W. C.

VISIT TO A TURKISH CASTLE.

We started at ten o'clock, one fine morning, a small party of four, for a stroll through the woods to the castle of Pacha Sheflie, a venerable-looking old gentleman, whose acquaintance we had previously made, and who had promised to shew us his farm when next we honoured him with a visit. We provided ourselves with sundry bottles of Tenedos wine, one of cogniac, some kid-pies, reindeer-tongues, &c., and we took our guns and servants, intending to bivouac under the shade of the tall trees during the heat of the day.

We shot a fine hare, several head of game, and a brown bird very much resembling a bird of paradise, here called a *poo poo*, which was stuffed on our return to our ship. But shooting is thirsty work, and we looked in vain for a stream of water to cool our wine in; so we thought it our best plan to proceed at once to the pacha's castle, and ask for a jar of water—the exigency of the case being a fair excuse for breaking the noonday repose of the inhabitants. On arriving there, we knocked and shouted very unceremoniously, considering it was at the castle-gate of one of the nobles of the land; but Englishmen do strange things in strange countries. At length the pacha himself answered our summons. Instead of the rich and picturesque vestments in which we had formerly seen him, he now descended in a morning-dress of white linen, and demanded in a surly tone the cause of our intrusion. It was evident that he did not at first recognise me in my shooting-jacket and broad-brimmed sombrero, but he recovered his composure on being reminded of our former visit, his own hospitality, and the portrait we had sketched of himself and his pretty little daughter Fatima. He then disappeared, and, to our great surprise, returned speedily in full costume—a gorgeous silk dress, with a scarlet sash, a splendid diamond ring, &c. Going through the ceremonies of a courteous reception, he invited us to go in and see the 'castillio.' In we went, accordingly, and all over it he took us. No sign of life was in it at all. He took us into one room full of magnificent Turkish saddlery, and then into another in which he kept his arms. There were some beautiful Turkish scimitars, in silver scabbards, with such razor-like blades that I felt as if my head was off while looking at them. There were also some pistols of rich and curious workmanship, and before the doors, in each room, hung a verse of the Koran. We ascended by a dark and narrow staircase to the top of the castle, which commanded a fine view of the Dardanelles, and the forts of Sestos and Abydos, so famous in classic story. Upon examination, we saw that we were in a stronghold, a sort of Blue Beard's castle, which idea was rather increased by the report of one of the servants who had been sent down a trap-door to draw water out of the well, which was in the centre of the building—that 'it smelt as if half-a-dozen dead bodies were down there!' And there was a strange, distrustful tone about the whole place. There were iron doors to some of the rooms, into which our host did not introduce us, and these, we concluded, were the doors of the harem. The entrance-door was in the centre of the building, some twenty feet from the ground, and the only way to reach it was by passing over a narrow bridge. When this was cut off, the place was inaccessible, for all the windows were small, and iron bars crossed them in every direction.

Having obtained a supply of water and a vessel for cooling our wine, we proposed adjourning to the fields to discuss our provisions. We asked our friend the pacha to accompany us, and he promised to join us as soon as we had finished our meal. Under the shade of a broad spreading oak-tree, we arranged our feast, the bread-bags in which we had brought it serving for table-cloth. As we were reclining upon the grass, the pacha's two wives, closely veiled, and his two children, passed before us, attended by several black slaves, in a sort of procession. They were either going to or returning from the bath. Shortly after, we saw the old pacha himself, with his son, a fine boy of about eight years of age, his little daughter Fatima on a donkey, and a retinue of blackies, crossing the fields and coming towards us.

He joined our little party, and sat cross-legged by my side with the little Fatima and his son. Fatima was a lovely creature: she was not in the least shy; she only smiled, and looked inquiringly at me with her large fawn-like eyes when I took her little hand in mine to examine the colouring of *henna*, with which, according to the custom of her country, her fingers were deeply stained. Her eyebrows were made to meet with something that had very much the appearance of burned cork. She had been decorated for the occasion with a turban, in addition to her usual costume. The little boy was clad in richly embroidered silk; and altogether, I think we must have formed a

very picturesque group, with our background of peak-like trees and woodland slopes.

We offered wine to our guest, which he smelt, and then, shaking his head, said, with evident disgust: 'Sensatemi, signore, the Prophet has denied it; the Mussulman may not taste of the juice of the grape.' But when we offered him *brandy*, his eyes sparkled, and he tossed off about half a tumbler of it raw, although we recommended water with it; and then he took another, and then another and another pull at the same generous liquor, until he ended by finishing the bottle—a feat he accomplished before he had been cross-legged an hour and a half. Of course he became very 'royal' and very amusing. In a short time, the stateliness of the old Turk had quite departed. He sang and danced; slapped me repeatedly on the thigh, which he made to sound again, and which seemed a favourite amusement with him; then, all at once, making a dash at me, he would have bestowed on me a most affectionate kiss, had I not cried out for help, exclaiming: 'Take him off! take him off!' upon which he turned his polite attention to another of our party, who, however, pulled the old pacha's beard so hard, that he at length desisted. The old Turk had been a soldier in his youth; and military glory, 'the ruling passion strong in grog,' returning upon him, he seized a loaded gun which lay beside us, and began to figure away with it. But when he came to the word 'Present,' I made a rush and dispossessed it of its cap, and then I did not care, but 'fell in' with him, with my stick shouldered; and we marched up and down together, calling out our different words of command, to the great amusement of our friends.

But the sun began to get low in the sky, and little Fatima grew tired, and cried to go home; so I took hold of one of the old pacha's arms, my friend seized the other, and between us we almost carried the old ruffian home, for walk he could not. He would have inflicted on me another drunken kiss, but being a little man, could not reach me, and I was easily able to ward off his polite intentions in that way. Arrived at the castle-gate, he shouted loudly, and out came slaves, black and white, and children too, and much they marvelled to see the old Turk drag us all after him into the old den again—Turcomans being very tenacious of admitting Giaours under the same roof with their wives. The Giaours were wicked enough to wish to see these said wives, and presently, while the pacha was grinding away on the stairs upon a broken-winded old hand-organ of singular construction, with an attempt at a song, two very pretty heads were thrust out at the iron door we had before noticed. Very young and very beautiful were they, but they quickly disappeared; and when the youngest and most indiscreet of our party, with boy-like curiosity, tried to peep through the keyhole, in order to get another glimpse of the fair inmates of the iron-doored chamber, the little Mussulman, who, as I said before, was a fine boy of about eight years old, placed himself before it, and shook his fist most vehemently; nor would he move away from the place he had taken upon himself to protect. As Mrs Blue Beard and Sister Anne appeared no more, and their drunken lord did not seem inclined to introduce us to the ladies, we at length beat our retreat amidst his repeated shouts of 'Bravo! bravo! Inglesi; bravo! bravo!'

MENDELSSOHN.

There was this inexpressible comfort in all intercourse with Mendelssohn, that he made no secret of his likings and dislikings. Few men so distinguished have been so simple, so cordial, so considerate; but few have been so innocent of courtiership, positive or negative. One might be sure that a welcome from him was a welcome indeed. I thought then, as I do now, his face one of the most beautiful which has ever been seen. No portrait extant does it justice. A Titian would have generalised, and, out of its many expressions, made up one which, in some sort, should reflect the many characteristics and humours of the Poet: his earnest seriousness—his childlike truthfulness—his clear, cultivated intellect—his impulsive vivacity. The German painters could only invest a theatrical, thoughtful-looking man with that serious cloak which plays so important a part on the stage, and in the portraits of their country; and conceive the task accomplished, when it was not so much as begun. None of them has perpetuated the face with which Mendelssohn listened to the music in which he delighted, or the face with which he would crave to be told again some merry story, though he knew it already by heart. I felt in that first half-hour, that in him there was no stilted sentiment, no affected heartiness; that he was no sayer of deep things, no searcher for witty ones; but one of a pure, sincere intelligence—bright, eager, and happy, even when most imaginative.—Perhaps there was no contemporary at once strong, simple, and subtle enough to paint such a man with such a countenance.—*Chorley's Modern German Music.*

A CHILD'S SMILE.

'For I say unto you—That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.'

A CHILD'S smile—nothing more;
Quiet, and soft, and grave, and seldom seen;
Like summer lightning o'er,
Leaving the little face again serene.

I think, boy well-beloved,
Thine angel, who did weep to see how far
Thy childhood is removed
From sports that dear to other children are,

On this pale cheek has thrown
The brightness of his countenance, and made
A peace most like his own,
A beauty that we look on, half afraid:

Marvelling, will it stay
To manhood's prime, or will that angel fair,
On some yet unknown day,
Take the child-smile, and leave the wrinkle Care.

Nay, fear not. As is given
To thee the father's look, fond watching o'er:
Thine angel, up in heaven
Beholds Our Father's face for evermore.

Ah, may He help thee bear
Thy burden, as thy father helps thee now:
That thou mayst come to wear
That soft child-smile upon an old man's brow!

SLEEP OF PLANTS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Mr Seemann, the naturalist of Kellett's arctic expedition, states a curious fact respecting the condition of the vegetable world during the long day of the arctic summer. Although the sun never sets while it lasts, plants make no mistake about the time when, if it be not night, it ought to be, but regularly as the evening hours approach, and when a midnight sun is several degrees above the horizon, droop their leaves and sleep, even as they do at sunset in more favoured climes. 'If man,' observes Mr Seemann, 'should ever reach the pole, and be undecided which way to turn when his compass has become sluggish, his timepiece out of order, the plants which he may happen to meet will shew him the way; their sleeping leaves tell him that midnight is at hand, and that at that time the sun is standing in the north.'—*American Annual of Scientific Discovery.*

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CROSS-THINKERS.

For what end it may have been designed, we cannot tell; but the fact is certain that, in all questions, great and small, public and private, there is a class of minds which are sure to embrace the side of weakest argument. For a palpable and certain truth such persons have no relish. A great broad principle, which recommends itself to the common sense of the bulk of mankind, is, in their eyes, an impertinence. In a doctrine everywhere prevalent and popular, they see only vulgarity. A deduction irresistibly logical only excites in them the suspicion of some profounder error. If, on the other hand, you tell them something extremely hard to believe, they will make a manful struggle to swallow it, and probably will succeed. As Milton's Satan says: 'Evil, be thou my good,' so they cry: 'Sophism, be thou our reason!'

The pious Jesuit who said: 'I believe it because it is impossible,' was a type of this class. Any one can believe the possible—there is no merit in that; but to accept in unshrinking faith something utterly incongruous with experience and common sense, is to do that which few can do, and to do it is, accordingly, great glory. There is some vanity in the matter, after all. If I go with the multitude, my voice is lost in it. I may be right, but I attract no attention. But if I stand up by myself, or with some small party or sect, and declare my attachment to some strangely heteroclite ideas, I at least do not pass notelessly. The mass feel a little troubled by my dissent, and perhaps even think it worth while to take some pains to bring me over to their way of thinking. One becomes somebody in these circumstances.

It is also observable of this class of thinkers, that, even when they concur with the majority in any profession of faith, they quite disregard all the leading and important points of the system, and fasten exclusively upon some merely external or accidental peculiarities. A fundamental doctrine which most men feel goes down into the profoundest depths of their moral being, has no attraction for them; but they are careful to see the upholstery and millinery of the system preserved in all their ancient integrity. Just because a thing looks of no consequence, they think it important. Were it really to become of consequence, they would desert it.

In any new political attitude of the nation, our friends are always seen, like Harry Wynd in the Scotch story, fighting for their own hand. While the country at large concurs in thinking the war with Russia necessary and just, however much to be deplored, Mr Urquhart stands out, a solitary dervish, proclaiming that, in the secret reality of the case, it is a conspiracy of the British ministers with the Czar against Turkey! According to him, we are to have a terrific war merely to mask an ulterior design totally opposite to what appears! Cross-thinkers never hesitate as to the amount of wickedness of which they believe human nature to be capable. To make out some favourite improbability, they would not hesitate to consider it possible, regarding a public man, that he would coolly order the sacrifice of two millions of fellow-creatures for the gratification of a whim; but they are sure to relieve from such charges all the real villains of the play, and to attach the possible guilt only to some individual noted for his philanthropy and good intentions.

An almost superhuman suspiciousness is a constant feature of the Cross-thinker. In his headlong tendency to suspect, he produces the most curious medley of ideas. He will proclaim, of some noted demagogue who has not a particle of religion in his constitution, that he is an emissary of the pope. He considers Mr Cobden as secretly in the pay of the Czar. The Jesuits are figures in most of his plots; and the less they are seen in anything, he deems their presence there the more certain. According to him, an author is not the author of his own books. There is always some person behind backs who writes them for him. He may write some other body's books, but not his own. When the Cross-thinker sees a political opponent taking a course which shews a remarkable degree of moral courage, and obviously exposes him to damage in his worldly affairs, he feels assured there is some transcendental selfishness at the bottom of it. When the 3000 English clergy withdrew from their charges, rather than submit to the Act of Uniformity, he would have been quite clear that they had good grounds for expecting to better their incomes by what they were doing. A very martyr burning at the stake would scarcely get credit for sincerity with our Cross-thinker. There would be great reason to suspect that he had been all along acting a part, and at the last moment had expected to be reprieved.

In considering by what means any great result has been brought about, our friends overlook all the prominent and great causes, and seldom fail, with an air of mysterious sagacity, to draw our attention to certain others so small as to appear almost indifferent, or which possibly you are more inclined to rank as obstructions. For example, they would never think of attributing the best points of the general character of the gentlemen of England to either the inherent qualities of the stock, or what may be sound and good in the education to which they are subjected. They

would profess to see some vast influence for good in the fagging-system of the public schools—that system by which a boy of fourteen is entitled to tyrannise over a boy of ten, and make a menial of him, as if it could be good for any one to be either oppressed or an oppressor. With a perverse ingenuity which would be amusing if it were not so sadly out of harmony with truth, our friends will argue for a virtue in that which is in reality a vice. They will give to a base old bad thing, which only has not succeeded in preventing real intellectual and moral advancement, the credit of all the good which has been accomplished. The fact is, a true cause is a vulgar stupid thing, which anybody can appreciate. If you wish to make anything for yourself out of the case, you must strive to establish some no-cause as a cause—always the more merit the less tenable your propositions. Let no one be afraid of wanting support for his conclusions in favour of such improbabilities. Just in proportion to the untenableness of his doctrines, he will be the more certain to have a party rallying round him, to proclaim his amazing profoundness of view, his irresistible logic, his almost supernatural sagacity.

Cross-thinking has of course a literature of its own, and also a system of criticism. One Corypheus of the set writes a huge history, in which everything is traced to the least operative causes, and the lessons of all the principal events are duly misread. Another is the oracle of a journal, which for a long course of years has done all it can to resist whatever is calculated for the good of the community. In Cross-thinking criticism, you find all the swans of the great public described as geese, and all the geese as swans. Such was the case with Horace Walpole, of whom it is remarked that, all through his correspondence, he speaks favourably of only the second-rate geniuses. From his whimsical, jealous, and illiberal mind, it clearly appears that a manly appreciation of the true wits was not to be expected. The Cross-thinkers, however, are not always themselves of mean account in literature. It is rather a sad reflection, that some of the men of most brilliant literary powers rank among those who devote themselves on all occasions to make the worse appear the better reason. Unfortunately, to possess eloquence is not necessarily to possess also the inclination to use it solely for good ends. Crotchet and vanity take the direction of but too much of it. The very fact that it is much easier to make a stir with eccentric opinions, than with those which have the support of truth and general approbation, is the cause why an immense proportion of the talent which arises is from the first perverted, and ever afterwards misused. And we hardly know a more sad spectacle than that of a man of brilliant gifts being thus led into false relations to his species, and condemned at the end to look back upon efforts of which the best that can be said is only this, that they have not been sufficiently powerful to extinguish truth, or obstruct the course of civilisation.

Cross-thinking has a great charm for young minds. It is quaint and striking, often droll—looks like something to which the Few are privileged—is free from that vulgarity which is so apt to beset any great cause in which the sympathies and interests of multitudes are concerned. Hence young men of talent are extremely liable to fall into the habit, and so to get into connection with professions and parties from which they cannot afterwards shake themselves free. It is for them a great misfortune, for generally it tends to frustrate the benefits of what talent and education they may possess. Powers and accomplishments that might have advanced good objects for the public, are then spent in a necessarily futile attempt to obstruct them. Some false glory may result. In other words, a foolish few will applaud, while the majority look on with wonder and pity. But in the long-run, all is found to have been barren, and wanting of true savour. The world will at the utmost accord the meed of talents misapplied. Even from those who have all along been applauding, there will only be found that kind of support which the reckless get from their friends, and the vicious from the companions of their iniquity. The final sentence is—'Here lies a man who chose to live in vain.'

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XX.

DOUGHTY DEEDS.

'WHAT! only at breakfast, Fancourt?' said Adolphus, as he entered the hermit's cell; 'you are usually livelier in the morning than that.'

'I have already breakfasted,' replied his friend—'I think I have. O yes, long ago; but I fancy I have been dreaming awake, probably visiting some of my châteaux en Espagne. You know we have nothing to do this morning. Isn't it odd how habit steals over one? I fancy every now and then that I want to go and dawdle away the forenoon with the Simpletons; and they are just now at Wearyfoot Common, with their day half over, and Sara, perhaps, lounging on the garden-seat she told me of, overhung with—no, not with shadowy foliage at this season, but with spring-buds—and thinking, thinking—I wonder what she is thinking of!—London, I shouldn't wonder, the Picture Exhibition, the beasts and beastesses in the Park Gardens, the Whispering Gallery'——

'What is all that to you?' said Adolphus impatiently—'you are in a dream still, and don't know what you are saying!'

'How should I know, when we are all at sea in this way? It's a horrid bore to have to think of how to pass one's day. If those people had only had the sense to stay where they were, I could have cut out work for them that would have lasted the whole spring and summer through. I have a good mind to take that hairy captain's invitation, and go down by and by to run upon the Common, as he says. How the donkeys would scamper before us! and how Rosy-apple's cheeks would glow with the exercise, her bonnet falling back upon her shoulders, and her veil streaming upon the wind!'

'I tell you what, Fancourt,' said Adolphus surlily, 'I have more to do this morning than to listen to such stuff. I have to go to hear my doom from Claudia; and I came to the Albany just to steady my nerves by having some talk beforehand with a man of the world. I know it is absurd to feel put out by such a business. You would ask the question as calmly as if it were only to ascertain whether she were disengaged for a quadrille; and when refused, you would express mildly your desolation, and your good wishes for her happiness with another, look interestingly sad at her through your eye-glass, then inquiringly at the window to see whether it rained, settle your kids upon your wrist, pick up your hat from the floor, and saunter bowingly out of the room. Now I can't come it in that line—I'm not up to it; and Claudia has such a way of looking at one—she sees into your very marrow! I wish I hadn't been such a fool as to ask an interview; a letter would have answered the same purpose. You will at least walk with me to the door, and wait till I come out?'

'Yes, and I will give you a few hints as we go along.'

'What I want you specially to tell me is how to bring her to the scratch if she wants to fight off, with the excuse of her uncle's death, and so on. I *must* have the thing settled this morning, that I may run down to the Hall by to-night's mail-train. That beggarly vagrant, it seems, is to be off presently for Australia,

so that my last lingering doubts in that quarter are at an end, and the field is fairly open. I thought Sara looked sorry when we parted—didn't you?'

'Yes,' said Fancourt musing—'come along.'

Lord Luxton and his daughter were at the time in consultation as usual, though on an unusual subject. It was far on in the forenoon before the young lady was visible; her father had had time to go out to hear the news, and he had made several business visits, and been to his club, before he returned. When he did return, however, Claudia was at her post. The tempest of the preceding day had swept away, and left her as calm and sunny as ever. More sunny: the light of her eyes, which yesterday morning was hot and feverish, was now a steady and exulting blaze. Her cheek, too, was a shade warmer than usual; and her father's anxieties respecting her were dispersed at the first glance. Still, he made no allusion to the scene that had taken place: he, in fact, was never at perfect ease with his daughter; there seemed to be something between their souls which rendered impossible the ordinary familiarity of such near relationship as existed between them.

'The crisis, Claudia,' said he suddenly, after the glance that reassured him, 'is more rapid than we supposed—all will be at an end to-night!'

'To-night!' and she flushed scarlet.

'Yes; the minds of ministers are made up. They will be beaten on a question not necessarily a vital one, and, in order to escape a worse overthrow, will take the opportunity of going out—in the confidence of being reseated erelong by a new parliament.'

'To-night!'

'This arrangement is secret. Everything will happen accidentally; up to the last moment they will be supposed to be as secure as a rock for some time to come.'

'That is well!' and her breath came freely. 'Then there is yet time: do you not know what is to be done?—you have to redeem your promise to Mr Oaklands! The appointment, although respectable, is only a stepping-stone, and a government in the position you describe will have no delicacy in filling it. But there is not a moment to lose; your claim, which, you know, they are prepared to allow, must be in the proper hands before five o'clock. Come'—and she hastily placed writing-materials before her father, and stood by his chair with her eyes rivetted on his.

'Upon my word, Claudia,' said the peer, 'I think you are too precipitate in this matter. The young man was extremely insolent to me yesterday.'

'To *us*, if you call it insolence. But his remarks were applied to the conduct of which he supposed us guilty, and would you give them force by making them true? Write at once—there is not a moment to lose!'

'I really do not know what conduct you allude to,' said the peer, with vexation: 'fellows in the position of Oaklands are more frequently than otherwise kept dangling for many years before being placed in independence for life. What is your interest in this young man? Why should I hamper government for him at a time like this, and by the very fact bind myself to their fortunes in opposition?'

'You hamper nobody, for you have received the promise of government, and they expect you to claim it; and as the reward is for service already performed, if it binds anybody at all, it is Mr Oaklands himself, and more to you than to them.'

Here a servant came in with a visiting-card: Mr Seacole was in the drawing-room.

'What do you mean to do here?' said Lord Luxton, when the man had withdrawn, and in a tone that shewed he was not sorry for the diversion—'the question is of more importance than the one we are discussing. Mr Seacole is far beneath the match to which your station, personal appearance, and talents entitle you; but'——

'But, nevertheless, you would be content to see your daughter the wife of a small country squire, mean in abilities, undistinguished in person and in mind. You would have her chained down to a rank from which it would be impossible for her husband to rise, and where the noblest use to which she could put the talents you give her credit for would be

To suckle fools and chronicle small-beer!'

'You are bitter this morning, Claudia: but how is it that your humour passes over Mr Oaklands so indulgently? Does mere genius make up for everything in the world to which you have been accustomed? Do you consider his station or that of Mr Seacole the higher?' The peer spoke with asperity; but Claudia answered calmly.

'I consider his station,' said she, 'if he were once placed on a vantage-ground from which flight would be possible, to have no definite limit at all. The one is a country gentleman, and never can be more; the other may be anything to which ambition may impel, to which courage and resolve may lead, to which genius may soar. If I were *his* wife'—— The peer started almost from his seat. 'Do not be alarmed, papa,' continued Claudia, with one of her most brilliant smile-flashes, 'we are talking, you know, only hypothetically. If I were his wife, I should not be satisfied with being the mistress of a little country mansion, and, if Heaven so willed, the grateful mother of a booby to inherit it! My husband's name would be heard in more than the divisions; his voice, though soft and melodious, would ring through the House, and be listened to like a trumpet by the nation; he would not follow his fortune, but make it what he willed—and what she willed, papa, who whispered in his ear, not counsels, but suggestions to receive the stamp of fate from his intellect; or who sat silent at his feet, and looked up—up—up to her husband as to a god!' Claudia did look up with her idolatrous eyes, and there was a nobleness in her expression at the moment which almost touched even the cold hard man of the world.

Can it be true that it is really woman's nature and destiny, as the Eastern apothegm asserts, to look up to somebody? If so, it might be easy to solve the mystery of Claudia's character, for till now she had never fallen in with a spirit at once stronger and purer than her own. She was too much behind the scenes in fashionable and political life, the only life she had ever known, to be deceived by its glitter and assumption. She had seen the actors off the stage, disrobed of that tinsel finery, and that rouge rubbed from their sickly cheeks, which had given them so much grandeur and beauty in the glare of the footlights. In Robert Oaklands she had beheld, for the first time in her life, intellectual power united with lofty principle; and not in contact—for here, alas, was the grand distinction!—with the low materialities of office and station.

'But come,' said she starting, 'let us turn for the present to the real and practical, for there is not a moment to lose. You must keep your word—you have now no excuse for breaking it, to say nothing of the dishonour; and the unexpected fulfilment even of a direct promise, will acquire a character of generosity sufficient to bind for ever to your interests an ally worth all the country squires in the kingdom.' It was with a very bad grace Lord Luxton consented; but his daughter had acquired a mastery over him which he could not resist, and he at length commenced the missive.

Claudia, in the meantime, proceeded to her interview with Adolphus, as if it had been part of the ordinary business of the day. Perhaps she was a little more abrupt than in ordinary business, for she could not trust implicitly to her father; and even while listening

to a proposal of marriage, her ears were engaged in the additional task of watching lest any unauthorised footsteps should pass down the stairs. The peer, however, proved to be a man of his word, for he knew whom he had to deal with; and he was all the more likely to be honest on this occasion from the circumstance of Claudia cutting the little affair she had on hand so short, that although it terminated in the way Adolphus wished, it was with a flushed face and an imprecation at the tip of his tongue he rejoined his friend in the street.

The note written by Lord Luxton was in the proper form; but when Claudia was determined to do a thing, she did it thoroughly, and in this case she added one from herself of a more private nature, and enclosed it in the same envelope. She then rung for Mr Slopper, whom she in some sort honoured with her confidence, as he was her ordinary attendant with the carriage, and committing the letter to his charge, gave him strict injunctions to deliver it immediately into the hands of him to whom it was addressed.

'Stay,' added she, 'there is still abundance of time; but if you choose to ride, there is money. Only take care for your life that no accident delays the delivery of this letter beyond five o'clock!' Claudia then bade her father good-by till dinner.

When Lord Luxton was alone, he brooded with growing vexation upon the circumstances in which he was placed. The conduct of Claudia seemed to him to border upon insanity; and so new was the idea of her forming an attachment entirely irrespective of interest and ambition, that he almost conceived it to be some morbid illusion dependent upon the state of her bodily health. But what if the young man—this young man who treats *me* with so much insolent contempt—does attain to the position from which she fancies he may arrive at greatness!—the idea that suggested itself here was so wild, that the peer started from his chair in terror. I will delay that letter, thought he, at all hazards, if it be still possible. Let five o'clock strike before it is delivered, and I am safe. Claudia herself, when she recovers, will thank me; and if she does not, she can hardly find much fault with so natural an accident. He rung.

'Send Slopper here.'

'He has gone out on an errand, my lord.'

'The other, then: I want to send after him.'

'He has gone out with the carriage, my lord.' The peer gave a growl of vexation. 'I think Mr Poringer, my lord,' added the man, 'knows where Slopper has gone to.'

'Who is Mr Poringer?'

'I beg pardon, my lord—Poringer, Mr Seacole's man. He brought a note from Mrs Seacole, which he was to deliver immediately into Miss Falcontower's hand, and I heard him tell Slopper on the steps that he would follow and walk down with him.'

'Send him here.' The very man! thought Lord Luxton: he is the enemy of Oaklands—so Claudia said of his master, and, judging by the falsehoods respecting the fellow's origin, so say I of the man.

'You could overtake Slopper?' said he, when Mr Poringer entered.

'I think I could, my lord.'

'He is carrying a letter to the Home Office, which, on second thoughts, I wish delayed a little. Perhaps I may speak to you on the subject again, for I want to make some further inquiry respecting Mr Oaklands before altogether committing myself in his favour. The letter must be delayed till past five o'clock. If you can manage this without mentioning my name to Slopper, so much the better, for all servants have not your discretion: but mention or not mention, the letter *must* be delayed. You may want to take some refreshment together—there is money.'

'Soh!' thought Mr Poringer, as he strode more rapidly than usual, but as noiselessly, down the stairs—'a sovereign from Lord Luxton!—then the service is of consequence. And no names mentioned!—then it is confidential between me and him. And that Boy is to be kept out of the Home Office—that Boy as found me on the Common—and made an image of me in wood—and set Mrs Margery against me—and carried it on to this day, till she has refused to be the landlady of a house where the lower classes is not admitted, and kept by Mr Joshua Poringer, in gold letters a foot long and more, with the mister left out. If Mr Slopper don't do as I would have him, I'll know the reason why!'

Mr Poringer walked with great strides, that answered to the running of an ordinary man, to the Chequers, in the immediate neighbourhood, but conveniently situated round a corner. The parlour was a good-sized room, with oblong tables parallel with the walls, of rich mahogany French polished. Each table was furnished with several circular slides for the beer-pots, also of rich mahogany French polished, and below, on the floor, an equal number of spittoons to match. The room was throughout clean, bright-looking, uniform, and to Mr Poringer's thinking the very moral of a parlour where the lower classes is not admitted; but on the present occasion, indulging in only a single sweeping glance, he went up to the mantle-piece, and took the trouble to put back the clock a considerable portion of an hour. On turning round he found that he was not alone. An individual was sitting in a corner behind the door, dozing over the morning paper, and turning a dreaming unobservant eye upon the operations of Mr Poringer.

'Mr Driftwood!' said that gentleman—'glad to have the pleasure of seeing you. We are slow in this house, I think—by me,' and he drew forth, by a handsome mosaic chain that looked as well as gold, a silver watch.

'I don't know,' replied the artist; 'my rascally boy has taken mine to clean, and I could not get hold of him this morning to ascertain where it is. Mr Slopper was asking for you just now.'

'And is he gone?' said Mr Poringer, starting.

'No, here he is.' Mr Slopper hereupon entered with a small pewter measure of a colourless liquid, and a single shallow glass.

'That won't do, Mr Slopper,' said Mr Poringer; 'it is some days since we have drunk together, and I vote for a couple of regular tumblers of cold without—at my expense.'

'I'm obleeged, Mr Poringer,' replied Mr Slopper; 'but I must be at Downing Street before five, and it ain't the thing to walk fast: it don't look well in us who is used to carriage exercise.'

'No more it don't; we must draw a line, as you say; but you see you couldn't spin it out to half-past four, if you was to crawl like a fly in treacle, and I want to talk to you about a house I'm a-thinking of.' Mr Slopper, on turning his eyes to the clock, was surprised to find it so much earlier than he had supposed; and accordingly the little measure was exchanged for two goes of cold without.

But the eyes of Claudia were upon her messenger: they rarely left him indeed till her high behests were accomplished, and on this occasion she had been more emphatic in her orders than usual. He was to beware of accident for his life; these were her words, and although he did not exactly fancy that he ran any risk of a violent death in the event of failure, the penalty seemed to his imagination, from its very shapelessness, to be quite as bad. He accordingly drank his gin and water with great gulps, and got up before Mr Poringer, who was in an uncommonly affable and comfortable humour, had half finished his.

'Well, Mr Slopper,' said the latter, when he found that everything else was in vain, 'I think you will sit down and be agreeable, and let me call for another,

when I tell you that I have only been going a little game with you. The fact is, the letter is in favour of that Boy—him they call Oaklands'——

'I know that, Mr Poringer; do you think I haven't both eyes and ears for what is going on, more especially when people is in a flurry and speaks like actors on the stage?'

'Well, well, but you see his lordship, on second thoughts, wants to make some more inquiry first; and so he said to me, says he, Mr Poringer, if you would be so obliging as to go after Slopper, says he, and stop the letter for an hour or two, till after five, says he, I should take it kind. In course I replied affably, and there's no more about it.'

'Ay, but there is!' said Mr Slopper, settling his hat on his head. 'You don't know nothing, Mr Poringer, about the political conundrums of our family—of what we call the balance of power. Lord Luxton! Pooh, pooh! Our miss is worth two of the governor any day; and it was her who told me not to be later than five o'clock for my life!—So if you'll walk, thank ye; if not, I have the honour'——

'You are an ignorant person, Mr Slopper,' said Mr Poringer, rising with dignity; 'you can know nothing about the Sally-law, or you would not talk of a gal being worth two of a lord. Since you won't attend to the head of the family what pays you your salary, give *me* the letter!'

'Give you the letter! Here's a go! My eye! I wouldn't give the letter to his lordship in person without the orders of Miss.'

'Don't put me to taking it from you, Mr Slopper, for I should be sorry to hurt you: but you see, I have promised Lord Luxton, who has a right to order what he pleases about his own letters, and I mean to keep my promise.'

'Come, come, Mr Poringer, no nonsense of that kind. Hurt me! Why, I could tie a knot on you any day, for as stiff as you are;' and the two men approached close to each other, Mr Slopper flushed and indignant, and Mr Poringer imperturbably calm.

'What does it all mean, I say,' said the former, 'are you a-going to rob me?'

'I'm a-going to punch your head presently, if you have spirit enough for it.'

'I have spirit enough to serve your turn, and a good few to spare. But I won't have no punching of heads—the chest must do the business. I couldn't afford it. Miss likes everything that's handsome; and she wouldn't on no account have me looking at her with an eye that seemed as if blowed up with gunpowder, and a cheek like a monkey's with a couple of walnuts in it.'

'You are right,' said Mr Poringer candidly, 'blackened eyes is gone down to the lower classes. You are a thoughtful and respectable man, Mr Slopper; and I'll punch your chest and stomach, and have a try at your collar-bone, and we'll see what comes of it.'

'Gentlemen, gentlemen!' cried the landlord, hurrying into the room—'surely this is not friendly! Would you make a row in my very parlour, and endanger my licence?'

'But it's honour, Mr Jolter—what are we to do?'

'Why, if you must go to work, isn't there the yard? How could I know anything about it if two gentlemen chose to meet promiscuous in the back settlements, and if Jim the potboy picked up one of 'em, and Taproom Tom dandled the other? But go out separate, and turn away your flushed face, Mr Slopper, when you are passing the bar.' The advice was taken instanter; and no wonder, for Mr Jolter looked like a stout justice of the peace, and his hat might have covered handsomely any number of thousands a year you could name.

Jim, the potboy, was a little old man, lame, but able-bodied. He had never been anything he could remember but a potboy at the Chequers, and was regarded as one of the fixtures. Taproom Tom, who presently made his appearance, with a dirty towel under his arm, had been for many years in the situation of a servant out of place. He was dressed in a faded livery, consisting of a green cutaway-coat, reaching below the calves of his legs, with yellow facings, knee-breeches of no colour in particular, and white neckcloth and stockings in a state of chronic dirtiness, that had never been known to change either for better or worse. Tom succeeded about once a year in obtaining a place, but kept it only for a few days, when he was discharged for fighting in the kitchen; upon which he drifted back naturally to the Chequers, where he served in the taproom from taste, and was much liked on account of his quietness and civility. It was tacitly understood that he was to get a plate of victuals now and then from the house, and be permitted to drink as often as the guests invited him; so that, upon the whole, Tom did not lose much by the loss of his place.

But these two were not the only spectators who had assembled. It is surprising how information of an interesting nature percolates. The back-wall of the yard was very soon swarming with coachmen and stablemen from the mews behind; several gentlemen's servants were shewing their heads above the side-walls; and from all a buzz of criticism arose when the combatants stripped, or, in technical language, peeled to the waist. Mr Slopper was a well-coloured man, in comfortable condition, but not flabby. He had some good flesh and blood covering his bones, and looked as if he would take a considerable quantity of mauling before you got well into his ribs. His hands, however—termed by the learned of a former day bunches of fives—were the grand feature. They were immense hands; and when doubled up and wielded by a tall stout individual like Mr Slopper, appeared to be fit to bring down an ox. Mr Poringer was a spare, angular man, of a bluish-gray colour. He looked like a poringer you might break but couldn't bruise; and being apparently built, like a Chinese-junk, in compartments—probably square—even if broken, it would be only a local chip, not a general smash. Five to four on Poringer, and takers shy.

The battle, although exciting to the critical spectators, would hardly awaken much interest in these pages; and more especially, as it was prolonged interminably by the slowness of Mr Poringer. When Mr Slopper came down, which he did several times, he sat only for an instant on the motherly knee of Jim the potboy, and was on his legs again like a good one; but Mr Poringer never could be prevailed upon to front him till time was just on the eve of being up. At length that gentleman—who had been chipped in almost all his compartments—received a mighty punch full on the pit of the stomach which, for the first time, brought him down like a steeple: and he sat for a moment, as unconsciously as a baby, on the knee of Taproom Tom, who held him with the tenderness of a wet-nurse. At this moment a church clock struck, and Mr Poringer sprang up, with a grin half of pain half of triumph.

'It is five o'clock, Mr Slopper!' said he, 'you may take your letter as soon as you please. I don't want no more of this—do you?'

'I'm obleeged, Mr Poringer,' replied Mr Slopper; 'and since you are satisfied, so am I. As for the letter, it is in the proper hands by this time, I have no doubt—per favour of Mr Driftwood!' Mr Poringer looked as if he would have sunk again into the arms of Taproom Tom; but collecting himself, he put on his clothes, and walked his aching bones off the field of battle. Mr Jolter, without making any allusion to the scene in the yard, presented the two gentlemen as they went out with a glass of brandy, of which Mr Slopper declared himself much the better; while Mr Poringer emptied his glass without uttering a word, and walked

stiffly homewards, looking as if he was discoursing inwardly in the strain of our army in Flanders.

He would have been somewhat comforted, however, had he known of Mr Driftwood's adventures. The unfortunate artist, in his generous eagerness to serve his friend, after walking some distance, became nervous as to time, and called a cab. The horse was slow, the cabman crusty, and to complete the calamity, a Teetotal procession thought fit to block up the street for a considerable time. Driftwood jumped out in despair, dived into the crowd, and like Milton's fiend,

> With head, hand, wings, or foot, pursued his way.

He was at length at Charing Cross; he was beyond Whitehall; a clock struck with a deep sonorous tone—Oh, to see the dial of the Horse Guards!—but it was hidden by the projecting parts of the building, and he could only count the strokes, his heart sinking at every clang: one—two—three—four—five!

COLONIES IN LONDON.

Strangers and temporary visitors in London are given to divide the huge Babylon into two great sections, which, under the general denominations of the East End and the West End, are supposed to represent—this, the world of wealth, of aristocratic descent, of high breeding, and of fashion; that, the world of commerce and industry, and of unfashionable struggles for competence and independence, or the bare necessaries of life. Such a general division is convenient enough for common purposes; but in both the hemispheres, if such they may be termed, of the great metropolitan world, there are numberless distinct and separate classes and orders settled down among the indiscriminate mass of population, with whom they mingle only to a certain extent, and who are as plainly discernible by the man of observation, as any other of the social phenomena which give its peculiar character to the Great City. These classes and orders, it will suit our present purpose to designate as colonists—and such they may be regarded in several points of view. Most of them have come to town, urged by the same impulse which weekly drives thousands to the diggings of California or Australia. Their object being the same as that of the general army of workers, it would seem strange that they do not become speedily fused in the mass, and undistinguishable from them: such, however, is not the case. From some cause or other, or probably from many causes operating together, there is a sort of clan-like tendency, not always to be accounted for on the principle of mutual interest or mutual support, which congregates the emigrants from specified distant localities, the professors of certain arts, or the workers at certain trades or species of labour, in districts which they, in a manner, appropriate to themselves from one generation to another.

The most remarkable colony in all London is no doubt that of the silk-weavers, who, driven over here by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have monopolised a portion of the area of Spitalfields for a period of 160 years. Their clanship, however, is owing to causes sufficiently obvious, and needs no explanation. Let us glance now at some of the many associated tribes whose circumstances and antecedents afford no such reason for their isolation, more or less complete, from the masses amid which they dwell.

Scattered here and there among the more modest of the approaches to G—— Square, will be found a colony of respectable tradesmen, whose foreign names glittering in gold letters over their shops, proclaim their continental origin. Their broken English, lisped in bland whispers, and their extravagant politeness of gesticulation in the presence of an aristocratic customer, there can be little doubt, serve as excellent auxiliaries to trade. The bulk of their business lies with the upper classes, and they supply well-nigh the entire demands of the household, and likewise no small profusion of luxuries for the table and adornments for the person. Their first floors, during the season, are the abodes of provincial members of parliament, and the younger brothers of the aristocracy—captains in the Guards, and embryo nabobs in course of rustication—fortune-hunting adventurers, polite gamblers, and diners-out of the loftiest grade. Their attics are the studios and sanctums of unknown artists, rising professors, and the neophytes of dental surgery and chiropodal science: and in their garrets lie up in ordinary a whole regiment of valets, couriers, dragomans, butlers, stewards, and gentlemen's gentlemen, with their indispensable collaterals of the *beau sexe*, all from La belle France, Fatherland, the hills of Switzerland, or the plains of sunny Italy—and all waiting, with such patience as dwells in the hearts of exiles, till a new patron shall engage their invaluable services. Who *are* these respectable housekeepers who exercise such comprehensive hospitality, and thrive so well under the genial smile of Old England's nobility? Shall we be guilty of any breach of etiquette or good faith in revealing a fact which, so far from being a discredit to them, exalts them into an example to others? They are almost to a man the discharged servants of the travelling aristocracy, brought hither by their masters, by means of whose liberal and well-deserved patronage and recommendation, they are on the road to competence. They offer a curious contrast to the retiring English man-servant, who, if he invest his savings in business at all, is pretty sure to do so in the purchase of a public-house, but who has too often no savings to invest in anything.

Not far from the above provident colony, but nearer to the supposed boundary-line separating the two worlds of East and West, we come upon a quiet district, where fashion does not disdain to be seen either in equipage or on foot, where dwell in amicable juxtaposition the working, but not the exhibiting, professors of those arts and accomplishments in which fashion must excel or cease to be. To play upon the guitar, to fence, to speak in polyglott, to enunciate bravuras or buffas to a miracle, it is necessary to become the *élève* of Senhor Fernando, of Monsieur Angelo, of Herr Vielsprach, of Signior Sollado. These pilous, pale-faced, and dark-eyed gentlemen are to the intellect of fashion what the milliner and tailor are to its bodily shape; they bedeck and adorn it *à-la-mode*, and render the inner man or woman presentable in select circles. The spirit of rivalry, never so rampant with professors as with men of commerce, seems almost unknown to this order of continental settlers among us. They are invariably friendly with each other—Englishmen of the same class being as invariably estranged, if not hostile—and are often known to refuse a pupil discontented with a brother professor, and to allege as a reason that they cannot themselves boast of superior qualifications.

A different colony of foreigners—for the most part—is that which radiates round a circle, of which the Great Globe in Leicester Square is the centre. It would take ten times the space that we propose to occupy in this paper, to set forth the extraordinary merits of the multi-faced and multi-moustached tribe who have settled down in this neighbourhood, as in a spot affording peculiar facilities for the practice of a species of industry better described in the vocabulary of the swell-mob than in that in common use. Here and hereabouts are to be met with the fugitives who have fled from the police of half Europe—the scum and offscourings of Paris and Berlin; the scamps of Rome and Madrid and Vienna; the 'posted' cheats of Baden-Baden; the swindlers of all nations mingled together with the most dashing desperadoes of our own, who,

assuming the garb and the language of foreigners, swagger in masquerade before the eyes of the myrmidons of justice, and defy detection. They may be compared to a shoal of sharks ravenous for prey, and ready at any moment to rend in pieces any unfortunate voyager silly enough to trust himself to the seductions of the elements in which they move. They were once the recognised and privileged jackals of the numerous hells which skirt the western limits of their lair; but, from some cause or other—probably because there was too little of the jackal, and too much of a roaring lion in their composition—they have been unanimously kicked out of Pandemonium, whose golden gates are now barred against them. That, however, matters little: let but half-a-dozen of them meet together, and *there* is a hell, with Mammon in the midst, and Moloch not far off. Divested of all that makes humanity human, they trample scornfully upon its tenderest ties and most sacred obligations; they make a mock of ruin, and a jest of death. In their vocabulary, despair, and suicide, and perdition are resolved into slang phrases, provocative of such mirth and such laughter as would make innocent gaiety shrink aghast with horror. The honour that dwells among thieves is banished from their brotherhood: in default of victims from without, they betray and rifle each other, and no man is fool enough to rely upon his fellow. Their career is probably brief enough; but their ranks are supplemented by the victims they sacrifice, who become in their turn the relentless ravagers of fresh prey; and their calling is, moreover, the last refuge of every desperate dare-devil to whom the means of luxurious and sensual indulgence is the breath of life.

Let us turn to another foreign colony of a more pleasing aspect. On various parts of the beaten track in which commerce chiefly runs, are situated the well-known Arcades, the several shrines to which the London children make such constant and such willing pilgrimages. These are mostly inhabited by Germans and French, the former in the greatest number. Marvellous museums they are, especially to infant girls and boys. Every shop is a mountain of wonders, and there is a whole chain of mountains on either side of the way, so that the spectator walks in a literal ravine of toys and knickknacks, and useful and ornamental implements. This colony is the very antithesis of the last described. Here we see ten thousand evidences of patient and unwearied industry, united occasionally with no small amount of artistic talent, employed in the unremitting endeavour to earn the smallest pecuniary guerdon ever bestowed upon labour honestly exerted. Here are the results of the long winter-nights of the peasant-shepherds and cattle-tenders of the Black Forest, visible in elaborate, and often very clever carvings of wild or domestic animals, a whole flock of which may be bought for a trifling sum. Here are musical instruments good enough for the tyro, honestly made and scientifically tuned, to be had for the small sum that lingers in the school-boy's pocket after stuffing at the confectioner's, or for the 6d. or 9d. which the errand-boy saves out of his weekly wages; and besides all that delights and fascinates the eye of childhood, is a long catalogue of articles in hourly use, fashioned in a style that puts our home-manufacturers of such trifles to the blush, and sold at a price at which they cannot yet compete. Lying out of the swarming thoroughfares in retired and covered spots, these repositories of everything useful, amusing, and cheap, have gradually made a reputation for themselves, and would be sought out and encouraged were they to migrate from their present appropriate quarters, and pitch in any part of the city. It may be that but few of this class of colonists sleep among their multitudinous gatherings, and that they have their homes elsewhere; but the Arcades are their colonial settlements.

We need do no more than advert to the German sugar-baking colony which has taken possession of a part of Whitechapel, where their places of worship have sprung up around them, and where they preserve their language and many of their Fatherland customs in the midst of strangers. The Italian colony of music-grinders and image-boys which congregates amid the slums of Leather Lane and Liquorpond Street, is also tolerably well known to the observer of London-life, and demands no description at our hands. The Jews, too, who colonise every country under the face of heaven, and who in London principally affect the region of St Mary Axe and the tributaries of Houndsditch, but who are to be found wherever money is to be made—and who, with still greater certainty, are not to be found where nothing is to be got by attendance—may on this occasion be passed over, while we turn our attention for a moment to one or two of the industrial colonies of our own countrymen which may be found worthy of a passing notice.

The first of these that suggests itself is the old brokers' colony of Broker Row, running from Drury Lane towards the Seven Dials. Until within the last few years, such another collection of chairs, tables, beds, bookcases, wardrobes, carpets, floor-cloths, desks, drawers, going clocks and gone pianofortes, was not to be met with in the whole circumference of the metropolis. There are now, however, rival colonies of the kind, though none in all respects so complete or venerable. A passing stranger might imagine that these roomy receptacles were merely shops for the sale of second-hand goods: if, however, he have occasion to explore one of them in search of any commodity coming under the denomination of furniture—and no matter what it is, he will be sure to find it—he will come out with a different notion. It may chance that he will be led through a wilderness of chambers, ranging from cellar to roof, each crammed to the ceiling with every variety of manufacture into which mahogany can be shaped; and he will have carefully to sidle his way towards the desiderated article, which perhaps lies buried ten feet deep under a complication of legs, wings, rungs, and flaps, through which he is politely requested to take a telescopic view of it, 'because it ain't no use my pullin' of it out if so be you don't think o' buyin'.' In one or other of these rooms, perhaps in several, he will find one or more superannuated cabinet-makers' journeymen, themselves much in need of repairs, busy with saw, plane, glue-pot, and French polish, patching up and turning out as new for the fiftieth time articles that were worn out last century. In London, where every hobbyhorse is ridden full gallop, odd tastes and predilections are indulged, such as are scarcely heard of elsewhere; one of these we take to be the passion for second-hand goods. There is a class, a very small minority, it is true, to whom novelty is an abomination, and who will not submit to it, if it is to be avoided. An occasional visit to Broker Row is indispensable to persons of this class, who appear to value their household goods in the ratio of the household labour bestowed upon them. They regard French polish as an imposture, and prefer paying a round price for an article fifty years old because it has had fifty years' elbow-grease to boast of. On our remarking lately to a tradesman in this locality, that he was extravagant in the article of oil-cloth, having laid it down wherever it was possible to find room for it—'Sir,' said he, 'I sell three times this quantity in a year, but I never sell a yard new. I buy it new, and lay it down here for a few months to take the shine off, and sell it at a good profit afterwards.' The brokers' colony is probably a real convenience to the public, who, when in haste to furnish, may do so without the pains of wandering far and wide in search of the materials.

Analogous to the above in some respects is the colony of doers and undoers and dealers in pictures, who, for the last forty years at least, have held almost undisputed

possession of W—— Street and its adjacent precincts stretching away beyond Soho. How many times Titian has been skinned, Jordaens pumice-stoned, and Rembrandt baked in this shabby Walhalla, let the officiating ministers declare if they will. They are a remarkably candid and simple-hearted set of men, and exceedingly communicative on matters of art—but fallible sometimes, like ordinary mortals, and liable to make trifling mistakes in the allocation of proper names —so that it may be wise to verify their dicta now and then by corroborative testimony. They are the true and potential Spirit-rappers of the day: the dead-and-gone geniuses of the buried ages wait at their beck and are obedient to their summons. Raphael himself must respond if the W—— Street Medium cite him to his bar; nor dares Michael Angelo refuse. Under their talismanic influence, the sepulchred favourites of pope and cardinal astonish the world of to-day with fresh marvels of art, never seen before, yet palpably cracking and crumbling beneath the touch of time, till armed to defy his scythe by applications of modern skill. The world of London, and indeed of all England besides, owes an immense deal to W—— Street. But for the considerate ministrations of its disinterested denizens, how many private galleries throughout the country, now rich in specimens of the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish masters, had wanted even a single sample of the great schools! Nor are the dead artists themselves less beholden to them, seeing that but for their supernatural powers of multiplication, many a modest genius whose fame might never have extended beyond the confined district that gave him birth—or the pages of Pilkington—now enjoys an English reputation, and hangs in honourable company (if by proxy, what matter?) beneath many a lordly roof. Time was when the colonists of W—— Street wantoned in wealth, when pursy ignorance, seeking enlightenment in the liberal arts, paid generously for the practical lessons it received—but the glory of the place has been latterly under eclipse; a spirit of vainglorious conceit has got possession of the students and connoisseurs of art, who, affecting now to be as wise as their teachers, disburse but charily for the few hints they condescend to receive. May the colony be restored to an honourable standing, and thrive henceforth as it deserves!

Away to the river-side, shadowed with the hulls and masts of vessels—not to that amphibious colony which, lining both banks, takes in Stepney and Rotherhithe, Wapping and Deptford, where all that greets the eye and the nose 'doth suffer a sea-change'—but for a glance at the colony of coal-whippers, whose history claims a brief notice here. The millions of tons of coal which London periodically consumes, are served out to the public by the agency of the coal-whippers, who have pitched with their wives and families along the margin of the Thames, where the colliers are moored. They are a stout and brawny race, who look upon two hundredweights as a sort of natural knapsack not to be grumbled at. They are from no particular district, but selected, for muscular reasons, for the performance of a species of labour to which every gentleman is not competent. They have stringent laws for the regulation of their industry, which, though it is of a very repulsive description, is more than usually lucrative; and it is rare indeed that a man once fairly entered in this profession ever leaves it willingly, so long as he is capable of doing the work. They are, however, too many of them, fanatics in their devotion to beer; and their zeal in the cause of Sir John Barleycorn betrayed them and their affairs into the power of the publicans, who, for many years, virtually managed their entire concerns, receiving and paying their wages, and engaging or discharging their services as they chose, and, of course, displaying that disinterestedness which is the publican's characteristic. With the priest of the hogshead for a paymaster, and with wages more than doubly sufficient for a poor man's household to receive, the coal-whipper soon grew into a mere drinking-machine—a walking, staggering conduit for treble X. If, from any cause, his powers of imbibition relaxed, he ran the risk of sudden discharge; a fit of sobriety was an unpardonable act of treachery, and avenged with summary ejectment. Nay, a mere gallon-man, whose puny thirst was slaked with eight pints a day, was hourly in danger of being supplanted by any candidate who was blessed with the capability of swallowing sixteen, and was discharged, too, when the double-gallon man sued for admission to the ranks. The merits of the labourer were measured by the capacity of his throat; and he who could carry coal under the most liquor ranked first in the scale. This truly infernal system was maintained in operation for many years, to the ruin of numbers of its victims, and the misery of their families. The plundered party at length found courage to petition the legislature; and after the customary course of committees and blue-books, an act was passed emancipating them from the oppressive sense of obligation under which they laboured, and leaving them at liberty to pay their vows at their favourite shrine at their own freewill.

We find ourselves in danger of exceeding all reasonable limits by extending our colonial survey—and though there are other town colonies which would repay the trouble of a brief inspection, we can but hint at a few of them, which the reader can explore for himself when the opportunity occurs. There is the publishers' colony in Paternoster Row, of which all the world knows something at least. There is the aristocratic colony of Belgravia, of which the greater part of the world know very little, and where those who want practical information may hire a very comfortable house for a trifle of L.2000 a year, and be in a condition to make observations on the spot. Not far from it there is a thieves' colony in Westminster, where a peripatetic practitioner may find accommodation for a less sum than it costs the Belgravian to keep his knocker clean. There is a colony of clubs in St James's, and a colony of bludgeons in St Giles's and Whitechapel. There are several colonies of lawyers in quiet retreats which litigants are perfectly familiar with; and there are various small colonies of students and scholars grouped round hospitals, colleges, and the university. There is the stockbrokers' colony near the Exchange, and the stags' colony in Capel Court. There are shipbrokers' colonies along the river's brink, and colonies of outfitters on Tower Hill and all round the docks. There is Mincing Lane colony, and Mark Lane colony, and the Custom-house colony—each characterised by separate and distinct species of the money-getting genus. There is a colony of artists in the region of Newman Street and Rathbone Place, and a colony of jewellers in Clerkenwell. There are trade colonies without number, where birds of the same feather, artisans of the same craft, flock together as to a market for labour: and, lastly, there is an indefinite number of little provincial colonies, assembling only at night in public-houses, where the news from 'home, sweet home,' may be read in the Falmouth local journal or the gazette from Northumberland, and be discussed by the listeners in the long-remembered dialect of their native places. These country inns, if we may so call them, are generally kept by emigrants from the provinces, and serve to keep alive a sort of clannish feeling, and to preserve old associations and friendships among inhabitants of the same place. In this way, nearly every county in England, and most of the large towns both in England and Scotland, are represented in London.

We are not aware that in any other capital in Europe such a remarkable result of the gregarious tendencies of human nature could be found as the metropolitan colonies exhibit. Much of it, no doubt, could be traced to the obstinate class-feeling for which

England is proverbial, and which foreigners, not altogether without reason, regard as a blot upon the national character; but more of it, we are inclined to think, originates in necessity or self-interest, and is the fruit of that experience which has taught the Londoner how he may best minister to both. The phenomenon is one, at anyrate, upon which it is not uninteresting to speculate.

THE NIGHT OF THE POETS.

Poets are a sort of interpreters of nature, seeing what others see not, and understanding what totally escapes the comprehension of their neighbours. One of their propensities is that of strolling abroad when the rest of the world are at supper or in bed, to watch the singular aspects of the night, which appears to have been originally made for their especial use and pleasure. We mean to interrogate these wanderers in darkness, in order, if possible, to discover what the notions are which they entertain of the ebon goddess. If egotism were permitted to persons writing in prose, we would say that we ourselves have a peculiar theory about her, which it may not be unpleasant to compare with that prevailing among the children of the Muses.

Most persons, whether they acknowledge it or not, experience a sort of uneasy sensation when left alone with the night. The reason is, that nature has not bestowed upon them that particular sort of lamp which, like the cat's eyes, enables a few favoured individuals to stroll perfectly at their ease over the surface of the earth, in the absence of the sun and moon. It is no merit of theirs that they feel no fear in what is darkness to others. For them, the world contains no such thing as darkness; they can always see well enough to discover the soft, placid, meek features of Night, who throws aside her thick veil to amuse them, and, opening her large tranquil eyes, enables them to look at will into the very depths of her soul. Instead of pitying them, therefore, we should rather envy them their profound delight when, taking leave of gas and Price's composite, they roam away with the eldest sister of Chaos into the glimmering fields.

Half the enjoyment we experience on such occasions depends, however, upon two things, which, unhappily, are not always in our power: we mean a balmy atmosphere and wild and romantic scenery. We are almost tempted to add a third condition—rich and musical names, steeped, if possible, in historical associations. There are some syllables so crabbed, so tough, so inflexible, so vulgar, that the whole nine Muses, if they were set about it in concert, would not be able to domiciliate them in the world of poetry. There are others which of themselves, wheresoever and by whomsoever pronounced, make at once a picture upon the mind—Verona, Fiesoli, Vallambrosa! Do they not sink in liquid softness upon the ear, and slide, we know not how, into the soul, rippling and overshadowing its surface like the west wind, when perfumed by the breath of violets in spring?

With respect to night-landscapes, it may be predicated generally, that they are infinitely grander than any we behold by day. Even the most common-place city, when its noises have been stilled and its thoroughfares cleared by the darkness, presents a succession of striking pictures to the fancy, as we wander through it. But in the gorges of mountains, in rocky glens, in forests, and among cliffs and precipices, on the seashore—if favoured by the moon streaming upon through rents in the clouds—we see the earth invested with a splendour and magnificence which even poetry, with all its resources, fails adequately to represent.

But let us not murmur because there are things in nature which surpass the imitative powers of art. The poets have done much to give permanence to the fleeting beauties of the night. Let us accept the offerings which they have poured into the treasury of fancy, and examine them one by one, as chance brings them to our hand. Coleridge, it may be presumed, from the dreaminess of his character, was tolerably well qualified to draw sketches of Nature, when, with starry diadem and mantle of sable, she walks the world in majesty.

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
* * * *
The night is chilly, but not dark;
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind and at the full,
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill—the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the spring comes slowly up this way.

In this passage, there are perhaps more suggestions than pictures. Superstition was a large element in the imagination of Coleridge. He was essentially unclassical. All the poetry of his nature was connected by imperceptible links with the indefinite mythology of the north, and hence, perhaps, the strong hold he possesses over the minds of the English people. He is not content with delineating the external features of heaven or earth, but appears to draw aside a corner of the material veil, and afford us glimpses of the ideas which revolve through the obscurity behind it. Some indications of this are discoverable in almost every passage in which he speaks of the night. Thus in the *Ancient Mariner*:—

We listened, and looked sideways up;
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip.
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.
* * * *
And the coming wind did wax more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan!

Of the *Ancient Mariner*, the informing principle is superstition; but in others of Coleridge's pieces we find descriptions of the night without this accompaniment.

Mild splendour of the various-crested night!
Mother of wildly-working visions! hail!
I watch thy gliding, while with watery light
Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil;
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud
Behind the gathered blackness lost on high;
And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud
Thy placid lightning o'er the awakened sky.
Ah, such is Hope! as changeful and as fair!
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight;
Now hid behind the dragon-winged despair:
But soon emerging in her radiant might,
She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care
Sails like a meteor kindling in its flight.

It has, of course, been often remarked, that in nearly all the later poets, whether of Germany, France, or England, there prevails an air of melancholy, which infuses itself into their descriptions of nature, and imparts to them a sadness belonging in no degree to the originals. Into the philosophy of this subject we cannot here enter; but it may be observed by the way, that our civilisation has not hitherto proved either to society or to individuals the cause of so much happiness as seems from the first to have been expected. Profound discontent pervades a large portion of the thinking classes, and this feeling necessarily tinges the whole system of their ideas. Among our ancestors, as well as among nearly all ancient writers, there is far greater vivacity, playfulness, joy, and contentment. Their poetry, consequently, overflows with exhilaration, and puts people in good-humour, as well with things in general as with themselves. Let us, by way of illustration, select a moonlight scene from Shakspeare:—

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jessica. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.
Lorenzo. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jessica. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lorenzo. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.
Jessica. And in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lorenzo. And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
* * *
Bring your music forth into the air.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.

Our great dramatist, as is well known, abounds with exquisite touches, which may suffice to suggest glorious images of the night; but he has nowhere indulged in anything like a finished picture. Where the lines occur, they are often full of beauty; but, separated from the context, and strung pellmell together, they would scarce appear to do justice to the poet's thoughts. Yet they are always fresh and fragrant, and prolific of suggestions. For example:—

Lysander. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass
(A time that lovers' flight doth still conceal),
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Few poets, whether ancient or modern, have yielded themselves up to the fascinations of night more than Shelley. The too penetrating light of day disclosed to his melancholy eye more of the world's misery than he could bear to contemplate without anguish. He loved above all things, therefore, to steal forth and pursue his thoughts in darkness. The crimes and irregularities of society were hidden from him then, while multitudes of brilliant and gorgeous fancies swept before him in endless and ever-varied processions:

How beautiful is night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal Zephyrs breathe in morning's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow:
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend
So stainless that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam: yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness:
Where silence undisturbed might walk alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

If we could perseveringly follow each poet through all his delineations, we should find in him a peculiar version, so to speak, of the night. Doubtless, every man paints whatever he looks at with the colours of his own idiosyncrasy. Nothing comes to us in its own inherent qualities, but simply as it appears to particular observers. Shelley had lived among the Alps, whose aspects and features he carefully studied, and sought frequently to paint. In *Alastor*, therefore, when we appear to be transported to the wildest solitudes of the Asiatic mountains, we are only placed among the rocks and glaciers, the chasms and waterfalls, the icy pinnacles of the Great St Bernard, Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau:

At midnight
The moon arose: and lo! the ethereal cliffs
Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone
Among the stars like sunlight, and around
Whose caverned base the whirlpools and the waves
Bursting and eddying irresistibly,
Rage and resound for ever.

In another poem, our fancy is again turned away to terrific solitudes, haunted by the spectral moon, whose rays are intercepted by exhalations as they struggle towards the earth:—

The dim and horned moon hung low, and poured
A sea of lustre on the horizon's verge
That overflowed its mountains—yellow mist
Filled the unbounded atmosphere, and drank
Wan moonlight e'en to fulness—not a star
Shone, not a sound was heard! the very winds—
Danger's grim playmates on that precipice—
Slept clasped in his embrace.

No one, perhaps, has attempted with more boldness than Shelley to paint the grandeur of a stormy night, when winds and clouds, and mingled brilliance and gloom, alternate or combine to impress a startling character upon the appearances of nature. The sky at night often seems to be a separate creation. Mountains, towering and dark, nod over immeasurable caverns; waterfalls stream over half the sky; rivers wind and glitter amid pearly banks; while huge animals, of shape more fantastic than the stuff of which our dreams are made, travel calmly over gulfs and abysses, with heads erect and forms enveloped in radiance. From the contemplation of phenomena such as these, Shelley had probably come warm when he threw upon paper the following strange picture:—

Where the irresistible storm had cloven
That fearful darkness, the blue sky was seen
Fretted with many a fair cloud interwoven
Most delicately, and the ocean green,

Beneath that opening spot of blue serene,
Quivered like burning emerald: calm was spread
On all below; but far on high, between
Earth and the upper air, the vast clouds fled,
Countless and swift as leaves on autumn's tempest shed.

For ever, as the war became more fierce
Between the whirlwinds and the rack on high,
That spot grew more serene: blue light did pierce
The woof of those white clouds which seemed to lie
Far deep and motionless; while through the sky
The pallid semicircle of the moon
Past on in slow and moving majesty;
The upper horn arrayed in mists, which soon
But slowly fled like dew beneath the beams of noon.
I could not choose but gaze; a fascination
Dwelt in that moon and sky and clouds, which drew
My fancy thither, and in expectation
Of what I knew not, I remained: the hue
Of the white moon, amid that heaven so blue,
Suddenly stained with shadow, did appear;
A speck, a cloud, a shape approaching grew,
Like a great ship in the sun's sinking sphere
Beheld afar at sea, and swift it came anear.

Keats, with all his richness of fancy, has accomplished comparatively little to illustrate the beauties of the night. He evidently felt its witchery, and occasionally, in his curious and quaint way, commemorates his admiration. But the world upon which he gazed was not the real one. He lived in fairy palaces scooped out in the depths of the earth, or arched over by the imaginations among the green waves of ocean. The moon and stars, and clouds and vapours, such as we usually behold them, were therefore things much too substantial for him. Here, however, is a picture from *Endymion*, which possesses inimitable softness and splendour:—

Methought I lay
Watching the zenith where the Milky-Way
Among the stars in virgin splendour pours;
And travelling my eye, until the doors
Of heaven appeared to open for my flight,
I became loath and fearful to alight
From such high soaring by a downward glance;
So kept me steadfast in that airy trance,
Spreading imaginary pinions wide—
When presently the stars began to glide
And faint away before my eager view;
At which I sighed that I could not pursue,
And dropped my vision to the horizon's verge:
And lo! from opening clouds I saw emerge
The loveliest moon that ever silvered o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet: she did soar
So passionately bright, my dazzled soul,
Commingling with her argent spheres, did roll
Through clear and cloudy, even when she went
At last into a dark and vapoury tent—
Whereat methought the lidless-eyed train
Of planets all were in the blue again.

In roaming through the world of verse, we often find sweet patches, as it were, of description interspersed with thoughts and ideas which in themselves are not far removed from commonplace. In such cases, the best course is to tolerate the old for the sake of the new. Nearly all poets select the same topics around which to weave their fancies. The difference is in the treatment, and the more or less lavish splendour with which they are able to scatter about their imagery. Keats was peculiarly felicitous in this process of pouring vitality into ancient themes. His presence appears, as it moves along, to throw fresh colours on everything it approaches. His woods have a deeper gloom; his winds, a greater softness; his stars, a more jewelled sort of brightness than those of other poets; and this often in spite of very bad rhymes and very awkward phrases: but what is grotesque, we pardon in consideration of what is tasteful and exquisite. Observe how, in discoursing of Hope, he interweaves delicious prospects of earth and sky:—

Whene'er I wander, at the fall of night,
Where woven boughs shut out the moon's bright ray,
Should sad despondency my musings fright,
And frown to drive fair cheerfulness away;
Peep with the moonbeams through the leafy roof,
And keep that fiend, Despondence, far aloof.

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud,
Brightening the half-veiled face of heaven afar;
So when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope! celestial influence round me shed,
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

The several forms which poetry assumes in the minds of different men, are extremely difficult to be characterised or discriminated. When Milton was as young as Keats, he wrote in a style equally imaginative and equally fanciful: both his imagination and his fancy were kept within certain bounds by a severer taste acquired by the study of the Greek. Throughout his life, he seems to have experienced no little trouble in reining in his ideas. Yet so refined was his sense of propriety, that he generally rejected every image, every simile, and every metaphor, not reconcilable with the stern decisions of his poetical philosophy. For this reason, his works often appear too artistic. The exuberances of nature have obviously been pruned away, but what remains when you carefully study it, seems only the more majestic and beautiful for the operation. He is called upon many times to speak of night. But his is not the night of a fluttered and bewildered fancy, but a picture of the vast universe divested of the illusions of the sun. A calm glory breathes over the face of nature; and solemn music, as if descending from the highest heaven, sweeps through the soul as we gaze and listen. Never did language move with a loftier port or grandeur than in the poems of this blind old man, who had familiarised himself with the inmost secrets of versification, until the words in which he clothed his ideas became, to borrow his own expression—

A linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton maze and giddy cunning.
* * * *
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

But when we enter the mighty creation of the *Paradise Lost*, and seek to detach passages that may represent the beauty and magnificence of the whole, we find it as impossible as to present a suit of chain-armour by taking out and exhibiting a single link. The merit lies in the unity, in the symmetry, in the proportion. Yet we must entreat the Muse of Paradise for leave to transfer a few passages from the immortal volume to our own pages; and first, let us take a glimpse of fairies sporting by moonlight:—

Fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course: they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

Contrast with this another picture of night, strongly similar, yet how different:—

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale—
She all night long her amorous descant sung.

Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

It has often been observed, that the great poets of antiquity devote very little of their works to description. With one short glowing word or phrase, they bring out the very soul of a landscape; and having fixed it in your memory for ever, pass on. This is peculiarly the case with Pindar and Sophocles, who invest with luminous ether a few favourite spots in ancient Greece. Homer is sometimes more diffuse; and on one occasion pauses, in a playful mood, to describe a moonlight scene, which latter altogether it would be difficult to rival:—

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene—
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise;
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light;
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lightning glimmering Xanthus with their rays.
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires;
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umbered arms by fits thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

From this, let us make a transition to Barry Cornwall, who, among many other sweet things, has a delicious little song called *The Nights*. As we honour every one who loves the night, which is the period of inspiration for mortals, we shall reproduce this charming poem entire, that our readers may go, if they have not gone already, to the works of this poet, which are full of the spirit of gentleness and love:—

Oh, the summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne;
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odour,
From the bud to the rose o'erblown!

But the autumn night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea.

And the winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain,
Till the wild-bee hummeth,
And warm spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain!

O the night, the night!
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time,
For sorrow then soareth,
And the lover outpoureth
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
To the forests deep,
The forest-bird to its nest;
To care, bright hours,
And dreams of flowers,
And that balm to the weary—rest!

Here, however, we must stop, for Aurora is beginning to purple the east, and admonishes us that we have wandered long enough among the shades of night. When we next take up the poets, it will be to converse with them on a very different subject. Yet we linger on the moonlight hills, and are strangely loath to emerge from this dusky fascination.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A VOICE in favour of education is making itself heard from an unusual quarter—the Royal Institution, where seven lectures are to be given on different branches of the all-important subject. The Master of Trinity leads off with a discourse on the moral and mental, to be followed by Faraday, Latham, Daubeny, Tyndall, Paget, and Hodgson, who will each advocate a special branch, all more or less taking the scientific view. Thus, the history of science, language, chemistry, physics, physiology, and economic science will in turn be brought forward, and their value as means of intellectual education be demonstrated. If as much good should result from these lectures as from those given to earnest throngs of working-men at the School of Mines, education will have received a beneficial impulse; one that is much needed, if we may judge from a speech delivered to the 'hands' on strike at Stockport by one of their orators. This teacher of the multitude told them that distress at home is caused by our foreign trade; that the further we send our manufactures, the more is their value reduced, and the greater the injustice to those who produce them. If the 'hands' would but find out that they have heads, such stuff as this would never be listened to.

There is something touching in the petition presented to parliament by 3000 miners of Durham and Northumberland, praying the legislative authority to step in between them and the risks to which they are exposed, and to which they fall victims, at the rate of 1000 a year. What they ask is reasonable enough—that provision shall be made 'for obliging all owners of collieries to provide such quantities of good air in accordance with the number of workmen employed, the character of the mine, and so forth, as will insure a healthy state of the workings for each man, and prevent accumulations of fire-damp in any part of such pits or collieries.' Seeing that mines can be properly ventilated, that the miners ask no more than science or skill can accomplish, we hope some decided means will be taken to remove the dangers and evils which attend their employment. Men are too valuable now-a-days for us to go on flinging 1000 a year to destruction.

Hostile politics have not put a stop to emigration: ships are still sailing every week for Australia and North America with their hundreds of passengers. The *Times* correspondent in the East suggests, that instead of betaking themselves to the scorching and sandy shores of the former country, or exposing themselves to the bitter winters of the latter, they should emigrate to Turkey, where, at a comparatively short distance from home, are to be found some of the best natural advantages in the world. The shores are washed by the great central sea, there are rivers, bays, and noble harbours, fertile soil, and productions equal to any. With English industry and perseverance, what would not such a country become? the great trade to the East would again flow in its old channel, and order and security would reign where they have long been strangers. But ere this can take place, the elements of discord must be reduced to reason.

Judging from the fact, that plans for 140 railway bills have been brought before parliament this session, railway enterprise is not yet dispirited. There is talk, moreover, of a line direct to the north for the exclusive

transport of coal and bulky goods, with which the existing lines are too much encumbered, to the prejudice of the passenger-traffic. With all this, there is a constant endeavour towards greater safety in locomotion: the hollow axles for railway-carriages, introduced some time ago, are found, on further trial, to be preferable to those made solid. In weight alone, there is a saving of 1½ hundredweight on each pair of axles—no unimportant item in a thousand carriages. A block, weighing nearly a ton, being let to fall from a height of twelve feet on both kinds of axles, by way of experiment, the solid were invariably seen to give way first. They break across; while the hollow ones, when they fail, open lengthwise only, and thus there is little risk of detachment of the wheels. There is a new method, too, for clearing boiler-tubes of the ashes, cinders, and incrustations which, as is well known, collect within them. The usual process is to push a long ramrod through, which drives everything before it—a task of nearly an hour; but by means of a flexible pipe, fitted with a nozzle, and leading from the steam-chamber, a blast of steam may be blown through every tube, and all the accumulations cleared away in ten minutes. We hear that an attempt has been made on one of the lines between New York and Philadelphia to obviate the noise and uneasy jolting, by laying down sleepers of india-rubber, whereby an easy, elastic motion is given to a passing train. We think it likely that this is an experiment requiring multiplied experience in different temperatures before it can be pronounced successful. The Egyptian railway is so far advanced, that fifty miles of it were used for the transport of one of the last overland mails. The tunnel through the Alps is now to be outdone by one through the Andes—that is, if the projectors who wish to make a railway from Brazil to Chili can accomplish their purpose. We may not inappropriately round off these railway items by mentioning the noble statue of George Stephenson, placed a week or two since in the hall of the Euston Square terminus. It is a fitting site for the marble image of the self-reliant Northumbrian miner, who came from the depths of the earth to teach men how to travel on its surface. He is one of those heroes of whom England has reason to be proud; and while locomotives roll along their iron path, he will not be forgotten.

M. Coste reports to the Académie, that the breeding of salmon by artificial means has gone on successfully: new species from other countries have been introduced into the establishments on the Loire, at Saumur, and in the department of the Isère; and into those in the Vosges a large kind of trout from Switzerland. It is thought that something similar might be attempted on the sea-shore; and at Rochelle a project has been mooted for the 'cultivation' of oysters and prawns. Mr Boccius says that he, and not the two French fishermen, was the originator of pisciculture; and he intends to shew that the process is more simple than has been supposed, the grand elements of success being pure air and pure water. The late earthquake in Calabria has again set geologists speculating: M. Perrey finds reason to believe that the shocks, in some degree, depend on the moon, as they most frequently occur when our satellite passes the meridian.

Father Secchi, of the Observatory at Rome, traces a marked connection between perturbations of the magnet and appearances of auroræ; and these perturbations, he believes, frequently indicate the presence of an aurora in a high northern latitude, although invisible to us; and, what is more, he suggests that they are sometimes caused by the passage of aërolites through our atmosphere. According to Boussingault, the rain which falls in towns contains much more ammonia than in remote rural districts, and in greater quantity at the beginning than the end of a shower. He finds, also, that ammonia is always present in dew; and in so unusual a proportion in some of the November mists, as to exert a noxious influence.

From certain statistical returns which have been laid before the Académie, we gather a few interesting particulars concerning professors of the medical art on the other side of the Channel. It appears that there are in France 11,217 physicians, 7221 officers of health, 5175 druggists; yet, large as this number is, there are 591 communes, each of more than 2000 inhabitants, in which not an individual of the three classes here mentioned is resident. Another return on the subject of births shews, that where 123 children are born between 9 P.M. and 9 A.M., 100 only are born within the other twelve hours. Here is a fact useful to those who know how to employ it: there is a gas talked of, which, directed in a stream against an irritable abscess, is said to allay the torment forthwith—another addition to the value of life.

Now that the science of life is better understood than formerly, facts have come to have a significance too long lost sight of, particularly as relates to the maintenance of a military system. Of the 180,000 young men drafted every year for the army in France, one-third of the strongest and stoutest are made into soldiers; the others, among whom are the stunted, the weakly, and deformed, are sent back to their homes, where they marry and beget children, who inherit their imperfections. In this way the *physique* of the nation is gradually deteriorating, and at a rate that appears rapid when a quarter of a century is brought under review. The drawing away of young men from their ordinary pursuits for military service, is thus an evil of grave import in more senses than one; but, judging from the present aspect of affairs, the true remedy is not likely to be adopted for some time to come. In Prussia, too, similar effects have been noticed: out of the youths of nineteen who were inspected last year throughout that kingdom, not more than half the numbers assembled were sound and stout enough for service, the rural districts being as bad as the large towns. It would seem that, with improving education, the stamina of the people weaken or decay. In Sweden, also, the same result has been observed; but there it is attributed to potato-diet and a habit of much spirit-drinking. Have governments yet to discover a means for preserving the bone and muscle of peoples, or must the people find it for themselves? In respect of education: of the men examined in Berlin, 95 per cent. were found to be fully educated, and 5 per cent. defective. In the provinces, 75 per cent. only had gone through their school course; 20 per cent. were defective, and the remainder altogether uninstructed. The Polish and Wendish provinces were the most backward.

The uneasiness felt a short time since at the growing scarcity of rags is subsiding, for it is now found that good paper can be made from the refuse of the sugar-cane, and from wood-fibre, the latter being L.12 a ton cheaper than that made from rags. The plantain, too, has been tried, and successfully, as was demonstrated by some specimens of plantain-paper exhibited at a meeting of the Horticultural Society. Printers and publishers, and those who deal in penny-periodicals, may therefore take heart: their profit will not be all swallowed up by the cost of the paper, as there was reason to fear.

From a communication made to the Geological Society, we find that the fossils of our Devonian system are more widely spread than would at one time have been thought credible, numerous specimens having been found by the explorers in the polar regions; while in the British Museum may now be seen a collection sent from Kwangsi, in the south of China.

Mr Beecroft, for many years British consul on the western coast of Africa, has at length, after repeated attempts, found the junction of the Benin and Niger rivers. It is a feat worth recording, for his last effort

took six weeks of laborious search among mangrove swamps and slimy creeks. If by this discovery the interior be rendered more accessible, our traders will soon doubtless follow Dr Barth to Timbuctoo.

Chevalier Vande Velde, of Utrecht, known for his travels in the Holy Land and surrounding countries, has addressed a letter to the Archæological Association of Palestine, in which he recommends them not to believe M. de Saulcy's statements about the Cities of the Plain; for that the so-called cities are nothing other than broken masses of a mountain, which the Arabs succeeded in making the too credulous Frenchman believe to be the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah. Colonel Rawlinson sends from Bagdad news of the discovery of more cylinders, at a spot identified as the ancient Ur of the Chaldees, which are of importance in clearing up a difficulty in the annals of Belshazzar. He now considers that monarch to have been a viceroy under his father Nabonidus; and thus these new-found records, as he states, 'furnish us with a key to the explanation of that great historical problem which has hitherto defied solution.' Besides this, the colonel has got a statue of the god Nebo, which was dug up by the party of explorers employed for the British Museum. An inscription on its breast contains the names of Belochus and Sammuramit, or Semiramis. So the great queen comes out of the mists of fable at last; and, disregarding all that has been said about her and Ninus, our persevering countryman makes her out to have been the daughter of a king of Medo-Armenia, who married Phal-lukha, or Belochus, and reigned jointly with him over Assyria in the eighth century before Christ.

CUTTING-OUT.

THERE is a certain delicate and desperate species of naval service in which British seamen are peculiarly distinguished as able, and frequently successful, professional operators: it is called *cutting-out*. This very rarely takes place on any extended scale, and it is equally rare for any large force of men to be employed upon it. As a general rule, cutting-out is performed without much premeditation or nice calculation of risks: it is usually planned by some young spirited officer in command of a frigate or small flotilla, and undertaken almost impromptu by himself and other daring naval aspirants, as much from a feverish resolve to distinguish themselves, and earn promotion by 'doing something,' as from any other motive. It is rarely we find veteran officers of high rank engaging in such desperate adventures, unless there is a very important stake to be gained—some object either of extraordinary intrinsic value, or else likely to lead to commensurate advantages. It is a service *sui generis*, requiring particular faculties, distinct and different from those essential in other branches of the service. Young, dashing fellows, of dauntless bravery—

> That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
> And turn what some deem danger to delight—

who can coolly and skilfully lay down their plans, and daringly execute them in person, are the men to succeed on the occasions in question.

Suppose a frigate chases an enemy, of equal, or superior, or inferior force—no matter which—and that enemy, by dint of shewing a nimble pair of heels, runs into a friendly harbour before he can be overtaken. Here the Don, or Mynheer, or Mounseer, or Moslem, or whatever he may be, shelters himself by mooring stem and stern under the guns of a battery on shore, and grins defiance at his disappointed pursuer. What is to be done? The British frigate sails as closely in as may be prudent or possible, and hovers about till sunset, meanwhile diligently taking note by aid of her glasses—as telescopes are called on shipboard—of the position of the coveted prize, and the nature of the shore defences, and all other obstacles to her capture; then, ere nightfall, tacks about, shews her stern, and steers directly out to sea, as though sullenly confessing she has no chance. Has the captain given up all hope of doing business?—Not a bit of it. He dives down into his cabin, and, either alone or in consultation with his lieutenants, rapidly plans a cutting-out. The crew are duly mustered, and their commander's intention being promulgated, they give a cheer like true British sailors, and eagerly volunteer for the boat-service. The required number are promptly selected, armed with cutlasses, pistols, and boarding-pikes, and a strip of white ribbon tied round their left arms, to distinguish them in the coming tussle. It is clearly settled what boats are to be despatched, what officers are to command, what seamen and marines are to go in each boat, and in what order the boats are to lead and board, &c. As soon as it is dark enough, the frigate points her head for the shore again, and probably about midnight, after extinguishing or shading every light, brings-to in a position deemed most favourable for her to await the result of the enterprise. Pinnace, cutter, jolly, and gig, are silently lowered; the men take their appointed places; and without a word being spoken, the carefully muffled oars are dropped into the water, and the boats glide noiselessly towards their destination. Of the rowers, it may be truly said that, in the regular man-o'-war fashion,

> Bending back, away they pull
> With measured strokes most beautiful!

But on these momentous occasions they poise their oars so deftly, feather them so gently and accurately, and dip the edge of their blades with such keenness and precision, that there is no splash in the water, and no rumble from the row-locks; and should the sea be smooth, a musical ripple at the stem, and an undertoned gurgling sound in the runs of the stern, alone betoken the propulsion of the boat. Possibly, they may get close alongside, or even board the enemy's ship ere they are discovered; but in general a better watch is kept, and they will find the sentinels on the alert, and be fired at the moment they come in sight. No matter. As soon as silence and precaution are no longer of use, every boat cheers loudly, and dashes recklessly forward in eager emulation as to which shall be the first to board. Soon they are alongside, the men climbing up the chains, and clambering over the boarding-nettings, despite the fierce thrust of pike and cutlass, or the deadlier resistance of musket and bayonet. All is now desperate hand-to-hand fighting; and whilst it rages, a party of our frigate's men run aloft to loose the topsails, and others cut the cables, so as to get the enemy under-way, and out of the range of the shore-battery as speedily as possible. When resistance is overcome, the crew of the captured vessel are driven headlong below, and secured beneath the hatches, and the gallant cutters-out sheet home the sails, or, if the wind is dead, tow the ship out of harbour with their boats. Ere this time, probably, the battery on shore opens a furious fire, which may kill friend and foe indiscriminately; but British tars are not easily deterred from carrying out a cherished design; and unless the masts and rigging are materially shattered, the vessel is quickly beyond range of the hostile cannon, and, when morning breaks, the triumphant frigate and her prize are mere specks in the offing. Occasionally, however, the result is sadly different. The enemy may be so well prepared, that some of the boats may be sunk ere they can pull alongside, and the men who manage to board may be all slain or taken prisoners.

We have recently searched our naval chronicles, and have conned over a great number of cutting-out affairs, and we now purpose to give some account of two or

three, which appear to us to be the most remarkable and brilliant on record, and cannot fail to impress the reader with a vivid conception of the truly marvellous deeds of naval skill and daring that British men-o'-war's men will undertake and perform. One case is an honourable failure; but we will give it the first place, both for the sake of chronology, and because it was planned and attempted to be carried to a successful issue by the justly celebrated Sir Sydney Smith, and led to other incidents of historical note.

In the spring of 1796, Sir Sydney was cruising on the French coast in command of the *Diamond*, 38-gun frigate, when he learned that the *Vengeur*, an armed French lugger—only too well known in the Channel for her numerous captures of English merchantmen, and which had hitherto defied capture herself through her wonderful sailing qualities—was anchored, ready for sailing, in the inner road of Havre. Sir Sydney resolved to cut her out; and accordingly prepared the launch and four other boats of his frigate, in which he embarked fifty-two officers and men, all told, and took the command of the whole himself, because his three lieutenants were, from one cause or other, unavailable for the duty. At 10 P.M. they set off, and after a brief struggle, seized the *Vengeur* without the loss of a man. But the difficulty was, not to win this prize, but to carry her out to the offing. The French crew had cut their cables, and the lugger drifted bodily shoreward, spite every effort of the capturers. By daybreak, the lugger was anchored up the river beyond Havre, and a number of vessels put forth from that town to re-capture the prize, which Sir Sydney, on his part, was resolved to defend to the utmost. He first sent the prisoners ashore, and then prepared for action. In a brief period, a large lugger opened fire on the *Vengeur*, and numbers of small vessels, full of soldiers, surrounded her, and poured in volleys of musketry. There being no wind to fill his sails, the gallant British captain found he had become thoroughly entrapped, and at length surrendered, with a loss of about a dozen killed and wounded. Sir Sydney Smith was removed to Paris, where he suffered a rigorous imprisonment of two years, and was even threatened with death on the pretence that he was a spy. Finally, he effected his escape from the Temple in a characteristically romantic and daring fashion, the details of which are probably well known to the reader.

In the year 1797, a fearful mutiny took place on board the *Hermione*, 38-gun frigate, commanded by Captain Pigot, when cruising off Porto Rico in the West Indies. The excessively cruel and monstrously tyrannical conduct of the captain, appears to have been the sole cause of this affair; but the mutineers were not content with sacrificing that wretched man, for they murdered nine other officers, and then carried the frigate to La Guayra, and traitorously gave her up to the Spaniards; and as a Spanish frigate she subsequently sailed the seas. Many of the mutineers paid the deserved penalty of their crimes. In 1799, this same *Hermione* was reported to be bound from Puerto-Capello to Havanna, having a crew of nearly 400 men, including a number of soldiers, and mounting forty-four guns, or six more than when she was a British frigate. The British admiral at Jamaica ordered the *Surprise*, Captain Hamilton, to go out and try to meet with the *Hermione*. The *Surprise* was a 28-gun frigate, with a complement of less than 200 men, and therefore in all respects very inferior to the vessel she was sent to engage; but sailors in those busy fighting-times did not care to calculate odds very nicely: they were all ready to swear that one Englishman was, any day and in any way, a match, and more than a match, for two Mounseers, or three Dons. However, no such encounter and triumph was destined for the British frigate this time, for after Captain Hamilton had cruised about for weeks without getting a glimpse of his antagonist, he thought it best to sail to Puerto-Capello, and learn whether the latter had really left that port. Surely enough she had not, for between two enormous batteries at the harbour mouth, the *Hermione* was snugly moored stem and stern. For some days the *Surprise* hovered about, and finally Captain Hamilton informed his assembled crew that he had determined to cut out the *Hermione*—an intimation which they received with three hearty cheers. Six boats were prepared, carrying in all 106 officers and men; and explicit orders were given to every officer individually. Mr James gives a very minute and accurate account in his *Naval History* of this dashing enterprise; and we cannot do better than follow his version, and partially quote his narrative. Captain Hamilton in person commanded the pinnace, and directed the whole operations. The flotilla of boats were discovered when within a mile of the *Hermione*, and two of the enemy's gun-boats opened fire on them. Some of the frigate's boats foolishly engaged with these gun-boats, instead of following their captain straight to the main attack. 'The alarm created by the firing,' says Mr James, 'soon awakened the crew of the *Hermione* to the meditated attack. Lights were seen at every port; and the ship's company were at quarters. On the pinnace crossing the frigate's bows in order to reach her station, a shot was fired from the forecastle, which crossed over her. . . . As the starboard oars touched the bends of the *Hermione*, Captain Hamilton gave orders to lay in the oars and board, the boat being then under the starboard cat-head and fore-chains, lying stem and stern with the frigate. The crew obeyed the word instantly; and the captain would have been the first on board, but from some mud on the anchor—which was hanging from the cat and shank-painter, and which had been weighed that day—his foot slipped; but he retained his hold on the foremost lanyard of the fore-shrouds, by which he recovered himself, his pistol going off in the struggle. Having succeeded in gaining a footing on the forecastle, the English freed the foresail ready for bending and hauling out to the yardarms, laying over the forestay; and this served for an excellent screen to these few daring men now on board.' By this time, the Spanish crew, at quarters on the main-deck, were firing away, not yet being aware they were actually boarded; but the Spaniards on the quarter-deck warmly disputed their post, and a fierce hand-to-hand encounter ensued, Captain Hamilton himself being wounded severely. At a critical moment, the marines from one of the cutters boarded, and gave a turn to the fight. They fired a volley down the after-hatchway, and then rushed below with fixed bayonets, driving sixty Spaniards into the cabin, and there securing them. The cables now were cut, and with the aid of the foretopsail and the boats, the *Hermione* was got under-way, and stood out of Puerto-Capello, despite the fire of the formidable batteries, which, however, cut up the rigging, and lodged some balls below the water-line. The boarding commenced at midnight, and by one o'clock all resistance ceased, and in another hour the prize was safely out of gunshot, and in full possession of the daring captors.

Only twelve British seamen were wounded, and none killed; but the Spaniards suffered the amazing loss of 119 killed, and 97 wounded—in all, 216, or above one-half of their entire crew! Even Mr James, who is usually so cool and guarded in expressing his opinions, and who is admitted to have written his great work with the nicest impartiality, cannot help warming when narrating the affair; and he justly and strikingly sums it up by saying, that 'the history of naval warfare, from the earliest time to this date, affords no parallel to this dashing affair: it was no surprise, no creeping on the sleepy unawares; the crew of the frigate were at quarters, standing to their guns, aware of the attack, armed, prepared, in readiness;

and that frigate was captured by the crews of *three* boats, the first success being gained by sixteen men. . . . The best record of this well-planned, well-executed, daring, gallant enterprise, is to be found in the Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital.' For this exploit, Captain Hamilton was knighted; the House of Assembly at Jamaica voted him a sword worth 300 guineas; and the Common Council of London voted him the freedom of the city. As to the *Hermione*, she was restored to her rank in the British navy, under the significant name of the *Retribution*.

Our next and concluding narrative of cutting-out is more modern in date, and the distinguished hero of it is yet, we are happy to say, living, full of years and honours. Lord Cochrane (since 1831, the Earl of Dundonald) has ever been reckoned unsurpassed for the very remarkable valour and daring skill displayed by him during many of the earlier and happier years of his naval career, prior to 1814, when his professional prospects were destroyed by the lamentable stock-jobbing hoax, in which, there is now every reason to believe, he was a mere dupe of scheming villains, and far more to be pitied than condemned. Up to that period, there was not a more active, skilful, and successful officer in the whole navy; in proof of which it is worth mentioning, that during the ten months he commanded the *Speedy* sloop of fourteen guns, he captured the vast number of thirty-three vessels, mounting in all 128 guns. This by the way. In 1818, he became commander-in-chief of the navy of Chili in South America, and soon afterwards occurred the brilliant affair which is the means of introducing him to the reader of this article. The Chilians, we must premise, were fighting for their independence against the Spaniards. Lord Cochrane anchored with some ships in the outer roadstead of Callao, and at the same time there lay in the inner harbour a large forty-gun Spanish frigate named the *Esmeralda*, and two sloops of war, with fourteen gun-boats, and other defences disposed around them, besides the protection of a formidable range of batteries ashore. The frigate was well prepared for defence; nevertheless Lord Cochrane determined to cut her out. For this purpose, he collected about 240 volunteers from his vessels, and placed them in fourteen boats, which, in two divisions, proceeded to carry out the desperate enterprise, commanded by his lordship in person, on 5th November 1820. The result may be given in the words of Captain Basil Hall:—'At midnight, the boats having forced their way across the boom, Lord Cochrane, who was leading, rowed alongside the first gun-boat, and taking the officer by surprise, proposed to him, with a pistol at his head, the alternative of "Silence or death!" No reply was made; the boats pushed on unobserved, and Lord Cochrane, mounting the *Esmeralda's* side, was the first to give the alarm. The sentinel on the gangway levelled his piece and fired, but was instantly cut down by the cockswain; and his lordship, though wounded in the thigh, at the same moment stepped on the deck. The frigate being boarded with no less gallantry on the opposite side by Captain Guise, who met Lord Cochrane mid-way on the quarter-deck, and also by Captain Crosby, the after-part of the ship was soon carried, sword in hand. The Spaniards rallied on the forecastle, where they made a desperate resistance, till overpowered by a fresh party of seamen and marines, headed by Lord Cochrane. A gallant stand was again made on the main-deck; but before one o'clock the ship was captured, her cables cut, and she was steered triumphantly out of the harbour, under the fire of the whole north force of the castle. The *Hyperion*, an English, and the *Macedonian*, an American frigate, which were at anchor close to the scene of action, got under-way when the action commenced; and in order to prevent their being mistaken by the batteries for the *Esmeralda*, shewed distinguished signals; but Lord Cochrane, who had foreseen and provided even for this minute circumstance, hoisted the same lights as the American and English frigates, and thus rendered it impossible for the batteries to discriminate between the three ships. The *Esmeralda*, in consequence, was very little injured by the shot from the batteries. The Spaniards had upwards of 120 men killed and wounded; the Chilians, eleven killed and thirty wounded.'

LIQUID INDIA-RUBBER.

A correspondent of a New York paper, writing from Para, in Brazil, says: 'There is a method in preparing the gum, which has recently been patented, and which differs essentially from the usual curdling. The milk, as drawn from the tree, is put into large glass bottles and demi-johns; a preparation of some chemical nature, which is a secret, is mixed with the milk, and the bottles are securely sealed. In this way the gum is sent to the United States. It curdles twenty-four hours after exposure to the air, and forms a pure, white, solid, and remarkably strong rubber. There is only one house in Para which has the secret of this receipt, as I learn, and a member of the firm gives his personal attention to the preparation of the article, some thousands of miles in the interior of the country.'

'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.'

20th April 1854.—SIR—Since the popular acceptation of the motto, 'knowledge is power,' is not deducible from anything Bacon ever uttered, would it not be well to explain how the remark became attributed to him? When I saw you notice it in your very intelligent Journal (February 2), I hoped others would have asked you to do this, and spared me the trouble of copying and translating the following extract. Speaking of the sources of heresy and religious error, Bacon has this passage (*Meditationes Sacræ de Hæresibus*, p. 747): 'Tertius gradus est eorum qui arctant et restringunt opinionem priorem tantum ad actiones humanas quæ participant ex peccato, quas volunt substantive, absque nexu aliquo causarum, ex internâ voluntate et arbitrio humano pendere, statuuntque latiores terminos scientiæ Dei quam potestatis: vel potius ejus partis potestatis Dei (nam et *ipsa scientia potestas est*), quâ scit, quam ejus quâ movet et agit; ut præsciat quædam otiose, quæ non predestinet et præordinet. Sed quicquid a Deo non pendet, ut auctore et principio, per nexus et gradus subordinatos, id loco Dei erit, et novum principium, et deaster quidam.' 'The third kind is that of those who restrain and confine the former opinion simply to the actions of men which partake of sin, which they will have to depend, directly and without any intervention of causes, upon the internal disposition and will of man, and who consider the limits of God's knowledge as more extensive than those of his power; or rather of that part of God's power—for even *knowledge itself is power*—with which he takes cognizance, than of that with which he moves and acts; as though God foreknew some things inactively, which he does not predestinate and foreordain. But whatever does not depend upon God, as its author and source, by subordinate links and steps, that will be in God's place, even a new principle and a certain little divinity.' Bacon, then, does say, knowledge is power; but he is speaking of God's knowledge, which he considers not less circumscribed than, and the same with, God's power. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton must have overlooked this passage, or he would hardly have said the aphorism was that of the Indexmaker, or have made the remarks he does in the note to Book iv., Chap. xix., of *My Novel*, as well as in Dr Riccabocca's conversation in that chapter.—I am, &c. GEO. H. BILLINGTON, M.A.

Westbury, Salop.

[In Bohn's edition of Bacon's Works, 2 vols., 1846, the passage occurs in vol. ii., p. 750.—ED.]

THE BEAM AND WHEEL EXPERIMENT.

With reference to this experiment, alluded to in 'The Month' (Science and Arts) for April, a correspondent suggests the following as a solution: 'If a beam is balanced, as stated, upon an upright standard, and any weight, whether wheel or not, is attached to one end, the beam will alter its position according to the weight attached; but mark, if it is a wheel that is attached, and that wheel is made to rotate rapidly, you *instantly* divide the weight of the wheel into *two equal parts*—one part going *downward*, and the other part going (by the velocity) *upward*; therefore, from this simple cause, *while the wheel is in rapid motion the beam will not lose its gravity*.'

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THE GLORIES OF SYDENHAM PALACE.

We read of some personage in past days that he awoke one morning and found himself famous. Sydenham is somewhat in the same position. Only a few short months ago, it was a quiet suburban village, in which the birds sang, the flowers and trees put forth their blossoms and leaves, the hills were green, the sky was clear, the air was calm and serene. In the neat villas around, the banker's clerk from Lombard Street, the shopkeeper from Cheapside or Fleet Street, the stockbroker from Capel Court, the wharfinger from Tooley Street, might have been found snugly located: men who came up by rail in the morning to the busy haunts of commerce, and went back in the evening to the comforts of a good dinner, and the easy quiet of a domestic fireside. But what is Sydenham now? It is true that there are still birds to sing, flowers to bloom, trees, hills, sky, villas, good dinners, and domestic firesides; but there is something besides all this. Sydenham has become famous; a thing to be talked about. There is not a nation in the world, we may almost venture to say, but to which Sydenham will by and by be familiar by name. Kosma Milokroschetchnoi, who sent some flax from Pudoj, in Russia, to the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park; Sofialioglou's daughter, who sent embroidered shawls from Constantinople; Christina Johnsdotter, who sent a skein of home-spun thread from some unpronounceable village in Sweden; Heltschi, who provided chamois-horn carvings from the Swiss Oberwyl; Johann Mitterbergen, who sent shoe-tips from a Styrian village—all will know the name of Sydenham in due time, when the newspaper has done its work in its wonted way. Our own private opinion is, that Norwood has been robbed of a fair chance of fame; that there is a *casus belli*, inasmuch as the new Crystal Palace belongs locally rather to Norwood than to Sydenham. Sydenham is in Kent; but Norwood is in Surrey, and so is the Crystal Palace. The Londoners may likewise ask: Why is it not nearer us, on whom it must depend? Why not have pitched it about a penny steam-trip up our beloved river? But it is too late now to object; the die is cast, and Sydenham has a career of renown marked out for it.

This truly wonderful and altogether unprecedented enterprise has already occupied a few of our pages. In two former articles,* the history and general character of the undertaking were traced, and the structure noticed so far as its most striking features are concerned. But the time has arrived for something more than this. Readers in every corner of the land ought to know in what way has been carried out the audacious—the grandly audacious—plan of spending a million sterling for shilling visitors. At the present moment, when the talk is of royal visits and inaugural ceremonies, let us endeavour to give a faint idea of the beauty and majesty of this transparent palace—unfinished portions notwithstanding.

From a multitude of hilly districts in Surrey and the surrounding counties, this Sydenham structure can be seen. From the summit of the round tower at Windsor, and from a particular part of the East Terrace when the sun shines at a certain angle; from Hampstead, and Highgate, and Primrose Hill; from Dartford; from Knockholt; from the Dorking Hills—the building can be seen, either in its bold outline or by the glitter from its acres of glass. From some points we see it 'end-on,' as the sailors would say, and then it is only a glittering square mass; from others we see the broad façade straight fronting us, and then the grandeur of the three transepts becomes manifest; but it is the diagonal or angular view which best rewards the spectator; the endless variations in the relation which the curved lines bear to the straight, give to the whole of the ironwork the charms of the most infinitely varied tracery-work; while the sunlight and the blue light of the sky, partly transmitted through and partly reflected from the glass, almost convey the idea of the structure itself being one enormous crystal. There are two or three points on the Croydon Railway whence the palace can be seen grandly projecting itself against the blue sky behind; for it is one of the merits of the scheme, that the building crowns a ridge which gives increased elevation to it, nobly lofty as it is in itself. When the visitor enters by the new-curved portion of railway through the park and grounds, he will do well to notice how new beauties of form develop themselves, as he views the east façade at a gradually varying angle. And those who trudge up the hill from the Anerley Station (Sydenham Station does not reward the wayfarer; for there is a walk of a mile before the palace can be seen at all), having the south-east angle of the building nearest to them, are enabled to appreciate the magnitude as well as the elegance of the structure; for there are houses in the road, the Lilliputian appearance of which as the palace towers above them, is not a little remarkable. Let not any one be frightened by the ugly brick chimney near the south end; this is only a temporary necessity, until the two towers are rebuilt. Those, too, who approach from the west, and who see how the building seems to rise bodily above the trees of Dulwich Wood and Norwood, can appreciate breadth and height better than by the study of yards, and feet, and inches. If, however,

* Second Series of C. E. J., No. 516, p. 321; No. 517, p. 342.

a calmly mathematical man should wish to test the magnitude of the building by means pleasurable to himself, there is ample opportunity; he will observe that the tiers or stories are about twenty feet high each, and the number of these superincumbent tiers will shew how lofty is the building; he will observe that there is a uniform eight-feet space from column to column, and the number of these spaces will indicate a total length of nearly a third of a mile; he will stand in front of the glorious central transept, and noticing that there are six tiers or stories before the springing of the semicircular roof commences, he will appreciate the height to which an arch of 120 feet diameter will carry the façade.

But we may safely defy any visitor to think much of feet and inches when he enters the building. He has other subjects for thought. While on the level of the floor, he has within view the lofty circular-headed terminations of the north and south façades, and the circular-headed terminations of the transepts on the east and west sides. The vaulted glassy coverings of these three transepts, and of the whole length of the nave, furnish the curved lines for the tracery, while the hundreds of columns and the thousands of sash-bars furnish the straight lines; and thus a most exquisite picturesque geometry—so to speak—is produced. It is this combination of so many curves with straight lines which gives to the Sydenham Palace one of its points of superiority over the Hyde Park Palace. And when an ascent is made to the higher tiers, this combination becomes still more varied. There are eight or ten staircases of majestic proportions, leading up to the first or grand gallery, which goes entirely round the nave and all the transepts; and there are lightsome spiral staircases leading thence upwards to a height of which nothing in the former building can give us any conception. After mounting about forty stairs or steps, we reach the great gallery just spoken of; thirty-two more bring us to a level, whereon there are galleries only at the ends of the transepts; thirty-two more, and we attain a narrow gallery, making the circuit of the building; thirty-two more—at the central transept—and we reach another partial gallery; thirty-two more, and a gallery is reached which encompasses the main transept, boldly crossing the nave at a dizzy height from the ground—a height measured by about 170 stairs or steps. We do not mention these numbers and heights as a matter of statistics; we refer to them only for the purpose of saying, that at each new elevation, the extraordinary interior of the building presents itself under a new point of view, a new phase of beauty. Every one knows that a circular curve becomes elliptical when viewed obliquely, oblate or prolate, as the case may be; and thus, at different angles and different heights, we have light and delicate lines—horizontal, perpendicular, circular, oblate, prolate—combining to form a skeleton framework of surprising beauty; and as all parts of these lines are coloured in the rich harmonious tints suggested by Mr Owen Jones, the effect is such as no mere description can convey. From one point we appear to have a perfect forest of columns spreading out before us; from another, we look along an arched vista 1600 feet in length; from another, we look upward to a vaulted transept which is in itself a veritable triumph of mechanical construction; while from the highest gallery we look down upon the pleasure-seeking pigmies spread about the acres of flooring below. Nor does the outer world cease to charm, for as the building is all window, the eye ranges over a larger and larger area of country as we ascend higher. On the west, Dulwich and Norwood appear at our feet, green fields and pretty villages occupy the middle distance for miles and miles, while spires and blue hills mark the boundary of a very distant horizon. On the east, there is Sir Joseph Paxton's splendid park spread out—a treat for many a summer-day's holiday, even if there were no Crystal Palace at all; the terrace near the building; the parapets and balustrades; the statues and urns; the grand flights of steps; the noble gravel-walks; the delicately arranged Italian garden, with its basins and fountains; the English garden, with its paths and beds, its rich flowers and plants; the grounds beyond the two gardens, with their trees and shrubs; the circular basins and their hundred-jetted fountains; the lake and the islands; the gigantic fossil animals; the geological and mineralogical constructions—all will one day present an extraordinary spectacle, as seen from the 100,000 square feet of window on the eastern façade; and even in their present partially finished state—for much remains to be done both within and without the building—we may travel far indeed before meeting with a parallel.

The pigmies whom, in the pride of elevation, we look down upon from the upper-gallery, are veritable men and women seeking for beauty, and finding it. The beauty which we have been hitherto admiring, is that of the building and its external accompaniments; but the ground-floor of the nave has that to display which is little dreamed of except by the small number of persons who have watched the progress of the works during the last few months.

Let us endeavour to convey an idea of the arrangement of the nave, by comparing it with that of the former Crystal Palace. We all remember—for no one can and no one ought to forget the old building, the child which was 'father to the man'—that in the Hyde Park structure, the centre of the nave was occupied by various large-sized articles of art and manufacture, and that on either side of these were courts and avenues, filled with the products of various nations in different branches of industry. At Sydenham, the nave is—or will be—occupied by ranges of sculptures, for which every corner of Europe has been ransacked. Between, and around, and among these will be basins, and fountains, and flowers—a very galaxy of beauty. On either side of the nave is a range of courts, each a complete architectural work in itself, and finished with a degree of elaboration almost unparalleled in recent times. The courts are about eighteen in number, some on one side, and some on the other of the nave. All the courts in the northern half of the building are architectural and sculpturesque; all those in the southern half—with one exception—are for the reception of industrial products. If we were required to name an average size for all the courts, we might perhaps say forty or fifty feet square each; but this is a question of figures which few persons will care to think about when roaming through these 'dazzling halls.' The courts all present a façade or frontage to the nave, as if they were eighteen distinct buildings, of which these are the exteriors; and the great point of interest is, that each one of these is totally different from all the others: a veritable architectural study in itself. Nearly all of them are complete in their isolation, having four frontages elaborately finished within and without; but the doorways and corridors are so arranged that a visitor can pass readily from one to another—his path, it may be, bordered with the shrubs and flowers which Sir Joseph has been storing up for us. As to the order of the courts, in respect one to another, we suspect that changes of plan have thrown a little discord into the matter. Why the Saracenic Court should intervene between the Assyrian and the Roman, or why the Pompeiian should be separated widely from all the others, does not by any means appear. If the Assyrian were placed close to the Egyptian, and the Pompeiian close to the Roman, there would be these two points of symmetry—that the various styles of architecture would succeed each other in proper order, northward up the west of the nave, and then southward down the east; and that while the

western courts would be all pagan, or rather, non-Christian, the eastern would be all Christian. This latter effect has been obtained; and if the former has been somewhat disarranged, we must infer that there have been difficulties in the matter which could not be surmounted.

Each of these courts is a book—a book bound in gold and colours. We can read the history of the past in its form and construction, its sculptures, its decorations, its inscriptions and emblems, its mosaics and fountains. It tells us a little of the domestic arrangements of a particular age, and much of the religion. Let the courts tell their story to us.

The Assyrian Court.—Here the name of Layard comes to one's thoughts in a moment. We remember how the labours of one man in the East have furnished the materials whence this gorgeous court has been constructed; and we cannot fail to acknowledge, that when the directors of the Crystal Palace sought the services of two gentlemen who have written and studied so much on the subject as Dr Layard and Mr Fergusson, they gave a liberal guarantee that the best which could be done would be done. And here we have the result. Recollecting that until Layard ferreted out Nineveh, it was nothing but a mound of earth-covered bricks, we may easily understand that supposition has had much to do with this Nineveh of the Crystal Palace. It is not a model of any particular building; it is a grand fiction, in which an attempt is made to shew how the ancient palaces and temples of Nineveh, Seleucia, and Persepolis, were adorned. The ponderous façade, with its square portals, exhibit to us the great human-headed winged bulls, the strange pillars above, with bull-headed capitals, and the bold cornice of dazzling colours. The interior has several compartments or courts, wonderfully unlike anything European; the pillars, the brilliant ceiling, and the copies from the bassi-rilievi now in the Nineveh rooms at the British Museum—all are strange, and significant of the past.

Egypt.—The names of Belzoni and Champollion, and a host of others, here occur to us. The constructors of this court have done much within a space of about 100 feet square. There is a small court with square pillars and lotus pillars. There is a larger court with eight colossal figures, a series of gorgeous pillars perched up on walls, and a multitude of hieroglyphics and paintings of chariots, soldiers, captives, eagle-headed men, birds, sphinxes, implements, tools, machines. There is a larger court, with pillars, and figures, and sphinxes; and a yet larger, with sixty-four columns painted in the most brilliant hues. The whole is, indeed, a sort of summary of different ages of Egyptian art, illustrated by the quadrangle of a temple, a rock-chamber tomb, a shrine of Ammon, a pyramidal gateway, a tomb from Beni-Hassan, a Nubian shrine from Ipsamboul, a cast from the Rosetta Stone. As for the grand avenue of sphinxes in the northern transept, and the two seated figures, seventy feet high, with which this avenue terminates, they must, to use a familiar phrase, 'be seen to be believed.'

Greece.—Art here appeals to us under another guise. It has been said that the expression of Assyrian art is Power; of Egyptian art, Repose; of Greek art, Beauty. The Greek department is represented by three or four courts and galleries, exhibiting the simple and chaste wall-decoration of that cultivated people. Some portions of these have richly painted and gilt ceilings; but the blaze of colours is much less intense than in the Assyrian and Egyptian Courts. The charm of these courts is, however, in the sculpture. Parthenon frieze, Ægina frieze, Parthenon pediment, the Laocöon, the Gladiator, the Venus dé Medici, the Discobolus, the numerous busts ranged around on every side—it is a school of Greek art in itself.

The Roman Courts are richer than the Greek, for art had become more ornate. We have here the arched entrances, which indicate a change from the square lintel of the Greeks; and the wall-adornments have also undergone a change. As the Roman emperors graced their palaces with the finest Greek sculptures which they could obtain, as relics of earlier days, so do the courts of this Rome at Sydenham possess Greek sculptures as well as Roman ones almost out of number; and exterior to the Greek and Roman Courts in the nave, is a further portion of this rich collection. These compartments are especially beautiful; they are square alcoved chambers, delicately painted, and each having a *chef-d'œuvre* of sculpture in the centre—the Venus Genitrix, the Apollo Belvidere, and the Diana.

Pompeii.—What a fate was that of Pompeii! A small pleasure-town on the sea-coast, buried in ashes from Vesuvius, left untouched for seventeen centuries, and then disinterred! The Pompeiian Court, which Signor Abate (employed by the king of Naples to superintend the excavations at Pompeii) has so skilfully constructed at Sydenham, is believed to be a scrupulously exact representation of a Pompeiian gentleman's house; with its porter's cell, its quadrangle with a fountain in the centre, and a square opening in the roof above; its dining-hall, its baths and kitchens; its bed-chambers around the principal quadrangle. More exquisite wall-painting has perhaps never been seen in this country. Every inch of surface is painted in encaustic, with those mythological and fancy subjects which the Romans so much loved. Nothing has been slurred; it was a labour of love to Abate; and every portion of wall is a picture in itself. The fountain and the marble mosaic take us at once in imagination to the sunny clime of Italy.

The Alhambra.—Here Owen Jones is in all his glory. If there be one subject which this artist has studied more than another, it is the Alhambra, the palace of the Moorish kings at Granada; and if there be one thing at Sydenham more gorgeously splendid than another, it is the mimic Alhambra. Words are quite inadequate to convey a notion of the sort of decoration which the luxurious Spanish Moors adopted. The delicate pillars, the bold horseshoe arches, the pendent foliage, the Arabesque beading, the frosted fretwork, the interlacing filigree, the full-toned colours, the admixture of gold with the colours—all have been faithfully reproduced at Sydenham. There is the Hall of the Lions, with its alabaster fountain, its thirty arches supported by slender columns, its fretwork ornamentation, and its arcade all round; and there are other halls, and corridors, and chambers, the elaboration of which is not less striking.

The Byzantine Art.—Pass we now over to the Christian side of the nave, so to speak, to see how Mr Digby Wyatt has illustrated Christian architecture. Before the period of what is called the Gothic or pointed style, a strange mixture was observable in Christian churches. The Byzantine style in the Greek or Eastern Empire, the Lombard style in Italy, the Romanesque style in France, the Norman style in England—were all made up of fragments from ancient architecture, mingled with new ideas. Mr Digby Wyatt has sought to illustrate all these curious varieties—not by a copy from any one building, but by casts and reproductions of specimens obtained from every part of Europe. Mosaics and frescoes, martyrs, saints, fauns, masks, centaurs, griffons, chimeras, Ionic volutes, Runic knots—all are included among the decorations of this transition period. There are a cloister from Rome, a fresco by Giotto, a bass-relief from Chichester Cathedral, a door from Kilpeck church, the Prior's Gate from Ely, bronze doors from Augsburg and Hildesheim, archways with twisted columns, fountains, mosaic pavements, gilt and glass twisted pillars—a very crowd of old-world specimens. They are bewildering at first to a visitor; but when the 'Handbook' appears—there will be separate

handbooks for each and all of the courts—the riches will doubtless be set forth in intelligible order.

Mediæval, Gothic, or call it what we may, must ever be noteworthy in a country possessing such noble old cathedrals as England; and Mr Digby Wyatt has done well to construct a Mediæval Court wherein to store the vast number of Gothic casts and specimens which he has collected. It is not a reproduction of any building, or any room in any building: it is an arrangement which has enabled him to give a cloister here, an arched entrance there, a Lichfield doorway further on, a tomb from Hereford, a sepulchre from Horton, a doorway from a Rhenish castle, an alto-rilievo from Mayence, an archway from Nürnberg, an extraordinary group of dancing manikins over a portal from Munich, statues from the splendid front of Wells Cathedral, canopies, parapets, kings, saints, nuns, abbots, knights, bishops. It is now fully admitted, after much controversy on the matter, that the architects and sculptors of mediæval times employed brilliant colours very liberally in their works; and Mr Digby Wyatt has fully carried out this principle wherever, by so doing, he could better convey an idea of the original appearance of the things represented.

Italian, Revived—Classical, Renaissance, Cinquecento—all are names for styles of architecture and decoration which marked and followed the decline of the Gothic. They were a strange mingling of different elements, of which our Elizabethan was one variety, and Palladio's Italian houses were another. Mr Digby Wyatt, in two distinct courts, has sought to illustrate an earlier and a later period of this style. Strange forms of pillars, gilt arabesque ornaments, medallions placed in wreathed borders, flower garlands, are mingled with other specimens in the earlier period. The later is graced by a cast from Ghiberti's wonderful bronze gates from a baptistery at Florence—gates on which he spent twenty of the best years of his life, and in which there are ten panels full of figures illustrative of Scripture narrative. The imitation of bronze in this plaster-cast, and in another from a celebrated doorway by Goujon, at Fontainebleau, is extraordinary for its fidelity; as is likewise that of the oak-panelling and carving of another old doorway. A basso-rilievo by Donatello, a painted ceiling from Perugia, a fountain from Nürnberg, the Visconti Monument, Donatello's David and St John, Michael Angelo's wonderful sculptures from the Medici Chapel at Florence, a corridor by Sansovino, the façade of the Farnese Palace—are among the varied illustrations with which Mr Digby Wyatt has crowded this court.

The reader will at once see how rich is the artistic feast which awaits him in all these courts, any one of which is a study in itself. But this is not all. The directors resolved that industrial art should have its courts as well as fine art; and the plan they adopted was an excellent one. They selected as many architects or artists as there are courts, and gave to each one full scope for developing some one complete idea, distinct from all the others; insomuch that, while the courts should be suitable for the display of the exhibited goods, each should be a beautiful work of art in itself. The result is most interesting; for we see how the different architects have associated their names with graceful constructions. There is Mr Crace's Stationery Court, with its bold Italian entrances, its inner cornice supported by carved brackets, and its Italian or semi-Lombard exterior. There is Mr Stoker's Sheffield Court, with its panelled walls to a certain height, and its delicate ranges of arched openings above. There is Mr Tite's Birmingham Court, with its magnificent bronze gates forming one side, and its carefully painted walls, in which little Cupids are mining and blowing, founding and forging, and imitating other departments of metallurgic labour. There is Mr Thomas's Musical-instrument Court, with its ranges of arched openings, its bold alto-rilievo medallions of eminent musical men, its bass-relief tablets of musical instruments, and its rich concave cornice. There is Messrs Banks and Barry's Court for printed fabrics, with its arched entrances, its rich cornice, and its emblematic ornamentation. There is Mr Semper's elaborate Court for woollen goods, a sort of massive Italian in character, but completely unlike everything else in the building.

Of the French Court, of the Modern Sculpture Courts and Galleries and Avenues, of the two beautiful marble basins in the nave, of the plants and flowers which Sir Joseph Paxton intends shall shed their beauty around and among everything else, of the birds, of the stuffed animals, of the life-size figures which are to illustrate the nations of the earth, of the contents of the galleries, of the laying out of the gardens, of the grand system of water-works, of the extraordinary pre-Adamite inhabitants of the islands in the lake—of all these we say nothing. We have two reasons for this: many of the details are even yet only partially worked out; and the space at our disposal is quite exhausted. No pretence is here made to produce anything like a guide-book to the building and its contents; but we have thought that, just about the time when a royal opening ceremonial is in every one's thoughts, our readers might like to know something of the beauty, the grandeur, the artistic delicacy, the glory of the Sydenham Crystal Palace—assuredly the most wonderful attempt ever yet made to provide ennobling pleasure on terms suitable to all the world.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RESULT OF THE LETTER.

In the meantime, he whose interest was at stake, whose fortunes seemed to hang upon the fate of the battle, and to whose rescue the generous artist hastened with the maddening slowness of a man ridden so heavily by the nightmare that he can only crawl when he fain would fly, was profoundly unconscious of every effort made to save or ruin him. Lord Luxton was in an agony of suspense, the very honour of his house, he thought, depending upon the delay of the letter; and yet every now and then he felt a qualm of terror at the part he had himself played, and the change of relations it might occasion between him and his indispensable daughter. Claudia was in a dream, the highest and grandest she had ever in her life indulged; but there were moments when the light forsook her eye and the colour her cheek, as some idea flashed across her brain of the possibility of accident. Robert alone was calm—without hope and without fear. He had seen Sara for the last time: the star of the Common had set for ever. He pursued the business that was before him, however, with a dogged resolution. That very day he saw the master of the ship in which he was to sail, to whom it was arranged that he should render certain services in return for his passage. He would not spare himself even for an hour: but there are faculties that are not entirely the slaves of the will; and when going homewards in the evening, he knew it would be vain to summon to the literary task before him those powers of invention and imagination that are obedient only to the practised author—and not always to him. He turned away, therefore, into one of the solitary roads of the outskirts stretching into the country, where even the hum of the mighty city is unheard, and where he could watch unseen the trooping stars taking their places in the sky—no longer for counsel but for doom.

When he reached home, everybody was in bed; and after a few hours of rest, he got up and went forth again, before the other denizens of the house were astir. It was a gray, chill morning, but before he had reached the Docks, the goal of his slow and solitary walk of many miles, the sun had already some power, and the busy population had come out like insects to creep, to toil, to gather, to buzz, to sting.

After his business was finished, he turned his steps westward, and, more from habit than anything else, called at Driftwood's studio in Jermyn Street, where he had been accustomed to receive his letters. He expected no letters now, however; his association with the world was at an end; and on being told that the artist was from home, he was turning listlessly away, when the servant requested him to step in, saying that she would bring him something that had come for him by post. He took the key of the studio mechanically, let himself in, and the girl presently brought him a letter addressed in a hand he was not acquainted with. It was a blank envelope, with an enclosure folded in blank paper; and this enclosure was a Bank-of-England note for one thousand pounds.

Robert imagined for a moment that he was in a dream; then his thoughts flashed rapidly to his generous benefactor, Captain Semple; and he at once set down the gift as coming from him—an idea in which he was confirmed by the very simplicity of the veteran's contrivance. Surely no less guileless human being could suppose it possible for him, who had no other friend in the world, to be deceived by such a stratagem. But to accept a sum, the alienation of which would reduce his only friend to almost absolute poverty in his old age, was not to be thought of; and with a swelling heart he proceeded at once to the lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, not so much to have his conviction confirmed as to the source of the money, as to ascertain how it could be returned in safety to the donor. Being intimately acquainted with the captain's affairs, he knew that it was quite impossible for him to have raised such a sum otherwise than by the sale of the house-property he possessed at the Common. His first question, therefore, had reference to this point, and he was astonished to find everything in statu quo —that the captain's small fortune was untouched.

A burning blush rose into the young man's face as he made this discovery. Sara was out of the question. Her whole property was only just enough to keep her in ordinary comfort; and a wild generosity like this would diminish it by much more than one-half, for in the present state of interest, such a sum could not be realised without a serious sacrifice. It had come, therefore, from the haughty Falcontowers! It was not an acknowledgment of his services, but an alms thrown disdainfully to his poverty. He was too mean and low, as they had told him undisguisedly, for the preferment they had intended for him, and this was the indemnification his taunts had extorted from their pride. Lord Luxton, he knew, was not at that hour at home. He was at his club; and thither Robert bent his steps, with a rigid compression of his lips, and a fierce determination in his eye, which made the more nervous of the piétons shrink aside as he passed. Sending in his card from the anteroom, he determined to wait there, if it should be for hours, till the peer came forth.

But his patience was not tried, for in a few minutes Lord Luxton sauntered into the room, with the newspaper in one hand, and his gold spectacles in the other. He bowed slightly and haughtily, and, without asking his visitor to be seated, said:

'You have come respecting the letter? What is the result?'

'That is the result!' replied Robert, putting the bank-note into his hand. The peer stared.

'Will you explain yourself?' said he. 'If you have received the appointment I applied for yesterday, well and good. If not, it is no fault of mine that the application is too late, as the ministry were unseated last night by mere accident. What is this?' and he looked at the valuable document with a surprise that could not be mistaken. Robert was confounded. He gazed into his ex-patron's eyes, and saw to the shallow bottom. There was no consciousness there. Lord Luxton obviously knew nothing of the money; and as for the appointment, that was a subject which Robert had dismissed from his mind, and he cared not a straw whether his lordship had spoken the truth respecting it or not.

'I find I have made a mistake,' said he; 'the bank-note I received an hour ago in a blank envelope, and I did you the injustice to suppose that you had taken this insulting mode of requiting the services you would not openly acknowledge. I beg your pardon, my lord —good-morning.' But as he was turning away, a new thought sent the blood once more to his brow. Claudia was generous—at times even noble-minded. Was it improbable—was it not certain—that on calm consideration she had taken a different view of the case from her father, and that she had had recourse to this truly woman-like contrivance to indemnify him, so far, for his disappointment, without betraying her own agency? The idea led him into a train of thought which brought out, and rendered luminous, various individual points in her conduct and manner interesting to his self-esteem, but till now confounded with the general mass; and Robert even fancied at the moment, that as the door shut upon his last memorable leave-taking, he had heard, amid the sound, a calling voice that thrilled through his brain, not so much like a woman's, as resembling the cry of those

> —— airy tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses!

Lord Luxton looked keenly at his agitated visitor; and the astute man of the world, instructed by his knowledge of the context of circumstances, read in his expression the new suspicion that had risen within his mind.

'Stay,' said he; 'I think I can assist you in unravelling this matter. A few days ago, when Miss Falcontower was at my law-agent's at Lincoln's Inn, she encountered the daughter, or niece, or something, of the gentleman by whom you were educated; and she was informed by the solicitor, that he had very reluctantly, and not without strong remonstrance, taken orders to sell as much of that young person's little patrimony as would produce one thousand pounds.' Robert sat suddenly down on a chair, for he felt as if about to fall; but when the peer, now at once reassured, stepped forward with real sympathy, he rose again as suddenly, smothering, with a mighty effort, a sob that swelled his chest almost to suffocation.

'My lord,' said he, 'I have already asked your pardon for my unjust suspicion: I now thank you from the bottom of my soul. The information you have given me cancels the debt that was between us—Farewell!' and he left the room with a steady step.

And this for me! said he to his own swelling heart, as he walked rapidly along the street—this for the outcast of the Common! My great, my noble Sara! And to think that the highest stretch of generosity I can make in requital, is to give her the pain of my rejecting her offered sacrifice, and then to desert her for ever! In the midst of his reflections he found himself, he knew not why or how, again at the door of the studio, and again he was told of another post-letter. It ran as follows:—

'Dear Bob—You will be surprised to hear from me so soon—and perhaps you did not expect to hear from me at all. But I must write what I have to say in few words, or I shall never get through, for I am not used

to it, and the pens are not so good now as we had them once on a day. Sara, besides, is not on any account to know of this, and the letter will be taken by myself to the post-office in the village—all on the sly.

'The fact is, you must come down: if you leave England without doing so—if it is only for a day or two—I shall never be able to forgive you—at least, I don't think so. Nobody can make any hand of Sara but you, for Elizabeth and I are not up to her; and she has fallen into such a lucination—I think my sister calls it that—as would astonish you. Sara, you know, has a nice little property of her own, just enough to keep her comfortable, and no more; but although this makes her comparatively rich, for she had nothing to depend upon before but the poor little trifle of pocket-money I could afford, she seems to have all on a sudden taken it into her head, that instead of rising into independence, she has fallen into the depths of poverty. Of course, she knows to the contrary, and talks grandly enough of her little fortune; but I mean, she goes on as if she was desperately poor—and, in short, dearly as I love Sara, I cannot help seeing that riches, instead of opening her views, have made her a sort of miser!

'She is up with daylight, working, working, working, when there is no need for it now. The gowns, and ornaments, and things she bought in London, she has hidden away, or else she changed her mind before leaving town, and sold them again. The new piano she ordered, and was in such a mighty impatience about, insisting upon its being here as soon as ourselves, has never come to hand; and she has taken such an affection for the old one, that used to put Elizabeth, not to talk of Miss Heavystoke, out of temper, that she says she is glad the people have disappointed her. The old gowns she had condemned she is now furbishing up, and piecing and darning; and she has refused an invitation to the vicar's, Elizabeth thinks, to save the wear of her evening-dress—if she has an evening-dress to wear.

'So you see, Bob, you must come down, and take her roundly to task in your own way. The thing is very serious, I assure you; for this sort of lucination grows upon one, and I have heard of people starving themselves to death, when they might have eaten guineas by the hundred. The poor girl, besides, is in indifferent spirits, which I daresay is a symptom; although Mr Seacole, who is here just now, does everything he can to amuse her, and sometimes takes her out to walk with him. Now do come, old fellow, for I am very uneasy. You know it was you who was Sara's master, not Miss Heavystoke; you taught her to think and feel differently from the other girls of the Common; and I am sure she wouldn't displease you in anything you were in earnest about, not for a thousand pound. So no more till we meet from

Your old friend and fencing-master,

NATHANIEL SEMPLE.

'*P.S.*—I hope I have explained myself; but Sara reminds me in a very remarkable way of a young ensign of ours, who was placed in precisely the same position, and fell into precisely the same lucination. No—he didn't come into a fortune, it is true; indeed he rather, as it were, lost one, and was thus reduced to live on his pay, which he couldn't do, and so was obliged every now and then to dine, as we soldiers say, with a friend in the country—that is, in a turnip-field. But I will tell you the story when you come down to the Common.'

This communication brought the nature of the love-sacrifice still more vividly into view. A sum of money is a very indefinite fact, and is regarded differently by different minds; but here we see stated distinctly the realities of which that is only in a vague and general sense the representative. Sara, by giving up her pecuniary independence, had devoted herself for his sake to a life of toil, retirement, poverty, and self-denial. She had relinquished the pleasures of society, the triumphs of youth and beauty, the gratifications of taste—content with the secret enjoyment of having done so for him! Robert, when he had finished the letter, allowed it to drop on the table, crushed his hands together as if in an agony of physical pain, and stood trembling from head to foot like a girl. But the will of the man was strong, and his power immense. To accept the sacrifice, and thus set the comfort and happiness of Sara's whole life upon the cast, would be weakness or worse; to refuse it—to trust to the influence of years in calming the regrets of her heart, and in the meantime to fling himself headlong into the mêlée, and strive desperately, frantically, with Fortune for her blessing, even as the patriarch of old strove with the angel of the Lord—was demanded by stern, ruthless, uncompromising principle. This hardness of character, for so it must be termed, was perhaps pardonable in him—the rescued vagrant—the regenerated child of sin, guilt, and infamy—the refined and accomplished gentleman, whose heart was seared from boyhood with recollections that made him recoil with a shudder from the lightest suspicion of dishonour. But we have no intention to defend him. The human heart at the best presents a fearful spectacle; and few suspect the close and sisterly relationship that exists between the genii who govern it—Vice and Virtue.

While he was still in the midst of the agitation of the conflict, the door of the studio suddenly opened, and Mr Driftwood almost tottered in, his face flushed, and his brow streaming with perspiration.

'Where's that boy?' cried he—'never mind!' and he threw himself into the sitter's chair like a subsiding wave. 'Thank goodness!' he muttered—'I could not have done twenty yards more for my life. Oaklands, this was unkind: you young fellows never think of your friends. I waited for you at Margery's last night for two hours—I did, upon my honour: I hung on to the last drop of the half-pint. Where you could have been at so untimely an hour it is no business of mine to inquire, but I fear you are not so steady as I could wish you.'

'You see me now,' said Robert, in an absent tone.

'Yes; but I ought by rights to have seen you hours ago, for I went up to Margery's on purpose as soon as it was light enough to find my way. Of course you were off. Your bed had been lain in—I suppose for five minutes, at the time when, as they say in the play, night was at odds with morning which was which; and Margery was sure you would return to breakfast. Of course you didn't; and then the old girl got alarmed, and went wringing her hands through the house as if they were to be clear-starched, and said she was sure you were off to Australia, just to dodge your destiny, escape the denowment, and break her heart. Well, well, I hope the letter will make amends for all,' and he began to search the pockets of his coat seriatim.

'What letter?' demanded Robert.

'Oh, I'll tell you about that;' and he resumed his gossipping attitude. 'You must know I looked into the Chequers yesterday, just to have a glance at the morning paper. Well, there were two individuals there, Mr Poringer and Mr Slopper; and I saw the former, while the other was out of the room, fumbling with the clock—putting it back as it turned out. I am of course shy of talking to such persons, a modern master being in quite a different position; but you may guess how I pricked up my ears when I gathered from their conversation, that Mr Slopper was carrying a letter in your favour from the Falcontowers to the Home Office, and that Mr Poringer was sent after him by Lord Luxton, without his daughter's knowledge, to prevent its delivery before five o'clock. Upon this point the two individuals quarrelled, and Mr Slopper, if he had not been on duty, would fain have had a tussle with the

enemy. I made a sign to him not to balk his inclination; he understood what I would be at; and, in short, when Mr Poringer, with a scornful look of defiance, left the room for the back-yard, he gave me the letter, and I ran with it like a lamplighter. Well, you see, after all I was too late.'

'Too late! Did you not talk of'——

'Hush, hush! I was too late. And so'——

'If you have a letter in reply, give it me instantly!'

'Well, there it is: but don't put me out. It was after five before I reached the Home Office; but seeing a gentleman coming down the steps, I put the dispatch into his hand at a venture. He opened, read it, and looked as if he was inwardly shaking his head and bending his brows; but there was another enclosed—addressed in a lady's hand, I could see—and when he read that, he paused, hesitated, and then walked back into the office, desiring me to follow. In ten minutes I had the answer safe in my breast-pocket, and came off in triumph.' Here the artist paused to observe his friend. Robert had rapidly glanced over the missive, and it was hard to tell at first the nature of the emotion it produced. But gradually the shock assumed the character of joy and exultation, chastened with thankfulness and a kind of awe.

'Then it is all right?' said Driftwood. 'Am I to wish you joy?' Robert could not speak yet, but he grasped the artist's hand, and shook it with a vehemence that made him hollo.

'Come, I say,' cried the victim, 'that will do! This is the hand that paints, and if you put it out of order, you will receive no thanks from posterity, I can tell you. But just be quiet, will you? and let me conclude. It was of course proper to see Mr Slopper, to let him know how I had succeeded, before going on the hunt after you. The Chequers, however, was overflowing, and it was some time before I could ascertain that both the champions were off. In the absence of the principals, their seconds, Jim the Potboy and Taproom Tom were the heroes of the day, and every individual who entered the house considered it his bounden duty, somehow, to treat them to drink. Their account of the duel was favourable to both parties, each praising his own man: but, to speak conscientiously, I think it was a drawn battle. However, as the evening went on, the voices of both got more and more spongy and inarticulate. The Potboy, indeed, was able to take out even the late beer, but only as a machine, for by that time he was speechless; and Tom, towards the close, performed the taproom duties pretty much like a man walking in his sleep, till he incautiously sat down and rested his head against the wall, which held him fast till the next morning.'

But the artist rattled on to inattentive ears. Robert was striding up and down the floor, like a caged lion whose every step would have been a bound if space had permitted. The suddenness of the change, in fact, almost unfitted him for serious thought. His joy for a time resembled the exultation of youth, rejoicing it knows not why, in the mere consciousness of existence. But by degrees he was able to comprehend his happiness, and at every examination the more perfect and wonderful it seemed. The official announcement of his appointment did not mention the name of Lord Luxton at all. The post was conferred upon him personally, in acknowledgment of admitted claims; and he was thus saved the contest that would have taken place in a mind constituted like his, as to the propriety of accepting a favour repented of by the patron and intended to be withheld. To whom was he indebted for a delicacy which enhanced so immensely the value of the gift? Robert stopped suddenly, as if transfixed by an arrow in the midst of his headlong strides. A thousand minute circumstances flashed upon his memory which shewed that Claudia, in the midst of all the caprices of her haughty and self-willed nature, had indulged some gentle and kindly feeling for him; he remembered the transitory character of her flashes of temper, and the womanly and touching submissiveness with which she had on various occasions listened to his serious remonstrance; and again the calling voice at the close of the last interview shrieked in his ears, and without losing the preternatural, assumed more and more of the real. When Robert resumed his walk, it was more slowly, less exultingly.

'Well,' said the artist, who had been watching him attentively, 'have you got it over? Do you see your way?'

'Partly,' replied Robert; 'but there is nothing certain under the sun. I must now go to pay my grateful thanks where they are due; then to make poor Margery the happiest woman alive; and then'——

'Where then? You stop as if you had lost yourself somewhere.'

'Where I was once found. I must go to ascertain whether the mist has really cleared on Wearyfoot Common!'

His first visit—to the mansion of Lord Luxton—had the result he half anticipated. Not at home. A note, however, had been left for him, in anticipation of his call, and it was with profound emotion he read the cold formal words it contained, written as usual by Claudia, and as usual in a calm, clear, flowing, unimpassioned hand. It ran thus: 'Lord Luxton and Miss Falcontower congratulate Mr Oaklands on having obtained his appointment. They regret being unable to do so personally, being on the eve of setting out on a foreign tour.'

Mrs Margery was in reality made the happiest woman alive—and the proudest. The beginning, at least, of the dénouement had arrived, and although this was somewhat different from her prophetic anticipations—what about it? Was there not position, fortune, independence, and what more would you have in the cards? A marriage, of course. That she had known from the very beginning; that would come next as sure as fate; and that would end the dénouement. What a cheerful tea they had, to be sure! and how grand Mrs Margery was, with a cap that was the ne plus ultra of clear-starching, and her best china on the table, not to talk of the thin bread and butter and the hot muffins, with their own delicate taste enriched with the freshest of fresh butter! As Doshy—who was not long out of the secret—looked at Robert, her eyes imitated the astonishment of Molly's; and she would not for the world have sat down in his presence, even in her customary place near the door. After tea, however, he hurried away from his triumphs to the terminus at Euston Square; and in due time was rushing, at a speed more than three times that of the best appointed stage-coach, towards Wearyfoot Common.

'Mr Seacole does everything he can to amuse her, and sometimes takes her out to walk with him.' These words from the captain's letter, Robert kept mechanically repeating. What harm was there in them? He did not know. Sara was in the very midst of her love-sacrifice for *him*; he knew her nature to be full of truth and nobleness; and yet the words came again and again, like some air one cannot get rid of. As the night wore on, however, and he came nearer and nearer the part of the country where his fate was to be decided, the unreasonable sound was gradually drowned in a sweeter, loftier music. He pictured to himself the beautiful shame of Sara when she found that her secret was discovered—her passionate surprise when her gift was gratefully accepted—and her generous delight, untarnished by a thought of self at the moment, when she knew the rich and honourable fortune that had been showered upon her lover. His reflections were hardly interrupted by the slow pace to which the headlong speed of the train declined as they were arriving at the last station; but he turned his eyes mechanically

towards another train that was just leaving the place on its townward journey. A traveller was at the window gliding slowly past him, and the recognition was mutual. The face of the one was radiant with joy; that of the other was illumined with a glare of rage and mortification. This was the last look that passed between Robert Oaklands and Adolphus Seacole.

ASPIRATION AND ACHIEVEMENT.

One evening in the spring of 1819, Thomas Moore wrote in his diary as follows:—'The sunset this evening was glorious: the thoughts that came over me while I looked at it, of how little I have done in the world, and how much my soul feels *capable* of, would have made me cry like a child, if I had given way to them; but surely there *is* some better sphere for those who have but begun their race in this.' The discrepancy between aspiration and achievement here expressed, is a thing which has been frequently lamented: most persons of any sensibility have at some time been troubled with a sense of it; yet notwithstanding all the manifold regrets it has occasioned, nobody appears to be benefited by the contemplation of former failures, but every new adventurer in the pursuits of life repeats the old experience. To a limited apprehension, it would seem as if the greater part of the existence here allotted us were little more than an apprenticeship to the business of living; and that if ever we come to understand our authentic position and relations in the world, and how our time and talents might have been wisely and most effectually employed, it is at a stage of life when the journey is drawing to a close, and hardly an opportunity is left us to turn what we have been learning to account.

Are we to suppose, then, that the life of man is essentially a failure? Were we created but to be baffled in our efforts to accomplish what all our instincts and intuitions urge us so imperatively to attempt? Plainly enough, men everywhere fall short of what they hope for, and what they aim after; it is the universal lamentation that the promise of existence is never realised; but are we, therefore, to conclude that life is utterly a delusion, and that it is impossible to achieve the objects which, as active and discerning beings, we seem destined to pursue? Is it rationally conceivable that we are doomed by an inexorable Necessity to spend our strength in vain, and, in aiming to reach the heights of our desires, must for ever advance only to be prostrated by the force of hostile circumstances?

Life can never have been enforced upon us on such unfair conditions. That which we have been sent into the world to do, we are assuredly competent to perform. The Ideal of our existence undoubtedly admits of being wrought into a practical result, of taking shape and embodiment as a satisfactory realisation. What the Divine Power has proposed as the end of human life, that, in the nature of things, must be actually attainable: for it is held as a fundamental principle, that God has ordained the wellbeing of humanity; and if this be a right conclusion, it must also be admitted that men are endowed with such capacities as are needed for the fulfilment of the divine intention. Without this adaptation of the constitution of human nature to the order and arrangements of the material creation, and to such moral conditions as men are appointed to be conformable, there would be no happiness or wellbeing possible to mankind: men would be as unrelated aliens in the universe, cursed with faculties which they could not exercise, and exposed to an unequal conflict with external powers, which must end only in their own confusion and defeat. Thus their destiny would be one of unmitigable misery: not the welfare, but the everlasting perplexity and despair of the human race would seem to be decreed; and over the portals of existence might be written, as above the gates of Dante's hell—

Abandon hope, all ye that enter here!

It is our faith, at least, that God has built the world and created man for an end worthy of himself, and that in his wisdom he has not failed to provide the means by which the end may be accomplished. Undoubtedly, the powers of humanity are equal to all the tasks and duties required of it, and to the ultimate attainment of the grandest destination. In himself are centered all the attributes and faculties which, being appropriately developed, are essential to a man's practical wellbeing. No portion of his constitution has been assigned to him without its corresponding use and adaptation. His wildest desires only indicate the range of his capacities. He has no thought or hope which points not to a possible accomplishment. He is born for the exercise of power, for conquest and dominion over the forces of external nature, for the command and government of his own riotous propensities, and for the general discernment and adoption of truth, order, and perfection. Small as he may look against the mass and incommensurable variety of the universe, he is invested with a potency of intellect and will which, considered in its results, may be justly pronounced august, and even splendid. Look how, through successive generations, he has changed the face of the visible creation: how different the aspect of the world since the days when the race began first to explore and work in it! The aggregate of achievement here is literally incalculable! It was not all barren, that toil and enterprise of the foregone years and ages which we briefly denominate the past. Through difficulty and danger, man has wrought and suffered, and left imperishable works behind him. The visible realised world of towered cities, of nations, monarchies, republics, and other manifold institutions, are all the product of his expansive brain and active hands, and, defective as they look in some respects, are grand enough to do him honour. Let us not disparage this wondrous being in whose image we are formed, and whose glorious breath we breathe; nor deny to our buried ancestry the homage which befits that worth and excellency whose memorial-stones are standing where last they worked and fell. For the habitable globe is in some sort the shrine and temple of the departed ages, and therein is gathered all the suffering and laborious dust that was spent in building it to the height and circumference of its visible magnificence!

Man, we repeat, is great, and equal to the destiny before him. Doubtless, in past times, he has consummated many errors, and in every successive day of his prolonged existence he is still liable to mistake and failure; but, taking the measure of his blunders over a reasonable range of time, it will be seen that he steadily advances. The errors of 500 years ago were something very different from the ordinary shortcomings of to-day. A constant progress is visible in the ideas, the institutions, and moral tendencies which successively take possession of the world; and through the prevailing influence of the ascendant principles, our humanity goes forward towards the perfecting of its nature. Whatsoever seeming retrogressions there may be, in the final comparison of the ages there is an undeniable advancement. And this is the consequence of an increasing and clearer knowledge of the ordained conditions of human life, and of a more strict obedience to the laws by which our existence is overruled. A perfect conformity to those conditions would result in the actual realisation of human welfare. Man would be no longer frustrated in his strivings after happiness, but in mind, body, and estate he would reach the full completion of his powers, and derive from their employment a whole and perfect satisfaction.

All shortcoming and imperfection in the ways of

human life, are the consequence of an insufficient adaptation of our nature to the appointed conditions of wellbeing. As an acute thinker has observed: 'Every suffering incident to the human body, from a headache up to a fatal illness—from a burn or a sprain to accidental loss of life, is traceable to the having placed that body in a situation for which its powers did not fit it. Nor is the expression confined in its application to physical evil; it comprehends moral evil also. Is the kind-hearted man distressed by the sight of misery? Is the bachelor unhappy because his means will not permit him to marry? Does the mother mourn over her lost child? Does the emigrant lament leaving his fatherland? Are some made uncomfortable by having to pass their lives in distasteful occupations, and others from having no occupation at all? The explanation is still the same. No matter what the special nature of the evil, it is invariably referrible to the one generic cause—want of congruity between the faculties and their spheres of action.'* To diminish the evil or discomfort of their situation, whatsoever the situation may chance to be, men must approach closer to the ideal law of their constitution—must seek, in short, to adapt their aims and purposes to the unchangeable conditions on which human welfare, and the success of its varied interests, are in the nature of things dependent.

From the platform of this idea, we are readily enabled to apprehend the uses of aspiring inclinations. Their very presence in the mind would seem to indicate a natural and effective function; and this, on consideration, will be found to be the fact. The office of aspiration, as we take it, is to stimulate exertion, to induce the man to unfold the powers that are latent in his nature, and thus to bring him eventually to a state of mind and character whereby the ends of his creation may be answered. Whoever earnestly desires to accomplish anything of eminent note or service in the world, may be usually considered as thereby giving token of a probable capacity in that direction. The capabilities of man foreshadow that which he should do: every tendency within him has reference to the ends of his existence, and may be developed to the extent of its limitations, in working out the purposes of a rational activity. The nature of this activity is indicated by the leading aptitudes of the individual, which ought to determine the specialties of his education, and direct him toward pursuits in which he can most effectually manifest his powers. By endeavouring to realise his aspirations, he will best fulfil the objects of his being. To every man it may be said: Follow thy genius, that glowing load-star of thy destiny, and it will shine on thee as thou journeyest with a never-fading radiance, and guide thee through all untoward and perplexing paths, to the vocation and the duty which befits thee! Our life is so marred and fruitless, because we miss the work that is most appropriate to our faculties, or perversely labour in the pursuit of objects that are not accordant with the authentic ends of our existence. Could every man apply himself to employments which are most suited to his capabilities, and, in his appointed calling, work only with a view to serviceable, sincere, and ennobling results, the measure of his achievement might still perchance fall short of his original aspirations; but, being commensurate with his powers, and conformable to the eternal laws, it could not fail to yield him that assurance of security and contentment which by necessity proceeds from all faithfulness of action. As the very extravagance of our desires is designed to serve a purpose in our constitutional economy, it will be found eventually that the aspiration is no further in excess than is requisite for securing a sufficiency of achievement—that the one transcends the other just as the highest wave of the tide dashes further upon the shore than the rest of the waters will afterwards advance.

That discrepancy between the desire and the accomplishment, which was noticed at the beginning, in so far as it implies actual failure of performance, is the plain and natural consequence of a non-observance of the conditions of success. Aspiration may be misdirected; as when a man, under the influence of vanity or ambition, aims to achieve something beyond the compass of his faculties; or when actuated by impure and contracted motives, he seeks after a selfish or debasing gratification. If, after years of painful and unrewarded effort, he should find all his plans of aggrandisement or pleasure unsuccessful or unsufficing, it becomes him to understand that he has been working in wrong directions, for objects and purposes that have no reference to his individual wellbeing, and which are therefore incapable of yielding him any abiding satisfactions. It is not for *him* to complain of the emptiness of life, or of the delusiveness of human expectation; for his perverted existence has had no substantial hold on Nature; and her recompenses are stringently reserved for such only as live in conformity with her laws. Had he lived for Nature's ends, and thus partaken of her benefits, he would not have profaned her majesty by questioning the perfection of her ordainments. The wisdom and celestial beauty that are in her would have won his love and admiration, and thrilled his soul with a sacred and impassioned thankfulness. Working in accordance with her tendencies, he might have realised whatever hope or yearning was grounded in his character, and made his life the manifestation of his noblest aims and strivings. When a man is true and faithful, 'his ambition is exactly proportioned to his powers.' He will aspire only after that which is possible to his genius, and be content with the result which he can wring from his best exertions. Nothing more can be required of him; and by nothing less can he be justified at the tribunal of the universe. Yet let us not account too much of the offences of error and shortcoming which needs must happen while we remain in this probationary state; for these are often but as the casual falls and stumblings of a runner well intent upon the race; and the goal of well-doing may be reached, and the prize achieved, notwithstanding the accidents of the course. When the inner purpose of a life is true, it will not be materially impaired by occasional details of defect. From the divine act of repentance a profounder faith may spring, and, through renewed effort and persistency, the lost ground may be recovered. A man will not advance himself by indulging in unavailing retrospections, nor anywise better his estate by deploring his instability. The authentic objects of his life are to be gained only by present action, by doing here and now that which has hitherto been left undone, and thus progressively atoning for the deficiencies of the past. Neglected opportunities may never again return, but always the possibilities of to-day are such that at least something may be done. By steadily pursuing the Ideal, when the soul is once open to discern it, a man undoubtedly ascends nearer to that perfection for which his awakened nature longs, and in the round of his development fulfils his appointed destination.

And there is finally, as Moore says, the consideration that some other sphere awaits us, where perchance we may start on a new career, instructed by the experiences of this, and be permitted to work out our incomplete endeavours. The soul, in its yearning after a perfect life, and an unfailing blessedness, instinctively believes in immortality, and earnestly looks thitherward for the consummation of its hopes. Wondrous and beautiful as is this our sublunary existence, considered as a scene for labour, discipline, moral culture, and reasonable enjoyment, it is yet so circumscribed by pains and dangers, so interfused with cares

* Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics*, p. 59.

and sorrows, so perplexed by doubt and difficulty, that altogether it would seem to suggest to us the need and certainty of another state, of larger and less encumbered adaptations, wherein the enfranchised soul of man may act with greater liberty, and realise more commensurate and enduring results. How grand a consolation does such a faith afford us! Whosoever in this hour groaneth under intolerable burdens, to him it gives assurance of an ultimate liberation. Under whatsoever hardship, privation, or disappointment it may be thy present lot to suffer, a day is coming when it will all be ended; when thy battered argosies of adventure on this troublous time-element shall be anchored in eternal harbours, and thyself landed on the unchanging shore, where the sky is never ruffled by storm or cloud, and the unobstructed sun shines on in splendour and serenity for ever!

PRISONERS OF WAR.

Prisoners of war! Alas, how many hearts were almost daily wrung at that brief announcement of the fate that had befallen those dear to them during the great struggle which terminated forty years ago! We, of a later generation, know little of the meaning of the words beyond what we have learned from books, and in conversation with those of our seniors who yet survive, to relate their sad and thrilling reminiscences of the last European war. Once more, three of the greatest powers in the world are engaged in conflict; but the whirligig of time brings about strange changes; and England and France, no longer deadly enemies, fraternise to chastise the mighty northern power which so materially aided Britain and her allies in consummating the overthrow of Napoleon the Great. Erelong, it is almost a matter of certainty that thousands of prisoners of war will be made on both sides; and without speculating at all as to their probable treatment, it will be interesting to refer to the condition of such victims of what our gallant Gallic friends coolly call *la fortune de la guerre*, towards the termination of the last general war. In doing this, we are, of course, not actuated by the slightest desire to resuscitate slumbering or forgotten national animosities—we merely wish to convey a little information on the subject as a matter of history. We have taken some pains to gather materials of a reliable nature, and believe that whatever we have occasion to state, may be received as generally authentic.

Among our earliest personal reminiscences is one, which, although trifling in itself, is yet significant and pertinent to our present theme. Our mother had a curious work-box, composed of flattened and stained common straw, glued on thin slips of deal, in a very ingenious and elegant fashion; and much did it excite our admiration when a child. To our inquiries respecting it, she told us that it was wrought by one of the French prisoners of war confined—if we remember aright—at Weedon Barracks, in Northamptonshire—a famous depôt for these unfortunate men, several thousand of whom were at one time incarcerated there. The French are proverbial for their ingenuity; and when prisoners of war, they were accustomed to fabricate, out of the commonest materials, an immense variety of pretty little articles of utility or ornament. The work-box alluded to was made from a bit of fuel-wood, and the straw of the poor captive's bed; and many highly ingenious toys and knickknacks were fashioned, we have heard, out of the larger meat-bones which the prisoners' teeth had previously well polished. The painful tedium of captivity was mitigated by these employments, and the articles produced were sold to visitors; the money thus earned enabling the prisoners to purchase the comforts and necessaries of which, in many instances, they were in pressing need. It was generally remarked at the period, that the bulk of the English prisoners of war in France never turned their hands to any account in a similar way, and hence it was broadly inferred that the English were decidedly inferior in ingenuity and industry to the French. This is only partially true. In the first place, those English soldiers and others who had been bred to sedentary or handicraft trades, such as tailoring, shoemaking, cabinet-making, &c., pursued them in captivity, if circumstances permitted; and secondly, we are assured on very excellent authority, that it was useless for those prisoners who were not of any regular trade, to exercise their skill in the same way as Frenchmen did in England, for the simple reason, that there was no market for their productions, as the French people living near the dépôts were too poor to purchase such things, or were indisposed to do so. Otherwise, knowing as we do how ingenious and quick to learn any light kind of handiwork English sailors usually are, we feel confident that they, at least, would have preferred earning a little pocket-money to spending their time in idleness. We recollect reading in the newspapers, that a certain noble English duke not long deceased, had the misfortune to be detained a prisoner of war in France for the space of four years, and from some cause not being able to obtain remittances from his friends, he is said to have actually learned tailoring, and by the exercise of shears and needle maintained himself! Whether this is true or not, we cannot say; but at anyrate it is certain that many English gentlemen were compelled by circumstances to labour in different ways for their support during a detention which in some cases lasted nearly a dozen weary years.

Towards the conclusion of the war, the number of French prisoners in Great Britain averaged at least 70,000. Of this immense body, many had been captives from the renewal of the war—after the brief and delusive peace of Amiens—in 1803. The majority were of course sailors and soldiers, the civilians being chiefly passengers taken in ships. Officers, and civilians entitled to rank as gentlemen, were allowed to reside on parole within assigned limits and on certain conditions; and if they did not sanguinely anticipate a speedy termination to the protracted war, they at least looked forward with hope to the possibility of being exchanged for Englishmen of corresponding rank, prisoners in France; and as they were generally kindly treated and well received in good society, their position, although painful to men of spirit who longed to distinguish themselves in their several professions, was at least endurable, and, in some few cases, happy enough. One French prisoner of high rank, whose name we cannot at this moment recall, was, during the greater period of his detention, an honoured guest of the Duke of Devonshire, at his princely seat of Chatsworth, in Derbyshire; and on subsequently visiting the duke, after the conclusion of the war, he is said to have declared, that the happiest period of his life was when he was a prisoner on parole in England. From 1803 to 1814, several hundreds of French commissioned officers broke their parole, and escaped from England. The number of English officers who acted in a similarly discreditable manner, and escaped from France, was proportionately much smaller. The common soldiers and sailors were of course not admitted to parole, but were confined in barracks and prisons, where they managed to beguile the tedious hours of captivity—which in their case was anything but a light affliction—by games of amusement, and by occupying themselves as they best might in the little industrial

employments before mentioned. From 1803 to 1814, both inclusive, 122,440 French prisoners were brought to England (the majority came in 1808, 1809, 1810); and of these, 10,341 died in prisons; 17,607 were exchanged, or sent to France invalids on parole; and the residue were liberated at the peace.

As to the distribution of these prisoners in depôts, it will suffice to record that, in September 1813, fourteen prison-ships at Portsmouth harbour held 9227; Fortune Prison, near Portsmouth, 3972; Dartmoor Prison, 6572; and other large prisons, each contained several thousands. The French prisoners dreaded nothing more than to be put on board the hulks or prison-ships, for many doleful and ridiculously exaggerated pictures of the condition of captives in these vessels were industriously circulated by French writers; but in reality, the treatment of prisoners on board them was far from intolerable. Some degree of severity was unavoidable, but the prisoners were humanely treated on the whole, and their allowance of food was larger in quantity and superior in quality to that of English prisoners in France. The prison-hulks were great ships of the line, and were cleared of all obstructions on each deck, so as to be as roomy and airy as possible, and they usually received 600 to 800 prisoners each; so that, even adding the guard, a three-decker, clear of all lumber, might contain some 900 men without much overcrowding. The officers in charge paid great attention to keeping the decks clean and dry, the prisoners' bedding well aired, and the ship thoroughly ventilated; and the result was, that the number of sick at one time did not average 2 per cent.—much less than in many of the prisons on shore. We do not mean to deny that French prisoners occasionally suffered cruel and indefensible treatment; but such cases were exceptional, for the government issued strict and minute orders for the due control and humane regulation of the unfortunate captives. Much would, of course, depend on the personal character of the chief officer in charge of a hulk, or the governor of a shore-prison; for if he were a harsh and cruel man, he could, and, we fear, in some instances, did render the existence of the poor fellows committed to his charge miserable in the extreme. We conclude this part of our subject by mentioning, that the dress worn by the French soldiers and sailors in our hulks and prisons, and in which the majority of them returned to their own country, consisted of coarse yellow trousers and jacket, and a red waistcoat; this degrading species of uniform being adopted to lessen their chances of escape, by rendering them easily recognisable.

Now let us cross the Channel, and see how matters were managed in *la belle France*. We never met with any reliable account of the average number of English prisoners in France during the last war, but believe that 20,000 or 25,000 may be taken as the maximum; and of these a considerable number were travellers and temporary residents, who were most unjustifiably detained by the great Emperor, whose conduct in this respect naturally has excited much indignant comment. These *detenues*—officers of the army and navy, masters and mates of merchantmen, and passengers in the latter—were all admitted to parole in France under certain restrictions. English prisoners, both those admissible to parole and those doomed to personal confinement, were sent to fortified towns far in the interior—in some cases, even under the shadow of the Pyrenees—in order that distance from the coast might reduce to the minimum their opportunities of eventual escape. Yet, in spite of this, not a few did contrive to triumph over every obstacle, and reach England after many hardships and dangers. All prisoners were escorted to their appointed depôts by gendarmes, who, by the way, were fine picked soldiers, who had seen much service in the army, and were of two classes—one *à pied*, and one *à cheval*. Owing to the distance of most of the depôts from the coast, the journey of the prisoners—generally performed on foot—often occupied many days, and was accompanied with every species of hardship. Moreover, these gendarmes were nearly always severe, and often brutal, in the exercise of their plenary powers. They not unfrequently handcuffed the prisoners — officers, men, and passengers indiscriminately—and compelled them to march under this degrading restraint, being themselves held responsible for the safe delivery at the depôt of all intrusted to their charge.

Prisoners on parole were free in the town assigned for their residence—having merely to report themselves and attend muster, and be ever at hand when required—but were not allowed to wander in the locality beyond assigned limits, or to be absent during the night. If they transgressed, their indulgences were restricted, or altogether withdrawn; and if they attempted to escape—committing the moral crime which stigmatised them as *evades de parole*—and were retaken, they were usually sent to share the hard lot of the common prisoners. Otherwise, if they conducted themselves properly, they had little to complain of on the score of personal treatment, for the French bourgeois, generally, behaved towards them with kindness and cordiality; and not a few sprightly French demoiselles gave their hands in marriage to English officers and detenues. The French government allowed them about L.1, 5s. per month, which, of course, was very inadequate for their subsistence; and those who had not friends able to remit them money from England, were sadly off. The majority, however, were in receipt of frequent remittances from home, and they liberally subscribed to a fund for the relief of their poorer fellow-captives on parole. The French government made regular allowances to all officers. Colonels and post-captains, for example, received about L.4 monthly, and other officers of the army and navy in proportion to their rank. Masters and mates of English merchantmen, and passengers taken prisoners in the latter, received from their own government as much as the French assigned them nominally for subsistence. Altogether, considerable sums of money were circulated in the towns where English prisoners were confined; and we daresay that the shopkeepers would have reason to regret the day when peace released their British customers. What the allowance to French prisoners in England by their own government was, we are not aware.

The common prisoners were rigorously confined within the walls of fortresses, and, in some instances, had real reason to complain of the wretched accommodation assigned them in the shape of lodging. Those who were aged, or of weakly constitution, or wounded and broken-spirited, were soon released from their sufferings by death. The prison allowance consisted of brown—or rather black—bread, a small portion of poor meat and vegetables, soup maigre, &c.; and the pay in money was a sou and a half—not quite three farthings—per diem. From a fund raised by public subscription in England, they also received the sum of one penny daily; and the masters and mates of merchantmen participated in this small but welcome addition to their means of subsistence. As brandy and other spirits were exceedingly cheap, they frequently contrived to get intoxicated, and altogether were most refractory gentlemen, giving endless trouble, in every conceivable shape, to the incensed officials in charge. Amply did they sustain the proverbially reckless character of English seamen, and in the shape of work they did nothing whatever but make a few articles for their personal use. Their time was spent in playing rough games of every description, singing, speechifying, fighting, drinking, and taunting and defying the French frog-eating mounseers, all and sundry, who, by the by, often made them rue their mad pranks. Insubordination was commonly punished by separate confinement,

with bread and water; and, worst of all, and unendurable to English Jack, a total deprivation of tobacco—far harder for his philosophy to bear than the stoppage of his grog! But any personal assault on the soldiers or the gendarmes was a most serious offence, the punishment of death being assigned to the crime of striking a gendarme; and in some instances this terrible and outrageous penalty was actually carried into effect! The prison-dress consisted of gray jacket and trousers, and a straw-hat. From one cause or other, all classes of prisoners, including detenues and officers on parole, were liable to be suddenly removed to a different and often very distant depôt, which was always a severe punishment in itself, owing to the hardships invariably endured whilst *en route*. Many prisoners died on the way during these removals.

The limits we have assigned ourselves for this article will not permit us to enter on further details concerning the condition of prisoners of war in France, and we now proceed to say a little about the treatment of common prisoners of war in another country at the same period. Subsequently to the terrible, and, in our private opinion, unjustifiable, bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, a considerable number of prisoners—consisting chiefly of the crews of British merchant-vessels, and men-of-war's-men captured in boats belonging to their respective ships—fell into the hands of the naturally exasperated Danes. Most of them were captured in the Sound, the Cattegat, and the two Belts, and they appear to have generally been sent in the first instance to Copenhagen, which was yet smoking in ruins from the effect of British shells and Congreve-rockets. During a personal sojourn at Copenhagen, we have literally felt our blood thrill with shame when the Danes described to us the devastation thus effected by our countrymen long time before we opened our eyes on this troublous world. We mention this, because it shews the Danes had unusual cause to receive British prisoners with angry and bitter feelings; yet, to their honour be it spoken, they treated their captives with humanity, and avoided all measures of unnecessary harshness.

At Copenhagen—where the cost of living was then high—the English prisoners were allowed 1s. daily to provide themselves with food; but on being marched to Randers and other depôts, their pay was reduced to 5d. per diem. Small as this was, we believe it was quite as much as the Danish government could afford; and it must be borne in mind that provisions were then, and are now, very cheap in small remote towns of Denmark. Nevertheless, the prisoners fared but scantily, as they had to employ contractors to supply them with food for their money; and we may perhaps safely assume that the commissaries did not neglect to squeeze a considerable profit out of the pay. The food they furnished consisted of Danish black rye-bread—which we can testify is very wholesome and nourishing stuff—milk, pease-soup, beef and pork, fish, &c.—all good enough, but insufficient in quantity to satisfy a hungry English sailor, who is invariably blessed with a keen appetite and unlimited power of digestion. Those who had any money in their possession at the time of capture, or who subsequently received remittances from England, of course could procure whatever food or necessaries they required, but the great majority were penniless.

Above 300 sailors were confined at Randers in a sort of brick barrack of two floors, each consisting of a single large room. It may be readily conceived that extreme inconvenience and misery resulted from the confinement of 150 men crowded together night and day in a single room. Some slept in hammocks, and others on straw-beds on the floor. Stoves warmed the room, and wooden seats were provided for the use of the prisoners, whose health suffered principally from the bad ventilation. During the day they were allowed exercise, if the weather permitted; but, on the whole, they were on short allowance of fresh air, a deprivation which sailors, of all men, feel most severely, as they are accustomed to spend their lives inhaling the pure open sea-breezes. Another cause of suffering was that of being miserably supplied with clothing for so cold a climate; but the Danish people in the neighbourhood kindly gave all the clothes they could spare to the prisoners, and sometimes subscribed to furnish them with extra rations and indulgences, and in various other ways manifested great humanity. We regret to have to add that, as a body, our captive fellow-countrymen behaved very ungratefully towards the sympathising Danes, whom they robbed and outraged on several occasions in a most discreditable manner. Nor was their conduct to one another any better. The life they led in prison reflected little honour on their country in any respect. They were perpetually quarrelling, fighting, gambling, and occasionally misconducting themselves so outrageously, that the severe punishment of ringleaders became absolutely necessary to restore anything like order. The quiet, phlegmatic Danes were scandalised and amazed at the behaviour of their incorrigible captives, and were much more anxious to get rid of them on any terms than to keep them, for, as nearly all were penniless sailors, they of course brought no money into the country, but cost it money to keep them, which Denmark could very ill afford. To such an extent did the gambling spirit, especially, prevail among the sailors, that they would stake their pay, their rations of food, in advance, and even the clothes they wore on their backs. One fruitful cause of fights was the frequency of theft among them—the law of *meum* and *tuum* being held in very little respect. They were not ashamed to beg regularly and importunately of the poor country-people, or of visitors, and would do almost anything to raise means for a debauch. The quieter among them spent their time in spinning interminable yarns, singing patriotic songs, reading the few books in the possession of the prisoners, or making articles of wearing-apparel for their own use. Most of the prisoners taken by the Danes at this period, appear to have been released in the course of a year or eighteen months, only to be delivered up to English men-of-war cruising in the Sound or the Belts, on board which ships of King George they were immediately asked to enter, or, if they refused, were kept as pressed men, and subjected to a discipline which would perhaps make some of them sigh for the idle licence of a Danish prison, in spite of its poor rations and worse lodging. We may remark, that although the English sailors made repeated efforts to escape from Randers and other depôts, they were unsuccessful in nearly every instance, being soon retaken, and brought back to prison, where they were generally flogged, for the benefit of example, and the liberty of themselves and their fellow-captives was still more restricted for the future. In France, also, the escape, or even the attempted escape, of one or two out of hundreds of prisoners, invariably caused the whole number to be punished by severer restraints. Common prisoners of war are almost sure to become thoroughly demoralised during their captivity.

In conclusion, it appears to us that the lot of a prisoner of war, even in its mildest and most humane form, is a grievous misfortune, especially if the war proves protracted, and the prisoner is not soon exchanged or sent home invalided. Nor is the mere fact of being a *prisoner*—sad, degrading word!—even with the amelioration of being on parole and supplied with money, so trifling a misfortune in itself as some may imagine. It is a very trying thing to feel that your personal liberty is restricted, that you *must* live within certain assigned bounds, and be at the beck and nod of possibly insolent officials, whose government can order your removal to a distant depôt at a moment's notice, or, for any act of carelessness or evasion of parole on

your part, reduce you to share the miserable lot of common prisoners of war. Reader! we beseech your sympathy and aid in behalf of the poor prisoner of war, no matter whether he is Englishman in Russia, or Russian in England.

THE MONTH:

THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

THE LIBRARY.

Memoirs and Political and Military Correspondence of King Joseph. By A. du Casse. Vols. ii. and iii.—It is curious to examine the correspondence between a great genius—who had raised himself from a subaltern to an emperor, and from being unable to get credit at a pastry-cook's shop at Valence on the Rhône, to holding all Europe, excepting England, at his feet—and a weak-brained man whom he set upon a throne merely because he was his brother. Not one of Napoleon's instructions to king Joseph was ultimately carried out. The principal, indeed the whole of the interest of these pages, lies in the Emperor's dispatches. It is evident that he finds that he must think for both. For himself, he says he has a habit of thinking for himself 'for three or four months before, and always preparing for the worst'—a striking proof of Napoleon's mental powers and determination. His dispatches are usually curt, and most emphatically to the point. The coolness with which he points out to his brother the manner in which he is to go about seizing the crown-lands, the family fiefs, and the property of the monks, by diminishing the number of convents, is amusing. He counsels him to range around him one hundred generals, colonels, and others, and settle upon them and their families the plundered fiefs, both of Naples and Sicily. He thinks that both Bernadotte and Massena ought to be fitted with large fiefs that would set up themselves and their families. This scheme he would adopt for Piedmont and Italy, and between these countries and Naples there would result a fortune for three or four hundred French officers, all holding by primogeniture. In a few years, the French families would intermarry with the great families of the country, and the crown would be so firmly established, that Joseph could dispense with a French army—a point at which it was necessary to arrive.

But though Napoleon could see through three or four months, and be prepared for the result, he could not see so readily through a few years. He writes to his brother, that Prussia, in spite of its protestations, 'shall be crushed or disarmed.' As for Russia, he did not care what it liked—it 'was too distant to be hurtful.' These last few words convey a striking proof of how signally Napoleon's passionate ambition overcame his reason. Prevented from attacking England by Trafalgar, he suddenly dashed at Russia, which 'was too distant to be hurtful.'

Ladak, Physical, Statistical, and Historical, with Notices of the Surrounding Countries. By A. Cunningham. Allen & Co.—Here we have a sort of fairy-land, where, amid mountains of everlasting snow, you find, during the short summer, barley and wheat fields, and even such delicate fruits as apricots. In the comparatively small district of Ladak, the inhabitants are divided into four races, speaking different languages, holding different faiths, and practising different manners and customs. They are fond of ornaments and decorations, and are exceedingly convivial—singing and dancing mingling in all their festivities. A striking feature among the poorer classes in Ladak is—that one woman has several husbands, who must be all brothers. The rich, however, like other people in that region, have two or three wives. In respect to the Ladak shawls, the best kinds are sold at from L.10 to L.60 per pair. About 5000 of all sorts are generally exported on the backs of the Tibet sheep; indeed, all the merchandise of the country is carried down by them to Yarkland, a central market-place.

One of the dreadful scourges of Ladak is the occasional formation of a huge glacier, high up among the mountains, and in the course of the Indus. This first dams back the water of the higher Indus, until it accumulates into a great lake, and then, unable to stand the pressure, and partially melted by the heat of the summer and the earth, it suddenly bursts, and lets loose a roaring wall of water through the steep valley of the river. The worst of these fearful inundations was the last, which took place in June 1841. First, there was heard a low murmuring among the mountains, which gradually increased, until some one said: 'Look, it is the river!' and suddenly it was perceived that the river was racing furiously down in an absolute wall of mud, carrying with it a whole camp of soldiers, peasants, tents, domestic animals, furniture, huts, trees, and everything that was movable. In Kadak, it swept off all the villages, trees, corn, and, in fact, all the property, and much of the arable soil, and then went roaring and spreading down into the low country, bearing desolation across the whole continent of India. In Ladak, most of the inhabitants escaped with their cattle up the hills; but below, the loss of life was as much as that of property.

The public are much indebted to Major Cunningham for this work. It depicts, not in a very literary style, indeed, but with great minuteness, and in the greatest detail, the entire features, physical, moral, and social, of Ladak.

Modern German Music, Recollections and Criticisms. By Henry F. Chorley. Smith, Elder, & Co.—This gentleman is well known in the musical world of London, by the peculiarity of his musical opinions, the fantastic nature of his phraseology, and his determined system of opposition on some point of harmony, melody, or general style, to every foreign musician except two—Mendelssohn, and a certain pianoforte playing Dr Liszt. Beginning with Bach and Gluck, he proceeds in a tone of condemnation through the whole bead-roll of immortal genius, including Spohr, whom he rails at most unmercifully, without understanding him, and Beethoven, on whom he pronounces the following judgment, apropos of the quartetts of the 'third period,' the most glorious of the series, to those who understand them:—'His ear had ceased to be able to keep account of or keep watch over the limits which separate sonority, suspense, and cacophancy.' Of Mozart he says, that 'there is no single work by Mozart in any style than which some other single work, having greater interest, by some other composer, could not be cited.' These sentences suffice to shew the general tone of Mr Chorley's book, from which, however, we are happy to except his 'Last Days of Mendelssohn.'

Professor Wilson of Edinburgh is dead. The voice of the redoubted Christopher North will be heard no more. Thus is one most remarkable man deducted from the lists of living genius, perhaps leaving no more remarkable successor. Wilson has been lost to us at sixty-nine. There was something arresting in the man, both physically and intellectually. A fine figure approaching six feet, a handsome countenance full of eloquent expression, vivid muscular movements, told, as he swept through the streets of Edinburgh, fully as much upon the eyes of men, as his brilliant articles in *Blackwood's Magazine* told upon their understandings and their feelings. He was one of those poets to whom the ordinary mechanism of poetry is only a bondage, and who do not bring their full force to bear till, breaking these fetters, they launch into the realms of prose. The floods of comic humour and lofty eloquence which he poured through the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of twenty years ago, gave him his strongest hold upon

the public. At the same time his geniality of nature endeared him immensely in the circles of private life. He was continually surrounded by a staff of young literary aspirants, who made him something very like an idol. He was only unfortunate in his political demonstrations, none of which have been approved by time. No one, however, doubted his good faith, and his assistance in latter years to the cause of popular instruction fully expiated all earlier mistakes.

The people of Edinburgh have resolved to do him the honour of a public statue, and a subscription for that purpose is meeting with extensive support.

THE STUDIO.

We had, a few days ago, the pleasure of witnessing, in the great hall in the Euston Square terminus of the London and North-western Railway, the inauguration of the statue of George Stephenson, the real Railway King, the originator of the locomotive, the thinker-out and worker-out of the whole detail of the railway system, from the grand discovery of the blast-pipe to the invention of the steam-whistle. The work is by Mr E. H. Baily, R.A.; and it exhibits, in a marble statue about eight feet high, a happy medium between the colossal and the idea of a man elevated above the average of humanity. The burly form and nobly intellectual countenance of the great railway hero, has been most successfully represented by Mr Baily, partly from the picture by Lucas, and partly from the sculptor's personal recollections of that great man, who rose from the lowest drudgery of the coal-pit to invent the magnificent principle of the blast-pipe, which, by making steam create speed, makes speed create steam, and *vice versâ;* who threw a railway over the Chat Moss—a feat pronounced the triumph of engineering; a man who has designed and executed in all their details 5000 miles of railway, and on whose lines you may travel from London to the border; and through whose hands have passed, and usefully passed, more scores of millions of money than has yet been estimated.

At the competition in Westminster Hall some seven years ago for high-art pictures on a large scale for the decoration of the Westminster Palace, Mr C. Lucy won a prize amongst an enormous number of competitors, for a picture containing nearly twenty figures of the leading men of the Pilgrim Fathers, with their wives and children—at the moment of being addressed by their pastor, Mr Robinson, before setting sail in the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*. The faces of the principal personages are portraits; while those of the others whose likeness was not attainable are skilfully turned away, rather adding to than detracting from the general effect. Among the portraits are those of Mr Carner, who was the first governor, but who perished in the dreadful pestilence which swept off more than half of the founders of America. Another of the portraits is that of Mary Chilton, who was the first who stepped upon the then desolate shore, and christened the bay New Plymouth, from the name of the last port the *Mayflower* touched at in England. Mr Lucy's work is a very noble one, and well deserves a place in a national institution. The grouping is marvellous—at once perfectly artistic and perfectly natural, the whole assemblage being slightly divided into three groups, each harmonising with the other, the centre one being somewhat elevated upon a low ledge of rocks. Both the drawing and the colouring are admirable. The left arm and hand of Mr Robinson are remarkable specimens of fore-shortening, and altogether the work does great credit to English art. It has been in the hands of Mr Burnett, the well-known engraver, for a line representation, which we understand is nearly, if not entirely, finished.

Looking in the other day at one of the Messrs Christie and Manson's private views—of a cabinet of the 'choicest pictures'—we hardly found the general run of the works to equal the description. True, there were many admirable works, chiefly of the Dutch and Flemish school. The gem of the Madonnas was, in our estimation, a sketch or a study for a great work by Murillo. The Virgin and Child are represented amid clouds, with a company of child-angels most artistically grouped around. The holy beauty beaming from the mother's face is managed to be shewn in a wonderfully small space, and the graceful ease of her reclining attitude at once strikes the eye. The two principal Italian works of the Madonna class are a *Mater Dolorosa* by Carlo Dolce, the face of the Dolorosa having no more expression of anguish than that of the most unconcerned personage; the merits of the picture—if they are merits—being the intense vividness and richness of the colouring. The other was a *Virgin in Prayer*, by Domenichino. The Dutch and Flemish pictures, however, form the largest and best part of the collection. We have often wondered that men of such undoubted genius as Teniers and Ostade should continually practise the abominable style of art representing the worst canaille of their country—the ugliest, dirtiest boors they can find out—drinking, gambling, smoking, seated on chairs with three legs, on forms and barrels, in a dark dirty hovel; while a drab of a woman draws the liquor, and boors as ugly and filthy as the others stand around, drink, smoke, and watch the game. Were it not for the consummate painting and extraordinary faithfulness to all minutiæ of detail, these pictures would never have endured so long. We prefer the Dutch and Flemish artists who depict the comfortable houses and the comfortable families of the substantial citizens of Ghent, Antwerp, and Liege, amid the elaborately carved furniture and the ancient hangings which the Flemings love—with perhaps a Rubens upon the wall—or the landscape, the river flowing lazily, poplars and willows clustering on its banks; villages, consisting of large one-story houses, built close to the river, with the willows before; and Dutch galiots, with drooping sails, waiting for the wind or the tide. Or again: sea-pieces, under sun and shade, calm and storm; the galiots equally at their ease in either—for these flat-bottomed craft, content to carry little sail, ride like ducks over the waves, are kept from drifting to leeward by what are called lee-boards, and are seldom or never wrecked.

All Londoners, and very many who are not Londoners, have observed in passing along Piccadilly, close to the Burlington Arcade, a huge black wall, like that of a prison or a fortress. Within that hold long wonned the Earl of Burlington, in a gloomy seclusion—the huge gates only swinging open to admit or let forth his lordship, or his few aristocratic friends; but when passers-by stole a glance, they saw a great dreary court, and behind as great and dreary a façade, with, if our memory does not fail, a terrace and a magnificent sweep of stairs. Behind, it was known that there was a voluptuous garden, with all manner of decorations, ornamented walks, and statues, and fountains, and conservatories, and what not. Well, all this secluded magnificence is to be flung open to the public, for the purposes of art and science. The government have given L.140,000 for it; and as soon as the ultimate purpose or purposes have been decided on, and the design and plans arranged, it is to be presumed that the structure will be immediately put in hand. The artists are loud for a national gallery, with a better management and more pictures—the savans, for a hall of science; but within the space occupied by mansion and garden, there may be presumed to be ample room for both. At anyrate, there will be time for consideration; and doubtless the opinions both of artists and scientific men will be duly taken.

It is gratifying to see springing up all around us, particularly in the suburbs, churches built and decorated in a very different style of architecture from that of the last generation, when an Erecthæum, in the shape of the St Pancras Church, was built—every detail of the Grecian architecture being carefully copied—and then disgraced for ever by a clumsy belfry, no part whatever of the original building, but supported by iron pillars. There really ought to be an act of parliament for taking down this deformity. At present, however, the taste is in favour of churches. Early English churches, three roofed compartments below, forming nave and aisles, a square tower, more or less decorated with Norman windows, and a spire, generally of delicately tapering lightness. The rules of architecture are not always preserved in these buildings. To give them more variety, Saxon arches are adopted in the principal entrance, when the arched Norman succeeds it in the windows, and the lancet in the higher regions. Some of the best of these are the Camden Square Church, a beautiful specimen of a tower; Miss Burdett Coutts's Church, built for a poor population in an obscure part of Lambeth, and also celebrated for its tower; a new church near the entrance to Camden Town, on the mixed principle; a gem by Pugin, on the Hampstead Road, of pure Saxon; and the most beautiful of all, the queen of the London spires—St Margaret's, in Margaret Square. This spire is very curiously designed. Flat slopes gradually widening extend from the top, blending into each other in the most remarkable fashion, and upon strict mathematical principles; so that, upon walking round it, it seems somewhat as if you were contemplating a mathematically cut prism or crystal. The church belongs to the extreme section of the Puseyites, and is being decorated by Mr Dyce. Every detail, both in the outside and inside of the body of the church, is purely monkish in its character, and the same character is carried to the tops of the squares. One other church, and we have done. It has been begun on pure Norman principles, and carried on up to about ten feet of the square tower, where a pointed leaden roof has been stuck on, and all further progress stopped. The structure belongs to the body of Latter-day Saints, over which Mr Henry Drummond, M.P. for West Surrey, is the 'Ruling Angel.'

GOSSIP ABOUT SEAMEN.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

No men, in my opinion, are less selfish than our seamen, or more true to their word. When I commanded the *Rifleman*, we generally refitted at Malta, and were ready for sea before we obtained pratique; so that when the yellow flag came down, I used to give two or three days' leave to every one who wished to go on shore. There were always a sufficient number willing to remain to take care of the brig. We once came out of the quarantine harbour on a Saturday, when, on hearing from the senior officer that our services would not be required for a week, I permitted every one who chose to go on shore. The following morning, important dispatches arrived, and there was no vessel to take them on to the admiral but the *Rifleman*. The senior officer sent for me, and said: 'I know your men are all on leave for two days—when do you think you could get them together?'

'This night,' I replied; 'but I should not like to sail till the morning.' He expressed surprise at my thinking I could assemble the people so quickly.

'If you could but do it!' said he; 'but is it possible?'

'My men, sir,' I replied, 'have never yet failed me. They know that I never ask for exertion or self-denial but when the good of the service requires it.' I went on board, told the truth to the men who were not on leave, and bade them hunt out their messmates —about eighty seamen and marines—and get them on board by sunset. At eight in the evening, all but six had returned, and these sent me the following laconic message:—'Tell the captain he knows he can depend on our word. We will be on board in the morning before the brig is out of the harbour.' They came on board, just as we were ready to go out.

When I was first-lieutenant of the *Queen Charlotte*, on our voyage to Algiers, we had on board six or seven smugglers, a class I have always found to be fine stout men, and good sailors. In those days, smugglers were sentenced, as a punishment, to serve a certain number of years in the navy, and the orders were to put them in irons every night when the ship was at anchor. I proposed, however, to Sir James Brisbane to put these men on their honour, and to treat them like the others. He did so, and promised that if they behaved well, he would endeavour to procure a remission of their sentence; and this, in fact, was the result, for their conduct was so good, that the remainder of their sentence was remitted on the return of the *Queen Charlotte* to Portsmouth.

During this same voyage, two London thieves were discovered in the ship, with all their implements, dark-lanterns, skeleton-keys, &c. They were put into irons previous to their being punished, and so continued, until the bombardment of Algiers commenced, when some good-natured person released them, and the rogues ran to their guns, and fought like honest men. After the general thanksgiving for the success of our enterprise, there was a general muster on the quarter-deck, the officers on one side, and the ship's company on the other, with the two thieves between them. Lord Exmouth addressed the crew in the following words:—'These two London thieves I proposed to try by a court-martial, and they were therefore put into irons: it was not my intention to permit them to fight along with honest men. I will not inquire how they got out of their irons, and reached their guns. They did so; and now you, my lads, shall decide their fate. I will try them by a court-martial, as I purposed, or send them to India in the *Minden*, just as you decide.'

'Don't disgrace us, sir!' was the prompt and general reply; 'send them to India'—and to India they went in the *Minden*, ticketed as they deserved.

When the action at Algiers was over, the best artist could not have done justice to the scene we were leaving behind us. The nine Algerine ships and the store-houses were still such a mass of flame, that the Mole, and the part of the town nearest to it, were as light as the most splendidly illuminated ball-room; while over the dark-green hills, behind and above the town, a heavy thunder-storm was advancing, the forked lightning rendering the darkness beyond awful. The storm burst upon us just as we had anchored, about nine o'clock, and had gone to our supper of bread and cheese.

At this time, as R——s passed the entering port, towards the place where his cabin had been, he saw a young seaman walking to and fro; and after he had passed, it struck him that the young man had lost an arm. He turned back, and said: 'How is it with you, my lad?' and found that the wounded man belonged to the *Hebrus*, and had been wounded in one of her boats close to the *Queen Charlotte*, into whose cockpit he had been taken; that his arm had been there amputated; and that, at the close of the action, all her wounded being placed in cots or beds, he, unwilling to give further trouble, had come to the entering port, and was watching in the hope that some boat might pass, in which he might be taken to his own ship. R——s saw him safe in bed before he himself lay down.

When I was first-lieutenant of the *Rhin*, and busy stowing the sheet-anchor, three times I made a very fine young man, working at my side like a Hercules, withdraw his left foot from a position of fearful peril; but as

I turned to give directions for a pull of the forestay, he replaced it on the same spot, and the anchor at the same moment slipped, and crushed it. We released it before the blood flowed, and as I stooped down instantly to bind it, he arrested my arm, saying: 'O Mr ——, you will spoil your silk handkerchief!'

Some years before this, in one of our boat-expeditions, I climbed over some rocks to cut the cable of the ship we were trying to take, and falling headlong into the sea, out of sight of my party, was supposed to be killed. When I recovered, and regained the rocks, I found—although the boat had pulled off, to secure our half-won prize—that two of our men had remained behind, under a fire of musketry, 'to bring off,' as they told me, 'my body.'

I will give you an instance of the faith *I* have in the word of a sailor. The *Rhin* was fitting out in Hamoaze, during the war, at a time when men were most wanted, and the press was heaviest. A noble-looking young man, a perfect and able seaman, was pressed out of a transport-ship, in which he was second-mate, and sent to us from the flag-ship with the strictest injunctions to guard him, lest he should escape. I saw that he was heart-broken, and placing him in the gunner's crew, begged the gunner, a good man, to try to cheer him. The next day, his mother, sister, and a lad came on board to see him. They remained on the main-deck with him all the time the people were at dinner, and when the work recommenced, he came to me on the quarter-deck and said: 'Sir, I *know* you cannot grant what I ask, but to please my mother and sister, I come to say, that they wish you to allow me to go on shore with them. I would be off again by daylight to-morrow morning.' I started.

'Did you not hear,' I asked, 'the strict orders I received yesterday, to guard you well?'

'Yes, sir; I knew you could not grant their request;' and sorrowfully he returned to them. The young lad, an assistant in the post-office, was standing by, and as Honeyman left me, he said:

'If, sir, you would let me remain as his surety, I would gladly stay.' I looked at him, and replied:

'Why, half a dozen such as you would not equal his value to us.' He also left me; and as I walked away from the wretched party, my good genius whispered: 'Try him!' I turned back, and called Honeyman to me.

'I am going to put my commission into your hands,' said I. 'You said you would return by daylight to-morrow. If I let you go on shore, give me your word that you will be off at eight o'clock in the morning.'

'I will, sir.'

'Then go.' He made but one bound to the gangway-ladder, another into the waist, without touching one step of it, and spoke but a single word to his mother and sister as he passed them. Both of them lifted up their clasped hands. I could not stay to see more—and will only add, that Sam Honeyman was a first-class petty-officer of my favourite old ship, when, nine months after this time, I left her, to join Lord Exmouth in the *Boyne*.

THE TRANSITION FROM ANIMALS TO PLANTS.

It has been long asserted by Bory de St Vincent and others, that there exist in nature organised bodies, which are animal at one period of their lives, and vegetable at another! This, if true, would for ever put an end to the possibility of distinguishing the two kingdoms when they shall each have arrived at their lowest forms. Its truth has, however, been denied. On the contrary, Kützing, in his recent magnificent work on *Algæ*, insists that it happens in his *Ulothrix zonata*. He asserts that in the cells of that plant there are found minute animalcules with a red eye-point and a transparent mouth-place; that they are not, in fact, distinguishable from Ehrenberg's *Microglena monadina;* these bodies, however, are animals only for a time; at least, they grow into vegetable threads, the lowest joint of which still exhibits the red eye-point. This phenomenon, which Kützing assures us he has ascertained beyond all possibility of doubt, puts an end to the question of whether animals and plants can be distinguished at the limits of their two kingdoms, and sufficiently accounts for the conflicting opinions that naturalists entertain as to the nature of many of the simpler forms of organisation.—*Jameson's Journal.*

A MATIN-SONG.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Bare the head to the windy morn;
Suffer the rout of locks unshorn;
Into thine eyes let dew be blown,
From clover-field and fairy down;
Into thine ears the summer leaf
Her secret tell, that clasps no grief,
Her life hath been so blithe and brief.

Listen to that the laverock sings,
Poising high on her unseen wings;
For at the golden gates she is
Of heaven, and all its harmonies;
And she sings us the self-same song,
Fresh from lips of the angel throng.

Before the dull world wakes below,
Set thy feet to the mountain's brow,
To the height of the star-set throne
Whereon the red morn sits alone;
Slake thy glance on the fields and farms
Folded round in the river's arms,
Or copse, or down, or simplest sight
God hath given for man's delight;
Steep thy thought till thine eyes grow dim,
And thought and tear shall be prayers to Him.

DAVIES'S PATENT PEDOMOTIVE CARRIAGE.

This carriage consists of a single wheel of 6 feet 6 inches diameter, with a seat and winch attached to the centre on either side. The wheel, of 7 feet diameter, covers 21 feet at each revolution, and the weight of the whole averages from 80 to 90 pounds. A great merit in the invention is the small amount of friction, and the mode of suspending the weights. The weight is thrown a little in front of the axle. From various trials, it has been shewn that two persons can travel with ease at the rate of sixteen miles an hour; and that so little are the legs called into play—the body being quite at ease, and supported by a padded cushion in front—that the fatigue of working the carriage sixteen miles is not so great as that of walking four miles. In wheeling round, the person on the inner side throws his whole weight on, which raises the outer rider off his legs, and the wheel comes round instantaneously. The inventer and others feel assured that thirty miles an hour might be accomplished without any great effort. The invention is altogether a great improvement on the original velocipede. —*Year-book of Facts*, 1854.

NOTICE.

A press of descriptive matter of interest belonging to the passing day, has necessitated the omission, in this Number, of *Things as they are in America*. The succeeding portion of the work, describing some things as they are in New York, will appear next week.

CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY of INSTRUCTIVE and AMUSING TRACTS.—This Illustrated Work resembles in some respects the MISCELLANY of TRACTS published a few years ago, aiming at a higher, though not less popular tone, and will satisfy, it is hoped, the new requirements of the day in regard to literary elegance—the papers being original compositions, prepared expressly for the work by popular and practised writers. A Number appears every week, a Part every month, and a Volume every two months. Ten volumes (1s. each) have now appeared.

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THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK.

At length in New York—a city I had long wished to see, and to which the eyes of all Europe are directed as the actual metropolis of the New World. Arriving in this important emporium by railway, the city was taken at a certain disadvantage; for a true impression of the real character of its position can be obtained only when it is reached by sea. It is a very curious thing that nobody till he sees it, can properly understand the situation of New York. Accounts of it are not clear. Our minds are perplexed by two opposite circumstances. The city is said to be on an island—the island of Manhattan—and yet is connected with the mainland. I now got rid of this mystification.

Coming by railway down the left bank of the Hudson, which is seen to expand into a fine broad estuary, with the picturesque elevations of New Jersey on the opposite shore, the train ran directly into the town; having crossed a narrow strait, which, according to topographers, makes the promontory on which New York is situated an island. As if, however, there was no end to the confusion of ideas on the subject, the Hudson, which is, in reality, on the west of the promontory, is locally spoken of as North River; a narrow arm of the sea which separates New York from Long Island is called East River; and the strait, little better than an artificial canal, which stretches from North River to East River, is named Haarlem River. The island of Manhattan, so formed by this environment of water, is about thirteen miles in length, by at most two in breadth, and terminates at its southern extremity in a narrow and level slip of ground, known as the Battery. From this defensible point the city has crept gradually northwards, covering the whole island in its progress, and is already from three to four miles long, with plans of extension that will finally carry it to the limits of the island, and, it may be, far beyond.

Reaching the city by a back-way, as it may be called, we have the opportunity of seeing the worst side first—straggling half-built streets, with shabby stores, lumber-yards, heaps of rubbish, petty wooden houses, and a general aspect of disorder. At an assigned point the train stopped, and I imagined we had reached the principal terminus. No such thing. The delay was only to detach the locomotive, and to take the train piecemeal into town by horses. And so, drawn by a team of four horses at a trot, the car in which I was seated went smartly up one street and down another—the rails being laid in the causeway—till we reached the heart of the busy metropolis. Attaining the place of disembarkation at last, a scene of indescribable confusion ensued, and I began to experience the effects of those imperfect police arrangements for which New York unfortunately suffers in general estimation. No cabs of the ordinary kind, but hackney-carriages with two horses, presented themselves for hire; and the drivers seemed to be at liberty to do what they liked. After engaging one of them, the driver thrust another person in upon me, though bound for a different hotel; and I had considerable difficulty in at length inducing another driver to take me solus to my destination—the Astor House. I may say once for all, that on other occasions I had the same annoyance with the New York hackney-coachmen, who appear to stand at the lowest point in the scale of a class admitted to be troublesome in every community.

Months previously, I had heard of the difficulty of procuring accommodation in any hotel in New York, and had adopted the precaution of bespeaking a room at the Astor, through a friend in the city. With nothing, therefore, to fear on this score, I was fortunate in at once finding myself settled in one of the largest and best-conducted hotels, and at liberty to study the working of a class of establishments which transcend anything of the kind in England, and are about the chief wonder in a country celebrated for the gigantic scale of its operations.

At the first look, we see that New York very much resembles the more densely-built parts of London. The houses, tall, and principally of brick, are crowded into narrow streets, such as are seen in the neighbourhood of Cheapside, with the single difference, that many of the buildings are occupied in floors by different branches of business, with a profusion of large sign-boards in front. For the most part, the houses have sunk floors, accessible by a flight of steps from the foot-pavement; and these cellar-dwellings are very commonly used for some kind of small business, or as 'oyster saloons,' or 'retreats'—the names considerately employed to signify taverns and groggeries. Wherever any of these older brick edifices have been removed, their place has been supplied by tenements built of brown sandstone; and it may be said that at present New York is in process of being renewed by this species of structure, which is elegant in appearance, but, I fear, less substantial in many respects than a regard for security warrants. The more narrow thoroughfares are at the same time widened and paved according to modern taste. The more ancient, though much changed part of the city in which the throng of business chiefly prevails, is confined to the southern division, stretching from the Battery a mile northwards; and within this quarter the breadth occupied from the North to the East river is seemingly about the same as that from the

Thames to Holborn—a limited space, which necessitates the continual pressure northwards, as well as an escape to the opposite shores of the two bounding waters.

Though limited as to breadth, no site could have been more happily selected for a great commercial city. The peninsula, if it may be so called, rises just as much towards the middle as admits of easy drainage, and in front and on both sides is environed with tidal waters, which present accommodation for any quantity of shipping. Through the centre of the city lengthwise runs Broadway—the Fleet Street and Strand of New York—and going down any of the cross-streets on either hand from this leading channel of intercourse, we soon come to a quay, presenting a line of houses on one side of a busy thoroughfare, and a crowd of steam-boats and shipping on the other. The city, therefore, so far as it can be, is surrounded by maritime traffic. Nor could any situation be better chosen for defence. Approachable from the Atlantic by vessels of the largest burden, its prospect towards the ocean is intercepted by a semicircle of islands, which, fortified and commanding the beautiful bay which fronts the city on the south, give a certain degree of security to the position.

Hampered as to space, New York has no room for villas; and in this respect there is a marked difference between it and our English cities. Those among the more affluent orders who dislike living in streets, require to proceed by ferry-steamers across either of the two bounding waters, and on the opposite shores find spots for ruralising. The narrowest ferry is that across East River to Brooklyn and Williamsburg, on Long Island, now becoming thickly settled with a population more or less connected with New York. The wider ferries on the North River communicate with the state of New Jersey, which is pleasingly fringed with towns and villas; the two most prominent places being Jersey city and Hoboken. The vessels employed on these ferries are doubtless the finest of their class in the world. They resemble floating-platforms, sufficiently large to accommodate several carriages in the middle part, and are provided with well-warmed rooms for foot-passengers at the sides. They respectively pass to and fro every five or ten minutes, and as the charge to Brooklyn is only a cent, and that to New Jersey but three cents, they command an immense traffic. Still further to relieve the pressure of population in New York, steamers are constantly plying to and from Staten Island, which is situated about five miles distant, at the mouth of the bay; and the scattered villas along the sloping shores of this fine island are more like what one sees in England, or on the banks of the Clyde, than anything else in America. The channel between Staten Island and the southern extremity of Long Island, is called the Narrows, through which vessels inward-bound proceed from the Atlantic, and so reach the spacious landlocked bay, with its magnificent harbourage.

With so favourable a situation for external traffic, and reposing on a river which is navigable for 150 miles, New York has attracted to itself a population of about 600,000, and is the port of disembarkation for nearly 300,000 immigrants annually from every country in Europe. Forming a central point for American and European commerce, a vast trade pours through this city, and is thence radiated by river, canal, and railway to the great West. In the amount of tonnage of vessels, exports and imports, transactions in floating capital, wealth, social importance, and munificence of institutions, New York keeps considerably ahead in the United States; and the traveller who has in remembrance its rise from small beginnings so late as the seventeenth century, will not fail to be struck with its present proportions.

The principal object of curiosity in or about New York, is the Croton Aqueduct, which few strangers miss seeing. The works connected with this great undertaking are on a scale which reminds us of the stupendous aqueducts of the ancient Romans. Bringing water from a distance of forty miles, and requiring in their course a lofty bridge across Haarlem River, the works cost 14,000,000 dollars, or near upon L.5,000,000 sterling—an immense sum to raise from public rates to supply a city with water. The discharge of water is stated at 60,000,000 of gallons per diem; and even this large quantity is not more than is required. Having visited this marvel in engineering, little remains to attract curiosity. Interest is centered in Broadway, and mainly towards its southern extremity. Hereabouts are the handsomest public buildings, the finest stores, some of the largest hotels, and the greatest throng of passengers. At about half a mile from the Battery, we have on the line of Broadway an opening called the Park, which though only a railed-in patch of ground, with a few trees and footpaths through it, is a very acceptable breathing spot in the midst of everlasting bustle.

Some traveller speaks of the buildings of Broadway as being a mixture of poor wooden structures and splendid edifices. There may be a few houses of an antiquated class, but any such general description is totally inadmissible in the present day. We see for the greater part of its length, a series of high and handsome buildings, of brown sandstone or brick, with several of white marble and granite. Some of the stores and hotels astonish by their size and grandeur. Rising to a height of five or six stories, with a frontage of 150 to 300 feet, and built in an ornamental style of architecture, these edifices are more like the palaces of kings than places for the transaction of business. New York, it seems, is celebrated for its extensive dealings in 'dry goods,' the common phrase for all kinds of clothing and haberdashery; and its shops or stores for the retail of these articles are of most extraordinary dimensions. Stewarts' Store, a huge building of white marble, adjoining the Park, on Broadway, is pointed out as the largest of these concerns; and the amount of business done in it is stated to be above 7,000,000 of dollars per annum. It is useless, however, in a place of such rapid change and improvement, to point out any edifice as excelling another. In various parts of Broadway and Bowery, large and elegant buildings are springing into existence at a cost perfectly startling; and so great is the rise in the value of property and the increasing expense of conducting business, that I should fear things are going a little too far for the ultimate benefit of the city, at least as regards manufacturing industry. One of the latest opened of the new and gorgeously fine structures, is Taylor's Restaurant—an establishment, some will think, much too fine for the uses to which it is put. Another of the new buildings is that occupied by Appleton & Co., publishers; its extent and grandeur contrasting curiously with the dingy holes and corners in which the publishers of London carry on their business. The activity displayed in resolving upon and completing

any scheme of improvement in this great city, pervades every branch of affairs. In conducting business, there is no pause, and, as circumstances shew, sometimes too much hurry. There is, however, in every department of commerce, a stimulus to action, arising from the vast demands of a country growing so rapidly in population and wealth. An instance of this came under my notice at the great fire which consumed the printing and publishing establishment of the Messrs Harpers. Perceiving that the whole of the steam-presses were consumed, and no means left for carrying on operations on the spot, a party connected with the firm, and while the fire was still burning, sent off by electric-telegraph to engage all the available presses of Buffalo and Cincinnati! In New York, so valuable is time, and so speedily are decisions come to, that on the very next day after a fire, we may observe builders engaged in the work of reconstruction. American minutes would seem almost to be worth English days!

Without a court, and not even the seat of the state legislature, New York cannot be said to be the place of residence of a leisurely or a numerous literary class. Its more opulent inhabitants, connected some way or other with business, form, nevertheless, an aristocracy with refined tastes, and ample means for their gratification. Advancing northwards from the more busy parts of the town, the elegance and regularity of the houses become more conspicuous, and at last we find ourselves in the quietude and splendour of a Belgravia. Here the edifices are entirely of brown sandstone, and of a richly decorated style of street architecture; all the windows are of plate-glass; and the door-handles, plates, and bell-pulls silvered, so as to impart a chaste and light effect. The furnishings and interior ornaments of these dwellings, particularly those in Fifth Avenue, are of a superb kind; no expense being apparently spared as regards either comfort or elegance. In one mansion where I experienced the most kindly hospitality, the spacious entrance-hall was laid with tasselated marble pavement; the stair and balustrades were of dark walnut-wood; one of the apartments was panelled in the old baronial fashion; and in a magnificent dining-room, the marble chimney-piece, with exquisitely carved figures illustrative of Burns's *Highland Mary*, cost, as I understood, as much as 1500 dollars. The influx of German and French artists to New York, was alluded to as affording means for effecting everything desirable in decorative art, and of excluding the necessity for importing English ornaments. Perhaps it is worth while to add, that New York is not destitute of the means for supplying coats-of-arms to those who desire such decorations for their carriages, seals, and other articles. There is, indeed, no heralds' college here or elsewhere in the States; but I observed in Broadway an establishment where coats-of-arms are furnished as a matter of business; and in the shelves of the principal booksellers, works on the British peerage and baronetage are about as common as they are in England.

Passing over any notice of the churches of New York —some of them with handsome spires, and generally picturesque in effect—and also the banks, theatres, and other public structures, the edifices most worthy of attention are the hotels. It has been incidentally stated, that the hotel-system of the United States is of a peculiar character. I found that it had crossed the frontier into Canada; but in no part of that province had it attained full-blown maturity. Properly speaking, the American hotels are boarding-houses, and consist of two distinct departments—one for ladies and families, and the other for single gentlemen. All are alike welcome to come, stay, or go, as suits their pleasure; the charge being specific at so much per day, whether the guests attend meals or not, by which means every one knows to a fraction beforehand how much he will have to pay. We could hardly picture to ourselves a greater contrast than that between an old country and an American hotel. The two things are not in the least alike. Arriving at an inn in England, you are treated with immense deference, allowed the seclusion of a private apartment, charged exorbitantly for everything, and, at departure, curtsied and bowed out at the door, as if a prodigious favour had been conferred on the establishment. In the United States, things are managed differently. The Americans, with some faults of character, possess the singular merit of not being exclusive, extortionate, or subservient. But where all travel, hotel-keepers can afford to act magnanimously. Instead of looking to a livelihood from a few customers, scheming petty gains by running up a bill for the use of candles, firing, and other conveniences, and smoothing everything over by a mercenary bow, the proprietor of an American hotel is a capitalist at the head of a great concern, and would despise doing anything shabby; hundreds pour into and out of his house daily; he notices neither your coming nor going; without ceremony you are free of the establishment; and when you pay and depart, there are no bows, no thanks—but you are not fleeced; and that is always felt to be a comfort.

In recollection, I am at this moment arriving at the Astor House, one of the most respectable hotels in New York, though outdone in dimensions and decoration by some of the newer establishments. Before me is a huge building of whitish granite, with a front on Broadway of 200 feet, a height of six stories, and forming altogether an independent block, with rows of windows on every side. The ground-floor consists entirely of retail-stores of various kinds, and ascending by a central flight of steps, we reach a spacious lobby with marble flooring and pillars. This lobby is strewed about with luggage newly arrived, or about to be carried out; young men are lounging about on chairs; some persons are walking to and fro; several house-porters are seated on a form waiting for orders; long corridors are extended right and left; opposite the entrance is an access to the bar and other conveniences; and near a window behind is a counter and desk where the whole book-keeping is conducted by a clerk or general supervisor of the concern. Walking up to this functionary, we inscribe our name in a book; without speaking a word, he marks a number opposite the name, takes down a key with a corresponding number in brass attached to it, issues an order to a porter, and we and our baggage march off along one of the corridors and up several stairs till we reach the assigned apartment.

Here, on looking round, everything is neat and commodious; and on the back of the door is seen a printed statement of particulars requisite to be known —the times of meals, the charge per diem, and so forth. The number of apartments in the house is 326; a portion of them being bedrooms of a better class for families and ladies, and the others of the small kind appropriated to single gentlemen. These classes are distinct in every respect. Descending to the level of the entrance-hall, we search out an eating-saloon, and parlours devoted principally to the single male guests, and in the opposite corridor is observed a suite of public apartments used by ladies and married people, yet not shut against casual visitors. There is, in truth, little privacy. The whole house swarms like a hive. The outer swing-door bangs backwards and forwards incessantly; and the rapid thronging of guests and visitors in and out, can be fancied when I mention that, on several occasions, I counted as many as twenty persons entering and the like number departing per minute. Resembling in certain details the larger

continental hotels, there is, generally speaking, nothing at all to compare with this in Europe.

Among the novel parts of the system are the arrangements in the family and lady department. Here, we find ourselves in a kind of elysium of princely drawing-rooms and boudoirs, in which velvet, lace, satin, gilding, rich carpets and mirrors, contribute to form a scene of indescribable luxury. What strikes us as rather remarkable, is the fact that the doors of these various sitting-apartments are generally wide open. I saw this everywhere. Passing by, you see highly-dressed ladies reposing on satin couches, or lolling in rocking-chairs. One, who has just come in, and still has on her bonnet and shawl, is rattling over the keys of a piano. Another is reading a novel. Several are outside in the corridor, seated on velvet-covered ottomans, talking to each other or to the gentlemen belonging to their party. These corridors are every whit as elegantly furnished as the rooms, and are jocularly spoken of as 'the flirtation-galleries,' on account of their qualities as places of general resort and conversation. Another recommendable quality they possess, is their comparative coolness. The drawing-rooms, leading from them, are kept so hot by staring red fires of anthracite coal, that I am at a loss to understand how the temperature can be endured.

What between dressing, lounging about the suit of drawing-rooms and flirtation-galleries, and attending at meals in the saloons, the lady-guests of these hotels have little time for miscellaneous occupation. Some of them appear in a different dress at every meal, and, in point of elegance and costliness of attire, they went beyond anything in my poor experience, except at full-dress evening-parties and balls. In the more moderate class of hotels, this attention to costume is less conspicuous, and the ladies unceremoniously take their seats at the top of the table common to all the guests. In such houses, however, as the Astor, families and ladies usually take their meals in a saloon by themselves; and when there are children, they likewise have their own special table-d'hôte. The mention of children in such establishments is not suggestive of pleasing recollections. Everywhere, these youngsters are a sore trial of temper to the guests generally. Flying up and down the passages with hoops, yelling, crying, and tumbling about in everybody's way, they are clearly out of place, and constitute an unhappy and outré feature in American hotel-life.

It need not be supposed, because families and children are seen to be domesticated in hotels, that this kind of housekeeping is carried to any great length. Young persons, for a few years after being married, and families in town for the winter, are the principal inmates of the class; though it must be admitted that other circumstances give a bias towards this method of living. Probably something is due to that choice of viands cooked in first-rate style, which could not be obtained in a separate establishment unless at a very high cost. The French cuisine predominates, and the profusion of dishes mentioned in the bills of fare put before guests, is such as cannot fail to astonish those who in England are fain to dine off a single joint. The entire charge for board and lodging, service included, in the Astor House, was two dollars and a half, equal to 10s. English, per diem, for a single individual. This is a common charge at the best hotels; in a few instances the charge being as high as three, and sometimes as low as one or two dollars.

Breakfast from eight to ten, dinner at three, and tea at seven, was the routine at the table-d'hôte of the Astor; on each occasion, about 200 guests sitting down at three long and well-served tables. Here, again, though looking for it day after day, did I fail, as on previous occasions, to see the slightest approach to hurried eating; and as until the last moment of my stay in America I never saw such a thing, I am bound, so far as my observation goes, to say that the national reproach on this score, if it ever was true, is so no longer. Calling for dishes, by printed bills of fare, a custom now all but universal, in reality renders any scramble unnecessary. So far from being hurried, any man may draw out his dinner for an hour, if he pleases, and all the time have a waiter in attendance at his back to bring him whatsoever he desires. I think it due to the Americans to make this remark on a very common-place topic; and likewise to say of them, that their temperance at table filled me with no little surprise. In the large dining-parties at the Astor (as at other houses), there were seldom seen more than one or two bottles of wine. Nor did any exciting beverage seem desirable. A goblet of pure water, with ice, was placed for the use of every guest; and in indulging in this simple potation, I felt how little is done in England to promote habits of sobriety by furnishing water, attractive alike for its brilliant purity and coolness.

Dropping off from table, a number of the guests adjourn to the parlours, where they read newspapers bought from boys who frequent the doorway and passages, or they lounge idly on the sofas, or take to writing at the tables (never much talking, and the doors always wide open); some go out in pursuit of business; some, who like to sit in the midst of a fluctuating crowd, betake themselves to the chairs in the lobby; and some descend to the bar. This latter place of resort is a large and finely decorated apartment, lighted from the roof, and occupying the entire central court round which the house is built. In the middle is a *jet d'eau* and basin; at one side is a marble counter, with an attendant in charge of a few bottles behind him on a shelf, whence he supplies glasses of liquor to those calling for them, and which are paid for on the spot. A number of chairs are scattered about. Two fire-places, with blazing billets of wood, throw a cheerful heat around. A young man at a small enclosure is selling cigars; and on two long stands are placed files of newspapers from all the principal cities in the Union. Much is said by travellers of the drinking in the bars; but in this, as in most things, there is some strange exaggeration. The bar of the Astor, an exchange in its way, was sometimes tolerably crowded, but I seldom saw so many as a dozen at a time engaged in drinking. The greater number did not drink at all; it being one of the good points in these establishments, that you are left to do exactly as you like. No one heeds you, or cares for you, any more than in a public street. A unit in the mass, your duty is to mind yourself; seek out all requisite information for yourself, and in all things beyond the routine of the house, help yourself. Individuality in these hotels is out of the question—opposed to the fundamental principle of the concern, which is to keep open house on a wholesale plan. You are lodged, fed, and in every other way attended to by wholesale; just as a soldier in a barrack is supplied with houseroom and rations. Any man pretending to ask for a dinner in a room by himself would be looked upon as a kind of lunatic; and when people do such a foolish thing, they have to pay handsomely for invading the sacred practice of the house. How otherwise could such gigantic establishments be conducted? Although crowded to the door, everything goes on with minute regularity, like a finely adjusted machine.

Left to himself, the stranger soon drops into the ranks, and strolling about, discovers a number of little conveniences ready to his hand. Let us just look round the lobby of the Astor, beginning with the left-hand side. There, at a wicket in the wall, like an open window, stands a man to take your hat and upper coat, and put them away in a bin till you want them. Looking into the place, you see it surrounded with receptacles for articles, which it would be inconvenient to carry about the house, or hazardous to lay down carelessly; for we are admonished by placards to beware

of 'hotel thieves'—a hint not to be lightly disregarded. Adjoining in a niche in the lobby, is a man with brush in hand ready to clean and burnish your soiled boots. A little further on is a light closet, with basins of water and towels, to save you the trouble of mounting to your bedroom before going in to dinner. Further round in the lobby, is a recess with a desk, pens, ink, and paper, furnishing means at all times to write a hurried note. A few steps beyond, and passing the flight of steps which lead to the bar, we come upon an enclosure like a sentry-box, in which is seated a clerk with the machinery of an electric-telegraph; and on handing him a slip through his wicket, he will, for a trifling sum, despatch a message for you to almost any city throughout the United States. I made use of this gentleman's wires on two occasions, in sending to distant towns, and had answers handed to me in a neat envelope within an hour.

We now pass the waiter's form, and study the apparatus of the general book-keeper, which occupies the right side of the lobby. Behind the counter of this officer, we perceive a large case of pigeon-holes, with a number over each, and appropriated for receiving letters or cards left for the guests. Knowing your particular number, you have only to glance at the little depository under it, to know if any one has been calling, or if any letters have arrived for you. At one end of the counter, there is a letter-box into which you drop all letters for post, which is another means of saving trouble. But the most curious thing of all, is the arrangement by which the official behind the counter knows who signals from his apartment. To have some hundreds of bells would produce inextricable confusion. All the wires in the house centre at one bell, placed in a case in the lobby, with the whole mechanism exposed on one side within a sheet of plate-glass. The other side of this case is covered all over with numbers in rows. Adjoining each number is a small crescent-shaped piece of brass, which drops from the horizontal, and hangs by one end, when the wire connected with it is pulled, the bell being by the same action sounded. The attention of the book-keeper being so attracted, he directs a waiter to proceed to the apartment indicated, and with his finger restoring the bit of brass to its former posture, it is ready for a fresh signal. A more neat and simple arrangement could not well be imagined. The fronts of these bell-cases are of white enamel, and being set in a gilt frame, have a pleasing ornamental effect.

So much for the Astor, to which there are now many rivals of equal or larger dimensions—the Irving House, the Prescott House, and numerous others, including the two more recently established and peculiarly splendid establishments—the Metropolitan and St Nicholas, both situated considerably 'up town' in Broadway. The Metropolitan, an edifice of brown sandstone, with a frontage of 300 feet, is superbly furnished, and laid out with 100 suites of family apartments, and can accommodate altogether 600 guests, whose wants are ministered to by 250 servants. The cost of building and furnishing this prodigiously large house, is said to have been 1,000,000 dollars. The St Nicholas, I believe, aspires to stand at the head of its order. It is a splendid structure of white marble, containing 150 suites of family apartments, and with accommodation for nearly 800 guests; I understood, indeed, that preparations were making for the accommodation of at least 1000 people. The cost of this establishment has been spoken of as 1,030,000 dollars; but doubtless this is below the mark.

Some not less interesting features of these great hotels remain to be noticed. They generally print their own bills of fare, which are freshly executed with the date, daily. Their suites of hot and cold baths, their billiard-rooms, and their barbers' shops, are on a most commodious scale. The Americans appear to be particularly punctilious as regards their hair and beard, and a frequent visit to the peruquier seems an indispensable part of their personal economy. All English gentlemen in the present day—those who rely on the service of valets excepted—shave their own beard, for which purpose they take portable dressing-cases along with them on their journeys. I never could understand why the not overindulgent Americans, lodging in the great hotels, or travelling by river steam-boats, require to be shaved by professional tonsors. At all events, there, in the barber's apartment, in every hotel, are seen seated a number of gentlemen—under the hands of coloured operators. And in what luxurious attitudes!—leaning back in a couch-like chair, and the feet exalted on a velvet-covered rest, we have a picture of ease and lassitude which I should fancy is only to be matched in the dressing-rooms of nobles and princes.

Perhaps it may be expected that I should say a word on that subject of everlasting condolence—servants. I was agreeably disappointed to find that the Americans are not so badly off for domestic assistance as they are usually represented to be. A great change for the better in this respect has lately occurred, through the influx of Irish. It is wonderful to notice how soon an Irishman in a long-tailed ragged coat and patched knee corduroys, is transformed into a hotel garçon, dressed neatly in a white jacket and pants, combed, brushed, and rendered as amenable to discipline as if under the orders of a drill-sergeant. Thus smartened up, the Irish have become a most important people in the United States. Irish girls, who would fail to find an open door in London, are here received with a sigh of delight; and what American housewives and hotel-keepers would now do without them, is painful to reflect upon. It being apparently a fixed maxim in the mind of every white man and woman in the States, that domestic service is intolerable, the inpouring of Irish has solved an immense difficulty. Numerous, and spread over a wide region, this useful people have already dispossessed in a great degree the coloured race, who, consequently pushed into humbler situations, suffer, it may be presumed, an aggravation of their sufficiently unhappy lot. I found corps of coloured waiters chiefly in Canada. At only one place (Congress Hall Hotel, Albany) did I see them in any of the northern states. Whether white or coloured, the waiters in every hotel, when attending table, are marshalled into the saloon, each carrying a plated dish in his hand, the procession reminding one of the theatrical march in *Aladin;* and in the setting down, and uncovering these dishes, and walking off with the lids—the whole corps moving off in line—they obey a fugleman with that military precision, which among a people less imperturbable than the Americans, could scarcely fail to excite a certain degree of merriment.

The laundry departments of the American hotels ought not to be forgotten in the list of marvels. Placed under the management of a special clerk, who records all necessary details, the arrangements for washing, drying, and ironing would astonish any ordinary laundress. The drying is done by rapidly-whirling machines, which wring out the wet, and cause the articles to pass through currents of hot air, so as to turn them out ready for the ironer in the space of a few minutes. Depending on these aids, the American needs not to encumber himself with great loads of underclothing in his excursions. Anywhere, in an hour or two, he can get everything washed and dressed, as if he had just started from home. Arrangements for his comfort do not stop here. In New York, and generally in other large cities, the hotels, for the most part, have a range of shops or stores on the ground-floor, fronting the street, adapted to supply the wants of travellers. Articles of clothing, gloves, jewellery, umbrellas, canes, note-paper, perfumery, medicines, and so on, are found in these shops, which in one

place (Washington) I found were connected with the hotel by a back-entrance from the main corridor. An American hotel is not a house: it is a town.

W. C.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH THE DENOUEMENT COMES AT LAST.

It was the most genial of spring mornings when a stage-coach stopped at the Plough to set down a passenger; and the moment it stopped—perhaps a trifle before—Robert Oaklands bounded from the vehicle, and was received in the arms of the captain and Elizabeth. But even in the midst of their greetings the thoughts of the traveller went astray. How could it be otherwise? The Common lay stretched before him, that common on which he had wandered when a boy, a weary, hungry, friendless, homeless vagrant, lost in the mist that overhung the world, lost only to be found by his happy fortune! A kind of awe passed across the mind of the young man as he gazed, accompanied by a strange, vague feeling of incredulity; and it was with some difficulty he comprehended what was said to him by the captain, as they took their way along the well-known track.

'Don't be in a hurry, Bob,' said the veteran; 'walk slowly, for I have something to say; and that is why we came to meet you, for I would rather have stood at the door, to see you leap across the road into my arms, as you did when you were a lad, looking for all the world like a panther in fun. You must know'——

'My dear friend,' interrupted Robert anxiously, 'is there anything amiss? I see Sara's blind is down!'

'Yes, and Sara's eyes too, and Sara's heart lower than all. You must know that she somehow wormed out of me—and it is no easy matter, you are aware, getting into the guard of an old soldier—that I had written for you to come down to take her to task about her avarice, and hard work, and the piano, and the old frocks, and so on, and, by Jove, she had no sooner come to the fact than she was well-nigh at the fainting! No more work since then, no more eating, no more sleeping; nothing but bursts of tears, and flushed and white cheeks time about. And I can tell you, Bob, I kept as broad awake all that night as an outpost in an enemy's country, thinking she was about to play us the trick I caught you at when you were a boy. I felt sure, in fact, that Sara was going to run away! I told you what effect your scolding would have upon her; but I confess I never imagined that the mere thought of it would set her frantic. Now I wanted before you saw her to give you a hint just to draw it as mild as you can—as mild as new milk, Bob. Speak kindly to poor Sara—won't you, old fellow? You know if she is different from the other girls of the Common, it is you who made her so; and you must think of old times, and your school letters, and the dancing, and singing, and poor Molly, and be soft, and gentle, and loving to our Sara—won't you, Bob?' Bob could not speak for a moment.

'Never fear,' said he at last, with a gasp—'never fear! only come along—no use in crawling when I have good news to tell. My highest expectations have become realities; I am rich, my dearest friend—at least independent: we are all rich, all independent, all happy: come along!' He almost upset Molly when she opened the door. He flew into the parlour—it was empty; into the other sitting-room — empty too; he then bounded into the garden, while Molly, better knowing where her young mistress was to be found, flashed up the stairs.

But Molly had no need to announce the arrival. Ashamed—mortified—crushed—Sara had seen them cross the Common; and she guessed with great accuracy the communication that was made by the captain, and even the good soul's entreaties that Robert would meet her with kindness and encouragement—her, the poor country-girl who was detected in the fact of secretly impoverishing herself to enrich the favoured lover of Miss Falcontower! But the circumstances were so desperate, that at length the pride and courage of Sara's nature were effectually roused. She rose from her seat at the window, where she had sat crushing her hands together—rose far beyond her usual height, shewing 'fearful fair,' as she gathered round her like a mantle all her feminine hauteur and virgin reserve. The interview that could not be avoided she determined to seek; and in descending the stairs to the parlour, slow, tall, and silent, she looked, with her stately step and classical head, like a vestal priestess.

When Robert bounded into the room, and shut the door behind him, it appeared to have been his intention to clasp her in his arms; but if so, he found the atmosphere that surrounded her too dense even to admit of hasty approach. Some elastic body, as viewless as the air, seemed to resist as he drew near. Her sweet but proud and defiant eyes, fixed upon his, overawed him; and when at length he took her offered hand, it was to raise it reverently to his lips.

'Dear Sara,' said he, struggling with his timidity, 'I have so much to say, I do not know how to begin! But devout gratitude'——

'Robert,' interrupted Sara, 'let us understand one another first. I have no design to evade the subject; but neither is it my intention to appropriate more of your gratitude than is my just share. In your early boyhood, my dear uncle incurred a heavy responsibility—a responsibility which has cost him since then many anxious days and sleepless nights. Recently, there appeared to come a crisis in your fortunes, which might be directed for permanent good by the aid of money. It was himself told me this; and in the beautiful simplicity of his nature, he asked my consent, as well as my dear aunt's, to his raising the necessary sum by the sale of this family property—a property to which he was himself attached with a kind of devout affection. Now, could I permit this? Could I see him wander forth from this cherished home in his old age, with his small income burdened with the rent of another? Do you blame the poor orphan, to whom he was father and mother, friends and relations, the whole world in one, for taking the sacrifice upon herself?'

Robert was transfixed. He grew cold—frozen—torpid; and dropped her hand, as if his fingers had lost the power to hold it.

'I do not blame you,' said he at last, rousing himself; 'the action was only in accordance with the nobleness of your nature; and since you deprive me of gratitude, you cannot prevent the feeling from being replaced by admiration. But did you hope to be able to preserve concealment? Did it not occur to you that your uncle would carry out his own plan, ignorant of that being no longer necessary?'

'I trusted,' replied Sara, with some confusion of manner, 'in—in—you; and I hope you will not fail me. Lead the conversation to the point; assure him that you are provided with funds—he stands on too much gentlemanly punctilio to press you as to their source; and so the whole thing will by and by be forgotten. As for the little deprivations I submit to, they are not worth talking of.'

'Sara,' said Robert, looking searchingly into her eyes, 'it seems to me impossible that you can think me so base as to permit such a sacrifice! But if your motive was merely to save your uncle from impoverishing

himself for my sake, did you not know that the object might have been attained by the slightest hint to me? Why submit to deprivations that were wholly unnecessary for the point you had in view? Moreover, whence was your agitation, your tears, your terror, when you found yourself on the brink of a discovery so honourable to your pious devotion? O Sara, I will not abandon hope! I *will* believe that—that'——

'Robert!' cried Sara, starting back in surprise and affright, 'this from you! Tell me,' she added, passionately, 'from whom did you suppose the money came?'

'From Miss Falcontower.'

'And do you, then, presume to—to—to'—— But Sara, much to her shame and indignation, was interrupted by the tears that would force their way.

'Lord Luxton,' continued Robert, inhumanly rejoicing in her grief, 'in return for long-continued literary services, had promised me a public appointment of some value; but from this engagement, on discovering the meanness of my origin, he appeared disposed to withdraw. When I found, therefore, that the surprising windfall did not come from my old benefactor, and imagining it to be wholly out of the question that you could have made so terrible a sacrifice for my unworthy self, I did suspect that Miss Falcontower, who, beneath the incrustation of artificial life, has still some original nobleness of character, had taken this mode of making up so far for her father's defalcation. Lord Luxton, however, undeceived me, by mentioning that his daughter was told one evening by the family lawyer in Lincoln's Inn, of the reluctance with which he had just consented to be, in his way of business, a party in dissipating more than half of your little property! Now, Sara'——

'Robert, did you ever love the nobleness of character you talk of?'

'Always—but not the woman. My own Sara!' and he passed his arm round her waist, and drew her unresistingly to his bosom, 'I never loved but you! I am here, not to reject your sacrifice, but to accept it. So far from returning any portion of what you have given, I demand more—all—and you, my life and hope, with it! Speak, Sara, with your own simple, truthful lips—from your own generous, noble, womanly heart—will you make me the happiest and most grateful of men?' Sara was still weeping—but what delicious tears!—still some small, slight sobs told of the varying emotions she had undergone; and it was with a low and broken voice she answered—

'That you wish it, Robert, is happiness enough for me. The time may be distant, but I shall await it with trust in God, and implicit confidence in you.'

'The time is come—it is now!—and the work I have still to do in the world is no longer for bread, but for usefulness and distinction!'

The tone in which the conversation was pursued may now be imagined. They were seated side by side on a sofa, in the usual attitude of promised lovers, and with Wearyfoot Common in view from the window. Robert disclosed to Sara the whole details of his London life—including even the audacious kiss he had printed on the hand of Claudia, and the story—in which, however, he had been forestalled by Molly—of the spectral face seen at Mrs Margery's window. On these points, and on these alone, Sara asked no questions, and made no remark.

'Tell me,' said she at last, 'if this Heaven-sent fortune had not come, what would have been your decision on discovering the source of my anonymous gift?'

'I am afraid to answer,' replied Robert; 'for I have more than suspected that there is a hard untrusting element in my character, though not, I hope, in my nature, which I must endeavour, with your assistance, to eradicate. Your touching devotion should have shattered my flinty theory to pieces; and I hope—I am sure—it would have done so, had you been by my side. Without you, I tremble to think how much worse I should have been than I am. You do not know what blessed influences I drew from that faint lone star so often seen above the dreary Common! You do not know what a cold dark world this would have been for me without that light of hope! The mist would never have risen from my soul, the splash of the rain would never have ceased to hiss in my ears. O Sara, think of what I was, if you do not find me all you wish! Think of that miserable boy, for whom no creature cared so much as for a stray dog, even among the unhappy crew who perhaps included her to whom he owed his being! Think of the darkness through which he wandered—of the'——

'Robert—dearest Robert—think rather that the mist is gone, the darkness dispelled, and that your star, as you call her, is shining, with all the little twinkling power she has, full upon your heart! See how green, how fresh, how beautiful is the desert Common, spangled with the small wild-flowers that peep out to greet the coming summer! Look how the sunbeams are shaken in successive showers of spray over its surface; and hark to that sweet, clear, winged voice that rises from its bosom straight up to heaven, interpreting the mute heart of the world!'

'I will, I do, my own best love!' said Robert, hiding his face on her shoulder; 'but when I think of the change, I am choked with a happiness so undeserved.' When he raised his head, the beautiful shoulder was wet, and he would have dried it in some confusion, had not Sara taken his hand gently in hers.

'Nay, beloved,' said she, with her soft, sweet voice, and fixing on him as she spoke her lofty and earnest eyes—'nay, beloved, these are sacred drops! Let them stay, and be absorbed to heaven—let us give them jointly to the God of Mercy, an offering and a vow!'

The day of Robert and Sara's return from the marriage-trip, was a great day in the village of Wearyfoot. The launch of a shay-cart was to take place—that elegant hybrid between a gentleman's gig and a business vehicle—the first that ever was seen in those parts, and one of the handsomest that ever was seen anywhere out of London. The children of both sexes, and various women with babies in their arms, were collected long before the time. With some the door of the chaise-house was the popular point of view, for there they would catch the first glimpse of it as it came forth into its circumambulatory existence; but others, with perhaps better taste, preferred clustering round the baker's shop, where there would be added a human interest to the spectacle. Not a few of the more staid and respectable of the inhabitants, who were quite above testifying any curiosity of the kind, made an errand to that part of the line of street, and lingered to converse with a neighbour about the weather; while, as a general rule, there seemed to be quite a remarkable turn out in the village, the population finding it, somehow, desirable to take a mouthful of the sweet crisp air outside their doors.

The vehicle at last came forth, and was hailed with a shout of small voices. It was a very handsome gig in front for the riders, with a long body behind for the loaves, the whole painted and varnished in green and yellow like a gentleman's carriage; and it was drawn by a horse as fat as was consistent with smartness, and with a coat as brown and sleek as you shall see in any picture of Landseer. It drew up at the shop-door, and presently there came forth the young baker and his newly-married wife. There was some little flutter and awkwardness at first in the lady's getting into so novel a position, but this was ended by the husband, a fine, stout, prompt fellow, almost lifting his spouse into the carriage, and stepping lightly in after her himself.

As Molly—for you know it was our Molly—arrayed in a silk gown, but of modest colour, took her seat for the first time, looking round upon the crowded street, and with the cheers of the boys and girls in her ears, her head swam for a moment; and when the equipage dashed off, she caught her bold young husband's arm, and two or three little nervous sobs—the last weakness of the kind—told her emotion. As they passed down the street, nods, smiles, and good wishes were sent to them from every door, for Molly was a universal favourite. And how could it be otherwise, since she was a kindly, good-tempered, frank, womanly, handsome girl, fit for the future mother of genuine English hearts—of high-spirited, generous men, and true and loving women!

Their destination was the Lodge—Simple Lodge, for by that name it shall rest in our memory—and their object was not only to felicitate and be felicitated, but to shew Master Robert how the vehicle looked he had presented to them as a marriage-gift. They drew up at the kitchen-door, and Molly having first asked leave, piloted her husband to the hall. How they were kindly invited into the parlour, and shaken by the hand; how Molly, in addition, kissed Mrs Oaklands' hands with many smiles and tears; how she wouldn't sit down on any account but at the very edge of the door; how they drank a glass of wine with bows and curtsies, and the best of wishes, and ate a bit of cake out of their own shop; and how, flattered and delighted with their reception, they very soon took their leave and descended again to the kitchen, needs not be told.

But here they encountered another visitor, who had come in when they were up stairs, and Molly, with a loud scream, threw herself upon Mrs Margery. The scream brought instantly down the young couple and Elizabeth, for the captain would hardly have entered these precincts if he had heard a military hurra; and there was not merely a new shaking of hands, but Sara clasped Mrs Margery in her arms, and kissed her with tears in her eyes. Mrs Margery, however, though now a respectable tradeswoman as well as Molly, would not be prevailed upon to go up stairs. She would go home with her old fellow-servant, and stay with her that night. She had merely come down, she said, to see the Denowment she had predicted, and planned, and watched, and waited for so long—to see it with her own eyes. She had seen it, praise be to goodness. She had found it all right—just what it ought to be, and could not help being, and she was satisfied and thankful. As Robert and Sara knew that they would be the greater part of every year in London, and had a great many affectionate plans in their minds about Mrs Margery, they thought little of the abruptness of her present visit; and so, after a little more talk, and an affectionate and respectful leave-taking, she went away, and was driven back into the village in Molly's carriage.

As soon as Robert and his wife saw the visitors out of the kitchen-door—they had already admired the equipage—they rushed up the stairs, chasing one another, and calling and laughing like boy and girl, till they found the captain.

'There is Margery! there is Margery!—to the window, dear uncle!' and the captain obeyed orders in double-quick time. But on this occasion likewise he was too late. He saw only a couple of large shawls to choose from; and the veteran, with a look of almost superstitious puzzlement, turned away from the window, muttering—

'That's very extraordinary! That is ve-ry ex-traord-in-ary!—What do you think of it,' continued he, turning to his sister, 'hey, Elizabeth?'

'All authors agree,' replied the virgin, 'that the disappointments of life serve as teachings to the wise. When an individual desires to observe a comely cook or clear-starcher, his best mode of procedure, I venture to suggest, is to open the window and look out.'

'That's very true, Elizabeth,' said the captain, 'that's very true, and if I don't do so the next time she comes, may I be shot!'

All sanguine authors—and they who are not sanguine have no business to address themselves to the multitude of their kind—take the flattering unction to their souls, that they have excited an interest in their personages, sufficient to induce the reader to desire to know what becomes of them after the close of the story. It would be difficult for us, however, to satisfy this curiosity, supposing such to exist, because we have brought up the chronicle within so small a number of years of the present moment, that fate has had no time, even if she were assisted by Mrs Margery herself, to arrange their several denowments.

We may say, however, that, thanks to the Wearyfoot connection, and his own skill in Grecianizing snub-noses, Mr Driftwood's business of cheap portrait-painting flourishes to this day; although we are sorry to add that his rascally boy still continues to be out of the way just at the moment he is wanted. The artist looks confidently to Mr and Mrs Robert Oaklands personally for a periodical addition to the number of sitters, and has not, so far, been disappointed. His friend takes the utmost care of these family portraits. They are always kept in the country, and are never permitted to be out of their cases in the lumber-room, except in compliment to the modern master himself when he comes on a visit. But Driftwood, it is said, has the prospect of a family-gallery of his own. At anyrate, Miss Bloomley has taken a great notion of art, and is always bringing him sitters. Now, at her mother's death, the lodging-house in Great Russell Street will be her own; and, besides, she is herself the beau-ideal of a London girl of her rank, a fine, high-spirited, saucy, generous-hearted handsome lass—just the very person to make the good-natured artist happy, and confine his little eccentricities of genius within the line of prudence.

Mr Poringer and Mr Slopper, after the fight, resumed gradually their friendly intercourse. The former has not yet attained the mark of his ambition. The difficulty is not as to a house, so much as to a landlady. He could get plenty of both, it is true; but his choice is restricted within the small number of houses where the lower classes is not admitted, and within the still smaller number of landladies who possess the qualifications of Mrs Margery—a crustaceous attachment to home, and a sufficiency of money. He has made proposals to several of the latter kind, but found them, as he declares in confidence to Mr Slopper, vulgar and senseless, and blind to their own interest, beyond belief.

Adolphus, under the management of his excellent mother, has married in his own degree of intellect and station; and if he could only believe it, is much better off than if he had obtained the hand either of Miss Falcontower or Miss Semple. As for his friend Fancourt, he was just about to accept the captain's invitation, and go down to have a run upon Wearyfoot Common, when intelligence reached him of the union of Robert and Sara. This gave the hermit a chill, and indisposed him for running. He sits in his cell for hours moralising on his wasted existence, with a void behind and before him; the latter somewhat relieved by the picturesque prospect of the gout in the midst.

Claudia Falcontower is still young in spite of years, still radiantly lovely in spite of time. She has lost her taste for public business; and for that reason Lord Luxton has retired from the political world, and is distinguished only as a connoisseur in art. Claudia has refused more than one brilliant offer of marriage since her father's succession to the peerage, and it is thought has no intention to change her condition. She is a patroness of literature, and many a struggling author, male and female, has been largely indebted to

her helping-hand; but she makes no intimates even among her protégés, and with her cold and even haughty manner, liberal heart, and exquisitely refined taste, she is a complete enigma even to those whose business is the anatomy of character. She spends the greater part of the year at Luxton Castle, and listens condescendingly to Miss Heavystoke's long stories of her former pupils, and more particularly of her last, with whom that good lady remains in constant epistolary correspondence, and to whose children she expects one day to act as governess.

Claudia likewise pays some attention to her little cousin's education: but she is not attached to children, at least in the ordinary way—they seem to make her melancholy, and she rather shuns their society. Her interest, however, was one day excited in a more than usual manner by a child she had never seen before, and would probably never see again. She was walking in Kensington Gardens, and had gone into one of the alcoves to rest, when a nurse-maid passed by with her charge. The little creature, a fine boy between three and four years of age, took her at first for his mother, and ran in crying joyfully, 'Mamma!' but when she raised her head, and he discovered his mistake, he stopped short, and shaking his brown hair from his fair brow, looked at her with eyes so calm and soft, yet so observant and penetrating, that Claudia's attention was aroused. The boy seemed to be limning her features in his own mind; till at length, with a sudden blaze from her strange eyes, she motioned him to approach. He did so with the firm step and calm self-possessed air befitting a gentleman's child; and, putting back his clustering hair from his brow, she gazed long and intently on his face. Then drawing him to her bosom, she strained him in her arms, and kissed him with such vehemence, that the child broke away and ran to his maid.

In a few minutes Claudia came forth, cold, calm, stately as usual; and her servant, who was talking with the nurse-maid, elevated his gold-headed cane, almost as tall as himself, and followed his mistress.

'Slopper,' said she indifferently, when they had walked on a few paces, 'do you know whose child that is?'

'The child, miss,' replied Mr Slopper, touching his hat with official dignity, 'is the son of Robert Oaklands, Esquire, of Harley Street and Wearyfoot Common.'

THE END OF WEARYFOOT COMMON.*

FITTING OUT A MAN-OF-WAR.

One does not go to the Highlands to shoot partridges; yet it so happened that on the 6th day of September I found myself some twenty miles north of Inverness, waking up these birds from the turnip-fields, the corn being still uncut; and with the assistance of my companions, I managed to make up a pretty good bag.

Such a confession cannot be made without an apology. Here it is. I had been staying some weeks with kind friends; and what with short excursions to places of interest in Ross and Sutherland, salmon and trout fishing, shooting deer both roe and fallow, to say nothing of wild-duck, with an occasional snipe and wood-cock, the time had passed as pleasantly as rapidly. Yet it so happened that on this particular 6th day of September, there was no chance of a fish rising or of getting near a roe. Grouse there were none. There was nothing particular to do, so we waked up the partridges until it was time for luncheon. Visions of a pleasant close to the day enlivened the walk home. There had been some talk of music for the evening, and a return-match at four-handed chess. There was a certain sunny corner where a volume of Scott was wonderfully appreciated in the afternoon. Dinner must not be forgotten, with its accompaniments of roe-deer soup, fresh caught fish, game-pie, and venison chops hot from the gridiron, and in one of the kindest, most cheerful, and friendly parties that ever crossed the border. But, alas! the inexorable post anticipated the well-earned luncheon. A letter of ominous official form was put into my hand. The seal was broken, and I read—

'Admiralty, *4th September.*

'Sir—My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty having appointed you ——— of Her Majesty's sloop the *Saucy*, it is their Lordships' direction that you repair *immediately* to the superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard for your appointment, and that you report to me the day on which you shall have joined the ship. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

W. A. B. Hamilton.

'*P.S.*—It is desired that you acknowledge the receipt of this letter.'

This was not the first time that a like sudden stop had been put to favourite plans by the calls of the service. So putting a good face on the matter, and scarcely knowing whether to ask for condolence or congratulation, a few things were hurried into a portmanteau, a biscuit into the pocket, a hasty good-by exchanged, and within an hour from the receipt of my letter, I was waiting at a turnpike two miles off for the northern mail to give me a passage to Inverness. This gave me an opportunity of shaking hands with an old friend, who was hurrying off with his bride to Dunrobin as fast as post-horses could carry him; and what with this and the glow produced by a fast drive through the sharp, bracing air, on a bright Highland day, I was quite inclined to look on the light side of things by the time I was seated before a round of beef in the Caledonian Hotel at Inverness.

A visit to Mr M'Dougall at his Clan Tartan Warehouse enabled me to defy the cold of a night on the Grampians; so in another hour I was again behind four horses for a fourteen hours' drive on the mail to Perth. Skirting the Moor of Culloden, lighted by a bright moon, enlivened by a cheerful fellow-traveller, nothing could have been more pleasant than this drive, had it only been a little warmer. The dark hills looked out majestically in the moonlight, the deep shadows adding immensely to their effect; while, to crown all, about midnight a magnificent aurora borealis lighted up the northern sky, shooting up its gigantic rockets from the horizon. Then came the drive through Blair-Athol and Dunkeld, and nine o'clock saw us at the city of the Fair Maid of Perth. From this to Edinburgh, the route was easy; thence twelve hours by express-train conveyed me to London, and in due time I found myself at that most detestable of all our ports, Sheerness, looking at my future home as she lay near the pier.

The time of fitting out a ship is the most unpleasant part of the commission. One must either live in a hulk, and go backwards and forwards in boats several times a day, or take up quarters in some dirty inn ashore, until the ship is made habitable. What I wish to tell, however, is what the fitting out of a ship of war is, and I flatter myself the information, taken as a whole, will be new to most readers.

* After a short interval, there will appear a new work of fiction by another pen, to be continued, like the above, in weekly chapters till completed.

It generally surprises any one who sees a ship of war at anchor in one of our harbours, when he is told that 1000, 500, or 150 persons, according to the size of the ship, live on board her. A corvette, with a crew of 150 men, does not appear, and really is not, larger than an ordinary merchant-ship of 500 or 600 tons, yet all these persons are boarded and lodged comfortably in their floating-home. But this is not all. The ship must carry a quantity of stores and provisions, which, if they were laid out on the shore, would fill a good-sized barn, and which any one would be apt to bet heavy odds could not be put on board the little ship. In the first place, water and provisions for the whole crew must be carried for some months, to make the ship efficient. In our case, we carried a complete supply for five months: we had fifty-three tons of water, and the weight of the tanks containing this water was eleven tons. Then the weight of beef and pork, biscuit, peas, and flour, sugar, tea, and cocoa, with other provisions, amounted to nearly twenty-five tons, the casks containing them weighing two tons and a quarter. In addition to this government supply of food and drink, the captain and officers take about seven tons of private stores for their own particular nourishment. Four tons of coal and wood; two tons of clothing, soap, candles, tobacco, &c.; two hundredweights of medical stores; and a ton and a half of rum; with more than a ton of holy-stones and sand for cleaning the decks, would fill a moderate-sized warehouse. Then when we consider the weight the good ship has to carry, we must calculate upon twenty tons of ballast, and upon sixteen or seventeen tons as the weight of the men and boys, with their clothing and bedding. The bowsprit, masts, yards, and booms weigh more than twenty-four tons; the rigging, twenty tons; and there are more than four tons of blocks only, or what are better known to landsmen as pulleys. The sails weigh two tons and a half, and there is the same weight of spare sails. There are sixteen tons of iron cable, and three tons of hempen cable. Four anchors weigh together more than seven tons; the boats more than three tons and a half. Then come the eighteen guns, which weigh together twenty-seven tons; and the stores taken by the gunners for working their guns, amount to about four tons and a half. The stores taken by the boatswain and carpenter to keep the ship and her rigging in working-order, weigh more than seventeen tons. Lastly, we have three tons and a half of powder, two tons and a half of case-shot, nineteen tons of cannon-balls, two tons of shells, and two tons of musket-balls and small-arms. If all this be added together, the reader will at once see that when our little vessel floated out of Sheerness Harbour to the Nore, she carried with her more than 300 tons of valuable property.

But as a friend of ours exclaimed when we were endeavouring to impress this upon him: 'Where, in the name of all that is wonderful, can it all be put? How can you live amid such a heap of incongruous matter? Where do you all live? Where is the kitchen? Where do you sleep, and where do all the men sleep?'—These are all very natural questions, and it will require some little time to answer them.

To commence with the space 'under hatches,' as it is called, or beneath the floor of the deck on which men and officers live. Any one who knows the shape of a ship, will see, on a little reflection, that this space will be broad and deep in the centre, gradually becoming narrower and more shallow towards both head and stern. At the extreme after-end, there was a space for the captain's stores; and beneath his cabin, the bread-room, capable of holding 100 bags of biscuit, each weighing a hundredweight. Then advancing forward, and beneath two of the officers' cabins, is the slop-room, where all the cloth and duck, shoes, flannel, hats, and other articles for men's clothing, are kept. Parallel with this, and beneath the gun-room, extending also some way into the centre of the bread-room, is the shell-room and magazine. Each of the shells is packed in a separate box, and treated with such care that no one felt uneasy, although sitting every day at meals with 110 of them only separated from his feet by a plank, with nearly three tons of powder in the magazine close by. In a space corresponding to the slop-room, on the opposite side, was the officers' store-room for provisions. Further forward, in the centre, are the lockers for shot, holding 1260 of these gentle persuaders of thirty-two pounds of cold iron. On either side of them, and of the shell-room, are holds for provisions and spirits. The nineteen tons of iron ballast are arranged just above the keel and round the lowest parts of the inside of the ship. Immediately upon these are the iron water-tanks, corresponding in shape to that of the vessel; those in the centre fitting square; those towards the sides circling at different angles. Six of the largest of these tanks hold each 600 gallons; two smaller ones, each 400 gallons; two of 200; twelve of 375; and eighteen of 110: making together forty tanks, holding 11,280 gallons, or more than fifty tons. These tanks occupy the central part of the ship, except a space reserved for the chain-cable and a small store of provisions for daily use. Further forward is a hold for the beef and pork, with another for coal and firing. Beyond this is the sail-room, where all the spare sails are kept; and, lastly, quite in the bows, the store-rooms, as they are called, but really a sort of dark cupboard, where the boatswain and carpenter keep their stores. All this is under hatches—that is to say, a hatch must be raised to get into any of these spaces. A hatch is a square piece of the floor or deck cut out, so that it can be lifted by a ring, and furnished with locks, and so made as to keep all the lower part of the ship water-tight, or nearly so.

Next comes the inhabited portion of the ship. Commencing as before, from the after-part, we had first two cabins for the captain, each extending the whole breadth of the ship. The after one was small; but with a couple of arm-chairs and a portable fireplace, was a perfect little snuggery for him in winter, to lounge with a book or play a game at chess with one of us. The fore-cabin was much longer. At one side, doors opened into a sleeping-cabin and a large cupboard, where the charts and chronometers are kept. At the other, was an open sofa-bed place and a cabin where the steward kept all the glass, crockery, &c., for the table. The open space of the cabin was some seven paces by six, and between six and seven feet in height, being lighted by a sky-light on deck. In the centre, was a large square table, where many a jolly party of eight or ten have sat down to as good a dinner as was ever given afloat. Some well-filled book-shelves, a writing-desk, and a few chairs, with a barometer and compass, completed the furniture.

Next came the gun-room, where the gun-room officers—namely, two lieutenants, master, surgeon, purser, and assistant-surgeon—mess. This is also a square cabin, lighted by a sky-light, six paces by five, of the same height as the captain's cabin, furnished simply with a square table, a few chairs, lockers for wine, which are converted into a sort of sofa by a cushion, and drawers and glass-stands for the furniture of the table. At one side, are two cabins for the two lieutenants; at the other side, are doors opening into a narrow passage, which leads from the captain's cabin, past the gun-room, on to the lower-deck, and separates the gun-room from the cabins of the master, surgeon, purser, and assistant-surgeon; which correspond with those of the lieutenants on the opposite side of the ship, but are carried further forward. All these cabins are about six feet square. There is a bed-place with drawers beneath it, a washhand-stand, a flap which can be raised to form a table, book-shelves, a chair, and a

chest of drawers; and this completes the home of each officer. Yet it is surprising how much is stowed away in so small a space, and how much taste is often displayed in setting off one's own particular corner of the ship to the best advantage. Pictures and looking-glasses, Turkish rugs and Greek lace, velvet and gilding, are all brought into play; yet room is still found for clothes and books, the cumbersome cases of uniform, gun-cases, telescope, sextant, and the curiosities picked up at different ports, to prove our remembrance of old friends when arriving again in England.

The midshipmen's berth is on the same side as the lieutenants' cabins, just abaft the main-hatchway. It is merely a cabin some five paces square, nearly filled by a table, over which swings a lamp, and is lighted, like all the officers' cabins, by what are called bulls-eyes—prisms of glass let in through the deck. Around the table are square lockers, and on the top of these the middies sit. Of course there is no room for chairs. Some shelves above receive the sextants, glasses, desks, and books; a recess is fitted up for crockery, and the berth is complete. In this we had two mates, five midshipmen, a clerk, and a master's assistant. None of these officers sleep in cabins, but are slung at night in hammocks like the men, in a part of the lower-deck, just outside their berth, where each has his chest arranged. In this chest he must keep the whole of his dress and property, and a drawer for his washing utensils.

The lower-deck, or the space where the seamen live, cook, eat, and sleep, was 54 feet long, 6 feet 6 inches in height between the beams, and 28 feet in breadth at the broadest part. In this space, 130 seamen had to find accommodation; not only for themselves, but for the galley or kitchen, and for all the mess-tables and stools—to live by day when not on deck, and to sleep by night. It was as well supplied with light and air as is any ship of the class, but still susceptible of improvement in these respects. Along each side a number of mess-tables are arranged, each capable of accommodating a dozen men, six on each side, seated on a stool of the length of the table. Shelves arranged on the sides of the ship receive the plates and 'mess-gear,' as the cookery of the men is called. There is a good deal of pride in the show the men can make in this way, and a little rivalry between different messes. All along the beams are rows of hooks, fourteen inches apart, to which the hammocks are slung at night for the men to sleep in. The hammock is simply an oblong piece of canvas, with holes at each end, through which lines are passed, brought together, and the hammock thus hung to the hooks. It contains a hair mattress and pillow, and a blanket or two for the men, the officers adding the luxury of sheets. In the morning, every hammock is rolled up, tied into a fixed size and shape, and arranged around the bulwarks of the ship, being uncovered in fine weather, but protected, when necessary, by a covering of tarpaulin. Thus there is no sign of a sleeping-place on the lower-deck during the day, all the hammocks being above.

The galley or kitchen would sadly puzzle a shore-cook. No fire is to be seen; no joints are seen roasting. All is enclosed in a square iron case; there is a furnace below, surrounded by water, and into this sauce-pans of all shapes and sizes are let in—from the caldron which boils the soup for the whole ship's company, to the sauce-boat for the officers' fish—all boiling, baking, roasting so called, toasting, stewing for the meals of the captain, the two officers' messes, and the whole of the men, are thus done in an iron box some five feet square, and in many ships distilled water is prepared at the same time. In some of our large troop-ships, 800 gallons of distilled water are thus prepared every day.

Such was our craft below. On deck we had eighteen 32-pounders; and aloft, the usual sails of a three-masted, square-rigged vessel. This was our Fitting Out. We were now ready for sea; and, with the usual complement of officers and men, we sailed where our duty called us.

NEGLECTED TREASURES.

Although ourselves intensely English, we are constrained by conscience to admit, that the people of the continent of Europe *do*—like the 'Dougal creature'—display certain 'glimmerings' of sense. We have, indeed, been sorely tempted to entertain the idea, that if any enemy were to institute an invidious comparison between the insulars and the continentals, the verdict of an impartial judge—though, of course, on the whole greatly in favour of the superiority of the former—might possibly, on one or two points, incline to that of the latter. To be serious—it does seem strange that, whilst men of other nations should know both where to get the materials for a savoury dish, and how to cook them, the English are so blissfully ignorant on such points, that, although their woods and meadows teem with a rich abundance of wholesome, savoury, and nutritious food—from the gathering of which no law withholds their hands—they allow these treasures to perish before their eyes, and go back to their cottages to a half-meal of unattractive fare. Nay, more than this—if one skilled in such lore were to lay on the cotter's table enough of this good food to supply him and his household for a week, such is the extent of his prejudice, that, in all probability, he would throw the whole of the gift on the dung-heap, and not even suffer his pig to make its supper from it.

We speak of the Fungus tribe. Many of our readers may not be aware that, amongst almost all the continental nations, funguses afford not a mere flavouring for a delicate dish, or a pleasant sauce or pickle, but the staple food of thousands of the people; indeed, in some places, they are for several months in the year not only the staple, but the sole food of tens of thousands of the inhabitants.

Dr Badham—whose most interesting work on the *Esculent Funguses of England* we would recommend to every reader—tells us: 'In France, Germany, and Italy, funguses not only constitute for weeks together the sole diet of thousands, but the residue—either fresh, dried, or variously preserved in oil, vinegar, or brine—is sold by the poor, and forms a valuable source of income to many who have no other produce to bring into the market.' In the markets of Rome, thousands of basketfuls are sold during the season; and so extensive is the traffic in this commodity, that there is a regularly appointed officer for examining the fungi offered for sale. This officer is called *Ispettore dei Funghi:* he is a botanist, competent to pronounce whether the specimens produced are noxious or otherwise; and if he discovers in the lots submitted to him that there are any either stale or of injurious quality, he sends them under guard to be thrown into the river. Those that are pronounced saleable are then weighed, in order that a tax may be levied on them. Quantities under ten pounds in weight are not taxed.

In other Italian states, the number of fungi brought to market is equal in proportion to those sold in Rome. In Hungary, the demand is perhaps greater than elsewhere. In France, there is a strong feeling in favour of mushrooms grown in a garden or otherwise artificially cultivated, over those which spring up indigenously. We believe we are correct in stating, that the British are the only Europeans who do not extensively use these varied and valuable articles of diet. Only hear the list of good things which we neglect! Dr Badham says: 'I have indeed grieved when I reflected on the straitened condition of the lower orders this year, to see pounds innumerable of extempore beef-steaks growing on our oaks, in the

shape of *Fistulina hepatica; Agaricus fusipes* to pickle, in clusters under them; puff-balls, which some of our friends have not inaptly compared to sweetbread from the rich delicacy of their unassisted flavour; *Hydna* as good as oysters, which they sometimes resemble in taste; *Agaricus deliciosus*, reminding us of tender lamb kidneys; the beautiful yellow *Chanterelle*, that *ne plus ultra* of diet growing by the bushel, and no basket but our own to pick up a few specimens in our way; the sweet, nutty flavoured *Boletus*, in vain calling himself *edulis*, where there was none to believe him; the dainty *orcella;* the *Agaricus heterophyllus*, which tastes like the craw-fish when grilled; the *A. ruber* and *A. vivescens*, to cook in any way, and equally good in all —these were among the most conspicuous.' Besides the above named, we hear of one species which tastes like veal; and there are very many which, like the mushroom, make most excellent ketchup and sauces.

It seems to us a pity that men who have time to spare, nay, who absolutely lack a pursuit wherewith they might fill up some hours of unoccupied time, do not set diligently to work, and fit themselves to act as *Ispettori dei Funghi*, and pronounce on the character of the specimens which may be submitted to their judgment. It would be a pursuit attended with much interest, and of much utility; pleasant in progress, and important in its end, if it enabled them to bring the rich supply of food which this tribe would afford within the reach of the population of our land; for as matters at present stand, although this yearly supply of vegetable wealth is in one sense within the reach of the poor, in another it cannot properly be said to be so; as one unlearned, who did not know the marks by which the edible species might be distinguished from the injurious, would be unwise to venture on making a meal from any individuals of a tribe among which so many species of deleterious, and some even of deadly qualities may be found.

With a view to leading to inquiry on this subject, we shall briefly state a few particulars with regard to the division and arrangement of the principal genera which rank under this order.

Fungi are divided into four sub-orders, each of which is subdivided into series, tribes, genera, sub-genera, and species. So many divisions are necessary to enable us to distinguish the varieties which this most extensive order of plants supplies. But it is not under each of these heads that we find edible species. They are confined to the two primary divisions, *Hymenomycetes*, and *Gasteromycetes;* but chiefly to a tribe or two of the former, only two genera being found of the second class which furnish any esculent fungi, and these are *Bovista* and *Lycoperdon*, or, as they are commonly called, puff-balls.

By far the largest number of edible species are found in the first tribe of the first sub-order, which is called *Pileati*, and contains all which are formed with a fleshy cap. There are six genera thus constituted which furnish fungi fit for the table; but *Agaricus* is that to which we are most indebted. The distinctive mark of this genus is, that beneath the fleshy cap lie laminated plates called gills, placed at right angles with the stem. Some of this genus are large, others small; in some the cap is flat, and in others cone-shaped, or otherwise; but all possess a cap, a stem, and gills—the stem sometimes being in the centre of the cap, as in our common meadow mushroom, and at others, eccentric.

We must now give a few particulars concerning the appearance, qualities, and modes of artificial culture of some amongst the various species of these different genera; and if we should in our way supply a choice recipe or two for cooking these treasures of the wood and wild, we hope it will but make our paper the more acceptable.

And first, as regards the sub-order *Pileati*. We have said that it furnishes six genera in which edible fungi are to be found. These are—1. Agaricus; 2. Cantharellus; 3. Polyporus; 4. Boletus; 5. Fistulina; 6. Hydnum. The second tribe, *Clavati*, furnishes us with but one genus, *Clavaria*, in which edible species exist; but in this one all the species are good to eat. The third tribe of the *Pileati mitrati* supplies us with those dainty articles of food, morels, as well as with the genus *Helvella*, in which are two excellent kinds much resembling them. The fourth tribe, *Cupulati*, gives us but one genus, *Peziza*, in which is but one esculent species. These are all belonging to the first division, Hymenomycetes; of those which are comprised in the second, Gasteromycetes, we have before spoken.

From Agaricus, however, as we have said, comes our chief crop. Under this head we find mushrooms of great beauty and variety, both in form and colouring: some are white, tinged with violet, brown, yellow, pink, or some other delicate tint; others pure white: some are brown, and some nearly black. In texture, they vary as much as in size, form, or hue; some being so fragile as to yield to the touch of a finger, whilst others are so tough and firm as to withstand a strong attack. The *A. procerus*, or shaggy Agaricus, is very large; its cap, which is very fleshy, is campanulate, and covered with a velvety red-brown skin, with a pinkish silky edge. This species may be commonly found in gardens, hedge-banks, and pasture-grounds in the autumn, springing up in solitary state. It is called *Fungo parasola*, from the form of its cap, and its being elevated on a high stalk, which latter characteristic has given it also the title of *Fouz de la gamba lunga*. Paulet says of this kind: 'Elle est d'une saveur très agréable, et d'une chair tendre, très délicate et très bonne à manger.' The ketchup from this is said to be superior to that of our favourite *A. campestris*, which is a species too well known to need our notice.

Then, besides these we have named, there are several species concerned in the necromantic work of making those magic circles in the grass which were conceived in days of yore to mark the spot where the fairies had danced.

> On drops of dewy grass,
> So nimbly we do pass;
> The young and tender stalk
> Ne'er bends when we do walk;
> Yet in the morning may be seen
> Where we the night before have been.

One of these fairy followers is *A. prunulus*, called by the French *Meuceron*, a large buff fungus of a pleasant flavour, and smelling like fresh meat. Another is *A. oreades*, especially honoured by the title of Fairy-ring Agaric—a tough little sprite, of a pretty cream colour, and not exceeding an inch in the diameter of its *pileus*, or cap. This is the *Champignon*, a most delicious mushroom, but looked on with much suspicion in England, on account of a strong resemblance it bears to one or two members of its family of ill repute—indeed, suspected to be of murderous propensities. *A. Georgii*, St George's Mushroom, is another of fairy-ring celebrity. This is called White Caps, and a stout fellow he is, and worthy of being named after the great champion of England—at least if size is to be considered, for one is on record of 5 pounds 6 ounces in weight, and measuring 43 inches in circumference, and another of 14 pounds in weight: it is called in France Boule de Neige. This huge fungus is not only found forming part of fairy-rings, but also near haystacks and buildings, as well as in woods. Our common mushroom is a denizen of these rings, as is also *A. orcella*, a most delicate and elegant little plant, of purest white throughout, its irregularly lobed cap with smooth undulating edges, and its stem often eccentric. The skin which covers the cap is in dry weather as soft and smooth to the touch as kid. According to Viltadini, this is 'senza dubbio uno di migliori funghi indigini.'

A. personatus, a very pretty fungus, called in England blewits, by which name it is sold in Covent Garden Market, is the last on our list of ring-making fungi. Its cap is from 2 to 6 inches broad, of pale brown, or sometimes violet-tinted, with which colour the gills and bulbous-rooted stems are also tinged. It is said to have a flavour of veal, and should be dressed 'en papillotes with savoury herbs, and the usual condiments, and the more highly seasoned the better.' But although we here close our list of fairy-ring agencies, there are in this genus many more of the edible species which we have no room to enumerate.

The elegant genus *Cantharellus*—distinguished from the agarics by having *veins* in the place of *gills*—provides us with but one edible species. This *C. cibarius* is found clustering on the ground in pine and other woods, associated with puff-balls, *Boletus edulis*, and other good things, but exceeding them all in beauty. It is in all its parts of a delicate apricot colour, of which fruit it is said to have also the odour. The chanterelle is its elegant common name; and it may be found from June to October growing in circles, or segments of a circle. At first, it assumes the shape of a minute cone; next, in consequence of the rolling in of the margin as it unfolds, it becomes first hemispherical, finally depressed and irregular, its stem being usually eccentric. This fungus may be stewed or minced, either by itself or with meat; but the common people in Italy either dry or pickle it, or else keep it in oil for winter use. This is one of the few species occasionally used in England. Badham reports: 'No fungus is more popular than the above, though their merits, nay, the very existence of such a fungus at home, is confined to the freemasons, who keep the secret! Having collected a quantity at Tunbridge Wells this summer, and given them to the cook at the Calverley Hotel to dress, I learned from the waiter that they were not novelties to him; that, in fact, he had been in the habit of dressing them for years on state occasions at the Freemason's Tavern.' The chanterelle is as abundant as it is elegant, growing among moss under forest-trees, or starting up from the accumulations of decaying 'needles' in pine-woods with equal freedom.

Of the genus *Polyporus*—so named from the multitude of pores which constitute its reproductive organs—England produces but one esculent species: this is *P. frondosus*, the 'leafy polyporus,' and this one not very commonly. It is found on the roots of oaks in October, and grows to an immense size, sometimes attaining a weight of 30 pounds or more. Berkeley states that 'Clusius had seen in Hungary masses 3 feet high. Woodward found a mass 2 feet broad, and the tiled lobes near the tree more than 6 inches deep.'

But though England produces but one polyporus which our botanists represent as edible, Italy supplies the deficiency; for there and in other parts of the continent several of our rejected species are eagerly sought out and eaten; and, moreover, there are some valuable species which our land does not furnish: amongst others, *P. tuberaster* and *P. corylinus*, both of which, from the singularity of their mode of culture, deserve notice. The former 'springs from the *Pietra funghaia*—a compact argillaceous tufa, in which its spores are imbedded. It is produced by watering a block, and keeping it at a sufficiently high temperature—that is, from 65 to 75 degrees Fahrenheit—when a crop of mushrooms will come up in about six weeks, and continue to be produced at intervals of about three months.' The other species, *P. corylinus*, grows on the trunk of the cob-nut tree. 'It is excellent for food—so excellent, as seldom to find its way into the Roman markets, being generally disposed of, like other choice funguses, in presents.' To grow this artificially, you are to cut a block from the tree towards the root, fire it over a little lighted straw till singed, then water it and put it by in a cave or cellar, when the whole stump will shortly become covered with funguses, which are reproduced in several successive crops. The stumps suitable for producing these fungi are sold in the Roman market at 6s. or 7s. each.

The genus *Boletus* supplies two valuable species—*B. edulis* and *B. scaber*, both of which grow under oaks or in woods in summer and autumn. Berkeley says of the former: 'Though neglected in this country, it appears to be a most valuable article of food. It resembles very much in taste the common mushroom, and is quite as delicate.' He tells us that it may be cultivated by merely watering the ground under oak-trees with water in which a considerable quantity of these fungi have been allowed to ferment; but adds, that it is necessary to fence round the ground, on account of the extreme love which pigs and deer have for them.

Fistulina hepatica—so called from a supposed resemblance which the adult plants bear to the liver—is a treasure indeed, though, alas! too much neglected. Springing from the wood of oaks, elms, willows, and other trees, it at first appears of a rich vermilion tint, which deepens with age. It sometimes attains an enormous size, having been found of thirty poundweights. In flavour, it is said, when grilled, closely to resemble broiled meat with pickle, for there is an acid taste in the flesh which makes it meat and sauce in one.

The genus *Hydnum* supplies an esculent which, 'when well stewed,' says Badham, 'is an excellent dish, with a slight flavour of oysters. It makes also a very good *purée*.'

We must not close this slight account of the esculent fungi of England without a word about that valuable species the truffle (*Tuber cibarium*), which ranks under this division. Truffles are found under the surface of the ground in various parts of Europe, as well as in India and Japan. In England and Scotland, they are chiefly found in beech-woods. They are rough irregular nodules, from one to two or more inches in diameter, the surface cracked into warts. 'Truffles,' says Berkeley, 'are much sought for as a luxury, and are hunted by dogs trained for the purpose, or by swine.' Rees von Essenbach records an instance of a poor cripple boy who could detect truffles with a certainty superior even to that of the best dogs, and so earned a livelihood. Truffles are brought to table either simply boiled, or stewed in various forms.

We would now, in conclusion, ask the candid reader, whether, if all this be true—which we assure him, to the best of our knowledge and belief, it is—we assume too much in saying, that, in the fungus tribe, England possesses a treasure which she too much neglects? and whether those who wish well to the community at large, would not do wisely to enable themselves to pronounce on the character of those fungi which abound throughout the country—that they who are free enough from prejudice to be willing to avail themselves of the abundant yearly supply of food which it has pleased God graciously to bestow, may not be deterred by the impossibility which at present exists of deciding whether that which is offered to them is nourishing food or deadly poison?

We have said but little of the wonderful mode of development of this tribe, the manner in which a living and nutritious mass springs from the decaying trunk of a dead tree, the hard tufa-rock, or the dried and exhausted animal excretions which have lain for months under the influence of drenching rains and scorching sunbeams. The workings of the Creator are indeed to us unfathomable. Few things among the works of creation are more mysterious than the manner in which fungus-life is made to permeate all nature. 'Nothing perishes in nature,' says Dr Badham; '*destructio unius matrix alterius*: life may change titles, but never becomes extinct: so soon as the more perfect

plant dies, a host of other vegetable existences, hitherto enthralled by laws of an organisation superior to their own, now that the connection has been dissevered, put forth their separate energies, and severally assert their independence: the poplar may have perished, root, stem, and branch, but its extinction is only the signal for other existences, which had been heretofore bound up and hid within its own, to assert themselves; and accordingly a polyporus sprouts out here, here a Thelephora embellishes the dead bark, and here an agaric springs out of the decaying fibres of its head; these in turn also decay; but as they languish away, they moulder into a new kind of fungus-life, of an inferior type to the last, as if their own vitality were inferior in kind to that of the decayed poplar whence they lately issued.'

LOST ON DARTMOOR.

FEW roam the heath e'en when the sun,
The golden sun, is high;
And the leaping laughing streams are bright,
And the lark is in the sky.

But when upon the ancient hills
Descends the giant cloud,
And the lightning leaps from tor to tor,
And the thunder-peal is loud:

Heaven aid that hapless traveller, then,
Who o'er the wild may stray,
For bitter is the moorland storm,
And man is far away!

CARRINGTON.

We often hear of the 'green lanes of Devonshire;' and truly those to whom they are familiar, who have threaded their windings, and plucked the beautiful flowers and waving ferns that grow so luxuriantly in their hedges, will not be inclined to depreciate their loveliness. Mention is more rarely made of the wilds of Dartmoor, albeit the poet Carrington has sweetly sung their many charms, and woven into spirit-stirring verse the time-honoured legends that give an additional touch of romance to many a rugged tor and quaking bog. For the lover of the picturesque, for the true worshipper of nature, who delights to escape from the din of cities and the crush of crowds, to roam where mortal foot hath rarely been, or climb the trackless mountain with the wild flock, free as the pure breath of heaven that plays around its base, and kisses its crested top—those eloquent solitudes will ever have numberless attractions; whilst to the chafed spirit, and the heart over which deep shadows brood, they afford soothing and solace; for even the little wild-flowers that stud the heath, and are so exquisitely fashioned, speak with a still small voice of the goodness of the Great Designer, whose tender mercies are over all his works.

Dartmoor is a granitic table-land, in the south-western part of the county of Devon. It is twenty miles in length, with an average breadth of eleven or twelve, and towards the north attains its greatest elevation in Cawsand Hill, which is 1792 feet above the sea-level. Instead, however, of being a flat expanse like Salisbury Plain, the ground is most uneven—here sinking into deep ravines, and there rising into gigantic tors; indeed, it has not inaptly been compared to the 'long rolling waves of a tempestuous ocean, fixed into solidity by some instantaneous and powerful impulse.' The younger Carrington, in speaking of the scenery met with in a walk from Shaugh Bridge to Sheeps-Tor, describes it as follows:—'Huge crumbling rocks are piled on each other in fearful array, and some are half suspended in air. At irregular distances tower several craggy knolls, composed of disjointed masses of granite, hurled together in magnificent confusion, as if the genius of earthquake had stridden in wrath along the hills, and these were the traces of his mighty footsteps. The rocks, however, are everywhere rendered beautiful by the magic hand of nature, which has clothed them with lichens of a thousand hues, and hung their shivered scalps with wreaths of the flaunting woodbine. Here and there the vagrant fancy may picture ruined donjon keeps, whose only banner is now the purple heath-bell, or the gorgeously speckled foxglove—watch-towers, whose only warder's voice is the hum of the summer bee revelling in the cup of a drooping wild-flower—and cathedral choirs, whose only anthem is the lonely chant of a hermit-bird.'

Tors innumerable throw their dark shadows athwart the moorland. The word 'tor' is Celtic, and signifies a beacon or fire-tower; and many of them—such as High Tor, South Brent-Tor, Three-Barrow-Tor, and Cawsand-Tor—were formerly used as such. Those who take the trouble to scale their rocky heights, are amply rewarded. Standing, for instance, on Three-Barrow-Tor, the eye, rapid as thought, can traverse the distance from Portland, in Dorsetshire, to the Lizard, in Cornwall. It also takes in at a glance the Blackdown Hills in Somersetshire, and the South-Hams of Devon, Plymouth Sound, with the adjacent scenery, and the British Channel. 'Sheeps-Tor's dark brown rock' towers majestically aloft from a base covering 100 acres. Halfway up is a grotto, in which are seats and a spring of the purest water to refresh the wayfarer. In the mind of the peasant this is associated with the Pixies, or Devonshire fairies, whose palace he believes it to be; and he seldom withdraws without depositing some eatable as an offering. It is related that an artist took refuge here during the Civil Wars, and adorned the walls with paintings, since which time it has been the occasional resort of gipsies and smugglers. In the tor itself are small deposits of silver, lead, copper, cobalt, and manganese, whilst in the river below, 'prills of gold' have been found; indeed, a miner is said to have obtained, some years ago, a sufficient quantity to sell for about L.40 in Plymouth. The granite of Dartmoor contains felspar crystals of unusual size, and is much valued for the largeness of the blocks, as well as for its durability and fineness of texture. It is transported from the quarries by means of the Dartmoor railroad, which passes through a beautiful country, and has a length of more than twenty-five miles. This railroad, or tramroad, was opened for traffic 26th September 1823.

A great number of rivers have their origin in the water-absorbing soil of Dartmoor; indeed, no fewer than fifty-three streams of all sizes may be reckoned. After rain, many of these acquire a dark-brown coffee colour; hence the names Cherrybrook, Blackabrook, Redfordbrook, &c. The romantic Dart, the sylvan Plym, the Teign, and the Tavy, from which the Moor, as well as the towns of Plymouth, Teignmouth, and Tavistock, severally derive their names, all rise in this highland region. The prison at Prince Town is well worth inspection; its site is 1400 feet above the sea-level. At one time during the war, 10,000 prisoners were confined within its walls. The botanist will find in Dartmoor a welcome banquet. The ground is in many places covered with rich masses of vegetation, composed of lichen and moss, relieved by the purple glow of the heath (*Erica*), which here flowers in every variety. The beautiful round-leaved sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) sparkles like a thousand diamonds, the delicate white stone-crop (*Sedum album*) with its wax-like petals, the tormentilla, the elegant polygala, the thyme-leaved speedwell (*Veronica serpyllifolia*), the modest eyebright (*Euphrasia officinalis*), the dwarf red-rattle (*Pedicularis sylvatica*), the rose-coloured blossoms of the bog-pimpernel (*Anagallis tenella*), the yellow flowers of the bog-asphodel (*Narthecium ossifragum*), and the little white bed-straw (*Galium saxatile*), each breathing a poetry of its own, vie with each other in adorning this carpet of nature's weaving. The gay furze (*Ulex Europæus*) is not

unfrequently seen covered with the parasitic dodder (*Cuscuta epithymom*); whilst high up on the rugged tor, lichens, mosses, and clustering ivy, still paint the sterile soil. Here and there occur rings formed of irregular masses of granite, which are supposed to be the ruins of British round-houses, though some contend for Druidical remains, or sheep-enclosures; and there are doubtless a few who believe that none but the Pixies could have made those mystic circles. Throwing himself on the ground, the tourist is soon lost in contemplation—a brook is bubbling at his feet, the wild picturesque Moor, one rocky crag piled upon another, is all around; the light clouds flit across the summer sky; and here, where erst the early inhabitants of this island lived their wild life, he wonders what strange hands shaped and placed those crumbling stones.

It was on a fine afternoon last summer, when the weather seemed completely settled, that I set out with a friend upon a country walk, intending to return by way of the Moor; not a cloud dimmed the blue vault of heaven to the utmost verge of the horizon. We took the road to Ivy Bridge, and after examining the stupendous railway viaduct, with its massive granite piers, about which many a doleful prophecy was uttered before the railway was opened, and which, for the credit of the seers, should long since have tottered down, bringing with them railway, train, and passengers, to meet a worse fate than the Philistines whom Samson slew at his death; and after watching the Erme as, swollen by the rains, it danced and foamed over its rocky bed, and rushed madly on through the village, as if impatient to mingle its waters with the sea, we pushed up its wooded banks to Harford Bridge, and then getting on the Moor, made direct, as we supposed, for Ugborough Beacon. But evening was now throwing around her sombre shadows, and the thick fog, till then seen in the distance, advanced like an evil spirit, creeping over the highest hills, and descending into the deepest valleys. Rain pours down, the gloom increases, landmarks disappear, and all is now a waste as trackless as the Great Sahara. There is no moon to give its cheering light, nor pole-star to indicate the north. Through bog and brier, for many a mile, we wend our weary way. Hour after hour wings its flight, and brings us no nearer deliverance, till at length we strike into a road, rough and rugged, it is true, but still a *bonâ fide* road, in which ruts are deeply marked; hope revives, and we plod along its devious path, conjuring up many a tale of those who had lost themselves and perished on the Moor. The road, however, proves but a snare and a delusion, coming abruptly to a termination, after leading us further than ever from our route. But hark! a glad sound strikes upon the ear: it is the gush of water. We near the spot, and lo! a broad stream ripples over its pebbly bed; it is a river, perhaps the Erme; and according to the wise suggestion of my friend, after ascertaining which way it flows, we follow its welcome guidance, lighted here and there by the glowworm's friendly lamp. It is, however, no easy task to walk along its banks—here through yielding bog, and there over rough rocks and yawning chasms; but perseverance conquers; and just as the gray dawn begins to streak the heavens, we arrive, faint and weary, at Harford Bridge.

It is well to be acquainted with the fact, that when lost on Dartmoor, the best chance of escape is to follow the course of a river, or some tributary stream. The wanderer should descend into a valley, for there either one or the other can generally be found, and thus he may procure an unerring guide, which will sooner or later lead him to cultivated land and the habitation of man; otherwise, in endeavouring to find his way, he may walk round and round, and, like the doomed in the Grecian Tartarus, never arrive, with all his labour, nearer the attainment of his object. Many have thus wandered hither and thither, without guide or compass, till they have died of fatigue and inanition; and in a snow-storm, when the plan just mentioned cannot be put in practice, or at least not so easily, there is little hope of deliverance; an instance of which occurred only last winter, when the soldiers from Prince Town were sepulchred in the drifting snow.

In the neighbourhood of the Moor, many tales may be heard of those who have lost their lives on the wild waste. A tradition has existed time out of mind, and which I have heard with various amplifications, of the melancholy fate of a bold hunter, the Nimrod of the Moor, who loved the mountain chase and mountain liberty, but was at last overwhelmed in a snow-storm. Even now, the shuddering peasant likes to tell the story.

> And when the Christmas tale goes round
> By many a peat fireside,
> The children list, and shrink to hear
> How Childe of Plymstoke died!

It was a cheerless winter-morning, lowering, and ominous of snow and storm, that the rash huntsman resolved to range the forest in search of the noble red deer; but nothing daunted, and followed by a goodly company, he led the way.

> With cheer and with shout, the jovial rout
> The old Tor hurried by;
> And they startled the morn with the merry horn,
> And the stanch hound's echoing cry!

The moorland eagle, the hawk and the raven, were scared from their prey, whilst on dashed the daring band, through rock-strewed glen and the river's bed.

> But gallantly that noble deer
> Defies the eager throng;
> And still through wood, and brake, and fen,
> He leads the chase along.

Meanwhile, the wind whistles and howls around the old tors; now coming in fitful gusts, and then dying away in low murmurs, as if retiring to some rocky cavern, there to gather strength. The huntsmen take warning, and one by one fly to shelter, till all are gone, and Childe pursues his way alone across the darkening Moor.

> He threaded many a mazy bog,
> He dashed through many a stream;
> But spent, bewildered, checked his steed,
> At evening's latest gleam.
>
> For, far and wide, the highland lay
> One pathless waste of snow;
> He paused—the angry heaven above,
> The faithless bog below.

Alas! will he never more lead on his merry huntsmen, nor hear the hound's deep bay? Must he in the heyday of manhood perish in that awful solitude? Though stout of heart and strong of limb, he can go no further.

> He paused—and soon through all his veins
> Life's current feebly ran;
> And, heavily, a mortal sleep
> Came o'er the dying man.

With the love of life yet strong, he tries a last resource: he kills his horse, in which, when disembowelled, he hopes to find warmth and shelter.

> And on the ensanguined snow that steed
> Soon stretched his noble form—
> A shelter from the biting blast,
> A bulwark to the storm.

But all in vain. The envious snow drifts deeper and deeper around the lifeless horse, and his hapless master resigns himself to the fate that is now inevitable.

> Yet one dear wish, one tender thought,
> Came o'er that hunter brave—
> To sleep at last in hallowed ground,
> And find a Christian grave;

And ere he breathed his latest sigh,
And day's last gleam was spent,
He with unfaltering finger wrote
His bloody testament:—
'The fyrste that fyndes and brings me to my grave,
The lands of Plymstoke they shal have.'

It is said that this happened near Fox Tor. Childe, being without family, had previously resolved to endow that church with his lands in which his body should at last repose. The monks of Tavistock hearing of his melancholy end, hastened to seize the corpse, and so possess themselves of the property. They soon learned, however, that some people of Plymstoke were stationed at a certain ford with the intention of rescuing the remains of the huntsman from the wily Benedictines; upon which the latter caused a bridge to be thrown over the river, known afterwards as Guile Bridge. The monks finally accomplished their object, and retained possession of the lands till the dissolution of monasteries, when they were made over to the Russel family.

I will select only one more story, which must bring this paper to a close. A shepherd, whilst one day seeking some stray members of his flock, stumbled upon the emaciated body of a sailor, which to all appearance had remained for some weeks undiscovered. The head rested on a small bundle, whilst at the feet lay outstretched a dog, which had shared his master's fate. Carrington has a poem on this touching scene. It commences:

He perished on the Moor! The pitying swain
Found him outstretched upon the wide, wide plain;
There lay the wanderer by the quivering bog,
And at his foot his patient, faithful dog.

The poet then goes on, as fancy dictates, to describe the sailor's deeds of daring in other lands, and how he

—Nobly dared, in danger's every form,
The ocean battle and the ocean storm;
Undaunted stood where on the blood-red wave
The death-shot pealed among the English brave;
Or scaled the slippery yard, where, poised on high,
As the dread lightning burned along the sky,
He fearless hung, though yielding to the blast
Beneath him groaned the rent and trembling mast.

At last 'all danger's o'er;' he reaches his native land, and, with swelling heart and rapid foot, he presses on across the untrodden Moor, to the well-remembered spot where stands his native village, with its much-loved church, and, in imagination, he even hears the music of its bells. Many other pleasant dreams beguile his lonely way; but, alas!

Illusions all! down rushed the moorland night;
He met the mountain tempest in its might.
No guide to point the way, no friend to cheer;
Gloom on his path, the fateful snow-storm near!

All by-gone perils he encountered in company with hearts as dauntless as his own, and

'Twas sympathy that all his toils assuaged.

But now he is alone with his faithful dog; he has no compass, and wanders about in the thickening storm, until, overcome with fatigue and sleep, he lies down to rise no more, his dog still watching by his side.

Thrice gallant brute! that through the weary day
Shared all the perils of the lonely way;
Faced the fierce storm, and, by his master's side,
In the cold midnight, laid him down and died!

And so both master and dog took a long, long rest, and there remained through many a wintry day, till the good peasant stumbled upon them, and pitied the fate of the hapless sailor—

So cold, so pale, so shrunk that manly brow,
That lip so mute, that eye so rayless now.

The highland shepherd, though his help came all too late to stay the cold hand of death, did what he could—

He saw and felt, and mourning at the doom
Of the poor stranger, bore him to his tomb
In the lone moorland church-yard: yet no stone
Records his name—his home, his race, unknown;
And nought remains of him in village lore
But this sad truth: he perished on the Moor!

THE VAMPIRE BAT.

Ijurra shot a large bat of the vampire species, measuring about two feet across the extended wings. This is a very disgusting-looking animal, though its fur is very delicate, and of a glossy, rich maroon colour. Its mouth is amply provided with teeth, looking like that of a miniature tiger. It has two long and sharp tusks in the front part of each jaw, with two smaller teeth, like those of a hare or sheep, between the tusks of the upper jaw, and four, much smaller, between those of the lower. There are also teeth back of the tusks, extending far back into the mouth. The nostrils seem fitted as a suction apparatus. Above them is a triangular, cartilaginous snout, nearly half an inch long, and a quarter broad at the base; and below them is a semicircular flap, of nearly the same breadth, but not so long. I suppose these might be placed over the puncture made by the teeth, and the air underneath exhausted by the nostrils, thus making them a very perfect cupping-glass. I never heard it doubted, until my return home, that these animals were blood-suckers; but the distinguished naturalist, Mr T. R. Peale, tells me that no one has ever seen them engaged in the operation, and that he has made repeated attempts for that purpose, but without success. I observed no apparatus proper for making a delicate puncture. The tusks are quite as large as those of a rat, and, if used in the ordinary manner, would make four wounds at once—producing, I should think, quite sufficient pain to awaken the most profound sleeper. Never having heard this doubt, it did not occur to me to ask the Indians if they had ever seen the bat sucking, or to examine the wounds of the horses that I had seen bleeding from this supposed cause. On one occasion I found my blanket spotted with blood, and supposed that the bat, having gorged himself on the horses outside, had flown into the house, and fastening himself to the thatch over me, had disgorged upon my covering, and then flown out. There was no great quantity of blood, there being but five or six stains on the blanket, such as would have been made by large drops. I presumed, likewise, from the fact of the drops being scattered irregularly over a small surface, that the bat had been hanging by his feet to the thatch, and swinging about. The discovery of the drops produced a sensation of deep disgust; and I have frequently been unable to sleep for fear of the filthy beast. Every traveller in these countries should learn to sleep with body and head enveloped in a blanket, as the Indians do.—*Herndon's Valley of the Amazon.*

INSTANTANEOUS FLOWERING OF PLANTS.

The plants selected—a group of geraniums and a rose-tree—were planted in two rather deep boxes of garden mould, previously prepared with some chemical manure, and were then covered with glass-shades. Mr Herbert proceeded to pour over the roots, from a small watering-pot, a chemical mixture, which caused a great heat, as was shewn by an intense steam of vapour evolved within the shades, and allowed to some extent to escape through a small hole in the top, which at first was kept closed. The effect upon the geraniums was almost instantaneous, the buds beginning to burst in five or six minutes, and the plants being in full bloom within ten minutes, when the blossoms were gathered by Mr Herbert, and distributed amongst the ladies present.—*Year-book of Facts.*

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OLD LETTERS.

No two words could well be brought together, out of which a more pregnant meaning might be gleaned, than the above. Old letters! the very intonation of our voice as we utter them startles us. They summon up anew the long silent echoes of sounds heard only in that once world of youth—a chaos now—out of which we have passed; till, rising bodily before us, in this our later sphere, like severe rebuking spectres, come all buried joys, dead loves, sworn and forsworn friendships, and irreconcilable hates. Drag yonder chest from among the cobwebs that have gathered about it for thirty mortal years; take down the rusted key from the nail where it has hung so long. Does it grate and jar in the unused lock? What of that? The sound is significant, in perfect unison with the tone that shall vibrate through the heart's most secret chords when the mournful lid is lifted, and the indwelling spirit invoked, and the hollow sepulchre laid bare. But, courage! raise the groaning lid, and dive beneath the accumulated rubbish for the long-hoarded and long-neglected packet. Lay out, one by one before you, the motley muster-roll that holds in record the startling fictions of a life. Pah! a smell as of damp mould hangs about it like a charnel. A brave hand is needed to unloose the string: the knot resists, as though it felt the mercy of delay. But old men lack patience, and so you cut the Gordian-knot. Now, look as in a mirror, and behold. Ay, take them in order. Here is number one. The hand is bold and free, and bespeaks a heart at once frank and honest. This letter is signed Andrew. Knew you of such a name in your warm-blooded youth? Read, and tax your memory:—

MY DEAR GERVAIS—I write to you once more in the vain hope of a reply. Our school-days and schoolboy promises seem to have died out together—at least on your part. Why is this? I can hardly shape my fears—but, Gervais, to speak plainly with you, I believe you love my cousin Alice. But whatever be the cause of your silence, I entreat you to end it, and to write to me; anything is better than this dead blank between us two who were once such sworn friends. If my surmise is right, pray, pray be open with me, Gervais: more, far more, hangs upon your answer than you dream of. I am too much agitated to write further. Your faithful friend, ANDREW DUNCAN.

Be calm, old man; keep a quiet eye upon the records. What! trembling and abashed already? Does the first link of the chain electrify you? Pooh, pooh! courage. See, here is number two—a hand small and delicate, written, doubtless, with a dainty crow-quill. These two handwritings have a strange and touching resemblance, like those of children brought up together under one roof. Was the boy the teacher of the girl? or can there be cousinship in caligraphy?

MY BELOVED GERVAIS—My cousin Andrew was here yesterday. He again questioned me closely about you, and left me in much agitation. There is some mystery between you two which I am unable to unravel. I cannot quite think with you that it is well to keep our engagement so entirely a secret; but your wishes are, and shall ever be, mine. I send this in haste, and by a trusted hand. Ever your devoted, ALICE BLAIR.

Here follows a long hiatus. You know what comes next. The paper is black-bordered, the seal is black. It is a polite and punctilious invitation to attend the funeral of your school-friend and college-chum, Andrew Duncan. How cold it reads—like death! How unlike the hurried words leaping up from that heart now so cold and still. It gives you breathing-time. How do you employ the respite? Old man, your hands are before your face. Do you plead guilty? No!—'No, no!' you groan; 'not to this, not surely to his death; yet guilty—Oh, most guilty!' I see it all. You suspected—nay, in your secret soul, you *knew*—he loved his cousin Alice, the playmate of his childhood, the maiden-dream of his youth. But you shunned him; you shut your eyes to the knowledge. You played the craven; you quietly and secretly took the crown from his life, and set it on your own. And what was the issue to your friend? His fate in love sealed, he turned to ambition. The tale is brief enough: undue mental application, college honours heaped thickly upon him, a smile of mournful triumph, brain fever, and—death!

So many years have passed since that time, so entirely is your present man another than your past, that you wonder now, looking with strange eyes on your then world of thought and action, how such things could have been. You feel sure that you would act differently—with a nobler, higher intent, a more self-sacrificing spirit, were the thing to be done anew, the life lived over again. You see very clearly now, since the issues are before you, and each separate fate worked out, that a little plain-speaking, a little candour, a small amount of faith in yourself, a modicum of courage to meet the worst that might befall, and, above all, a spirit of reliance thirsted for, prayed for, and obtained from above, might have held together, in mutual dependence, those dropped links of happiness whose falling away so mars the beautiful chain of life. Even humanly and selfishly speaking, all might have gone equally well with you—your love-suit prospered, your

friend been reconciled, had all been conducted openly and fairly. Andrew was a youth of good promise: had you honestly told him how it stood with you, and at once shewn that Alice's affections, unconsciously drawn towards you, had justified your suit, he would at least have been spared the half-seeming and half-real treachery of his friend, and might have found a later peace in your counsel and companionship when, beneath the gentle touch of time, the barbed head of the arrow should have become a little worn down. So we can reason who stand apart, secure and out of the pale of those temptations which beset us in youth. Could we, as actors, reason thus when the time for action is before us, how few would be the follies, to say nothing of the crimes, committed in the world!

But let us dismiss this phase of error; let the worm of conscience drag it down, as a dead leaf, to serve possibly a similar purpose with the dropped autumnal foliage, in becoming the nutriment of an after and healthier state of being. Yonder lies a packet, to whose bulk other hands, your own included, have contributed. The characters writ by the strange hands are clear and legible; yours alone are blurred, blotted, scrawled, and interlined. Why, what have we here? The rise and progress of a duel!—a thing in these days almost done to death by the loud voice of public opinion, sound rationality, and, above all, Christian teaching. But stay, here is an interloper—a letter slipped by some mischance out of a different packet, and crept in among the terrors of this, like a blessing dropped unaware from lips accustomed but to cursings. It is from some forlorn recluse, some 'undone widow,' returning a mother's broken heart of thanks for a small yearly stipend bestowed on her and her children by one Gervais Headstrong. Friend Gervais, your eyes are glistening through your moistened spectacles as they meet this widow's mite of prayer and heart-blessing! Feel you not warmed and comforted to the core? Seems not your hearth more glowing, the very room where you sit and ponder more pleasant and cheery than its wont? Without, do not the very trees, bare, ice-blasted winter though it be, bud, and leaf out, and blossom before the genial warmth of one good deed? My life on it, they do, old man! And now, once more to the packet. The first on the list is a fair and business-like epistle: it runs thus:—

Sir—Yours of this morning, favoured by your intended second, Captain F., duly reached me. I accept your challenge, the time and place of your own naming. The friend who bears this is authorised to act for me in this matter, and will arrange with yours all necessary preliminaries. I am, Sir, yours, &c., Arthur Burt.

Passing by the remainder of those epistles which arrange, in formal and prescribed terms, the work of 'honourable' murder, let us glance at your own effusions, not those intended for the world's eye, but one written rather with a forecasting mental reference to — your (*widow*) that may be.

My beloved Wife—When this reaches you, it is but too probable that I shall have breathed my last. My friend, Captain F., will explain to you all the particulars of this unfortunate affair, and you will, I trust, feel that I have been in no way to blame in the matter, but have only acted as every man must act to whom the honour of his hearth is sacred. The insinuations of my antagonist with reference to you—the words uttered in a public ball-room, could be erased only by the blood of one, it may be, of both. O Alice! if you have ever doubted my love, and sometimes I have thought—— But no matter: if ever I have been other to you than the fond and confiding husband I vowed to prove myself, forgive me now when all is over between us two! May Heaven bless and watch over, is the fervent prayer of your devoted husband,

Gervais Headstrong.

But, Gervais, how came this letter in your possession, seeing that it was addressed to your wife? Methinks it was in this wise. On the untoward occasion of your meeting in Battersea Fields, somehow or other, the whole affair of the duel missed fire. Both pistols having been seized with a sudden fit of relenting, or, what is still more probable, having been somewhat diverted from their horizontal by certain qualms of conscience, acting on minds not quite dead to the perception of a law higher and holier than the duellist's so-called 'honour,' sent off each in turn a solitary signal-shot towards heaven, pleading for God's grace to spare the lives he gave from the outrage about to be committed. And so—and so—and so, the principals shook hands vigorously, and the seconds coolly and in dudgeon, as feeling themselves the more foolish party of the two; and the ground was remeasured back with more eager but less steady paces, to the now purified region of home. The thunder of the pistolets had cleared the matrimonial atmosphere: the wife's honour was now intact. And the letter? Oh! next morning Captain F. found it lying somewhat crumpled, in his great-coat pocket, and gave it back to Gervais. What! and was all this amount of genuine pathos absolutely wasted? Absolutely and entirely so; for Gervais had the wisdom to keep his own counsel—his wife never heard the light passing words which had given rise to so much needless pacing of the ground, nor ever suspected, to her dying day, how nearly her good Gervais had paid dear for his strict adherence to the absurd code of men of honour.

Next in order comes a tiny packet, comprising a year by year memorial of birthday-offerings and Yule-tide gifts. Each diminutive note has its appropriate hand, from the five-year child's first illegible scrawl, to the school-boy's regulation round text done in little. Painful enough memorials these! Some of the small hands whose work lies here, yellowing with the first touches of time, are still and cold now; and the fresh young hearts, whose thanks burst out so warm from the core, are gathered and garnered where time touches them not. For the loss of those younger ones who so passed away, leaving behind them yonder faded witnesses of bloom gone down to the dust, friend Gervais feels little now, so well has time done its work on him; or, at least, he feels little of that deep crushing sorrow, which visits him as his eyes light on one other and far different memorial—one, too, of more recent date, slipped in here by some such mischance, as has been already noticed, and containing not thanks but entreaties. And now, old Gervais, brace thyself up, and muster thy best strength to go through with the work before thee, for thou shalt have need of it all. This letter lying before thee is written in the man-grown hand of thy first-born and last-surviving son. Ay, look well at its concluding phrase and superscription—'Your affectionate and dutiful son, Gervais.' Yes, old man! he was the son given to your prayers, to shew you all your virtues in a fairer light, teaching with the subtile beauty of youth how good a thing it is to have once been fresh in heart and blameless in spirit. How dealt you with the boy? Look well to it, and answer truly, for it is not to be done again: the time is gone—the tree is felled—the lamp burned out—the 'bowl broken at the fountain!' You are silent?—Let, then, the dead answer for the living.

My dearest Father—I almost fear to anger you by renewing my application, since you have not answered either of my former letters; nor should I do so, but for the extreme urgency of the case, and the very awkward and humiliating position in which I find myself. I am well aware that you consider my present allowance sufficient to meet all college expenses; perhaps I should have made it suffice. I am willing to own that I may have been a little imprudent. But I found it very difficult to avoid incurring a few trifling

debts, in order to do as others do here—things absurd enough in themselves, doubtless, yet failing to do which one is called a 'milksop.' What I asked was no very heavy amount; and believe me, my dearest father, if I had thought you could not well afford to assist me at this juncture, I would have quitted college at once, and have resigned the promising future before me (and you believe that I have really worked hard), rather than make the request. At anyrate, do write to me, or I shall begin to think that I have transgressed beyond hope of pardon. Your affectionate and dutiful son, GERVAIS.

Your old sin, again, Gervais!—failing to write; wrapping yourself up in the mantle of your own dominant will, and pride or passion of the hour. Heaven forgive you, Gervais Headstrong, for a great wrong, a crying wrong lies at your door. He is gone from you who, in your cold, selfish, worldly fashion you loved so well—or at least were so proud of. 'Ay,' you answer, 'he is gone; but his death was not of my dealing.' No: down on your bended knees for that at least! No, you did not kill him; but you broke his young spirit: you left him to disgrace and shame. He died, indeed, a natural death; but how can you look upon his grave and not shrink with loathing from yourself; you who were rolling in wealth, satiated with luxury, and yet denied out of your abundance what was fitting and right to your own flesh and blood! Close up the letter: would you could seal it for ever from your memory as from your eyes! 'Look on it again you dare not;' yet at your last hour it will rise up before you; and when men shall see a slow film stealing over your death-vision, it will be *that* which is darkening earth and heaven to you!

Enough, Gervais; shut down the lid, turn the key, safe padlock the dread records of your past life and deeds. Roll the old worm-eaten chest back again to its lair among the dust and cobwebs, and—'to bed—to bed.'

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK CONCLUDED.

STANDING on the steps of the Astor House, we have the thoroughfare of Broadway right and left, with the Park in front—Barnum's theatre, covered with great gaudy paintings, across the way—and can here perhaps better than anywhere else, observe the concourse of passengers and vehicles. Accustomed to the flow of omnibuses in London, the number of this variety of public conveyance though great, does not excite surprise. That which appears most novel, is the running to and fro of railway-cars on East Broadway, a thoroughfare terminating opposite to us at the extremity of the Park. Already I have spoken of a railway-train being brought in detachments by horses into the heart of the city; but this is only one of several such intrusions. Permitted, for some mysterious reason, by the civic authorities, lines of rail are laid along several prominent thoroughfares—an exceedingly convenient arrangement as regards transit from one part of the city to another, but not quite pleasant, I should think, to the inhabitants of these streets and squares through which the cars make their perambulations. The cars on these street-railways are hung low, seated like an omnibus, and will stop at any point to take up or set down passengers. The ordinary omnibuses of New York have no cad behind. The door is held close by a cord or belt from the hand of the driver, who relaxes it to allow the entry or exit of the passengers. I was amused with the manner in which the fare is taken in these vehicles. The passenger who wishes to be set down, hands his money through a hole in the roof to the driver, who forthwith relaxes the cord, and the door flies open. As there appeared to be no check on two or more departing when only one had paid, I suppose the practice of shirking fares is not very common. I cannot say that the omnibus-system of New York is an improvement on our own. The drivers are still more unconscionable in their reception of extra passengers, particularly if the applicants be ladies. In such cases, the gentlemen either stand or take the ladies on their knee. I happened to see a cram of this kind two or three times; and I observe that the abuse forms a theme of jocular complaint in the New York newspapers.

The necessity for seeking vehicular conveyance arises not more from the extreme length of the city, than the condition of the principal thoroughfares. I am indeed sorry to hint that New York is, or at least *was* during my visit, not so cleanly as it might be. Statists assure us that it possesses 1500 dirt-carts, and in 1853 cost the sum of 250,000 dollars for cleaning. Where these carts were, and how all this money was expended, I cannot imagine. The mire was ankle-deep in Broadway, and the more narrow business streets were barely passable. The thing was really droll. All along the foot-pavements there stood, night and day, as if fixtures, boxes, buckets, lidless flour-barrels, baskets, decayed tea-chests, rusty iron pans, and earthenware jars full of coal-ashes. There they rested, some close to the houses, some leaning over into the gutter, some on the door-steps, some knocked over and spilt, and to get forward you required to take constant care not to fall over them. Odd as this spectacle seemed on Saturday at noon, it was still more strange on Sunday, when bells were ringing and people were streaming along to church. Passing up Broadway on this occasion, and looking into a side-street, the scene of confused débris was of a kind not to be easily forgotten—ashes, vegetable refuse, old hats without crowns, worn-out shoes, and other household wreck, lay scattered about as a field of agreeable inquiry for a number of long-legged and industrious pigs. I often laugh at the recollection of these queer displays, and wonder whether the boxes and barrels of ashes are yet removed from Broadway, or whether Pearl, Nassau, and Fulton Streets have seen the face of a scavenger!

It was a delicate subject to touch upon, but I did venture to inquire into the cause of these phenomena. One uniform answer—maladministration in civic affairs; jobbing of members of the corporation into each other's hands. Considering that the body labouring under these imputations was chosen by popular suffrage, the blame thrown upon them, I thought, was as much due to the electors as the elected. Something, in explanation, was said of the overbearing influence of the lower and more venal class of voters; but giving all due weight to an argument of this kind, it seemed to me that we had here only a vivid demonstration of that species of desertion of public duties, which is seen in London and other great marts of commerce, where men, being too busy to mind anything but their own affairs, leave the civic administration to the idle, the selfish, and incompetent. Be this as it may, things at the time of my sojourn had come to a deplorable pass. You could not take up a newspaper without seeing accounts of unchecked disorders, or reading sarcasms on official delinquencies. In the *New York Herald* for November 28, 1853, the following passages

occur in an article on Rowdies—a class of brawling reprobates who molest the public thoroughfares:—

'The insecurity of human life in New York has become proverbial; and it is a grave question with many, whether it is not practically as bad to live under the despotism of a felonious rabble as the tyranny of an aristocrat. Our police, with a few exceptions, are the worst in the world. It is a notorious fact that they are seldom in the way when crimes are committed, and when they see them by accident, they are very likely to skulk away and avoid all danger and difficulty. If a bank or some wealthy individual has lost a large sum of money, they will probably get hold of it, because they calculate upon a handsome reward. But when they know they cannot make anything extra—anything beyond their salary—there is not one in a hundred of them will give himself the least concern about the lives or limbs of the citizens who pay them for protection. We perceive that their pay has increased of late. We don't find that it has contributed very much to increase their vigilance. The whole evil lies in a nut-shell—it is the accursed system of politics that prevails at primary elections, and thence spreads its ramifications over the entire social fabric. Strike at the root, and the poison-tree will fall.'

Perhaps the most appalling feature in the economy of New York, is the number of fires, many of them involving enormous losses of property. According to an official report quoted in a newspaper, the amount of property destroyed by fire in New York in 1853, was 5,000,000 of dollars. In not a few instances, it has been feared that these conflagrations are the work of incendiaries for the sake of plunder; though I incline to the belief that they originate in a more simple cause—the headlong speed and incautiousness with which affairs are ordinarily conducted. When fires do occur, they are greatly facilitated by the slenderness of inner partitions and wooden stairs in the houses; and though the exertions of the fire-brigades are generally beyond all praise, they are not able to prevent extensive destruction and loss. The frequency of these conflagrations, which sometimes involve a sacrifice of life as well as of property, cannot, however, be said to have met with that serious attention which such grave casualties would seem to demand. The stimulus to push forward in business acting like a species of intoxication, appears to cause an indifference to misfortune. In short, there is no time to ponder over losses—no time even to avoid being cheated. An anecdote in illustration of the impetuous way in which matters are managed, was told to me as a remarkably good thing of its kind. Two men, one day, with a long ladder and proper implements, gravely proceeded to take down the metal rain-conductor from a house of business, and carried it off without question or molestation. A few days afterwards they returned, restored the tube to its place, also unchallenged, and having finished operations, presented an account for repairs, &c., which was instantly paid, the truth being that no mending was required, and the whole affair a trick; but the parties plundered had no time for inquiry, and settled the demand in order to be done with it. How many petty exactions are daily submitted to on the same principle!

As a great emporium of commerce, growing in size and importance, New York offers employment in a variety of pursuits to the skilful, the steady, and industrious, and on such terms of remuneration as leaves little room for complaint. It would, however, be a prodigious mistake to suppose that amidst this field for well-doing, poverty and wretchedness are unknown. In New York, there is a place called the Five Points, a kind of St Giles's; and here, and in some other quarters of this great city, you see and hear of a sink of vice and misery resembling the more squalid and dissolute parts of Liverpool or Glasgow. For this the stranger is not prepared by the accounts he has received of the condition of affairs in America. Wages of manual labour, a dollar to two dollars a day. Servants, labourers, mechanics, wanted. The rural districts crying for hands to assist in clearing and cultivating the ground. Land to be had for the merest trifle. The franchise, too, that much-coveted boon, offered to all. Alas! man's destiny, on whichever side of the Atlantic, is not altogether to live by voting, but by working. What signify high wages, land, and liberty, if people shew no disposition to earn and make a proper use of these advantages—if, instead of labouring at some useful occupation, they habitually squander away existence, and do all sorts of wicked things to keep soul and body together. New York contains many thousands of this order of desperates, or call them unfortunates, if you will—men ruined by follies and crimes in the old country; 'outfitters' sent abroad by friends who wish never more to see or hear of them; refugee politicians, who, after worrying Europe, have gone to disturb America (which, fortunately, they are not able to do); beings who might have lived creditably in the Golden Age, but who possess no accurate ideas of the responsibilities of this drudging nineteenth century; immigrants weakened and demoralised by their treatment on board ship; and to sum up with an item which includes nearly everything else—intemperates living upon their wits and the bottle. Collectively forming a mass of vice and wretchedness, we have here, in fact, a 'dangerous class,' the cryptogamia of society, flourishing in dark holes and corners, just as it is seen to do in any large city of the Old World. Is it an ordination of nature that every great seat of population shall contain so much human wreck?

From whatever cause it may originate, New York is beginning to experience the serious pressure of a vicious and impoverished class. Prisons, hospitals, asylums, juvenile reformatories, alms-houses, houses of refuge, and an expensive, though strangely ineffective police, are the apparatus employed to keep matters within bounds. The governors of a cluster of penal and beneficiary institutions report, that in 1852, they expended 465,109 dollars in administering relief to 80,857 persons. Passing over any notice of the many thousands, including crowds of recently arrived immigrants, assisted by other associations, we have here a number equal to 1 in 7 of the population, coming under review as criminals or paupers in the course of a year—a most extraordinary thing to be said of any place in a country which offers such boundless opportunities for gaining a respectable subsistence. Let Europe, however, bear her proper share of the shame. Of all who pass through the prisons, or stand in need of charitable assistance, it is found that 75 per cent. are foreigners; and the cheerful and untiring manner in which relief is administered to so many worthless and unfortunate strangers, surely goes far to extenuate the reproach of 'dollar worship,' which has been cast on the American character. To fortify the weak and lift the fallen, much is humanely attempted to be done through religious agencies. Bible and tract societies, and church-missions, make extraordinary exertions; and the industrious and affluent, moved by representations from the press, are uniting in efforts for social improvement. At the time of my visit, the subject of a better class of dwellings for the working-classes was agitated; and looking at the overcrowded houses, and the excessively high rents paid, it seemed to me that a movement of this kind was desirable. Since my return home, an unsuccessful effort has been made to pass a law for shutting up the taverns (the number of which was 5980 in the early part of 1853); these establishments being believed to be a main source of all the prevalent vice and poverty in the city.

If New York has the misfortune to suffer from an accumulating mass of crime and poverty, it cannot be

said that she takes little pains to avert this calamity through the efficacy of religious ministrations or elementary education. In 1853, the city contained 254 churches, conducted, I believe, with a zeal equal to anything we can offer. From personal examination, I am able to speak with greater precision on the subject of school instruction. The educational system of New York, in its higher and lower departments, is on a singularly complete scale. Independently of a number of private academies, there are as many as 230 schools, of which twenty-two are for coloured children, in all of which education is entirely free. These free schools, which are judiciously scattered through every locality, and open to all, are supported entirely by funds granted from the revenue of the municipality—the appropriation having been 633,813 dollars, or about L.125,000 sterling for the current year. Such is the considerate liberality of the city corporation in maintaining the schools and keeping up their efficiency, that one would almost be disposed to think that this much abused body is, after all, not so bad as it is called. I fear that more is done than the people properly appreciate. The registered number of pupils in the various free schools on the 1st of January 1853, was 127,237; but it appears that the average attendance was only 44,596*—a fact which throws a curious light on the method of training youth. With a profusion of schools, nothing to complain of in the routine of instruction, and nothing to pay, it is certainly strange to find that, on an average, many more than one-half of all the children nominally at school, were absent; though from what cause is not explained. According to recent accounts, it would appear that the poverty and neglect of parents rendered it as necessary in New York as in London or Edinburgh, to supplement all the ordinary means of education with a class of schools for the ragged vagrants of the streets—so close is the analogy becoming between the condition of cities in the New and Old World.†

That education of an elementary kind should be offered without charge to all classes of children, at the public expense, will not appear so surprising as that instruction even up to the higher branches of study may be obtained by any youth in New York who claims and is found prepared for receiving such a boon. I allude here to the operations of the Free Academy, which may be described as the crowning-point of the free-school system. This institution I felt much interest in visiting. It occupies a large building, more like a college than a school, and in reality is a college in all but the name. Under the superintendence of fourteen professors and a number of tutors, I found upwards of 400 youths, divided in classes and accommodated in different apartments, receiving an education of the most liberal kind at the public cost. Mathematics, Classics and modern languages, Oratory, Drawing, Composition, and the Natural Sciences, were among the subjects taught; a large library is also open to the pupils. The annual charge on the school-fund for this academy is about 20,000 dollars. The public support of such an establishment is considered, I believe, to be of doubtful policy. The most obvious objection is, that public property is taxed to educate a select number with professional aims in view. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the child of the poorest is as eligible as the child of the most wealthy citizen; the only test for admission being the ability to pass a suitable and impartially conducted examination. I felt no small pleasure in learning that social distinction was totally unknown in the academy; and that at least thirty of the boys were the sons of persons in a humble rank of life.

The progress of refined tastes in New York has been significantly marked by the establishment of a Crystal Palace, emulative of similar constructions in Europe, and which I considered myself fortunate in arriving in time to visit. Placed in a somewhat confined situation in Reservoir Square, towards the northern extremity of the city, the edifice was not exteriorly seen to advantage, and was rather cramped in its proportions. Although considerably less in size than the Irish Exhibition, and a pigmy in dimensions as compared with the palace at Sydenham, it was, nevertheless, a fine thing of its kind, and must have furnished a fair idea of the nature and appearance of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. In shape it was a cross, 365 feet long each way, with a lofty dome in the centre, 100 feet in diameter. Some lesser erections filled up the angles of the cross, and with a separate building of two stories for machinery in the lower, and pictures in the upper gallery, the whole afforded space for a highly respectable exhibition. The interior arrangements and style of decoration bore a close resemblance to what was observed in the structure in Hyde Park—courts for particular classes of productions, rows of statuary, galleries with flags and drapery, and stands for the lighter articles of manufacture.

To this Exhibition, Great Britain, France, Austria, the Netherlands, and other European countries, had contributed objects of useful and ornamental art; but the bulk of the articles shewn were American, and testified to the extraordinary progress in industrial pursuits. It was observable, that this progress embraced little in pictorial art, or the higher order of design. Of the collection of 654 paintings, the greater number were from Germany, Holland, France, and England; the whole contributed by the United States being about forty. One picture I had seen previously—the First of May, by Winterhalter, which represents the Duke of Wellington presenting a casket to his godson, the young Prince Arthur; it was contributed to the Exhibition by Queen Victoria, and attracted many admirers. In the fine arts, America cannot yet be reasonably expected to rival Europe; though under the fostering influence of wealth, that rivalry will, of course, come in time. What the Americans do excel in, is the invention of tools, machinery, and miscellaneous objects directly useful. In these departments, therefore, there was material for profound meditation; and in seeing the ingenious and beautifully executed implements in wood and metal, and machines for saving and expediting labour, I wished that England had not been satisfied with deputing two or three commissioners to attend the opening of the Exhibition, but that whole companies of mechanics had come to admire and be instructed. Altogether, the Exhibition afforded a striking specimen of native skill and resources; and a conviction was left on the mind, that to treat either that skill or these resources with indifference, would be highly impolitic. Besides being much pleased with the machinery at rest and in motion, including some finely executed steam-engines, I felt much interest in the

* Annual Report of the Board of Education of the city and county of New York, 1853.

† 'With the princely fortunes accumulating on the one hand, and the stream of black poverty pouring in on the other, contrasts of condition are springing up as hideous as those of the Old World. . . . . There should be a cure which should go to the source of our social evils in the great cities. . . . . In the meantime, we call attention to the efforts now being made by various parties in our city to meet these increasing wants. A circular appears in another column from an association of ladies, acting in connection with the Children's Aid Society, which shews the character of these enterprises. A Ragged School, or, better named, an Industrial School, is opened, where the children who are too poor for the public schools are taught a common-school education and a means of livelihood. A soup-kitchen is connected with the establishment. The labour, as in the London Ragged Schools, is mostly performed by volunteers; though here entirely by ladies, often from our highest and most intelligent circles. We understand there are now eight of these schools in the city. It is a new feature in New York high life—this active labour and sympathy for the poor. Much of it may be a fashion, like most of our New York impulses; still it is a noble fashion. It is the first step towards bridging over this fearful gulf now widening between different classes.'—*New York Tribune, April 21, 1854.*

extent and variety of minerals, the collection of which was remarkably perfect. Coal, salt, marbles, metals, and other articles, all found in abundance, pointed to the amount of hidden wealth in the several states. Coal of the richest kind was also exhibited from Nova Scotia; but the sight of it suggested the unpleasing reflection, that the great mineral fields of that ill-used province, gifted by a late English sovereign to a favourite, are pretty nearly useless either to the possessor or the public.

On the occasion of my visit, the Exhibition was crowded with a well-dressed and orderly company; and I should fancy that as respects the education of the eye in matters of taste, it must have been productive of good effects. Unfortunately, it proved a lamentable failure as a commercial enterprise. Originated and conducted by a joint-stock company, with only honorary patronage from government, the Exhibition, at its close, was found not to have paid its expenses—not so much from any imperfect appreciation of its merits, as from delays in opening. The design, I believe, is to reopen and permanently keep up the Exhibition with some new and attractive features, under the presidency of the immortal Barnum!

In New York, the means of social improvement, through the agency of public libraries, lectures, and reading-rooms, are exceedingly conspicuous. One of the most munificent of these institutions, is the recently opened Astor Library, founded by an endowment of the late John Jacob Astor, who bequeathed a fund of 400,000 dollars to erect a handsome building and store it with books for the free use of the public. I went to see this library, and found that it consisted of a splendid collection of 100,000 volumes, a large proportion of which were works in the best European editions, properly classified, with every suitable accommodation for literary study. The New York Mercantile Library, and the Apprentices' Library are institutions conducted with great spirit and of much value to the community. A very large and handsome building was in process of erection at a cost of 300,000 dollars, by a benevolent citizen, Mr Peter Cooper, for the purpose of a free reading-room and lectures. The limited space at my disposal does not enable me to particularise other institutions of this class, or to notice the learned societies in which the higher order of intellects co-operate.

The prevalence of education throughout the United States leads, as may be supposed, to a taste for reading, which finds the widest indulgence in easily acquired newspapers and books. Newspapers are seen everywhere in the hands of the labouring as well as the wealthy classes. Every small town issues one or more of these papers, and in large cities they are produced in myriads. In the streets, at the doors of hotels, and in railway-cars, boys are seen selling them in considerable numbers. Nobody ever seems to grudge buying a paper. In the parlours of public-houses and hotels in England, a newspaper is handed from one person to another, because the purchase of a copy would be expensive; but we see little of this practice in America. Every morning at the Astor House, I should think some hundreds of newspapers were bought by the guests. At breakfast, almost every man had a paper. And I believe I may safely aver, that no working-man of any respectability goes without his paper daily, or at least several times a week. Newspapers, in a word, are not a casual luxury, but a necessary of life in the States; and the general lowness of price of the article admits of its widest diffusion.

Many of these papers are only a cent—equal to a half-penny—each; but two or three cents are a more common price, and some are charged five or six cents. Compared with the expensively got up and well-written morning papers of London, the American newspapers, though low-priced, are scarcely entitled to be called *cheap*. Much of their space is occupied with advertisements, and in some cases the whole readable matter amounts to a few paragraphs of news and remarks connected with party politics. Indulgence in personalities is usually, and with truth, regarded as the worst of their editorial features. In this respect, however, they cannot be said to differ materially from many of the newspapers of the British provinces; and recollecting with shame the recent libellous malignities of certain English newspapers directed against a high personage, we are scarcely entitled to speak of the editorial imperfections of the Americans as altogether singular. Such as they are, and low in price, the newspapers of the United States fulfil an important purpose in the public economy; and with all their faults, the free discussion of every variety of topic in their pages is, as some will think, better than no discussion at all. In nothing, perhaps, is there such a contrast between Great Britain and America, as in the facilities for disseminating newspapers. In the former country, newspapers can hardly be said to reach the hands of rural labourers. We could, indeed, point out several counties in Scotland which cannot support so much as a single weekly paper; but depend for intelligence on a few prints posted from a distance—such prints affording no local information, and throwing no light whatever on the peculiar, and it may be unfortunate, political and social circumstances in which the people of these counties are placed. On the other hand, such is the saliency of thought, such the freedom of action, in the United States, that a town has hardly time to get into shape before its newspaper is started; and as one always leads to two, we have soon a pair of journals firing away at each other, and keeping the neighbourhood in amusement, if not in a reasonable amount of intelligence. While it may, therefore, suit the policy of England to centralise and deal out opinion according to certain maxims of expediency, and also by every ingenious device to limit the number of newspapers, the people of the United States, taking the thing into their own hands, have organised a press as universal and accessible as the most ordinary article of daily use. On the establishment of a newspaper among them, there are no fiscal restrictions whatever. There is no stamp, and, consequently, no vexatious government regulations requiring to be attended to—no particular form of imprint necessary. Exempted likewise from paper-duty, and never having been burdened with a tax on advertisements, they are in every sense of the word free. The transmission of newspapers by post in the United States is on an equally simple footing. A newspaper despatched to any place within the state in which it is published, is charged only half a cent (a farthing) for postage, and when sent to any other part of the United States, a cent; but in this latter case, if a quantity be paid for in advance, the cost is only the half-cent. It is proper to state, that these charges do not include delivery at the houses of the parties addressed—that being the subject of a separate small fee; and it is here, both as regards letters and newspapers, that the superiority of the British post-office system is conspicuous.

Decentralising in principle, the newspaper system of the States still relies for the more important items of home and foreign intelligence on the prints of the large cities, which spare neither pains nor expense, by electric-telegraph or otherwise, in procuring the earliest and most exciting news. In this respect, New York may be said to take the lead, by means of several newspapers conducted with a remarkable degree of energy—among which may be noticed the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Post*, and *Commercial Advertiser*. In connection with this prominent feature of New York, it seems proper to state that this city has latterly acquired importance, if not for literary production, at least for the dispersion of

books; encroaching, so far, on the older literary marts of Boston and Philadelphia. Periodically in New York there occur great sales by auction to the trade—not of mere parcels of books, but whole editions prepared for the purpose, and transmitted from publishing houses in different parts of the Union. These sales, like the book-fairs of Leipsic, attract purchasers from great distances, and literary wares are disposed of on a scale of extraordinary magnitude. New York likewise possesses a number of publishers of books, original and reprinted, though, so far as I could judge, the works, generally, are not of the same high-standing as those which are issued from the long-established and classic press of Boston. As a place of publication, New York is best known for its periodicals, of which, with newspapers included, there are as many as a hundred and fifty addressed to every shade of opinion.

By the politeness of Mr Dana, I was conducted over the printing establishment of the *Tribune*, and had pointed out to me a machine resembling one I saw several years ago in the *Times* printing-office, and which was turning out broadsheets with inconceivable rapidity. At the large book-manufacturing concern of the Messrs Harpers, which I visited a few days previous to the fire, the machinery employed was more novel. Thirty-four flat-pressure steam-presses, all afterwards destroyed, were producing the finest kind of work, such as is still effected only by hand-labour in England, into which country the inventor, Adams of Boston, would doubtless be doing a service to introduce them. The practice of stereotyping by an electric process, so as to multiply plates at a small cost, and as yet scarcely known in England, was also in use at the same office. The enormous demand for every moderate-priced product of the press, has, of course, necessitated the resort to these simplifications of labour. The circulation of *Harpers' Magazine* is stated to be upwards of 100,000 copies, which no hand-labour could produce, nor cylinder-printing properly effect, considering the fineness of the wood-engravings usually interspersed through the letter-press. Unfortunately, with every disposition to admire the vigour displayed by the Harpers in conducting their popular miscellany, one can entertain little respect for a work which systematically adopts articles, often without acknowledgment, from English periodicals. Occupying a much higher literary status, is the monthly magazine, started a year ago by Mr G. P. Putnam, whose efforts in cultivating native American talent, and in sustaining a work of a purely original character, will, we hope, be crowned with the success which they deserve.

In the course of my rambles through the printing-offices of New York, I alighted upon an establishment in which the *Household Words* of Mr Dickens was furnishing employment to one of the presses. As yet, the present sheet had been exempted from sharing in the glory of an unauthorised transatlantic impression, and I had reason for gratulation accordingly. But who can tell what a few days may bring forth? Since my return to England, *Chambers's Journal* has yielded to its destiny, and, side by side with Mr Dickens's popular print, affords what is thought a fair ground for enterprise to a publisher in New York. It has sometimes been remarked of George III., that instead of fighting his American subjects, he would have shewn somewhat more prudence by removing, family, court, and all, to the States; and so leaving Great Britain, as the lesser country, to shift for itself, as a colony. Some such plan of packing up and removal might almost be recommended to persons designing to follow out a course connected professionally with any department of literature. Already, certain English publishing-houses are turning attention to the great and ever-extending field of enterprise in the United States, where books, as in the case of newspapers, are not a luxury of the rich, but a necessary part of the household furniture of those depending for subsistence on daily labour. With a view to partaking in the advantages to be derived from the universal demand for literary products in the States, some kind friends strongly counselled the transference of myself bodily to New York; and though coming rather late in the day, the idea was not without its allurements. In one respect, at least, the American possesses an advantage over the English publisher: he is not subjected to heavy taxation in carrying on his operations. When I mentioned to the publishers of New York, that the various works issuing from the establishment with which I was connected, and addressed mainly to classes to whom it was of importance to the state itself that literature should be made as accessible as possible, were loaded with a tax of 10,000 dollars per annum in the form of paper-duty, no small wonder was expressed. 'Why,' said they, 'continue to spend your existence in a country in which the earnings of industry are laid under such heavy contributions?' The inquiry might more pertinently have been put to a younger man, or to one who had fewer inducements to 'stick to the old ship;' but it is exactly the kind of question which, considered in its different aspects, is now drawing away so many eager minds across the Atlantic.

W. C.

SHAMYL.

The mountain-chief, whose exploits for so many years have won the admiration of Europe, Shamyl, the warrior-prophet of the Caucasus, was born towards the end of the last century, at a town called Himri, situated in one of the wildest parts of Circassia. He was early educated in the two chief departments of Oriental knowledge—religion and arms; and many traits of truly Spartan courage are related of him. On one occasion, while a mere child, he was attacked and wounded by some comrades; but although his life was endangered, he continued to conceal what had happened, because he would not consent to admit that he had been vanquished even by numbers.

For a long time Shamyl occupied a comparatively subordinate position as one of the Murides, or body-guards of Hamsad Bey, the Imâm. It was only after the assassination of that chief, in one of the civil contests which weakened Circassia and favoured the advance of Russia, that the celebrated warrior made himself known. He was elected to succeed the fallen Imâm by general acclamation, and having ruthlessly avenged the crime that had been committed, began that career which has since obtained for him a world-wide renown. The means by which he obtained his popularity are not well known. As yet, we are in possession only of fragments of Circassian history for the last twenty years. But it appears certain that Shamyl, though stained by many grievous faults, possesses noble qualities, and is eminently fitted to rule over a barbarous people.

He is of middle height, with gray eyes and red hair. His complexion is white, and as delicate as that of the Circassian beauties who are sometimes exposed for sale in the private bazaars of Constantinople. Perhaps the contrast of his feminine appearance with his extraordinary courage and impassibility in the presence of danger, may have strongly contributed to excite admiration among his rude and swarthy countrymen. All reports speak of him as gentle even when ordering acts of the greatest cruelty. He is sober in food; and scrupulously obeys the injunction of the Prophet, to drink no wine—allowing his followers, however, full liberty to intoxicate themselves. A few hours of sleep

suffice for him; and whilst his full-fed body-guard snore around, he rises, and somewhat ostentatiously employs himself in reading and prayer. A poet of Daghestan has said, that 'he has lightning in his eyes and flowers on his lips;' for, like all popular leaders, he has the gift of eloquence, and gains his victories as much by oratory as generalship. All his proclamations are in gorgeous language; and it is said that nothing can equal the effect of the short orations he delivers to his troops before he leads them on to victory.

The first residence of Shamyl, after he was raised to supreme rank, was Achulgo, where he built, in the centre of the fortress, a little house in the European style, with the assistance of Russian prisoners and deserters. Here he lived in the humblest possible style, depending even for daily bread on the spontaneous offerings of his people. The fortress is built of the rudest rocks; and in 1839 was surrounded by defences of earth, with passages, covered-ways, and moats, according to the best rules of science. The solid wooden towers, useless against artillery, had been removed, so that when General Grabbe appeared before it, after having taken Arquani and forced the passage of the Koï-sou, he at once understood the necessity of a regular siege. His first impulse, indeed, was to retreat; but remembering the orders of the emperor, hoping, too, to terminate the war with glory by the capture of Shamyl, he determined on an attack. The difficulties to be overcome were immense; but the troops under his command were numerous, and accustomed to passive obedience. The mountaineers by degrees found their communications cut off. They were completely surrounded, and hunger and thirst began to tell upon them with more fatal effect even than the dreaded cannon of their enemies.

It was on the 23d of August 1839, that, the advanced ramparts having been taken, the Russian general ordered his men to storm the citadel. The Circassians now displayed almost supernatural courage. Even the women took part in the struggle, sword and pistol in hand. 'Never,' says a Russian eye-witness, 'have I beheld so horrible a spectacle. We swam in blood. We climbed over barricades of men. The death-rattle was our martial music. I was clambering at the head of my battalion, already decimated, up a steep ascent; the cannon had ceased to roar—the wind blew away the sombre curtain of smoke: we suddenly beheld on a platform overhanging an abyss, a number of Circassian women. They knew that victory had declared against them, but firmly resolved to perish rather than fall into the hands of the Russians. They rolled enormous blocks of stone from the summit of the precipice. A huge mass whirled past me, and carried away several of my soldiers. I thought of the Eumenides. In the heat of the conflict, they had thrown away their tunics; and their hair streamed wildly over their bare shoulders. I saw a young woman sitting down quietly with her infant in her arms; suddenly, as we approached, she arose, dashed her infant's head against a rock, and then leaped with it into the abyss below. The others followed one by one, and all were dashed to pieces.'

The great object of this sanguinary attack was to take Shamyl; but the prophet was found neither among the dead nor among the wounded. A whisper went abroad that he was concealed in a cave, and every rock was searched without success. Towards midnight, some sentinels heard a noise. A man descended a precipice by means of a cord. When down, he examined the ground, gave a signal, and immediately came a second, and then a third wrapped in a white cloak, such as Shamyl was accustomed to wear. The Russians now disclosed themselves, and took all three prisoners. But their joy threw them off their guard; and the real Shamyl—for he in the white cloak was only a decoy—darted by, leaped into the Koï-sou, and swam across untouched by the shower of balls sent after him. This wonderful escape of course added to the prophet's reputation; and it is not surprising that his people believe him to be the especial favourite of Allah. The lovers of the marvellous pretend that on one occasion Shamyl allowed himself to be taken prisoner under another name, was conducted to St Petersburg, obtained the rank of colonel in the army, and having learned the art of war and the secrets of the enemy, escaped back to his own country. This extraordinary man, however, has no need of fiction to exalt his merits as a patriot-chief.

Having been driven out of Achulgo, Shamyl removed his residence to a place called Dargy Wedenno, situated in the midst of dense forests and frightful precipices. It is from this place that he has since, with various success, directed the operations of the war, issuing forth at critical periods, and exciting his people by his presence, but taking care not needlessly to expose his person, or to diminish the prestige of his name by too frequent appearances. Sometimes he has been reduced almost to the last extremity of despair. The Russian general, Woronzoff, by far the most formidable enemy ever sent against Circassia, cut roads through the country; and instead of making periodical attacks on a grand scale, endeavoured to weary out the mountaineers by constantly marching to and fro in every direction. Many tribes were entirely surrounded and compelled to submit; and at length the Tchetches found themselves unable to maintain their independence. They resolved, therefore, to send ambassadors to Shamyl, asking him either to come and assist them, which they knew he could not, or to allow them to submit to Russia. No one, however, would venture voluntarily to carry such a message; and four men were chosen by lot. They set out for Dargy, and determined by means of gold to buy the intercession of the mother of Shamyl, that he should at least hear what they had to say, and accept or refuse. They easily succeeded in inducing the poor old woman to speak to her son. What passed at the interview was kept a secret; but horrible results were feared, for the prophet immediately afterwards retired to the mosque to fast and to pray. He remained there until late next morning; and then appearing amidst a general assembly which he had ordered to be called together, announced, with many circumlocutions, that the Tchetches had formed the infamous project of submitting to the Giaours; that they had sent messengers to plead their excuse; that these messengers had suborned a woman to make him the disgraceful communication; that he had asked counsel of the Prophet; and that the Prophet had ordered him, from Allah, to give a hundred lashes with a whip to the woman who had been suborned. 'That woman,' he added in a terrific voice, 'is my mother!' There was a thrill of expectant horror, and the mother of Shamyl, with a shriek, fell upon the ground. The stern chieftain continued: 'What was my amazement when I heard this order! I wept bitter tears. Mohammed then obtained from Allah that I might substitute myself for the sinner. I am ready!' So saying he descended from his position, and ordered two of his guards to perform the office of executioner upon him. They refused at first, but were compelled to obey. At the fifth blow, the blood started; but the people now rushed forward, snatched the whips from the hands of the men, and insisted that so painful a scene should not continue. The Tchetche ambassadors now expected that their time was come; but to their surprise, and that of every one, Shamyl pardoned them, and said: 'Go back to your cowardly countrymen, and tell them what you have seen!'

It would be impossible, within any reasonable space, to give an outline of the various operations which Shamyl has directed against the Russians. Indeed, accurate details are not yet known; and it is to be

feared that tradition alone will hand them down to posterity. But it is not only as a warrior and enthusiast that Shamyl is distinguished; he is remarkable also as a legislator. By his influence, the people of Daghestan, previously divided into rival sects and tribes, have been melted down into a mass almost homogeneous; and he has established many useful institutions. His country is partitioned into twenty provinces, each under its naïb or governor. Four of them are invested with absolute authority; the others are obliged to give periodical reports of their actions. Each naïb is obliged to raise 300 horsemen, one from every ten families under his jurisdiction. The soldier's family is exempt from all taxes: the others pay his expenses. Every man, however, from fifteen to fifty, is, properly speaking, a soldier, ready to act on any great emergency. Shamyl himself has a body-guard of 1000 men, kept under rules of monastic severity. By their means he restrains the insubordination of such amongst his people as occasionally grow impatient of his iron yoke. Formerly, all contributions were voluntary; at present, a regular system of taxation has been introduced. If, therefore, at any future period Circassia is relieved from external pressure, it may be found that the foundations of a durable state have been laid. For the first time has any organisation been successfully introduced. Yet it is possible that when the immediate motive for union has been removed, discord may again reign. Some incompetent person may succeed to Shamyl before the people have become completely accustomed to order; so that we cannot foretell with any degree of certainty what may be the future fortunes of Daghestan.

PANOPTICS AND POLYTECHNICS.

THERE is a building of somewhat pretentious character in Leicester Square, which has just now put forth its claim to a share of the shillings appropriated by the world for rational amusement. This building is the 'Panopticon of Science and Art'— a sort of superior 'Polytechnic,' built by a company or society who seem to aim at something more than has been realised in the older institution.

These establishments are not unimportant as a token of the spirit of the age. The puppet-show and the dancing-dolls are giving way to something better in the way of mechanical ingenuity; while the really good music now to be heard almost nightly at Exeter Hall and St Martin's Hall, is certainly better than anything which the middle classes were accustomed to listen to a few years ago. It may be not the less true, at the same time, that the diminution of rural sports in the country districts is somewhat to be regretted, leaving the country people little else to depend upon for recreation than the village alehouse. In towns, however, and especially in such a world of a place as London, it is out of the question to look for such things. We *cannot* have primitive open-air sports in the metropolis, to any great extent: there is not room for them, and, moreover, the hours of work leave very little time for their enjoyment. Our recreation must be chiefly within walls and under roofs—more is the pity, some will say; but it is useless to kick against the irresistible necessities of a monster-city covering more than sixty square miles; we must bend to those necessities, and must see how to bend in the most rational manner and to the most useful purpose.

Exhibitions akin to the Polytechnic and the Panopticon are altogether of modern growth; they may be said to have only commenced in the boyhood of those who are now but in middle life. In France, the system began earlier than in England, under the auspices—as most great undertakings are in France—of the government.

Exhibitions of manufactures and pieces of mechanism may perhaps be said to have commenced, in England, by the establishment of the Museum of the Society of Arts. Many thousands have seen this, and many more might see it than seem to be aware of the fact, for the society offer many facilities for the admission of strangers. This old museum, with its raw materials and its models of machines, is worthy of a visit. The same society has lately established special exhibitions, illustrative of some special branch of art or science, which seem likely to have a wide sphere of utility. The museums and exhibitions of the Asiatic Society, of the East India Company, of the United Service Institution, of Economic Geology, of Marlborough House, of Gore House—all, to a certain degree, may be regarded as exhibitions of science and art, belonging to certain permanent bodies. But besides these, there have been others which have either been private speculations, or have had relation to some special purpose at a particular time and in a particular place. Before the establishment of the Adelaide Gallery, there was an exhibition of science and art in a building on the site of the present National Gallery; it was a humble affair, but interesting of its kind, and did something towards creating a taste for this kind of instructive amusement. The Adelaide Gallery—with its steam-gun, its combustion of steel, and its manufacturing illustrations—will be fresh in the memory of many visitors to London. Why it is that the Gallery has ceased to be a science and art room, to become a music and dancing room, it is not for us to say: probably questions of pounds, shillings, and pence have had a controlling influence here as elsewhere. A more powerful body established afterwards the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street—an institution which for many years has given a most ample shillingworth of instruction and amusement to those who have chosen to enter its doors, and which seems to become stronger instead of weaker, as it becomes older. There is a more obvious attempt here to combine science and fine arts with manufactures, than in the exhibitions hitherto noticed. The Great Free-trade Bazaar at Covent Garden Theatre, nine years ago, was a remarkable example of collected industrial products. The occasion was a special one, and the display was more purely industrial or manufacturing than anything to which we had before been accustomed. Not only has the metropolis had these opportunities of seeing exhibitions of manufactures, but the provinces occasionally share in the advantage. There was an Exposition of Industrial Art at Manchester in 1846; there was an exposition at Birmingham in 1849; there have been polytechnic exhibitions at Liverpool and at Leeds; there was a small Dublin Exhibition in 1850, and a great Dublin Exhibition in 1853; and there have been exhibitions and expositions, polytechnic, industrial, and scientific, in a large number of towns within the last ten years. Some of these have been a kind of pleasure-soirées, while others have had direct relation to the shillings and sixpences received at the doors; but all have been entirely independent of any aid from the government; and in this respect they contrast strikingly with the expositions of France. The nature and character of these polytechnic exhibitions—such as were opened at Leeds and Liverpool some years ago—were pretty fully described in a paper in the Second

Series of the Journal (No. 14), to which we may here refer the reader.

It will be seen, from this sketch, that we associate the new Panopticon with these industrial and artistic exhibitions. It is indeed an example of that which the vast Sydenham Palace is intended to be—an attempt to combine science and fine art and productive industry, so far as illustrative examples are concerned, under one roof. The Panopticon, according to its full title, is an 'Institution for Scientific Exhibitions, and for promoting discoveries in Arts and Manufactures.' About four years ago—for indeed the preparation of the building and its contents has been a very lengthy affair—a royal charter was obtained, which set forth the objects of the institution yet more fully. They were declared to be—'To exhibit and illustrate, in a popular form, discoveries in science and art; to extend the knowledge of useful and ingenious inventions; to promote and illustrate the application of science to the useful arts; to instruct, by courses of lectures, to be demonstrated and illustrated by instruments, apparatus, and other appliances, all branches of science, literature, and the fine and useful arts; to exhibit various branches of the fine and mechanical arts, manufactures, and handicrafts, by shewing the progress to completion in the hands of the artisan and mechanic; to exhibit the productions of nature and art, both British and foreign; to illustrate history, science, literature, and the fine and useful arts, by pictorial views and representations; to illustrate the science of acoustics by lectures, music, and otherwise; to give instruction in the various branches of science and the mechanical arts; to afford to inventors and others facilities to test the value of their ideas by means of the machinery, instruments, and other appurtenances of the institution; and, generally, to extend and facilitate a greater knowledge and love of the arts and sciences on the part of the public.' This is indeed a long programme; and any institution which realises all these aims will be panoptic, pantechnic, polyoptic, and polytechnic, all in one. The projector and present managing director of the institution is Mr E. M. Clarke, who has served a long apprenticeship in such matters. Nearly thirty years ago, he was instrumental in establishing the first mechanics' institution in Ireland; in 1830, he took part in the Exhibition of Science and Art, at the spot where now the National Gallery stands, and afterwards in the establishment of the Adelaide Gallery; and he was one of the small body who originated the Polytechnic Institution. The Panopticon sets forth a formidable body of honorary officials; there are nearly twenty patrons, nearly as many members of the council, about thirty associates, who are philosophers, musicians, sculptors, painters, and literati, besides the paid officers. What the duties of the associates are, we do not at present see.

It is obvious, on a first visit, that only a portion of the objects of the institution can at present be carried out; it seems as if it will require time for its development. This much may be said, however, that the Panopticon appeals to the eye and the ear in a very striking and original manner. Looking at the front of the building as it presents itself on the east side of Leicester Square, we see a bold attempt to adopt the Saracenic or Moorish style of architecture. There is a façade of eleven windows in width, and five stories in height; some of the windows are ornamented with the Moorish arch, some with arabesque ornament, while the porch or doorway displays the Moorish form still more decidedly. Over the two extreme ends of the building are two minarets; and over the centre, somewhat in the rear, is the cupola or summit of a large rotunda. Whether this ornate and Oriental-looking façade, resplendent with gilding and bright colours, assorts well with the plain ugly English houses on either side, is quite another matter; it is difficult to say what that is beautiful *can* assort well with the frontage of London houses. The escutcheons of Purcell, Davy, Newton, Goldsmith, Herschel, Shakspeare, Barry, Watt, and Bacon, take part in the decorations of the façade. The Moorish porch is so far an example of modern art, that it is formed chiefly of Ransome's artificial stone, inlaid with Minton's encaustic tiles. Within, or rather under the arch of the porch, is a sort of arabesque portcullis, in cast iron. The porch gives entrance to a vestibule, glittering on every side with adornments in variegated alabaster and encaustic tiles; and beyond this is an inner porch, leading from the vestibule to the grand rotunda.

This rotunda is the *magnum opus*, the work to which the time, and the money, and the skill of the Institution have been mainly directed. A gorgeous and striking chamber it certainly is. Consistently with its name, it is circular, and is surmounted by a cupola. The diameter and the height are each nearly 100 feet. There are three galleries at different heights; and what with the pillars by which these galleries are supported, the Moorish arches by which the pillars are surmounted, the arabesque ornaments by which the interior of the cupola is completely covered, the gilding, and painting, and glass about the pillars and galleries, and the Oriental lamps whereby the whole is lighted in the evening—the effect is exceedingly novel. The floor is for the most part boarded; but in the centre is an elaborately inlaid basin, whence springs up a fountain-jet to a height of eighty or ninety feet, and eight minor jets to half this height; the water is derived from an Artesian well, 346 feet deep; the mosaic of the basin consists chiefly of enamelled slate, bordered with coloured-glass tesselation—an ancient art, which has only been lately revived in England.

With what, then, is this remarkable rotunda filled, and how does it subserve the objects of the institution? First, and before everything else, both for sight and sound, is the organ—an instrument worth a visit, if there were nothing else to see. Messrs Hill were required to make an organ which should fill the building with a vast body of rich sound, and at the same time harmonise in appearance with the peculiar style of decoration around. Both of these behests have been admirably attended to. The organs at Birmingham and York are grand productions; but this at the Panopticon is said to exceed them both in tone and in compass. It is difficult to make organ phraseology intelligible to ordinary readers; but those who know a little concerning the mechanism of an organ, will understand us perhaps when we say, that the organ has four manuals or key-boards; that each manual extends from CC to A in alt; that there is also a pedal-organ of 30 notes; that there are 60 stops, 7 couplers, 10 composition pedals, 1 crescendo pedal, and 4004 pipes (the *Handbook* of the Panopticon will puzzle some of its readers by the announcement that the number of pipes is 4,0004); that there are 7 bellows; that these bellows are worked by steam-power; that the swell, choir, and solo organs have duplicate manuals, so that three performers can play together if desirable; that there is a pneumatic arrangement of the key and draw stops, which lessen the physical exertion of the player; and that the dimensions of the instrument are 86 feet wide, 48 high, and 28 deep. The organ occupies a recess on the eastern side of the rotunda; and its own adornments, as well as those of the recess which contains it, add greatly to the beauty of the rotunda. But it is when the organ speaks with its many-toned voice that it becomes a thing of power. Under the skilful fingers of Mr Best, its grandeur, sweetness, and variety of tone appeal irresistibly to the ear; the sounds wind round the circular saloon, and come to every hearer with extraordinary richness.

We can hardly help thinking that this organ will kill everything else in the building. This is a matter,

however, which every visitor must decide for himself. The contents of the rotunda also may be regarded as pertaining to three classes—the artistic, the scientific, and the industrial. The artistic or fine-art productions are chiefly sculptures and copies of sculptures, some of them placed under crimson and gold canopies in somewhat theatrical style. The scientific productions comprise enormous electrical and galvanic apparatus, electric-telegraphs, optical apparatus, diving-bell apparatus, and—in the uppermost gallery—a photographic collection. The industrial productions and specimens are represented by a series of Whitworth's metal-working machines, an ascending room worked by steam-power, a subaqueous balloon, a carbonic acid apparatus, a freezing apparatus, pin-making and needle-making machines, sewing and weaving machines, parquetry, ornamental turning and fret-cutting, hat-making, bead-purse making, fringe-making, papier-maché, &c. Except Whitworth's machines, and some agricultural implements, most of these workmen's and tradesmen's stalls and counters are in the galleries.

As it is not in mortals to achieve perfection, it may not be wondered at if there be some little drawbacks in this splendid rotunda. Its very rotund form—a source of so much beauty, is also a source of some defects, both to the ear and the eye. First, in respect to the ear: Every one who has been in the Whispering Gallery at St Paul's, knows that sound is conducted and augmented in an extraordinary manner by the circular form of the building. Now, at the Panopticon the same thing is observable, in a smaller degree: all the sounds, pleasant or not, become very audible. It was our fortune to hear, on one occasion, while Mr Best was playing Mozart's magnificent *Qui s'degno* on the magnificent organ, a clacking accompaniment of weavers' shuttles, in a stall some ten or twelve yards from the organ. In a building of different shape, the sound of the shuttle might be buried in a little receptacle of its own; but in this rotunda no sound can be buried. It is possible that some mode of obviating this defect may be adopted when the institution gets into complete working-order. In respect to the eye, the circular form of the rotunda renders it difficult so to separate the articles exhibited that the artistic, the scientific, and the industrial may be viewed separately: all these may be interesting and valuable, but they do not suit well when mingled up together. From one point of view, an electric-telegraph, a sculptured group, an iron-planing machine, an optical instrument, a statue under a crimson canopy, and an assemblage of pitchforks, and rakes, and shovels—all meet the eye at once; nor do we well see how this incongruity is to be avoided, if all three classes of objects are illustrated in one circular room. All this may, however, be susceptible of improved arrangement when the plans of the institution are more fully carried out.

The rotunda is, as we have said, the chief room in the building; but there are others of subordinate character. There are two lecture-rooms or theatres—one for scientific illustrations, and one for literary and musical entertainments. In front of the organ is a spacious platform or music-room, in which it is proposed that Mr Best shall give instructions in organ-playing at hours when the public exhibition is not open. At the top of the building is a photographic department, where portraits are taken, and where instructions are given in this beautiful art. There is a laboratory in the lower part of the building, where instructions are to be given in chemical science, and analyses conducted.

Whether we regard the Panopticon as a scientific institution, with a little music and sculpture thrown in to lighten it; or as a graceful artistic exhibition, with a little science and manufactures thrown in to give it serious and solid import; or as an attempt to combine the light and graceful with the solid and useful on equal terms—it must be regarded as a welcome addition to our metropolitan pleasure-spots. No disrespect to an old acquaintance, the Polytechnic, however: there is room for both.

THE THIRTEENTH JUROR.

When the criminal, Pierre Granger, escorted by four gendarmes, was placed in the dock of the court of assize, there was a general stir amongst the crowd, which had assembled from every quarter to be present at his trial.

Pierre Granger was not an ordinary culprit, not one of those poor wretches whom the court, as a matter of form, furnishes with an advocate, judges in the presence of a heedless auditory, and sends to oblivion in the convict prisons of the state. He had figured at length in the columns of the newspapers; and while M. Lépervier had undertaken his defence, M. Tourangin, the attorney-general, was to conduct the prosecution. Now, at the time of which I write, these two men stood at the head of their profession. Whenever it was known that they were to be pitted against each other in any cause, crowds immediately flocked to enjoy their eloquent sentences, sonorous periods, and phrases as round and as polished as so many billiard-balls. It was a perfect riot of tropes and figures, a delicious confusion of periphrases and metaphors. All the figures of rhetoric defiled before the charmed auditory, and sported, jested, and struggled with each other, like Virgil's playful shepherds. There was a luxury of epithets, passing even that of the Abbé Delille. Every individual substantive was as regularly followed by its attendant adjective, as the great lady of the last century by her train-bearing page. In this pompous diction—a man became a mortal; a horse, a courser; the moon was styled pale Dian. My father and my mother were never called so, but invariably the authors of my being; a dream was a vision; a glass, a crystal vase; a knife, a sword; a car, a chariot; and a breeze became a whirlwind; all which, no doubt, tended to produce a style of exceeding sublimity and beauty. Pierre Granger was a clumsily-built fellow, five feet ten in height, thirty-eight years old, with foxy hair, a high colour, and small cunning gray eyes. He was accused of having strangled his wife, cut up the body into pieces, and then, in order to conceal his crime, set fire to the house, where his three children perished. Such an accumulation of horrors had shed quite a romantic halo round their perpetrator. Ladies of rank and fashion flocked to the jail to look at him; and his autograph was in wonderful request, as soon as it became known that Madame Césarine Langelot, the lioness of the district, possessed some words of his writing in her album, placed between a ballad by a professor of rhetoric and a problem by the engineer-in-chief of the department; neither gentlemen, to say the truth, being much flattered by such close juxtaposition with the interesting pet-prisoner.

When Pierre Granger, with his lowering brow and air of stolid cunning, was placed in the dock, the names of twelve jurors were drawn by lot, and the president demanded of the counsel on either side, whether they wished to exercise their right of challenge. Both declined offering any objection to twelve such honourable names; but the attorney-general added, that he would require the drawing of a supplementary juror. It was done, and on the paper appeared the name of Major Vernor. At the sound, a slight murmur was heard amongst the spectators, while MM. Tourangin and Lépervier exchanged a rapid glance, which seemed to say: 'Will not *you* challenge him?' But neither of them did so; an officer conducted Major Vernor into his appointed place, and amid profound silence the indictment was read.

Major Vernor had lived in the town during the last two years. Every one gave him the military title, yet none could tell when, or where, or whom he had served. He seemed to have neither family nor friends; and when any of his acquaintances ventured to sound him on the subject, he always replied in a manner by no means calculated to encourage curiosity. 'Do *I* trouble my head about *your* affairs?' he would say. 'Your shabby old town suits me well enough as a residence, but if you don't think I have a right to live in it, I shall be most happy to convince you of the fact at daybreak to-morrow morning with gun, sword, or pistol.' Major Vernor was precisely the very man to keep his word: the few persons who had entered his lodgings, reported that his bedroom resembled an armoury, so fully was it furnished with all sorts of murderous weapons. Notwithstanding this, he seemed a very respectable sort of man, regular in his habits, punctual in his payments, and fond of smoking excellent cigars, sent him, he used to say, by a friend in Havannah. He was tall, excessively thin, bald, and always dressed in black; his moustaches curled to a point; and he invariably wore his hat cocked over his right ear. In the evenings, he used to frequent the public reading-room of the town; but he never played at any game, or conversed with the company, remaining absorbed in his newspaper until the clock struck ten, when he lit his cigar, twisted his moustaches, and with a stiff, silent bow took his departure. It sometimes happened that one of the company, bolder than the others, said: 'Good-night, major!' Then the major would stop, fix his gray eye on the speaker, and reply: 'Good-night, monsieur;' but in so rude and angry a tone, that the words sounded more like a malediction than a polite salutation.

It was remarked, that whoever thus ventured to address the major, was, during the remainder of the evening, the victim of some strange ill-luck. He regularly lost at play, was sure to knock his elbow through a handsome lamp or vase, or in some way to get entangled in a misadventure. So firmly were the good townsfolk persuaded that the major possessed an 'evil eye,' that their common expression, when any one met with a misfortune, was: 'He must have said "good-night" to the major!'

This mysterious character dined every day at the ordinary of the Crown Hotel, and although habitually silent, seemed usually contented with the fare. One day, however, after having eaten some bread-soup, he cast his eye along the table, frowned, and calling the host, said: 'How comes it that the dinner to-day is entirely meagre?'

'Monsieur, no doubt, forgets that this is Good-Friday.'

'Send me up two mutton chops.'

'Impossible, major; there is not an ounce of meat to be had at any butcher's in the town.'

'Let me have some fowl.'

'That is not to be had either.'

'What a set of fools!' exclaimed the major, striking his clenched hand on the table with such force that the bottles reeled and rocked, just as if all the wine in their bodies had got into their heads. Then he called the waiter, and said: 'Baptiste, go to my lodging, and bring me the inlaid carabine which hangs over my pillow.'

The poor host trembled, and grew very pale, when Baptiste returned with a double-barrelled gun, beautifully inlaid with silver. The major coolly examined the locks, put on fresh caps, cocked both barrels, and walked out, followed at a respectful distance by the guests and inmates of the hotel. Not far off stood an old ivy-mantled church, whose angular projections were haunted by many ravens: two large ones flew out of a turret just as the major came up and took aim for a double shot. Down tumbled both the unclean birds at his feet.

'*Sacrebleu!*' cried he, picking them up; 'I'm regularly sold—they're quite lean!'

He returned to the hotel, and, according to his express orders, one moiety of his ill-omened booty was dressed in a savoury stew, and the other simply roasted. Of both dishes he partook so heartily, that not a vestige of either remained, and he declared that he had never eaten more relishing food.

From that day the major became an object of uneasiness to some, of terror to others, of curiosity to all. Whenever he appeared on the public promenade, every one avoided him; at the theatre, his box was generally occupied by himself alone; and each old woman that met him in the street, invariably stopped to cross herself. Major Vernor was never known to enter a church, or accept an invitation: at first, he used to receive a good many of these, and the perfumed billets served him to light his cigars.

Such, then, was the thirteenth juror drawn in the cause of Pierre Granger, and it may easily be understood why the audience were moved at hearing the name of Major Vernor.

The paper of accusation, notwithstanding, drawn up by the attorney-general with a force and particularity of description which horrified the ladies present, was read amid profound silence, broken only by the snoring of the prisoner, who had deliberately settled himself to sleep. The gendarmes tried to rouse him from his unnatural slumber, but they merely succeeded in making him now and then half-open his dull brutish eyes.

When the clerk had ceased to read, Pierre Granger was with difficulty thoroughly awakened, and the president proceeded to question him. The interrogatory fully revealed, in all its horror, the thoroughly stupid fiendishness of the wretch. He had killed his wife, he said, because they couldn't agree; he had set his house on fire, because it was a cold night, and he wanted to make a good blaze to warm himself: as to his children, they were dirty squalling little things—no loss to him or to any one else.

It would be tedious to pursue all the details of this disgusting trial. M. Tourangin and M. Lépervier both made marvellously eloquent speeches, but the latter deserved peculiar credit, having so very bad a cause to sustain. Although he well knew that his client was as thorough a scoundrel as ever breathed, and that his condemnation would be a blessing to society, yet he pleaded his cause with all a lawyer's conscientiousness. When he got to the peroration, he managed to squeeze from his lachrymal glands a few rare tears, the last and most precious, I imagine, which he carefully reserved for an especially solemn occasion—just as some families preserve a few bottles of fine old wine, to be drunk at the marriage of a daughter or the coming of age of a son.

At length the case closed, and the president was going to sum up; but as the heat in court was excessive, and every one present stood in need of refreshment, leave was given to the jury to retire for half an hour, and the hall was cleared for the same space of time, in order that it might undergo a thorough ventilation. During this interval, while twelve of the jurors were cooling themselves with ices and sherbet, the Thirteenth lighted a cigar, and reclining in an arm-chair, smoked away with the gravity of a Turk.

'What a capital cigar!' sighed one of the jurors, as he watched with an envious eye the odoriferous little clouds escaping from the smoker's lips.

'Would you like to try one?' asked the major, politely offering his cigar-case.

'If it would not trespass too much on your kindness.'

'By no means. You are heartily welcome.'

The juror took a cigar, and lighted it at that of his obliging neighbour.

'Well! how do you like it?' asked the major.

'Delicious! It has an uncommonly pleasant aroma. From whence are you supplied?'

'From the Havannah.'

Several jurors now approached, casting longing glances on Major Vernor's cigar-case.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I am really grieved that I have not a single cigar left to offer you, having just given the last to our worthy friend. To-morrow, however, I hope to have a fresh supply, and shall then ask you to do me the honour of accepting some.'

At that moment, an official came in to announce that the court had resumed its sitting; the jury hastened to their box, and the president began his charge. Scarcely had he commenced, however, when the juror who had smoked the cigar rose, and in a trembling voice begged permission to retire, as he felt very ill. Indeed, while in the act of speaking, he fell backwards, and lay senseless on the floor.

The president, of course, directed that he should be carefully conveyed to his home, and desired Major Vernor to take his place. Six strokes sounded from the old clock of the Town-hall as the jury retired to deliberate on their verdict in the case of Pierre Granger.

Eleven gentlemen exclaimed with one voice, that the wretched assassin's guilt was perfectly clear, and that they could not hesitate for a moment as to their decision. Major Vernor, however, stood up, placed his back against the door, and regarding his colleagues with a peculiarly sinister expression, said slowly: 'I shall acquit Pierre Granger, and you shall all do the same!'

'Sir,' replied the foreman in a severe tone, 'you are answerable to your conscience for your own actions, but I do not see what right you have to offer us a gratuitous insult.'

'Am I, then, so unfortunate as to offend you?' asked the major meekly.

'Certainly; in supposing us capable of breaking the solemn oath which we have taken to do impartial justice. I am a man of honour'——

'Bah!' interrupted the major; 'are you quite sure of that?'

A general murmur of indignation arose.

'Do you know, sir, that such a question is a fresh insult?'

'You are quite mistaken,' said Major Vernor. 'What I said was drawn forth by a feeling of the solemn responsibility which rests on us. Before I can resolve to make a dead corpse of a living moving being, I must feel satisfied that both you and I are less guilty than Pierre Granger, which, after all, is not so certain.'

An ominous silence ensued; the major's words seemed to strike home to every breast; and at length one of the gentlemen said: 'You seem, sir, to regard the question in a philosophical point of view.'

'Just so, Monsieur Cerneau.'

'You know me then?' said the juror in a trembling voice.

'Not very intimately, my dear sir, but just sufficiently to appreciate your fondness for discounting bills at what your enemies might call usurious interest. I think it was about four years ago that an honest, poor man, the father of a large family, blew out his brains, in despair at being refused by you a short renewal which he had implored on his knees.'

Without replying, M. Cerneau retired to the furthest corner of the room, and wiped off the large drops of sweat which started from his brow.

'What does this mean?' asked another juror impatiently. 'Have we come hither to act a scene from the *Memoirs of the Devil*?'

'I don't know that work,' replied the major; 'but may I advise you, Monsieur de Bardine, to calm your nerves?'

'Sir, you are impertinent, and I shall certainly do myself the pleasure to chastise you.'

'As how?'

'With my sword. I shall do you the honour to meet you to-morrow.'

'An honour which, being a man of sense, I must beg respectfully to decline. You don't kill your adversaries, Monsieur de Bardine; you assassinate them. Have you forgotten your duel with Monsieur de Sillar, which took place, as I am told, without witnesses? While he was off his guard, you treacherously struck him through the heart. The prospect of a similar catastrophe is certainly by no means enticing.'

With an instinctive movement, M. de Bardine's neighbours drew off.

'I admire such virtuous indignation,' sneered the major. 'It especially becomes *you*, Monsieur Darin'——

'What infamy are you going to cast in *my* teeth?' exclaimed the gentleman addressed.

'Oh, very little—a mere trifle—simply, that while Monsieur de Bardine kills *his* friends, you only dishonour *yours*. Monsieur Simon, whose house, table, and purse are yours, has a pretty wife'——

'Major,' cried another juror, 'you are a villain!'

'Pardon me, my dear Monsieur Calfat, let us call things by their proper names. The only villain amongst us, I believe, is the man who himself set fire to his house, six months after having insured it at treble its value, in four offices, whose directors were foolish enough to pay the money without making sufficient inquiry.'

A stifled groan escaped from M. Calfat's lips as he covered his face with his hands.

'Who are you that you thus dare to constitute yourself our judge?' asked another, looking fiercely at Vernor.

'Who am I, Monsieur Pérou? simply one who can appreciate your very rare dexterity in holding court-cards in your hand, and making the dice turn up as you please.'

M. Pérou gave an involuntary start, and thenceforward held his peace. The scene, aided by the darkness of approaching night, had now assumed a terrific aspect. The voice of the major rang in the ears of eleven pale, trembling men, with a cold metallic distinctness, as if each word inflicted a blow.

At length Vernor burst into a strange sharp hissing laugh. 'Well, my honourable colleagues,' he exclaimed, 'does this poor Pierre Granger still appear to you unworthy of the slightest pity? I grant you he has committed a fault, and a fault which you would not have committed in his place. He has not had your cleverness in masking his turpitude with a show of virtue: that was his real crime. Now, if after having killed his wife, he had paid handsomely for masses to be said for her repose—if he had purchased a burial-ground, and caused to be raised to her memory a beautiful square white marble monument, with a flowery epitaph on it in gold letters—why, then, we should all have shed tears of sympathy, and eulogised Pierre Granger as the model of a tender husband. Don't you agree with me, Monsieur Norbec?'

M. Norbec started as if he had received an electric shock. 'It is false!' he murmured. 'I did not poison Eliza: she died of pulmonary consumption.'

'True,' said the major; 'you remind me of a circumstance which I had nearly forgotten. Madame Norbec, who possessed a large fortune in her own right, died without issue, five months after she had made you her sole legatee.' Then the major was silent. They were now in total darkness, and the throbbing of many agitated hearts might be heard in the room. Suddenly came the sharp click of a pistol, and the obscurity was for a moment brightened by a flash; but there was no report—the weapon had missed fire. The major burst into a long and loud fit of laughter. 'Charming! delightful! Ah, my dear sir,' he exclaimed, addressing the foreman, 'you were the only honest man of the

party, and see how, to oblige me, you have made an attempt on my person, which places you on an honourable level with Pierre Granger!' Then having rung the bell, he called for candles, and when they were brought, he said: 'Come, gentlemen, I suppose you don't want to sleep here; let us make haste, and finish our business.'

Ten minutes afterwards, the foreman handed in the issue paper — a verdict of not guilty; and Pierre Granger was discharged amid the hisses and execrations of the crowd, who, indeed, were prevented only by a strong military force from assaulting both judge and jury. Major Vernor coolly walked up to the dock, and passing his arm under that of Pierre Granger, went out with him through a side-door.

From that hour neither the one nor the other was ever seen again in the country. That night there was a terrific thunder-storm; the ripe harvest was beaten down by hailstones as large as pigeons' eggs, and a flash of lightning striking the steeple of the old ivy-covered church, tore down its gilded cross.

This strange story was related to me one day last year by a convict in the infirmary of the prison at Toulon. I have given it verbatim from his lips; and as I was leaving the building, the sergeant who accompanied me said: 'So, sir, you have been listening to the wonderful rhodomontades of Number 19,788?'

'What do you mean?—This history'——

'Is false from beginning to end. Number 19,788 is an atrocious criminal, who was sent to the galleys for life, and who, during the last few months, has given evident proofs of mental alienation. His monomania consists chiefly in telling stories to prove that all judges and jurors are rogues and villains. He was himself found guilty, by a most respectable and upright jury, of having robbed and tried to murder Major Vernor. He is now about to be placed in a lunatic asylum, so that you will probably be the last visitor who will hear his curious inventions.'

'And who is Major Vernor?'

'A brave old half-pay officer, who has lived at Toulon, beloved and respected, during the last twelve years. You will probably see him to-day, smoking his Havannah cigar, after the table-d'hôte dinner, at the Crown Hotel.'

A DAY ON THE WHITADER.

A MORN of May—a valley on the south skirts of the Lammermuirs, in Berwickshire—two companions, one of them a country gentleman and my host, the other a friendly follower of science from the neighbouring town—the object of the party to have a ramble along the banks of the Whitader, and so on to the summit of Cockburn Law, a few miles distant. Such are the simple elements of the opening of my Day—a snatch of relaxation in the midst of busy city-life. The weather looks, on the whole, promising: at least, nobody is disposed to admit more than that 'there may be a shower—oh, of course—but nothing to speak of.' And some ladies are, by and by, to ride and to drive by a different way to meet us near the summit of the hill, though only on a strict promise from us gentlemen that there is to be no thunder. With the ladies are to come some solid comforts, to enable us to maintain existence till dinner-time.

At first, our course is over shingly *haughs* (plains skirting a river are so called in the north), memorials of havoc committed by the stream in the days of a late proprietor of the district, who, an old bachelor, used to say: 'Other men have wives to keep them in constant trouble through life; I have a water!' And most valiant was the fight he kept up through many years with this pestilent stream; now hemming it in with a long embankment, like the Romans walling out the Picts; at another time, attempting to give it a more direct checkmate, by building jetties of piles and blocks half-way across its channel; of all of which structures it was sure to make ducks and drakes the first flood or *speat* next winter. A most troublesome set of neighbours are those mountain-streams, and so hypocritical too! You see, on a summer day, a tiny rill creeping among the pebbles, looking as if butter would not melt in its mouth; and yet this is the same entity which will come sweeping down at another time, a raging torrent, carrying off hay and corn, and sheep and cattle, cradles and old wives, and covering whole acre-breadths of rich land with stones and rubbish.

I wonder that men do not more readily see in such valleys as that I was threading, the record of an enormous space of time. It is of a very common form—namely, a trench cut by the water in a sandstone district. The walls, which everywhere rise up steeply on one side or the other, are sections of that kind of rock, from forty to eighty feet high, the space between varying from a quarter of a mile to half a mile wide. All this hollow is the work of the water. If we consider that it only works on those rare occasions of very high flood when it reaches these cliffs, and then makes an impression imperceptibly small, we must see that the time required for the whole operation must be truly vast—something in comparison with which the whole reach of our historical ages is but a mere trifle. And yet the time so chronicled is only one of many such spaces. Verily, it is a very old world this we live in!

It is the festival-day of the Ellem-ford Angling Club, and many of the members are to be seen wading in the stream in pursuit of their amusement. It is an unsocial amusement at all times; but even anglers lose reserve under the influence of success. We remark them to-day to be generally unconversational, from which we become very sure that the trout are not taking well. In fact, the long continuance of dry weather—a whole April without a shower—has put the water into a bad state; and, besides, there is a blue sky, a hot sun, and no wind. None but simple fish will bite. Tam Hamilton himself would be at his wits' end on such a day. We feel a sly satisfaction, under these circumstances, in reflecting that the fish we seek for are not forbidden to us by any such accidents. And just now, we are passing under a cliff of the Old Red Sandstone formation, where the water leaves scarcely room for a rough path, strewed with fallen blocks; and, behold! in some of these masses are curious markings, which our scientific associate points out as scales of the *holoptychii*—fishes of the earliest type of their class, which lived when as yet there were no higher animals in the sea, and no land-animals of any kind at all. What a different fishing was this from that of the wading gentlemen aforesaid—and how little did they in general reflect, as they stumbled over these stones, what a rich mine of ideas lies entombed in them! This was the first spot in the south of Scotland where Devonian fossils, as they are comprehensively called, were found. The place is also interesting from what has happened to it in the *dynamics* of geology. It presents between the carboniferous formation of the lower part of the valley and the Silurian rocks of the neighbouring hills, a band of the Old Red, which has undergone some tremendous movement, there being a great *fault* between it and the former rocks, marked by a dense vein or dike of trap. On the other hand, there is a spot where the upturned edges of the Silurian or grawacke rocks are seen in the bed of the stream, with patches of the Old Red upon them at a different angle, the remains of the first deposits of the next formation, shewing how a change of inclination had taken place in the elder rocks before the next in order were laid down. A similar junction at Siccar Point on the coast is classic ground

in the science, from the remarks made upon it long ago by Hutton and Playfair.

Pass we on along the water-side—here enjoying the sparkle and rustle of the stream as it trots down a declivity, there speculating on the depth of a black pool which ever wheels round and round, with its burden of sticks and foam, emblem of a stupid, unprogressive mind: skirting fertile haughs, threading our way through rough plantings: here a sporting cottage smiles down from the top of the cliff, there a comfortable mill blocks up a narrow place in the valley: always the brown Lammermuirs onward. It is too soon for tree blossoms, almost for leaves; but to make up for this, constellations of primroses rise along the steep green forest-banks—something spontaneous and over and above—handed to us like a gift by Nature. And it is Scottish nature, for these green bushy steeps, with the primroses, are characteristic of our northern land. The birds keep up a continual festival. Ever and anon some curious feature in the crust of the earth turns up to view—as a trap or porphyry dyke crossing through the bed of the stream, rough and prominent there, but meet to the general surface on the country beyond the valley; or a strange flexure of the sandstone strata, a result of some laterally applied forces when all was soft and pliant. When geologists speculate on the causes of the form of the surface, where we see all the roughnesses and inequalities which *must* have once existed, reduced to one flowing smooth outline, they usually speak of *denudation*, or a cutting away of the surface, *by water*. But, behold! here is water cutting what it can in the channel of the stream; and the various masses are left more or less prominent and rough in proportion to their hardness or powers of resistance. The cause is manifestly inadequate to the effect, and another must be looked for. It is to be found in ice, which, in the glacier form, acts with so much more force and sharpness than water. One of our party was a valiant supporter of this assumed cause, and was continually pointing to the boulder clay immediately over the rocks at the summits of the cliffs, as the rubbish left by his glacial agent. *Non nostrum est*, however. We by and by reach the base of Cockburn Law, and commence an ascent of about 600 feet to the top, this eminence being between 1000 and 1100 feet above the sea in all. It is a tough pull of half an hour, and no one finds any fault with another when he turns round and calls admiration to the scenery of the Merse, and traces the Cheviots in the hazy distance to the south.

Attaining the top at length, we are repaid for our trouble by an immensely wide prospect in all directions: to the north, an indefinite series of the flat heathy hills of Lammermuir; to the south, the whole plain of the Tweed, from Eildon's tops, near Melrose, to the sail-studded sea at Berwick. The Law being, notwithstanding its small elevation, a conspicuous hill, has been early selected as a post of security and defence, and we still find remains of ancient circumvallations round the summit. Such is the condition of nearly all conspicuous hill-summits in the inhabited parts of Scotland, leading the mind to a time when the people must have been in a state of great simplicity and barbarism—harbouring in these rude fortifications against their Roman or Scandinavian invaders, as the Caffres did lately in their kloofs against the British. What a change to the time when we see the adjacent plain the seat of a large, industrious, and comfortable population! The tradition of the district is, that the unfortunate Picts, whose kingdom was suppressed in the ninth century, made their last stand in the fortified summit of Cockburn Law. The common people remark that, in consequence of having thus been so long occupied a thousand years ago, the top of the Law is to this day greener than its sides; which certainly is a fact, however it may be accounted for. Near the top of the hill we found the ladies and one or two gentlemen, with the materials of lunch; but just at this time a sponge-like cloud began to discharge itself upon us in a most provoking manner, sunshine evidently prevailing not above half a mile off. Patience, however, enabled us to overcome this difficulty, which wholly vanished ere-long, and we then had our viands spread out on the heath. The usual jucundity of gipsying parties prevailed for a space, and then we set out for a spot about a mile off, where a most remarkable antiquarian curiosity is to be seen.

On a sloping platform on the north face of the hill, screened from the low country by intervening high ground, we see some rude heaps of stones surrounded by certain appearances of turfy walls; and on a near inspection we find these to be the remains of a considerable fortress. The central and principal object has been an annular or ring-shaped building, of about thirty yards diameter, the wall being from five to six in thickness, through which a narrow passage gives access to an interior court. It has been built of dry stones, large and small, adjusted so as to make tolerably good masonry of its kind. The original height is unknown: in the latter end of the last century, it was still seven or eight feet high; but now we can only with some difficulty trace the base of the wall amidst the rubbish. The most curious peculiarity was, that in the thickness of the wall were recesses entering laterally on each hand from the passage, as well as from three other openings from the inner court; thus eight recesses in all—being so many little chambers or cells in which human beings might have lived, although in a most comfortless state. It is worthy of note, that these little rooms were roofed by gradually contracting the walls towards the top, and laying a slab across, the arch not being then invented. To the east of this tower, as it might be called, are the bases of four lesser and weaker circular buildings, connected with each other by walls; and around the whole group extends, in an oval form, a double circumvallation with trenches.

The history of the building is totally unknown. The ordinary name is Eetin's Hald; though usually presented in books as Edin's Hall or Ha'. Antiquaries speculate on its having been a palace of Edwin, king of Northumbria in the seventh century—the same prince from whom Edinburgh is supposed (altogether gratuitously) to have taken its name. It is to be feared that here an obvious meaning of the name has been overlooked. The Etin, in old Scottish tradition, is a giant (from the Danish *Jetten:*) thus we hear in our early national literature, of the tale of the *Red Etin.** Sir David Lyndsay, in his *Dreme*, speaks of having amused the infancy of King James V. with 'tales of the Red Etin and Gyre-carling.' Considering that the people of Lammermuir have a fireside story representing Eetin's Hald as having been anciently the abode of a giant, who lived upon the cattle of his neighbours, and did not always respect their own persons—whose leap, too, they shew in a narrow part of the streamlet near by—it is rather strange that the name of the place has not been detected as meaning merely the *Giant's Hold.* We have no doubt whatever that the name is this and no more. It has been conferred by the peasantry after they had forgotten every fact of the actual history of the building, and had no similar buildings in use among themselves to keep them in right ideas regarding it; they consequently dreamed a history for it, as the stronghold of one of those savage beings, of enormous stature and strength, who figure in the fabulous annals of every imaginative people. We see here, however, additional proof of the very great antiquity of the structure.

In the southern districts of Scotland, Eetin's Hald is

* See *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, 3d. ed. p. 243.

quite a unique object; but in the extreme north, and in the Orkney and Zetland islands, there are other ancient fortalices of the same form and character, usually called duns or burghs, and attributed to the Picts. In *Cordiner's Antiquities* is given the ground-plan of one called *Dunalishaig*, on the Firth of Dornoch, in Ross-shire, precisely resembling Eetin's Hald, as far as its base is concerned, but having also a second story similarly chambered, which of course may have been the case with Eetin's Hald also, for anything we can tell. It is understood that the most entire of all the duns now standing is that of Moussa, on a small island in the Zetland group. As there are no such buildings in Scandinavia, it is considered as tolerably certain that they were the production of a people holding the north of Scotland before the invasions of the Northmen in the ninth and tenth centuries—in short, of the Celtic people, or Picts, for to them is the latter term now found applicable. When these Celts occupied the whole of Scotland, they would raise such buildings everywhere; but of all south of Inverness-shire, Eetin's Hald alone survives. It must therefore be deemed a great curiosity, and we cannot but recommend that measures should be taken to clear it of rubbish, and preserve all that remains with scrupulous care. Were the interior court trenched for a few feet, there would probably be found weapons of stone, flint and bone implements, and other relics of the primitive inhabitants.

But now the westering sun, streaming down in powerful radiance upon some of the distant hills of Selkirkshire, admonishes us that we must hie to the good town of Dunse, in order to dine with the angling-club, for such is the fixed arrangement. Horses and the car help us to make out this point, and we reach Hownam's Inn just in time. We need scarcely add, in the paragraphist's phrase, that the evening was spent in the utmost hilarity.

I could not but reflect afterwards—trivial as was the occasion for the idea arising—how much benefit one may derive on an excursion like this from a certain preparedness of mind. Even with a very small amount of scientific knowledge—and I can pretend to no more—how much better off are you than in a state of entire ignorance. A person altogether unacquainted with geology and its kin science archæology would have, on this occasion, lacked many enjoyments which, as it was, fell to my share. Nearly at every step along the valley, I had objects to gratify curiosity, to elevate and expand the view of the mind, to connect the immediate with the remote, and often to send the heart in grateful adoration to the source of all good. The very forms of the hills—the ground everywhere prominent in simple proportion to the hardness of its composition—led the imagination to a wondrous crisis in the history of the globe, when the temperature of Prince Regent's Inlet must have prevailed as far south as Vienna, and but a small part of the surface was fitted to be a theatre of life. Even when, turning from the distant silent ages of the geologist, we came to the early lisping days of our own race, what a curious theme of meditation! The hill-fort, representing a state of society like that of Caffreland—the ring-castle, without mortar or the arch, speaking of a time when the people of our land were just advanced in arts and means about as much as the Peruvians when discovered by Pizarro; these objects, in contrast with the Britain of our own age, were calculated to awaken most interesting trains of reflection. Now, of all this the holiday excursion of the ignorant man gives nothing. Things are to him merely what their surface tells to his eye. He can but hear the birds sing and the waters tinkle; and, literally—

> The primrose by the water's brim,
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more!

A LIVING PICTURE.

'Her children arise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her.'

No, I'll not say your name.—I have said it now—
As you, mine—first in childish treble tuned,
Up through a score of dear familiar years,
Till baby-voices mock us. Time may come
When your tall sons look down on our white hair,
Smiling to hear us call each other thus,
And, curious, ask about the old, old days,
The marvellous days—days when we two were young.

How far off seems that time, and yet how near!
Now, as I lie and watch you come and go
With handfuls of spring greenery, in soft robe
Just girdled, and brown curls that girl-like fall,
And straw-hat flapping in the April wind—
I could forget these many years—start up,
Crying: 'Come, let's go play!'
Well-a-day, friend,
Our playing is all done!
Still, let us smile;
For as you flit about with these same flowers,
You look like a spring morning, thrilled with light,
And on your lips a bright invisible bird
Sits, singing its gay heart out in old tunes;
While, an embodied music, moves your step,
Your free, wild, springy step, like corn i' the wind.
Gazing on you, I see young Atala,
Or Pocahontas, noble child o' the sun,
Or Lady Geraldine, her 'Courtship' o'er,
Moves through the dark abeles.
But I'll not prate:
Fair seemeth fairest, ignorant 'tis fair;
That light incredulous laugh is worth a world!
That laugh—with soft child-echoes—
Nay then, fade,
Vague dream! Come, true and pure reality:
Come, dewy dawn of wifehood, motherhood,
Broadening to golden day. Come, silent round
Of simple joys, sweet duties, happy cares,
When each full hour drops bliss with liberal hand,
Yet leaves to-morrow richer than to-day.

Will you sit here? The grass is summer warm;
Look, how those children love the daisy-stars;
So did we too, do you mind? That eldest lad,
He has your very mouth. Yet, you will have't,
His eyes are like his father's? Well; even so!
They could not be more dark, and deep, and kind.

Do you know, this hour I have been fancying you
A poet's dream, and almost sighed to think
There was no poet to praise you—
Why, you're flown
After those wild elves in the flower-beds there!
Ha, ha! you're human now.
So best—so best:
Mine eyelids drop, content, o'er moistened eyes—
I would not have you other than you are.

A SPIDER'S WEB.

On stepping out of the house, my attention was attracted by a spider's web covering the whole of a large lemon-tree nearly. The tree was oval, and well shaped; and the web was thrown over it in the most artistic manner, and with the finest effect. Broad flat cords were stretched out, like the cords of a tent, from its circumference to the neighbouring bushes; and it looked as if some genius of the lamp, at the command of its master, had exhausted taste and skill to cover with this delicate drapery the rich-looking fruit beneath. I think the web would have measured full ten yards in diameter.—*Herndon's Valley of the Amazon.*

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THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

'THERE is more money made in the public line than in any other, unless it be pawn-broking,' said Martha Hownley to her brother; 'and I do not see why you should feel uncomfortable; you are a sober man: since I have kept your house, I never remember seeing you beside yourself; indeed, I know that weeks pass without your touching beer, much less wine or spirits. If you did not sell them, somebody else would. And were you to leave "the Grapes" to-morrow, it might be taken by those who would not have your scruples. All the gentry say your house is the best conducted in the parish'——

'I wish I really deserved the compliment,' interrupted Mathew, looking up from his day-book. 'I ought not to content myself with avoiding beer, wine, and spirits; if I believe, as I do, that they are injurious alike to the character and health of man, I should, by every means in my power, lead others to avoid them.'

'But we must live, Mathew; and your good education would not keep you—we must live!'

'Yes, Martha, we must live! but not the lives of vampires;' and he turned rapidly over the accounts, noting and comparing, and seemingly absorbed in calculation.

Martha's eyes became enlarged by curiosity—the small low curiosity which has nothing in common with the noble spirit of inquiry. She believed her brother wise in most things; but in her heart of hearts she thought him foolish in worldly matters. Still, she was curious; and yielding to what is considered a feminine infirmity, she said: 'Mathew, what *is* vampires?'

Mathew made no reply; so Martha—who had been 'brought up to the bar' by her uncle, while her brother was dreaming over an unproductive farm—troubled as usual about 'much serving,' and troubling all within her sphere by worn-out and shrivelled-up anxieties, as much as by the necessary duties of active life—looked at Mathew as if speculating on his sanity. Could he be thinking of giving up his business, because of that which did not concern him!—but she would 'manage him.' It is strange how low and cunning persons do often manage higher and better natures than their own.

'Martha,' he called at last in a loud voice, 'I cannot afford to give longer credit to Peter Croft.'

'I thought he was one of your best customers: he is an excellent workman; his wife has much to do as a clear-starcher; and I am sure he spends every penny he earns here'—such was Martha's answer.

'And more!' replied Mathew—'more! Why, last week the score was eighteen shillings—besides what he paid for.'

'He's an honourable man, Mathew,' persisted Martha. 'It is not long since he brought me six tea-spoons and a sugar-tongs, when I refused him brandy (he will have brandy). They must have belonged to his wife, for they had not P. C. on them, but E.—something; I forget what.'

Mathew waxed wroth. 'Have I not told you,' he said—'have I not told you that we must be content with the flesh and blood, without the bones and marrow of these poor drunkards? I am not a pawn-broker to lend money upon a man's ruin. I sell, to be sure, what leads to it, but *that* is his fault, not mine.'

'You said just now it *was yours*,' said his sister sulkily.

'Is it a devil or an angel that prompts your words, Martha?' exclaimed Mathew impatiently; then leaning his pale, thoughtful brow on his clasped hands, he added: 'But, however much I sometimes try to get rid of them, it must be for my good to see facts as they are.'

Martha would talk: she looked upon a last word as a victory. 'He must have sold them whether or not, as he has done all his little household comforts, to pay for what he has honestly drunk; and I might as well have them as any one else. My money paid for them, and in the course of the evening went into your till. It's very hard if, with all my labour, I can't turn an honest penny in a bargain sometimes, without being chid, as if I were a baby.'

'I am sorely beset,' murmured Mathew, closing the book with hasty violence—'sorely beset; the gain on one side, the sin on the other; and she goads me, and puts things in the worst light: never was man so beset,' he repeated helplessly; and he said truly he was 'beset'—by *infirmity of purpose*, that mean, feeble, pitiful frustrator of so many good and glorious intentions.

It is at once a blessed and a wonderful thing how the little grain of 'good seed' will spring up and increase—if the soil be at all productive, how it will fructify! A great stone may be placed right over it, and yet the shoot will forth—*sideways*, perhaps, after a long, noiseless struggle amid the weight of earth—a white, slender thing, like a bit of thread that falls from the clipping scissors of a little heedless maid—creeps up, twists itself round the stone, a little, pale, meek thing, *tending upwards*—becoming a delicate green in the wooing sunlight—strengthening in the morning, when birds are singing—at mid-day, when man is toiling—at night, while men are sleeping, *until it pushes away the stone*, and overshadows its inauspicious birthplace with strength and beauty!

Yes! where good seed has been sown, there is always hope that, one day or other, it will, despite snares and pitfalls, despite scorn and bitterness, despite evil report, despite temptations, despite those wearying backslidings which give the wicked and the idle scoffers ground for rejoicing—sooner or later it will fructify!

All homage to the good seed!—all homage to the good sower!

And who sowed the good seed in the heart of Mathew Hownley? Truly, it would be hard to tell. Perhaps some sower intent on doing his Master's business—perhaps some hand unconscious of the wealth it dropped—perhaps a young child, brimful of love, and faith, and trust in the bright world around—perhaps some gentle woman, whose knowledge was an inspiration rather than an acquirement—perhaps a bold, true preacher of THE WORD, stripping the sinner of the robe that covered his deformity, and holding up his cherished sins as warnings to the world; perhaps it was one of Watts's hymns, learned at his nurse's knee (for Mathew and Martha had endured the unsympathising neglect of a motherless childhood), a little line, never to be forgotten—a whisper, soft, low, enduring—a comfort in trouble, a stronghold in danger, a refuge from despair. O what a world's wealth is there in a simple line of childhood's poetry! Martha herself often quoted the *Busy Bee;* but her bee had no wings; it could muck in the wax, but not fly for the honey. As to Mathew, wherever the seed had come from, there, at all events, it was, struggling but existing—biding its time to burst forth, to bud, and to blossom, and to bear fruit!

The exposure concerning the spoons and sugar-tongs made Mathew so angry, that Martha wished she had never had anything to do with them; but instead of avoiding the fault, she simply resolved in her own mind never again to let Mathew know any of her little transactions in the way of buying or barter—that was all!

Mathew, all that day, continued more thoughtful and silent than usual, which his sister considered a bad sign: he was reserved to his customers—nay, worse—he told a woman she should not give gin to her infant at his bar, and positively refused, the following Sunday, to open his house at all. Martha asked him if he was mad. He replied: 'No;' he was 'regaining his senses.' Then Martha thought it best to let him alone—he had been 'worse'—that is, according to her reading of the word, 'worse' before—taken the 'dumps' in the same way, but recovered, and gone back to his business 'like a man.'

Peter Croft, unable to pay up his score, managed, nevertheless, to pay for what he drank. For a whole week, Martha would not listen to his proposals for payment 'in kind;' even his wife's *last* shawl could not tempt her, though Martha confessed it was a beauty, and what possible use could Mrs Peter have for it now? it was so out of character with her destitution. She heard no more of it, so probably the wretched husband disposed of it elsewhere: this disappointed her. She might as well have had it; she would not be such a fool again; Mathew was so seldom in the bar, that he could not know what she did!—Time passed on, Martha thought she saw one or two symptoms of what she considered amendment in her brother. 'Of course,' she argued, 'he will come to himself in due time.'

In the twilight which followed that day, Peter Croft, pale, bent, and dirty, the drunkard's redness in his eyes, the drunkard's fever on his lips, tapped at the door of the room off the bar, which was more particularly Martha's room—it was in fact her watch-tower—the door half glazed, and the green curtain about an inch from the middle division; over this, the sharp observant woman might see whatever occurred, and no one could go in or out without her knowledge.

She did not say, 'Come in,' at once; she longed to know what new temptation he had brought her, for she felt assured he had neither money nor credit left.

And yet she feared—'Mathew made such a worry out of every little thing.' The next time he tapped at the window of the door, her eyes met his over the curtain, and then she said, 'Come in,' in a penetrating sharp voice, which was anything but an invitation.

'I have brought you something now, Miss Hownley, that I know you won't refuse to *lend* me a trifle on,' said the ruined tradesman; 'I am sure you won't refuse, Miss Hownley. Bad as I want the money, I could not take it to a pawn-broker; and if the woman asks for it, I can say I lent it, Miss Hownley—you know I can say that.'

Peter Croft laid a BIBLE on the table, and folding back the pages with his trembling fingers, shewed that it was abundantly illustrated by fine engravings. Martha loved 'pictures:' she had taken to pieces a *Pilgrim's Progress*, and varying the devotional engravings it had contained with abundant cuttings out from illustrated newspapers, and a few coloured caricatures, had covered one side of a screen, which, when finished, she considered would be at once the comfort and amusement of her old age. After the drunkard had partially exhibited its contents, he stood by with stolid indifference, while she measured the engravings with her eye, looking ever and anon towards the screen. 'Very well,' she said, uttering a deliberate untruth with her lips, while her mind was made up what to do—'very well; what did you say you wanted for it?' He repeated the sum: she took out exactly half, and laid the shining temptation on the table before him.

'Have you the heart, Miss Hownley,' he said, while fingering, rather than counting the money—'have you the heart to offer me such a little for such a great deal?'

'If you have the heart to sell it, I may have the heart to offer such a price,' she answered with a light laugh; 'and it is only a DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.'

Peter Croft dashed the money from him with a bitter oath.

'Oh, very well,' she said; 'take it—or leave it.'

She resumed her work.

The only purpose to which a drunkard is firm, is to his own ruin. Peter went to the door, returned, took up the money—'Another shilling, miss? *it will be in the till again before morning.*'

Martha gave him the other shilling; and after he was fairly out of the room, grappled the book, commenced looking at the pictures in right earnest, and congratulated herself on her good bargain. In due time, the house was cleared, and she went to bed, placing the Bible on the top of her table, amongst a miscellaneous collection of worn-out dusters and tattered glass-cloths 'waiting to be mended.'

That night the master of 'the Grapes' could not sleep; more than once he fancied he smelt fire; and after going into the unoccupied rooms, and peeping through the keyholes and under the doors of those

that were occupied, he descended to the bar, and finally entering the little bar-parlour, took his day-book from a shelf, and placing the candle, sat down, listlessly turning over its leaves, but the top of the table would not shut, and raising it to remove the obstruction, Mathew saw a large family BIBLE; pushing away the day-book, he opened the sacred volume.

It opened at the 23d chapter of Proverbs, and, as if guided by a sacred light, his eyes fell upon the 29th verse, and he read:

'Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

'They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

'At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder!'

He dashed over the leaves in fierce displeasure, and, as if of themselves, they folded back at the 5th of Galatians: 'Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall NOT INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD.'

'New and Old, New and Old,' murmured Mathew to himself—'I am condemned alike by the Old and the New Testament.' He had regarded intoxication and its consequences heretofore as a great social evil; the fluttering rags and the fleshless bones of the drunkard and his family, the broils, the contentions, the ill-feeling, the violence, the murders wrought by the dread spirit of alcohol, had stood in array before him as *social* crimes, as *social* dangers; but he did not call to mind, if he really knew, that the Word of God exposed alike its destruction and its sinfulness. He was one of the many who, however good and moral in themselves, shut their ears against the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely; and though he often found wisdom and consolation in a line of Watts's hymns, he rarely went to the Fountain of living waters for the strengthening and refreshing of his soul. He turned over the chapter, and found on the next page a collection of texts, written upon a strip of paper in the careful hand of one to whom writing was evidently not a frequent occupation.

Proverbs the 23d chap.—'For the *drunkard* and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.' 1 Corinthians, 6th chap. 10th verse—'Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor *drunkards*, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.'

'Again that awful threat!' murmured Mathew; 'and have I been the means of bringing so many of my fellow-creatures under its ban?'

1 Samuel, the 1st chap.—'And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee.' Luke 21—'And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so *that day* come upon you unawares.'

'Ay, THAT DAY,' repeated the landlord—'*that day*, the day that *must* come.'

Ephesians, 5th chap.—'And be not *drunk* with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.' Proverbs, 20th chap.—'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.' '*Woe to thee who selleth wine to thy neighbour, and mingleth strong drink to his destruction.*'

He rose from the table, and paced up and down the little room; no eye but His who seeth all things looked upon the earnestness and agitation of that man; no ear but the All-hearing heard his sighs, his half-muttered prayers to be strengthened for good. He said within himself: '*Who* will counsel me in this matter?—to whom shall I fly for sympathy?—who will tell me what I ought to do?—how remedy the evils I have brought on others while in this business, even when my heart was alive to its wickedness?' He had no friend to advise with—none who would do aught but laugh at and ridicule the idea of giving up a good business for conscience' sake; but so it was that it occurred to him—'You have an Immortal Friend, take counsel of Him—pray to Him—learn of Him—trust Him; make His BOOK your guide;' and opening the Bible he read one other passage. 'Keep innocency, and *take heed to the thing that is right*, for *that* shall bring a man peace at the last.'

Pondering on this blessed rule of life, so simple and so comprehensive, he turned back the pages, repeating it over and over again, until he came to the first fly-leaf, wherein were written the births, marriages, and deaths of the humble family to whom the Bible had belonged; and therein, second on the list, he saw in a stiff, half-printed hand, the name—EMMA HANBY, only daughter of James and Mary-Jane Hanby, born so-and-so, married at such a date to PETER CROFT!

'Emma Hanby'—born in his native village; the little Emma Hanby whom he had loved to carry over the brook to school—by whose side in boy-love he had sat in the meadows—for whom he had gathered flowers—whose milk-pail he had so often lifted over the church-stile—whom he had loved as he never could or did love woman since—whom he would have married, if she, light-hearted girl that she was, could have loved the tall, yellow, awkward youth whom it was her pastime to laugh at, and her delight to call 'Daddy'—was *she* then the wife—the torn, soiled, tattered, worn-out, insulted, broken-spirited wife of the drunkard Peter Croft! It seemed impossible; her memory had been such a sunbeam from boyhood up; the refiner of his nature—the dream that often came to him by day and night. While passing the parochial school, when the full tide of girls rushed from its heat into the thick city air, his heart had often beat if the ringing laugh of a merry child sounded like the laugh he once thought music; and he would watch to see if the girl resembled the voice that recalled his early love.

'And I have helped to bring her to this,' he repeated over and over to himself; 'even I have done this—this has been my doing.' He might have consoled himself by the argument, that if Peter Croft had not drunk at 'the Grapes,' he would have drunk somewhere else; but his seared conscience neither admitted nor sought an excuse; and after an hour or more of earnest prayer, with sealed lips, but a soul bowed down, at one moment by contempt for his infirmity of purpose, and at another elevated by strong resolves of great sacrifice, Mathew, carrying with him the *Drunkard's Bible*, sought his bed. He slept the feverish, unrefreshing sleep which so frequently succeeds strong emotion. He saw troops of drunkards—blear-eyed, trembling, ghastly spectres, pointing at him with their shaking fingers, while, with pestilential breath, they demanded 'who had sold them poison.' Women, too—drunkards, or drunkards' wives—in either case, starved, wretched creatures, with scores of ghastly children, hooted him as he passed through caverns reeking of gin, and hot with the steam of all poisonous drinks! He awoke just as the dawn was crowning the hills of his childhood with glory, and while its munificent beams were penetrating the thick atmosphere which hung as a veil before his bedroom window.

To Mathew the sunbeams came like heavenly messengers, winging their way through the darkness and chaos of the world for the world's light and life. He had never thought of that before; but he thought of and felt it then, and much good it did him, strengthening his good intent. A positive flood of light poured in through a pane of glass which had been cleaned the previous morning, and played upon the cover of the

poor Drunkard's Bible. Mathew bent his knees to the ground, his heart full of emotions—the emotions of his early and better nature—and he bowed his head upon his hands, and prayed in honest resolve and earnest zeal. The burden of that prayer, which escaped from between his lips in murmurs sweet as the murmurs of living waters, was—that God would have mercy upon him, and keep him in the right path, and make him, unworthy as he was, the means of grace to others—to be God's instrument for good to his fellow-creatures; to minister to the prosperity, the regeneration of his own kind. Oh, if God would but mend the broken vessel, if he would but heal the bruised reed, if he would but receive him into his flock! Oh, how often he repeated: 'God give me strength! Lord strengthen me!'

And he arose, as all arise after steadfast prayer—strengthened—and prepared to set about his work. I now quote his own account of what followed.

'I had,' he said, 'fixed in my mind the duty I was called upon to perform; I saw it bright before me. It was now clear to me, whether I turned to the right or to the left; there it was, written in letters of light. I went down stairs, I unlocked the street-door, I brought a ladder from the back of my house to the front, and with my own hands, in the gray, soft haze of morning, I tore down the sign of my disloyalty to a good cause. "The Grapes" lay in the kennel, and my first triumph was achieved. I then descended to my cellar, locked myself in, turned all the taps, and broke the bottles into the torrents of pale ale and brown stout which foamed around me. Never once did my determination even waver. I vowed to devote the remainder of my life to the destruction of alcohol, and to give my power and my means to reclaim and succour those who had wasted their substance and debased their characters beneath my roof. I felt as a freed man, from whom fetters have been suddenly struck off; a sense of manly independence thrilled through my frame. Through the black and reeking arch of the beer-vault, I looked up to Heaven; I asked God again and again for the strength of purpose and perseverance which I had hitherto wanted all my latter life. While called a "respectable man," and an "honest publican," I *knew* that I was acting a falsehood, and dealing in the moral—perhaps the eternal—deaths of many of those careless drinkers, who had "sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause," even while I, who sold the incentives to sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause, knew that they "bit like serpents and stung like adders." What a knave I had been! erecting a temple to my own respectability on the ruins of respectability in my fellow-creatures! talking of honesty, when I was inducing sinners to augment their sin by every temptation that the fragrant rum, the white-faced gin, the brown bouncing brandy, could offer—all adulterated, all untrue as myself, all made even worse than their original natures by downright and positive fraud; talking of honesty, as if I had been honest; going to church, as if I were a practical Christian, and passing by those I had helped to make sinners with contempt upon my lip, and a "Stand by, I am holier than thou!" in my proud heart, even at the time I was inducing men to become accessories to their own shame and sin, and the ruin of their families.

'Bitter, but happy tears of penitence gushed from my eyes as the ocean of intoxicating and baneful drinks swelled, and rolled, and seethed around me. I opened the drain, and they rushed forth to add to the impurity of the Thames. "Away they go!" I said; "their power is past; they will never more turn the staggering workman into the streets, or nerve his arm to strike down the wife or child he is bound by the law of God and man to protect; never more send the self-inflicted fever of *delirium-tremens* through the swelling veins; never drag the last shilling from the drunkard's hand; never more quench the fire on the cottage hearth, or send the pale, overworked artisan's children to a supperless bed; never more blister the lips of woman, or poison the blood of childhood; never again inflict the Saturday's headache, which induced the prayerless Sunday. Away—away! would that I had the power to so set adrift all the so perverted produce of the malt, the barley, and the grape of the world!" As my excitement subsided, I felt still more resolved; the more I calmed down, the firmer I became. I was as a paralytic recovering the use of his limbs; as a blind man restored to sight. The regrets and doubts that had so often disturbed my mind gathered themselves into a mighty power, not to be subdued by earthly motives or earthly reasoning. I felt the dignity of a mission; I would be a Temperance Missionary to the end of my days! I would seek out the worst amongst those who had frequented "the Grapes," and pour counsel and advice—the earnest counsel and the earnest advice of a purely disinterested man—into ears so long deaf to the voice of the charmer. I was a free man, no longer filling my purse with the purchase-money of sorrow, sin, and death. I owed the sinners, confirmed to lead the old life of sin in my house—I owed them atonement. But what did I not long to do for that poor Emma? When I thought of her—of her once cheerfulness, her once innocence, her once beauty—I could have cursed myself. Suddenly my sister shook the door. She entreated me to come forth, for some one had torn down our sign, and flung it in the kennel. When I shewed her the dripping taps and the broken bottles, she called me, and believed me mad; she never understood me, but less than ever then. I had, of course, more than one scene with her; and when I told her that, instead of ale, I should sell coffee, and substitute tea for brandy, she, like too many others, attaching an idea of feebleness and duplicity, and want of respectability to Temperance, resolved to find another home. We passed a stormy hour together, and amongst many things, she claimed the Drunkard's Bible; but that I would not part with.

'I lost no time in finding the dwelling of Peter Croft. Poor Emma! If I had met her in the broad sunshine of a June day, I should not have known her; if I had heard her speak, I should have recognised her voice among a thousand. Misery for her had done its worst. She upbraided me as I deserved. "You," she said, "and such as you, content with your own safety, never think of the safety of others. You take care to avoid the tarnish and wretchedness of drunkenness yourselves, while you entice others to sin. Moderation is your safeguard; but when did you think it a virtue in your customers?"

'I told her what I had done, that in future mine would be strictly a Temperance house; that I would by every means in my power undo the evil I had done.

'"Will that," she answered in low deep tones of anguish—"will that restore what I have lost?—will it restore my husband's character?—will it save him, even if converted, from self-reproach?—will it open the grave, and give me back the child, my first-born, who, delicate from its cradle, could not endure the want of heat and food, which the others have still to bear?—will it give us back the means squandered in your house?—will it efface the memory of the drunkard's songs, and the impurity of the drunkard's acts? O Mathew! that you should thrive and live, and grow rich and respectable, by what debased and debauched your fellow-creatures. Look!" she added, and her words pierced my heart—"look! had I my young days over again, I would rather—supposing that love had nothing to do with my choice—I would rather appear with my poor degraded husband, bad as he has been, and is, at the bar of God, than kneel there as your wife! You, cool-

headed and moderate by nature, knowing right from wrong, well educated, yet tempting, tempting others to the destruction which gave you food and plenishing—your fine *gin-palace!* your comfortable rooms! your intoxicating drinks! the pleasant company! all, all! wiling the tradesman from his home, from his wife, from his children, and sending him back when the stars are fading in the daylight. Oh! to what a home! Oh! in what a state!

'"I do think, as you stand there, Mathew Hownley, well dressed, and well fed, and respectable—yes, that is the word, '*respectable!*'—that you are, at this moment, in the eyes of the Almighty, a greater criminal than my poor husband, who is lying upon straw with madness in his brain, trembling in every limb, without even a *Bible* to tell him of the mercy which Christ's death procured for the penitent sinner at the eleventh hour!"

'I laid her own Bible before her. I did not ask her to spare me: every word was true—I deserved it all. I went forth; I sent coal, and food, and clothing into that wretched room; I sent a physician; I prayed by the bedside of Peter Croft, as if he had been a dear brother. I found him truly penitent; and with all the resolves for amendment which so often fade in the sunshine of health and strength, he wailed over his lost time, his lost means, his lost character—all lost; all God had given—health, strength, happiness, all gone—all but the love of his ill-used and neglected wife; that had never died! "And remember," she said to me, "there are hundreds, thousands of cases as sad as his in England, in the Christian land we live in! Strong drink fills our jails and hospitals with sin, with crime, with disease, with death; its mission is sin and sorrow to man, woman, and child; under the cloak of good-fellowship it draws men together, and the "good-fellowship" poisons heart and mind! Men become mad under its influence. Would any man not mad, squander his money, his character, and bring himself and all he is bound to cherish to the verge of the pauper's grave; nay, into it? Of five families in this wretched house, the mothers of three, and the fathers of four, never go to their ragged beds sober; yet they tell me good men, wise men, great men, refuse to promote temperance. Oh, they have never seen how the half-pint grows to the pint—the pint to the quart—the quart to the gallon! They have never watched for the drunkard's return, or experienced his neglect or ill-usage—never had the last penny for their children's bread turned into spirits—never woke to the knowledge, that though the snow of December be a foot on the ground, there is neither food nor fire to strengthen for the day's toil!"

'Poor Emma! she spoke like one inspired; and though her spirit was sustained neither by flesh nor blood, she seemed to find relief in words.

'When I spoke to her of the future with hope, she would not listen. "No," she said, "my hope for him and for myself is beyond the grave. *He* cannot rally; those fierce drinks have branded his vitals, burnt into them. Life is not for either of us. I wish his fate, and mine, could warn those around us; but the drunkard day after day sees the drunkard laid in his grave, and before the last earth is thrown upon the coffin, the quick is following the example set by the dead—of another, and another glass!"

'She was right. Peter's days were numbered; and when she knelt beside his coffin, she thanked God for his penitence, and offered up a prayer that she might be spared a little longer for her children's sake. That prayer gave me hope: she had not spoken then of hope except of that beyond the grave.

'My friends jested at my attention to the young widow, and perhaps I urged her too soon to become my wife. She turned away, with a feeling which I would not, if I could, express. Her heart was still with her husband, and she found no rest until she was placed beside him in the crowded church-yard. The children live on—the son, with the unreasoning craving for strong drink which is so frequently the inheritance of the drunkard's child; the daughters, poor, weakly creatures—one, that little deformed girl who sits behind the tea-counter, and whose voice is so like her mother's; the other, a suffering creature, unable to leave her bed, and who occupies a little room at the top of what was "the Grapes." Her window looks out upon a number of flower-pots, whose green leaves and struggling blossoms are coated with blacks, but she thinks them the freshest and most beautiful in the world!'

ANCIENT ENGLAND.

While dreaming over those dim and undated relics, the Welsh Triads, which allude to events that transpired in our island centuries before its silence was broken by the sound of the Roman trumpets, we have endeavoured to obtain a glimpse of England as it was in ancient times. These mysterious fragments lie like the wrecks of an old world on the shores of the sea of Time; and all we can see through the gray twilight of traditions handed down through a long line of bards that seem as shadowy as Banquo's kings, is the form of Prydian the son of Aedd, who came 'over the hazy ocean from the Country of Summer,' and who, according to these ancient Triads, when he first landed on our shores, 'found no man alive, nor anything but bears, wolves, beavers, and the oxen (bison) with the high prominence.' Further we read, that through the number of bees he found, he first called England 'the Island of Honey.' From this we know that there was a pleasant murmur among the flowers which grew in those wild and untrodden forests, long before the gray pillars of Stonehenge—those bleached bones of this old world—stood in the primeval solitude where they still sleep; and Prydian, or Briton, from whom our island is supposed to have been named, may, after all, be but the dream of some forgotten British bard; or he may have been some old Cymric hunter, who, landing on a lonely part of the island, chased the maned bison and the gray wolf of the wold, and clothed himself in the skins of the beasts of the chase. Perchance he pitched his rude hut by some forest fastness that looked over the sea; and on some stormy day a rude chiule, or boat, hollowed from the trunk of a gigantic tree—many of which have been found in the deep beds of our ancient rivers—might be blown upon the beach, and with it some British mother, whose young barbarians, on a future day, would hunt the cave-bear along that windy shore, and by their shouts drive the glossy beaver—that old builder—to his burrow.

The sunsets of those forgotten summers flashed not, as now, on walled cities and tall spires that point heavenward, as if to direct our thoughts to another home beyond the grave, but gilded the tops of tall trees—a land of forests—through the underwood of which the tusked boar rushed, and the shaggy bison bellowed; while high overhead the broad-winged eagle screamed. The foot of no friendly patrol passed with measured step, keeping watch around the wattled hut, or by the sandy cave in which these 'gray forefathers' of the forest slept; but the long howl of the gaunt wolf startled the silence of those forgotten midnights, as his footfall rustled among the fallen leaves, while he prowled round those primitive thresholds scenting out his prey. What are now the velvet valleys of green England, were

then, in the lower plains, leagues of silty marsh, and sinking morass, and inland meres—bordered with tufted rushes and sword-like water-flags; while between the black bulrushes—which at every breeze bowed to one another—the wild-swan sailed, arching her silver neck, and the dark water-hen clove the sunny ripples as she headed her dusky brood, undisturbed by either the voice or the footfall of man. The old rivers were then masterless, though sometimes the reeds by the margin were rocked as the ancient Cymry paddled by in his wicker-coracle, or left the print of his footsteps on the muddy shore as he carried his basket-boat on his back to some more distant river. Had Time hardened that footmark into a slab, such as bears the impress of the steps of extinct animals, it would have borne the mark of the thongs of raw hide which bound the soles—formed of the untanned skin of some beast of the chase—to his feet. We still find under the gray cairn, or green barrow that marks his grave, the hatchet of stone and arrow-head of flint which he used in war or the chase, long before his descendants drove those terrible chariots, with scythes projecting from the wheels, through Cæsar's cohorts, and scattered his Roman eagles. In subterraneous chambers—under the floors of which even then, though unknown to him, reposed the remains of mammoth and hippopotami, the saw-toothed tiger, and many another extinct animal that, ages before he was born, roamed over this ancient island—he stored his corn, and kept in his wicker-basket the salt which he exchanged his tin for with the adventurous Phœnicians—those old voyagers, whose ships visited our shores centuries before the keel of a Roman galley had ever grated over the shingles that strew our wind-beaten beaches. When wearied with war or the chase, he threw himself down at night to rest on his couch of grass, dried leaves, or rushes, and covered his body—which was punctured with the forms of monsters and Druidical emblems—with the blue cloak or sagum, which he dyed with the same plant that he used for staining himself; or in winter weather with the skins of his own cattle, or those he had slain in the wild forests. His seat was a portion of the round stem of a tree; and out of the same material he formed rude trenchers and rugged bowls, and in the course of time made vessels of clay, which he baked in the sun. When he pastured his flocks and herds, or sowed his rude harvest in the open plains, near to another man's land, his boundary-line was marked by stones, such as were used by the Eastern patriarchs, and are mentioned in Scripture, where it is written: 'Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark.' But he knew nothing of the Bible nor of God; no gospel-trumpet had as yet shaken the old oaks, under which he worshipped his idols, with its sound; nor had the name of the Most High startled the bearded Druid from the heathen altar, where he offered up human sacrifices, in the gloomy groves of those wildering forests. Though long since gone, we can still picture him, through the eye of the imagination, wearing his flowing garments, which look whiter beside the dark foliage under which he stands, with the golden pruning-hook in his hand, ready to cut the pearly-berried mistletoe, which was held sacred in his pagan rites. Perchance that arch-Druid in his soul spurned the blinded believers who gathered around him, and bowed their slavish backs, making themselves stepping-stones, on which he planted his feet as he ascended the aged oak; and gathered closer the folds of his garments, as if he feared that they would become contaminated through touching those benighted worshippers he held in thrall. His power seemed to stretch beyond the grave; for he taught them to believe, that in the howling winds which went moaning and groaning through the dark midnights that settled down upon those dim and shadowy forests, they heard the voices of those departed spirits he had doomed to wander through the wild air for evermore, for having, while living, rebelled against his cruel creed. With what awe and fear would they gaze on the fabulous egg which, cased with gold, he wore suspended from his neck! That egg, as they were taught to believe, was engendered by fiery serpents while they struggled together in the air, and was caught in its fall by a mounted horseman, who rode off with it at breathless speed, followed by the hissing and fiery reptiles, who would have devoured if they had overtaken him. The few fragments of the hymns he chanted that have been preserved, are to us a mystery. We know nothing about 'the cattle of the deep' to which they allude, nor 'the caldron that would not boil the food of a coward.' The gray oracle of Stonehenge to us is for ever dumb.

Two or three centuries pass away, and a great change has come over the face of this ancient England—there is a Roman stamp upon its features, and a classic look about its cities: it has improved under the hands of its conquerors; whichever way the eye is turned, there are signs of civilisation. Instead of wattled and reedy huts standing by the spongy swamp or gloomy forest, we now find walled cities, and see stretching over the landscape long lines of road straight as an arrow, while corn waves on the uplands, and flocks and herds bleat and low from pastures knee-deep in summer grass. Fruit-trees throw their rich array of blossoms over the scene; and though their corn is taxed, their fruit tithed, and heavy levies laid on their cattle by the conquerors who have wrought this wonderful change—and though they have lost somewhat of their wild martial spirit, they are no longer the savage hunters, who, clad in skins, dwelt in caves and branch-woven huts; for now Roman arches span their streets, and Roman temples tower above their tesselated pavements. The wolf was now left to howl in the forest depths, where the old Druidical altar lay overthrown, and half buried in the underwood; for saving where the lonely homestead arose amid some far-off pasturage, he no longer prowled around the habitation of man. Instead of hewing out rude wooden bowls with his stone-headed hatchet, or burning hollow the trunk of some gigantic tree to form his boat, the Briton, under his Roman master, had learned to use the potter's wheel, and build his ship with ribs and planks, and had thrown aside his wicker-coracle covered with the black bull's hide. Here and there, he had also heard tidings of the Gospel from the Roman soldiers, and faint rumours of the Great Redeemer who, over the far-off seas, had been crucified on that cross, which was so soon to supplant the image of Mars, and rise high above the Roman temples erected to the goddess of Victory. A new and holier Spirit sat brooding over the waters that washed our island-shores, since Mona's Druid oaks were uprooted and her wretched priests dispersed. Still, there were barbaric hordes, who, like the sea, were ever pouring in, and washing away the traces of civilisation; and against these the mighty conquerors could erect no better barriers than leagues of heavy walls, and broad ramparts flanked with towers and battlements, on which their lonely sentinels kept weary watch over wild wolds and savage moorlands: sometimes marching from fort to fort when summoned by the red glare of the beacon-fire to attack the undaunted assailants—the only change in their monotonous duties. The old Cymry seemed more secure in their forest-fastnesses, to which no broad level road led, than in the walled cities and pillared streets which he now paraded, wearing his golden torques and displaying his Roman finery; and thereby tempting those rough warriors from the stormy north to struggle for the spoil, while his own grim old scythe-wheeled chariots lay rusting, rotting, and forgotten. He was so altered, that he seemed never to have belonged to the hardy race who, foot to foot, and shoulder to shoulder, disputed the

possession of this ancient island with the legions led on by Julius Cæsar, and left them at last but little more ground than what they were encamped upon. Strange mystery! as his mind expanded, and he became more refined, he was less able to combat with the barbaric hordes that overran his native land: as he laid aside his brutal power, and became more a man, he almost ceased to be a hero; and when his Roman conquerors left him, he sat wringing his hands and weeping like a child. The spirit of Cassibellanus and Caractacus had fled.

Their Roman masters had now work enough on their own hands, in their own country: they left the poor Britons hard bestead, telling them, as if in mockery, that they were then free; but, as the author of *Waverley* says, 'their parting exhortation to them to stand in their own defence, and their affectation of having, by abandoning the island, restored them to freedom, were as cruel as it would be to restore a domesticated bird or animal to shift for itself, after having been from its birth fed and supplied by the hand of man.' But they did not give themselves up to despair all at once, nor sit with folded arms calmly resigned to whatever might befall; they made some little struggle to prop up the old roof-tree and defend the ancient hearth. Alas! all was useless; and they were at last compelled to beckon to the stormy warriors who hung about their coast; and then the Saxons landed on their island-shore, fought and defended them for a short time, and finally settled down and took possession, driving the old Cymry to rocky Cornwall and mountainous Wales.

A new race now stood upon the shores of this ancient England—a grim Gothic tribe, who worshipped Odin, and aspired to the brutal heaven of Valhalla, there to eat of that fabulous boar whose flesh never diminished, and drink mead out of the skulls of their enemies. Those who fell not in the red ranks of battle, dwelt for ever, after death, with Hela the terrible, in the Hall of Cowards; and the only prayers they offered up were, that they might die in the combat, and so pass at once, while their wounds were still fresh, to the halls of their heathen heaven. The howling of the storm and the roaring of the waves were to their ears pleasant music—for they sprang from the same race as those brave old Sea-kings who followed in their wake, and for many a long and after-year contended for the possession of the island-home which Hengist and Horsa had won. After this period, we have the light of history to guide us, and no longer grope blindly through the old twilight of time along this shore strewn with the wrecks of an ancient world, and of which almost every trace of its early inhabitants is swept away. The few fragments that are left of their language, like the waves of the ancient ocean, have a mysterious murmur of their own, which we can never clearly understand; for the thoughts of these people were not our thoughts; nor beyond the few rude hints which we have thrown together, can their manners or customs ever be known. Under the cromlech or the cairn, or in the hollow cist hewn from some mighty tree, they lay down and took their long sleep, without a thought of posterity, or a care as to the conclusions after-ages might arrive at regarding the few rude monuments they left behind. We might as well ask the old sea that is working away fathoms below at new caves on the level beach, when it formed those so high over our heads, and hope to receive an answer, as ever expect to know who first owned the hatchet of stone and spear-head of flint which we find in those ancient graves, the old British barrows. Who first called England the Island of Honey—or named it the Country of Sea-cliffs—or sailed from that mysterious Land of Summer—or heard the first murmur of the bees in our savage and untrodden forests—we can never know. We look back through the ancient gates of Stonehenge, and know that in old-forgotten mornings busy builders were employed there; but who they were, or from whence they came, they have left no record to tell; and while pausing for a reply, we seem to hear a solemn voice exclaim: 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further!'

THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

The vast tract of country through which the great river Amazon flows, has recently attracted considerable attention both in Europe and America. Lieutenant Herndon's valuable book on this subject, just published, deserves the twofold praise of being opportune and really instructive.* The mere fact of its being the account of an official mission to explore and report on the Valley of the Amazon, undertaken at the command of the United States' government, is a guarantee that the author has not written heedlessly, or set down crude first impressions, or mere conjecture as facts. As he speaks with the straightforwardness of authority and personal knowledge, we shall make his work the text-book of some of our observations on this magnificent region.

The origin of the name Amazon carries us back to Francisco Orellana, the first European navigator of the river. In his account of his perilous voyage, he does not omit a fine stock of marvels. Among them, he speaks of seeing bands of armed women along the banks of the river throughout a great tract of country; and concluding that they used as well as bore arms, he named the river, *the River of the Amazons*, and the country through which it flowed, Amazonia, which it long retained. His own name is also frequently applied to the river by old geographers; and the poets, who love justice of this kind, do not forget to call the river the Orellana. For instance, Thomson—

> Swelled by a thousand streams impetuous hurled
> From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
> The mighty Orellana.

The Amazons seen by Orellana and his companions were, in reality, women with arms in their hands; but they carried these arms in their capacity of attendants upon their husbands, who were then, as their descendants still are, to all intents and purposes, the lords and masters of their wives. In no part of the world is the subjection of the woman to the man more complete than in the Valley of the Amazon; nor can any name be less appropriate than the common one given to the Orellana. Lieutenant Herndon, without moralising on the fact, bears sufficient witness to the contempt and indifference of the various tribes of Indians in this region towards their wives. He was surprised to see strong young men among them, whom he had engaged as boatmen, allow pretty, slender girls to carry all their necessary accoutrements, and even their oars or paddles for them, while they walked first in unencumbered dignity—nor returned so much as a word or look of gracious acknowledgment when the deferential slaves followed them on board and deposited their burdens. Idleness is the *summum bonum* with nearly all these tribes; hunting, fishing, and rowing are all their employments. The women are made to do all the other work, and a sorry life they must have of it. On the Ucayale, however—one of the Peruvian tributaries of the Amazon—he speaks of the Indian savages as more active and warlike than the other dwellers on its shores; and one tribe among them he speaks of from the report of the Spanish missionaries, and also from that of Mr Smyth, a well-known preceding traveller, which is somewhat astonishing in that world of lazy enjoyment.

These people are called Sencis; they cultivate the land in common, and are such appreciaters of industry,

* *Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon.* By Lieut. Wm. Lewis Herndon, U.S. Navy. With Map and Plates. Taylor and Maury, Washington; Trübner & Co., London.

that they *kill* all those who are idle or do not perform their fair share of work. They have attained to the social elevation so much admired, in theory, by one of our great living philosophers; and their Captains of Industry are not obliged to 'cut prejudice against the grain.'

In obedience to his orders, Lieutenant Herndon determined to explore as much as possible of the entire basin or water-shed drained by the Amazon and its tributaries. He therefore divided his party, taking the upper part and main stream himself, and sending his second in command, passed midshipman Lardner Gibbon, to explore the great southern tributary, the Madeira, and its chief branches. Enough is made known by the present work, to establish the fact that a commercial navigation of the Amazon from Pará to Nanta, and even higher, would be easy, and of the greatest advantage to Europe and North America, for a richer or more productive soil does not exist. Let Mr Herndon speak on this subject: 'This land is of unrivalled fertility: on account of its geographical situation, and topographical and geological formation, it produces nearly everything essential to the comfort and wellbeing of man. On the top and eastern slope of the Andes lie hid unimaginable quantities of silver, iron, coal, copper, and quicksilver, waiting but the application of science and the hand of industry for their development. The successful working of the quicksilver mines of Huancavelica, would add several millions of silver to the annual product of Cerro de Pasco alone. Many of the streams that dash from the summit of the Cordilleras, wash gold from the mountain-side, and deposit it in the hollows and gulches as they pass. Barley, quinna, and potatoes, best grown in a cold, with wheat, rye, maize, clover, and tobacco, products of a temperate region, deck the mountain-side and beautify the valley; while immense herds of sheep, llamas, alpacas, and vicugnas, feed upon those elevated plains, and yield wool of the finest and longest staple.

'Descending towards the plain, and only for a few miles, the eye of the traveller from the temperate zone is held with wonder and delight by the beautiful and strange productions of the torrid. He sees, for the first time, the symmetrical coffee-bush, rich with its dark-green leaves, its pure white blossoms, and its gay red fruit. The prolific plantain, with its great waving fan-like leaf, and immense pendent branches of golden-looking fruit, enchains his attention. The sugar-cane waves in rank luxuriance before him; and if he be familiar with southern plantations, his heart swells with emotion as the gay, yellow blossom and white boll of the cotton sets before his mind's-eye the familiar scenes of home. Fruits, too, of the finest quality and most luscious flavour grow here—oranges, lemons, bananas, pine-apples, melons, chirimoyas, &c.

'It is sad to recollect, that in this beautiful country—I have before me the valley of the Chanchamayo—men should have offered me title-deeds in gratuity to as much of this rich land as I wanted. Many of the inhabitants of Tarma hold grants of land in the Chanchamayo country from the government, but are so distrustful of its ability to protect them in their labours from the encroachments of the savages, that they do not cultivate them.

'The country everywhere in Peru, at the eastern foot of the Andes, is such as I have described above. Further down, we find the productions of a country which is occasionally overflowed, and then subjected, with still occasional showers, to the influence of a tropical sun. From these causes, we see a fecundity of soil and a rapidity of vegetation that are marvellous, and to which even Egypt, the ancient granary of Europe, affords no parallel, because, though similar in some other respects, this country has the advantage of Egypt in that there is no drought. Here, trees evidently young, shoot up to such a height, that no fowling-piece will reach the game seated on their topmost branches; and with such rapidity, that the roots have not strength or sufficient hold upon the soil to support their weight; and they are continually falling, borne down by the slightest breeze, or by the mass of parasites and creepers that envelop them from root to top.

'This is the country of rice, of sarsaparilla, of India-rubber, balsam copaiba, gum-copal, animal and vegetable wax, cocoa, Brazilian nutmeg, Tonka-beans, ginger, black-pepper, arrow-root, tapioca annatto, indigo, sapacaia, and Brazil-nuts; dyes of the gayest colours, drugs of rare virtue, variegated cabinet-woods of the finest grain, and susceptible of the highest polish. The forests are filled with game, and the rivers stocked with turtle and fish. Here dwell the anta or wild-cow, the Peisci boi or fish-ox, the sloth, the ant-eater, the beautiful black tiger, the mysterious electric eel, the boa constrictor, the anaconda, the deadly coral snake, the voracious alligator, monkeys in endless variety, birds of the most brilliant plumage, and insects of the strangest forms and gayest colours.

'The climate of this country is salubrious, and the temperature agreeable. The direct rays of the sun are tempered by an almost constant east wind, laden with moisture from the ocean, so that one never suffers either from heat or cold.'

Of the great centre and source of this fertility, the river Amazon itself, Mr Herndon speaks with admiration:—'The march of the great river in its silent grandeur was sublime; but in the untamed might of its turbid waters, as they cut away its banks, tore down the gigantic denizens of the forest, and built up islands, it was awful. It rolled through the wilderness with a stately and solemn air. Its waters looked angry, sullen, and relentless; and the whole scene awoke emotions of awe and dread, such as are caused by the funeral solemnities, the minute-gun, the howl of the wind, and the angry tossing of the waves, when all hands are called to bury the dead in a troubled sea. I was reminded of our Mississippi at its topmost flood; the waters are quite as muddy and quite as turbid; but this stream lacked the charm and the fascination which the plantation upon the bank, the city upon the bluff, and the steam-boat upon its waters, lend to its fellow of the north; nevertheless, I felt pleased at its sight. I had already travelled 700 miles by its water, and fancied that this powerful stream would soon carry me to the ocean; but the water-travel was comparatively just begun: many a weary month was to elapse before I should again look on the face of the sea; and many a time, when worn and wearied with the canoe-life, did I exclaim: "This river seems interminable!"

'Its capacities for trade and commerce are inconceivably great; its industrial future is the most dazzling; and to the touch of steam, settlement, and cultivation, this rolling stream and magnificent water-shed would start up into a display of industrial results, that would indicate the Valley of the Amazon as one of the most enchanting regions on the face of the earth.'

Among the fruits which grow well without cultivation in some parts of this enormous valley, are pine-apples and grapes; the latter are so good, that a very moderate amount of skill and labour would make this an important wine-growing country.

Mr Herndon speaks with approval of a substitute for bread, made by the women of all the Indian tribes along the Amazon, in Brazil, and an important article of consumption among them. It is called *farinha*, and is made from the root of the mandioc (*Jatropha manihot*), from which the tapioca of our nursery puddings is also prepared. Salt fish and farinha are all the food the Brazilian boatmen on the Amazon care to have in a general way, although young monkeys roasted are easily obtainable, and are pronounced by our author to be very good eating.

An important article of commerce, even in the present uncultivated state of the Amazon Valley, is India-rubber, called there *seringa*. The district where this trade is carried on is, of course, where the India-rubber trees are most abundant—namely, at the estuary of the river, on the main banks, and on the great island Marajo, and its numerous smaller isles. The season for gathering the seringa is from July to January. Incisions are made in the bark of the tree, whence a milk-white sap or gum flows freely, and is caught in vessels placed below. The people employed to gather and dry the seringa are called *seringeros*. An industrious man is able to make sixteen pounds of rubber in a day, but the lazy Indians seldom average more than three or four pounds. Sarsaparilla and tobacco are also among the more noted products of the country.

The estuary of the Amazon is remarkable. Mr Herndon thus describes it:—'About thirty-five miles below Gurupá commences the great estuary of the Amazon. The river suddenly flows out into an immense bay, which is probably 150 miles across in its widest part. This might appropriately be called the Bay of the Thousand Islands, for it is cut up into innumerable channels. The great island of Marajo, which contains about 10,000 square miles, occupies nearly the centre of it, and divides the river into two great channels: one, the main channel of the Amazon, which runs out by Cayenne; and the other and smaller one, the river of Pará. I imagine that no chart we have gives anything like a correct idea of this bay. The French brig-of-war *Boulonnaise*, some years ago, passed up the main channel from Cayenne to Obidos, and down the Pará channel, making a survey. But she had only time to make a survey of the channels through which she passed, leaving innumerable others unexplored. This she was permitted to do through the liberality of Senhor Coelbo, the patriotic president of the province; but when she applied for permission to make further surveys, she was sternly refused by the government of Rio Janeiro. I think it would cost a steamer a year of uninterrupted labour to make a tolerably correct chart of this estuary.'

If our space permitted, we could quote many curious and amusing passages from Mr Herndon's account of the various native tribes of wild Indians, called by the Peruvian and Brazilian settlers *Infidels*—their superstition, their weapons, and their laziness, their enjoyment of life, and their dislike to innovation. Much also that is to be seen, in the way of mountain, forest, and river on this long journey, is either strange or beautiful, or both. The zoology of the region is rich and varied, and Mr Herndon paid especial attention to that department of his mission, as well as to vegetable physiology, which seems to be full of interest in the Valley of the Amazon.

The Peruvian and Brazilian governments, since Mr Herndon's journey, have entered into some small negotiations for establishing steam-boat communication between the Lower and Upper Amazon; but they are too exclusive and monopolising and on too poor a scale to be productive of any real benefit. According to Mr Herndon, it is the Brazilian, and not the Peruvian government that is to blame for this narrow and short-sighted policy. The two largest tributaries of the Amazon—namely, the Rio Negro on the north, by which it is connected with a branch of the Oronoco; and the Madeira on the south, by which it is believed to be connected with the Rio de la Plata—both join the main stream in the Brazilian territory, and their wealth would create great commercial cities at their confluence, and render the Brazilian portion of the Amazon one of the most flourishing countries in the world. But as yet Brazil is blind to its own interest; and it is left to enterprising neighbours, anxious for new markets for buying and selling, to explore and appreciate the commercial and agricultural advantages of this vast water-shed. We will conclude our remarks with a quotation on this subject from the book before us:—

'I can imagine the waking up of the people on the event of the establishment of steam-boat navigation on the Amazon. I fancy I can hear the crash of the forest falling to make room for the cultivation of cotton, cocoa, rice, and sugar; and the sharp shriek of the saw cutting into boards the beautiful and valuable woods of the country; that I can see the gatherers of India-rubber and copaiba redoubling their efforts, to be enabled to purchase the new and convenient things that shall be presented at the doors of their huts in the wilderness; and even the wild Indian finding his way from his pathless forests to the steam-boat depôt, to exchange his collections of vanilla, spices, dyes, drugs, and gums, for the things that would take his fancy—ribbons, beads, bells, mirrors, and gay trinkets.

'Brazil and Peru have entered into arrangements, and bound themselves by treaty, to appropriate money towards the establishment of steam-boat navigation on the Amazon. This is well. It is doing something towards progress; but it is the progress of a denizen of their own forests—the sloth. Were they to follow the example lately set by the republics of the La Plata, and throw open their rivers to the commerce of the world, then the march of improvement would be commensurate with the importance of the act; and these countries would grow in riches and power with the rapidity of the vegetation of their own most fertile lands.

'We, more than any other people, are interested in the opening of this navigation. As has been before stated, the trade of this region must pass by *our* doors, and mingle and exchange with the products of our Mississippi Valley.

'The greatest boon in the wide world of commerce is in the free navigation of the Amazon, its confluents and neighbouring streams. The backbone of South America is in sight of the Pacific. The slopes of the continent look east, they are drained into the Atlantic; and their rich productions, in vast variety and profusion, may be emptied into the lap of that ocean by the most majestic of water-courses. The time will come when the free navigation of the Amazon, and other South American rivers, will be regarded by the people of this country as second only in importance to the acquisition of Louisiana. Having traversed that water-shed from its highest ridges to its very caves and gutters, I find my thoughts and reflections overwhelmed with the immensity of this field for enterprise, commercial prosperity, and human happiness. Had I the honour to be mustered among the statesmen of my country, I would risk political fame and life in the attempt to have the commerce of this noble river thrown open to the world.'

HOUSE-HUNTING IN PARIS.

House-hunting is a disagreeable thing all the world over. In England, you are sometimes pestered with requests to purchase fixtures; in the East, you are asked to advance a year's rent, to enable the landlord to finish the roof, or put on doors and shutters; in France, you are required only to make a good show of furniture as security for exact payment, and to administer a fee to the *concierge*. So far, the advantage is on the side of our neighbours. Yet we could not wish our worst enemy a greater punishment—if he has any preconceived ideas at all as to how he should like to be lodged—than to send him on a pilgrimage of this kind through any quarter of Paris. We suppose, of course, that he is of moderate means; for a Milor or a Monte Christo can always find a palace willing to shelter him. Our houseless friend—whose peregrinations we are about to describe—wanted to

lodge himself, his wife, and three or four children, with a *bonne*, for the moderate sum of 500 francs per annum, in a rather dear neighbourhood—the eastern confines of the Faubourg St Germain. We undertook to accompany him.

It is the custom in Paris to give half a quarter's warning, at or before the hour of twelve, on the 14th of February, May, August, or November. The warning comes either from the tenant or the landlord, and must be given in writing. If one party refuses to accept it, a *huissier* is called into requisition, and then no resistance is possible; but unless the tenant be very poor, or have contrived to obtain a long credit, the owner of the house is pretty sure of recovering his rent, for he may detain furniture until he is paid, and sell it off at the end of a year. In most cases, immediately on a quarter becoming due, the porter politely informs his lodgers—for, as everybody knows, not one Parisian in a thousand occupies a whole house—that he has the receipt in his possession, and expects payment. That is a great day for him. He is in the plenitude of his power, ready to smile on the solvent, and to distribute frowns and threats to the backward. Then do all struggling people, who have complained of his negligence, found fault with his interference, talked of appealing to the landlord, snubbed his wife, or been niggardly with their New-year's gifts, repent, often too late, of their want of foresight. Some of the more artful begin to veer round a day or two before, linger before the lodge as they go up or down, smile good-naturedly, talk about the weather, ask what is going on in the neighbourhood, shew intense interest in the quarrel of the pastry-cook with the postman, and if there happen luckily to be a child, produce a real *Baba*, bought at the celebrated confectioner's on the Place de la Bourse. Men are not stocks and stones. Even though the concierge, with the assistance of his wife's superior sagacity, may see the drift of all this diplomacy, he allows himself to be softened. The admission of his power is at anyrate flattering. When the fatal statement, made with a trembling voice, that the rent is not *quite* ready, comes out, his frown is not very black, and his voice does not assume its harshest tones. He knows that the times are hard—has reason to know it—never made so little in the course of the year before, never received so few presents, never saw so many 'old clothesmen' on his staircase before. The lodger blushes: he has himself given only two francs of *étrennes*, and remembers having sold an old coat and a pair of boots; thinks it necessary to hint that he expects making a good harvest that particular season, in which case all his friends should benefit. If he is a bachelor, he invites Cerberus to play a game of cards with him some evening; but if, like our friend, he is a family-man, he finds it necessary to deplore the hour when he took so many responsibilities on himself. A week or so being thus gained, M. S——, for all these tribulations had happened to him, looked around him; but the more he looked, the more dismal did the prospect appear; and on the 14th of November, his warning was duly delivered, with an intimation, that implacable watch would be kept, so that nothing might be taken away.

It was, therefore, under more than usually dispiriting circumstances that he sallied forth to seek for a new abiding-place. As we have said, we accompanied him. At every door, in every street, of all degrees of respectability, we saw small bills pasted on little square boards, announcing: 'Large Apartments to Let—Inquire of the Porter;' 'Apartments freshly Decorated;' 'Apartments for Bachelors;' 'Small Apartments,' &c. The system of advertising, in this case as in every other, is but slightly developed in France. We have to go from house to house, guessing, from the style of the placard, whether the lodging announced as 'vacant now,' or 'to be vacant at quarter-day,' belongs or not to the category you feel interested in. 'A Small Apartment to Let,' in a dingy house in the Rue Jacob, struck us as worth inquiring about. We groped down an alley, and in a little cupboard, called a lodge, at the bottom, faintly distinguished an enormous muslin cap, with a pair of spectacles underneath.

'What is the rent of your apartment, madame?'

'Nine hundred francs,' replied a disdainful voice.

Our civil intonation told her at once that that was beyond our figure. For the sake of information we inquired: 'How many rooms?'

'Do you mean to give nine hundred francs?'

'No; but'——

'Then what matters it how many rooms there are?'

M. S—— muttered something about politeness, and drew us away. We now found several other apartments vacant, some of which were within our price. There was a bustling search for keys; and up we went—up, up dark, rugged stairs to fifth and sixth stories, where we generally found the apartments to consist of a few small rooms paved with tiles, many of which were broken; furnished with enormous fireplaces, down which the wind roared in a most threatening manner; the walls covered with paper in tatters, which the landlord might consent to paste up; everything dirty and out of order. Who lived there last? A gendarme, a medical man, a littérateur, the celebrated M. ——, perhaps the well-known Madame ——. We said: 'Indeed!' and hastened away, especially as Cerberus casually hinted, that as the last lodger had run away, leaving a chair and chest of drawers to answer for three quarters' rent—or had been taken to the hospital—or had been transported to Cayenne—in each case to the great detriment of M. le Propriétaire, he would be glad to have so respectable-looking a tenant as monsieur, who had doubtless plenty of furniture. S—— thought of his threadbare coat, and hurried off with the vague allusions indulged in by shamefaced people about 'thinking over the matter, and calling again'—whispering generally to us, however, that though he was very badly off, he was not yet reduced to put up with such a hole as that.

The ordinary rules of political economy do not seem to have sway in Paris in determining the price of lodgings. In the same street, in houses of exactly similar appearance, you will find apartments as like as two peas, for one of which you may be asked 800, and for the other 400 francs; and what is more extraordinary still, the dear lodging will be found occupied, whilst the cheap one has been deserted for months. No doubt there are other reasons for this than the cupidity of landlords and the caprice of tenants; but we could never discover them. In nearly every case, you will be told, that before the Revolution of February, people willingly paid 30 per cent. more. This has become the fashionable excuse, by the way, of all who have seen better days. M. le Vicomte ——, who was ruined in 1846 by betting at Chantilly, traces all his misfortunes to '48; Madame ——, the begging widow, who is known to all the Faubourg Poissonière, now pleads guilty to eighteen more years of prosperity than of yore, and instead of dating her husband's ruin from the fall of Charles X., appeals to warmer sympathies by attributing it to the fall of Louis-Philippe. Before '48, every one was solvent—no tradesmen speculated beyond their means—no notary indulged in forbidden luxuries—no *bourgeoise* went too often to the Grand Condé; and, in fine, no landlord let his rooms dirt-cheap.

We had drawn these inferences after many hours spent in fruitless search, and in climbing twelve or thirteen stairs, with from eighty to a hundred steps apiece, when we at length, in the Rue Taranne, were informed by the porter, that on the fourth story was 'a charming little apartment,' with salon, three bed-

rooms, a cabinet, and a kitchen, to be let for the sum of 450 francs a year. The prospect was too delightful; and S—— went up stairs, looking extremely incredulous. Before reaching the landing, we learned that the apartment was at that time occupied by a young couple who had once been fortunate; who had been accustomed to pay their rent 'ruby on the nail,' as Cerberus expressed it; who had recently met with misfortunes—he being shopman in an establishment which had just failed, she doing embroidery for some ladies who had left town; who owed two quarters; who had of course received warning: it was very unfortunate; but what would you have? Landlords must live. These people were now a disgrace to the house: the man was slovenly; the woman no longer dressed neatly; the lady on the second floor objected to meet them on the staircase. Really it was a pity to take any one into them, they were so miserably poor! This is but a summary of the narrative which was related to us with convulsive rapidity as we went up stairs; and no doubt it was related to every one who came on a similar errand with ourselves.

The picture had not been painted in extravagant colours. The coarse pencil of the loquacious porter had indeed left out many heightening touches. All the massive articles of furniture, the guarantee for the rent, were still there, though evidently neglected and covered with dust; but we could easily divine that many smaller things had been removed, and no doubt sold. There was a manifest air of incompleteness about the salon. It wanted those little accessories—those artistically disposed knickknacks which indicate the presiding influence of a woman's taste. We looked round as carelessly and as uninquisitively as we could. Madame Chaussade, who had opened the door, went and stared sullenly out of the window: we merely glanced at her, and saw that she was pretty, but pale, and with wearied eyes. Would we like to see the principal bedroom? No? Then we had no intention to take the apartment. Really, gentlemen, look in: a nice bedstead would shew so well in that alcove. M. Chaussade was lying dressed upon the bed, with his face to the wall. We said it was a pity to disturb him. He turned round and sat up: he was not asleep: but the baby was, and he had simply been looking at it. This explanation was the first impulse, for he assumed a surly air immediately afterwards, and seemed on the watch for some impertinent remark to resent. We said little. The apartment was exactly what M. S—— wanted. He forgot to moderate his feelings. He would put his sofa there—his bookshelf there. The young man frowned. It was hard to hear a stranger thus taking possession by anticipation of his little nest. Had we not seen enough? Did we want to take an inventory of his furniture? The porter looked stern. We respected the petulance of misfortune, and withdrew. Madame Chaussade followed us to the landing. Had we set our hearts on her apartment? Did we mean to take it at once? If we did not, and if *something* happened, perhaps they might stay.

This was almost an appeal; but S——, in his selfish delight at having found a comfortable place of refuge, disregarded it; and as soon as we were down stairs, paid the porter his fee, and took the apartment—conditionally, however, on his being able to shew a proper amount of furniture. We asked if there was any chance that the fortunes of the Chaussades would change. 'Monsieur,' said the porter, 'I am an old man, and have observed this—when once misfortune enters a family, it never goes out of it. Who ever knew a person who had lost his situation, and owed two quarters' rent, besides the current one, getting off without giving up his furniture?' We never had; besides, the worthy gentleman had accepted our money, and if the inquiries he had to make were satisfactory—resulting in a chest of drawers, various chairs, tables, and so forth—why, he would stick by his promise, and the Chaussades must roost elsewhere.

When the fee or *denier à Dieu* has been given to a porter, it can be withdrawn or returned within twenty-four hours; but afterwards not. We made our way back towards the Rue de Bac with the news of our success. Madame S—— did not share her husband's exultation. The question was, how were they to make one set of furniture answer for the debts—the one already incurred, and the other to be incurred? When this matter was arranged, she was still not satisfied. The idea of replacing the unhappy family we described was unpleasant. It would prove of evil omen. We almost agreed with her, and spent the evening gloomily in talking of the fearful struggles through which some young couples are compelled to pass on the way to fortune or the hospital. Next morning, as S—— afterwards related, M. Chaussade, neatly dressed, called upon him; he had obtained another situation, and had been enabled to come to an arrangement with his landlord, conditional on the new tenant's consent: Would monsieur be so kind and generous as to withdraw the retaining-fee, and not oblige his wife—he would not plead for himself—to undergo the fatigue and pain of quitting the apartment where they had lived ever since their marriage? This was a hard thing to ask, necessitating many an hour more of weary rambling; but my friend made the sacrifice; and the consequence was, that though he never entered the house as a master, scarcely a week passed that he did not come to me and say: 'Let us go and spend the evening at the Rue Taranne.'

THE LAUNCH OF THE ROYAL ALBERT.

A FEW weeks ago, we recounted our experience of the sailing of the Baltic fleet, which we had the privilege of witnessing from the quarter-deck of the *Duke of Wellington;* and it may not be an inappropriate pendant to that picture, to sketch the scene and accessories, when the brother—for we cannot bring ourselves to call so masculine a thing as the *Duke of Wellington* 'she'—of that noble and stately man-of-war was launched at the Mother Dock, as Woolwich was formerly styled, in the presence of the Queen, and a host of glittering ambassadors, nobles, and officers.

Among the list of 'sights,' there are few more imposing than that of the launch of a huge man-of-war. Contemplating the mountain-like mass, which rises nearly a hundred feet from the ground, and bearing in mind that the weight to be moved is 4000 tons, it is indeed a rare triumph of skill to animate that mass with life, and by causing it to obey the laws of gravity, send it gliding gently, yet surely, down an inclined plane, until it is cradled in its watery home.

Having frequently witnessed this imposing spectacle, we resolved on this occasion to *feel* a launch, instead of seeing it; and applying to a friend at the Admiralty, we were favoured with a card, of which the following is a copy:—

LAUNCH OF THE ROYAL ALBERT,
ON SATURDAY, MAY 13, AT ONE O'CLOCK.
ADMIT ONE
TO BE
LAUNCHED ON BOARD.

The true Londoner is a sight-loving animal. We pause not to prove our proposition, for we conceive no one will question the fact. Had we space, we might enter into a pleasant psychological argument to shew why he is of necessity partial to all shows, even to that which, with all his ardour, is, fortunately, at its last gasp—namely, the Lord Mayor's show, which glimmers

through November fogs and smoke a ghastly mockery of the real.

Were any person, however, disposed to dispute what we have advanced, we much wish the sceptic could have been with us on the above 13th of May, at nine o'clock in the morning, the place being that most uncomfortable locality, the very small first-class booking-office of the North Kent Railway. The directors of that line, with a careful eye to business, and in hopes of somewhat increasing their lean dividend, had announced by every available channel to the people of London, that they would be most happy to carry them down to Woolwich every ten minutes by their trains; and as the dock-yard gates are very near to the Woolwich Station, it was only reasonable to conclude that many thousands would avail themselves of so apparently easy a method of attaining the desired goal.

But we must suppose that the said directors are unwilling to be regarded as superior to their brethren of the South-western in intelligence; or perhaps they did not consider that so many claims would have been made upon them for accommodation, for all the confusion we described as having prevailed at the Waterloo Station on the occasion of the departure of the excursion-train to Portsmouth to see the Baltic fleet, was here repeated, with some additional annoyance of a peculiarly stupid nature. After undergoing fearful pressure in the booking-office, which did not tend to put people in good-humour either with themselves or their neighbours, we were told to go to a certain platform, by the side of which the carriages would come to convey us to Woolwich. This, however, turned out to be the wrong platform; and when the directors had squeezed some thousand people on the narrow ledge, all in a state of eager expectation looking out for the carriages, these were seen at another platform from which we were separated by lofty rails. It may be supposed that the rush which now took place gave rise to a scene of terrible struggling and confusion, in which the weak and the ladies fared badly. It may have been highly diverting to the said directors, if, as we shrewdly suspect, they were ensconced in their board-room, looking at the tumult their stupid or malicious officials had created; but what may have been fun to them was death to the hopes of many of the party in the struggle, who failed in obtaining seats. But, independently of this disappointment, it was sad to witness the manner in which the elegant dresses of the ladies were destroyed by getting over the rails. It may not have been painful to the feelings of some fair girls, who, even at the risk of spoiling a flounce, had thus so good an opportunity of displaying a pretty foot faultlessly sandalled; but we take it, that the majority of ladies —for, alas! pretty feet are rare—would have much preferred walking soberly through open gates to the carriages.

It may convey some idea of the confusion, when we state that, having no ladies to protect, we ourselves —and we are not puny Cockneys—failed in storming a first-class carriage, and were glad to put into the more humble port of a third-class, although we had paid the highest fare.

On arriving at Woolwich, we found the dock-yard gates besieged by thousands of fortunate ticket-holders, and others not so fortunate; and passing with the crowd through the gates, we wended our way to the scene of attraction. There was no possibility of mistaking the locality, for it was made brilliantly conspicuous by innumerable flags, streaming from the summit of the shed within which reposed the gigantic ship. Around the latter were rows of seats amphitheatrically arranged, and divided into compartments—those nearest the Queen's and next the stern of the ship being the most eligible, and, consequently, placed at the disposal of the aristocracy. High over all rose the vast vessel, terminated at the bow by the colossal bust of Prince Albert—twenty feet long and six broad.

Presenting our pass, we ascended convenient but very numerous steps, and arrived at length upon the upper-deck. From that position, however, elevated though it was, there was nothing to be seen but the plain-like deck, for the bulwarks rose above the height of a man. Those, therefore, who had not the entrée to the stern-galleries saw little; but before requesting the reader to accompany us to that locality, let us ask him to join us in a ramble over the ship, which possesses the great interest of being the largest man-of-war in the world. The extreme length of the *Royal Albert* is 276 feet, which exceeds that of the *Duke of Wellington* by 30 feet; her breadth is 61 feet; her burden nearly 4000 tons; and when equipped, she will weigh no less than 5500 tons. There are five decks, beneath the lowest of which will be placed the stores, the magazine, and the machinery. The *Royal Albert* will be provided with a screw weighing 15 tons, turned by trunk-engines of 500 horse-power.

The armament will be arranged as follows:—On the lower-deck there will be ten 8-inch guns for firing shells or hollow shot, and twenty-six long 32-pounder guns; on the middle-deck, six 8-inch guns and thirty 32-pounders; on the main-deck, thirty-eight 32-pounders; and on the upper-deck, twenty 32-pounders; on the forecastle, there will be two traversing 68-pounders; and when we remember that these can be brought to bear at the enormous distance of three miles, their effect may be imagined.

Contrasting this prodigious force with men-of-war in former days, the mind is lost in amazement; and we must not forget that these had also to act under the disadvantage of being unprovided with the auxiliary power of steam. And yet, comparatively small as men-of-war then were, they rendered good service; for it is recorded, that during the last war, the navy of England captured or destroyed 156 sail of the line, 383 large frigates, and 662 corvettes; and at the date of September 1811, there stood on the Admiralty books no less than 4023 commercial ships, measuring 536,240 tons, all of which had been captured as lawful prizes by our fleets.

The strength of such ships as the *Duke of Wellington* and the *Royal Albert* can be appreciated only by seeing them before the ships have received their armaments. The mere timber and iron in the hull alone of the *Royal Albert* is calculated to weigh 3000 tons, which is so disposed by trussing and diagonal bracing, as to render the ship literally a tower of strength. The result is a stupendous monument of human ingenuity; and that skill is not the less worthy of admiration which impels such a mass from its birthplace to its future ocean-home.

Formerly, ere science had given man a power unknown to our forefathers, the task of launching a ship was a tedious and laborious operation. Large vessels were usually floated out of the dock in which they were built, but now the beautiful operation of launching is performed in all cases; and as the manner of effecting this may not be generally known, we will briefly

describe it. To facilitate the launch, and prevent any check, the ship is supported by two strong platforms, laid with a gradual inclination to the water under her keel, to which they are parallel. Upon the surface of this declivity are placed two corresponding ranks of planks, which compose the base of a frame called the cradle, the upper part of which envelops the ship's bottom, to which it is securely attached. This cradle lies flat lengthwise upon the frame below; and being intended to slide downward upon it, carrying the ship along with it, both surfaces are well greased. The necessary preparations for the launch being made, all the blocks and wedges by which the ship is supported are driven out from under her keel, till her whole weight gradually subsides upon the platforms above described, which are called 'the ways.' The shores and stanchions by which she is retained upon the stocks till the period approaches for launching, are at length driven away, and jack-screws, if necessary, are applied to move her. The motion usually begins the instant the shores are knocked down, and the ship slides downwards along the ways, which are prolonged under the surface of the water to a sufficient depth to float her as soon as she arrives at the extremity. Sometimes, however, a large ship will not wait for the final operation of knocking away the dog-shores, but starts off with an impetus which no available force can restrain; and, on the other hand, it occasionally happens that even when the dog-shores are gone, the ship hangs, and this, as we shall see, was the case with the *Royal Albert*.

And now, let us regain our position on the highest stern-gallery, sixty-six feet above the water.

Astounding was the view that burst upon us as we passed from the cabin to this locality. Before us was the Thames, literally covered with craft of all descriptions, freighted with dense crowds of human beings, and decorated with gay flags; while beyond, the Essex shore presented a long black line of spectators. As time wore on, the seats beneath us became occupied; and long before the time appointed for the launch, the vast space around the ship was filled, and presented, from the varied and gorgeous uniforms of officers, and the dresses of the numerous ladies, an appearance not unlike a gigantic flower-bed. Ambassadors were conspicuous from their ribbons and stars; and amongst them, the Turkish minister, with his Fez and diamond orders, attracted much attention.

Meanwhile, the tide was rapidly rising, and expectation was at its height, when distant cheers, and a salute from the Woolwich batteries, announced the arrival of the Queen. The bands, one of which was stationed on the quarter-deck, played the national air, and in a few minutes the Court, attended by the Lords of the Admiralty, and a brilliant staff of officers, appeared on the crimson platform immediately beneath us. The scene at that moment was of the most magnificent description, and was certainly one of the finest features of the day. Her Majesty—leaning on Prince Albert's arm—and the royal family were now conducted along a crimson cloth-covered gangway, preceded by those very extraordinary court-buffoons who in state-ceremonies perform, though not gracefully, the art of walking backwards. On the present occasion, their evolutions were more than usually awkward, in consequence, it is to be presumed, of the narrow field for the exhibition of their powers, bounded as it was on one side by the water.

On arriving on the stage at the bow of the ship, Sir James Graham explained to the Queen the mode of performing the baptismal rite, and the small suspended bottle was pointed out to her. This was formed of clear crystal, filled with sherry, and covered with fine Honiton lace, having wreaths of roses, thistles, and shamrocks twined round it. Somehow or other, the Queen failed twice in breaking the bottle; but the third attempt succeeded, and Her Majesty having named the ship, emphatically exclaimed: 'God bless the *Royal Albert!*' and returned to the royal booth to witness the launch. To have classically completed this part of the ceremony, Her Majesty should have poured out a libation to the god Neptune, to whom offerings were always made by the Romans, and from which the custom of breaking a vessel of wine at a launch has been derived.

The ship being now christened, and the blocks removed, it only remained to knock away the dog-shores; and soon a dull heavy sound announced that this had been effected. Every one now stood motionless, awaiting in breathless silence the movement of the ship; but although we gazed intently on an object below and on a line with the stern-gallery, it was evident, notwithstanding repeated exclamations: 'She moves!—she's off!' that she stirred not.

Great anxiety was now depicted on the face of the spectators. The tide was at its height; and the moments of suspense seemed like hours. How Mr Rice, the master-shipwright, felt, we know not; but being naturally, it is said, a nervous man, his condition was not to be envied. During this most painful suspense, which lasted about ten minutes, great exertions were made by means of jack-screws to move the ship; and presently we heard a tremendous rush of feet along the deck, which reverberated like thunder under the arched roof of the shed, and, as we heard, created no slight alarm among the ladies beneath, who, finding that the ship was not disposed to move lengthways, fancied she might topple over and extinguish them.

But happily the rush of a thousand persons on board towards the stern had the desired effect. Standing where we were, we felt at first a singular kind of trembling motion, which, subsiding, gave place to a slow but gradually increasing downward movement, and amid the shouts of the excited multitude, the roar of cannon, and the crash of the bands, which, in the enthusiasm of the moment, curiously blended *God save the Queen* with *Rule Britannia*, we saw the waters beneath us open and divide as the *Royal Albert* ploughed her now irresistible course into that element in which, we trust, she will soon gather abundance of laurels for Britannia's brow.

From our position at the extreme stern, the spectacle and sensation were alike extraordinary. We seemed to be rushing onwards and downwards with a force which could only terminate in the destruction of ourselves and the innumerable ships before us; but by degrees our speed slackened, and when the huge vessel was fairly afloat, her buoyancy caused her to rise in proportion to the extent which she had descended. But the first attempts to check her were curiously ineffective. The thick ropes snapped like threads, leaving a momentary flash of light from the water which was dashed from them as they gave way. Stronger ropes were now used, and presently a steamer came to tow us to a hulk; but so large an amount of force remained to be overcome, that we drifted far from the dock-yard before the steamer acquired any control.

At length, however, the *Royal Albert* was secured; and as we came alongside of the hulk, hundreds of boats, at the risk of being crushed, made their appearance under us to take us on shore.

We shall not soon forget descending the side of the *Royal Albert;* for the operation having to be effected for a considerable portion of the distance by slipping down a rope, we became sensibly aware of the great distance between the water and the main-deck, from a porthole on which we had emerged. This feat, however, we accomplished in safety, having fortunately allowed some impatient fellows who preceded us to remove, by the friction of their hands, the tar which rather liberally coated the rope; and then rowing to shore, we had an

excellent opportunity of contemplating the enormous proportions of this noble addition to our navy, which appeared like a Triton among the minnows around her.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT EMERY.

We see around us, on all sides, proof that nothing is obviously and necessarily insignificant. A material or substance, how little soever it may be valued to-day, may to-morrow become an object of interest, estimated for its usefulness in some particular circumstances. Such must ever be the case while man is picking up his knowledge bit by bit; he acquires new facts, new principles, new laws of nature; his advancing civilisation suggests to him new wants, and his wants suggest new modes of applying his knowledge. This is the mode in which the useful properties of substances are day by day becoming known. But there are other substances which have been employed from very early ages, and yet are regarded by most persons as insignificant trifles to the present day. Who, for instance, knows or cares anything about emery, except the small number of persons actually engaged in its use? What is emery to the minds of nine-tenths of those who take up this sheet? A blackish sort of gritty dust, which aids the housemaid in polishing the fire-irons. Nevertheless, it may be worth knowing that this gritty dust is an object of wealth and importance in the countries where it is found; that without it, our looking-glasses would throw very misty and unwelcome reflections upon us; our telescopes would be wanting in the curvature and polish of the lenses; our spectacles, and eye-glasses, and opera-glasses, would be turbid instead of clear; our lapidaries would be deprived of one of their most useful adjuncts; our bright steel goods would be robbed of their brightness.

It appears that emery was known to the Greeks as a polishing material; and, indeed, the name of the substance in most European countries is derived from the Greek name. The Greeks did not know what the moderns know—that the choice sapphire and ruby, the hard adamantine spar and the humble emery, are almost identically the same substance: it is one of the remarkable facts educed by modern chemistry, that all these four substances consist of about seven-tenths alumina, the rest of the weight being made up by silica and oxide of iron. It is the mode of aggregation of the particles, rather than any difference in composition, that produces such a striking diversity in the appearance of these minerals. In Pliny's time, emery was obtained for the lapidaries and gem-engravers from the island of Naxos; and we believe this island has never since failed to furnish a supply. M. Tournefort and Dr Clarke both described the emery-mines as existing at the times of their respective visits. When Tournefort wrote—nearly a century and a half ago—the emery-mines were situated at the bottom of a valley; but the inhabitants also found emery while ploughing the ground, and carried it down to the sea-coast; it was so cheap, that the English purchased it as ballast for their vessels, paying only a crown for twenty-eight hundredweights of it. Mr Tennant, at the beginning of the present century, spoke of emery commanding, in the London market, a price of about ten shillings per hundredweight, after paying freight from Naxos. Although coming from Naxos, it is generally called Smyrna emery, because it is shipped to England from that port, and as a means of distinguishing it from emery found in the interior of Asia Minor. One of the most remarkable spots in which emery has been found, is on the very summit of a mountain called Gumuch-dagh, about twelve miles from the ruined city of Ephesus. The emery was found scattered about, and projecting above the surface of a kind of bluish marble: on breaking into the marble, it was found in nodules, something analogous in character to the nuggets of the gold-digger; but lower down, it was in large masses—so heavy, indeed, as thirty or forty tonweights. The isolated masses are more welcome than those imbedded, as being easier of removal.

Our American brethren appear to have paid a good deal of attention to emery. In a periodical called the *Scientific American*, a year or two ago, it is stated that Dr Lawrence Smith, a geologist, while residing at Smyrna in 1847, made the discovery of a deposit of emery not before known. He reported his discovery to the Turkish government; a commission of inquiry was appointed, and the affair soon assumed a commercial character.

The mining of this emery is described as being carried on in a very simple manner—the natural decomposition of the rock in which it occurs facilitating the extraction. The rock decomposes into an earth, in which the emery is found imbedded. The earth in the neighbourhood of the block is generally of a red colour, and serves as a sign or indicator. The block of emery produces a peculiar action on the steeled point of the quarrying-rod; and this serves as another indication of the presence of the mineral, when perhaps it is not actually in sight. If the blocks are too hard to be broken by hammers into pieces of convenient size, they are exposed to the action of fire for several hours, which diminishes their cohesive tendency. As there are no means of bringing the emery from the mines except on the backs of horses or camels, it frequently happens that enormous masses are left behind, from inability either to break or to carry them.

The effects of monopoly and of new discovery on the price of emery are remarkable and instructive. The emery found in Naxos belongs to the Greek government, while that found in Asia Minor belongs to the Turkish government; and both governments seek, of course, to realise a profit out of it. The Naxos emery, from the beginning of the present century to 1835, sold for about L.6 to L.8 per ton; but in or near the last-named year, a monopoly of the emery was purchased from the Greek government by an English merchant at Smyrna; and this merchant so managed the supply—as the coal-owners of Northumberland and Durham are often accused of doing in respect to a mineral of much greater importance—as to command almost any price he pleased; from L.7 it rose in a few years to L.30 per ton. But when, in 1847, Dr Smith, whose attention was drawn to the subject by a Smyrniote knife-grinder, discovered the mines near Smyrna, the Naxos monopoly received a check. The monopoly of the new mines was sold by the Turkish government to another merchant at Smyrna; and the rivalry between the two merchants brought down the price to L.20, L.15, L.10; and it is expected that, by a modification of the grant made by the Turkish government, the price will become much lower. The shipowners will bring the emery to England at a very low charge, as it serves as ballast to ships which come home less heavily laden than when they go out. Here, as everywhere, the spirit of unchecked monopoly shews itself in its true colours. But—*revenons à nos moutons*.

In the preparation of emery for purposes of manufacture, it has to pass through many carefully conducted operations. The masses are first broken up into smaller lumps by hammers, aided by the action of fire in some few cases; and they are then crushed still smaller by stampers worked on the principle of ore-stampers. The emery leaves the stampers in a more angular and irregular shape than if the crushing had been effected by rollers; and this angularity is considered to aid the subsequent processes. When the crushing is completed, the emery is sifted through sieves or cylinders, made of wire-gauze for the largest grains, but of lawn for the smallest: the wire-gauze varies from twelve to 120 meshes to an inch; the largest kind thus sifted is about

the size of mustard-seed; but emery is sometimes prepared for engineers in grains as large as pepper-corns. In the stamping-room, a fine dust settles on the beams and shelves; and this is occasionally collected to form the very finest emery. It affords a singular proof of the extensive use of emery, that every degree of fineness has its own particular name, and its own particular applicability in the arts. There are, for instance, corn emery, coarse-grinding emery, grinding emery, fine-grinding emery, super-grinding emery, coarse-flour emery, flour emery, fine-flour emery, super-flour emery. The engineers, and especially the optical instrument-makers, are very particular concerning the degrees of fineness in the emery prepared by or for them, to adapt the means to the end in view. Plate-glassmakers require a large quantity of emery, wherewith to grind their large plates of glass; and the emery-powder for this purpose is brought to a still finer and more equable state by a process of washing. This is effected in a curious way. A dozen or more of copper cylinders are ranged side by side; they are of equal height, but vary from three to forty inches in diameter; they have small troughs or channels connecting them one with another at the top; and the largest has a waste-pipe near the top. The cylinders being all filled with clean water, and the emery-powder being well mixed with water in another vessel, the emery-cream, if it may be so termed, is allowed to flow slowly through a pipe into the smallest cylinder; the greater part of it flows out again at the channel into the second cylinder, but in its passage it deposits the largest grains of emery, which fall to the bottom. So it passes on from one cylinder to another, depositing finer and finer particles as the diameter of the cylinder becomes larger; and the finest of all is found ultimately in the forty-inch or largest cylinder. The emery is thus separated into sizes, and is collected and dried for use. In the plate-glass factories, the plates, rough and uneven from the casting-table, are ground one upon another with sand and water between them; they are brought level, but the surface is dull and scratched, and the polishing is effected by means of this emery-powder—coarse at first, then finer and finer.

The test sometimes employed to determine the hardness of emery, is rather remarkable. The mineral seems to consist of corundum and iron; but its colour, varying from dark-gray to black, is no decisive test of its quality. Its hardness, on which its value depends, is thus ascertained:—Fragments are broken off and crushed in a diamond mortar; the powder is sifted through a sieve, having 400 holes to the inch, and is weighed. A circular piece of glass, about four inches in diameter, is weighed, and the pulverised emery is rubbed against it by means of a piece of agate. After this has been done a certain number of times, the emery and the glass are weighed a second time, whereby it is ascertained how much glass has been worn off by the friction of the emery. Three or four samples of emery are treated in the same way, and under similar conditions; and the sample which rubs off the greatest amount of glass in a given time, is concluded to be the hardest. Dr Lawrence Smith has found that, while good emery will wear away about half the thickness of common window-glass, blue sapphire will wear away four-fifths, proving how much harder sapphire is than emery. What is the test employed by ordinary dealers, we do not know; but Dr Smith was induced to adopt this method, because agate is hard enough to crush emery, and glass is soft enough to be ground by emery. The test is not really dependent on the time or violence of the friction, for as soon as the emery becomes very fine, it ceases to wear away the glass at all, and therefore the quantity worn is definite.

Emery-paper, emery-cloth, emery-stick, emery-cake—all, as their names import, derive their value from the emery-powder distributed over them; and all are employed for the abrading or frictive action which they produce. Emery-paper is very little else than grains of emery glued down upon paper. The paper is a somewhat coarse but tough material, made on purpose; the emery employed has about six different degrees of fineness, varying from thirty to ninety mesh in an inch, to suit various manufacturing purposes. A warm solution of size or thin glue is brushed over the paper, and the emery-powder is dusted on it through a sieve. When used by artisans, this emery-paper is not usually held open in the hand, but is wrapped round a file or a piece of wood, and is used like a file: it cuts more smoothly if moistened with oil. Emery-cloth differs from emery-paper chiefly in the use of thin calico or cotton instead of paper; it is prepared in the same way; it is preferred for household and other purposes, where it is applied by the hand alone, on account of greater durability; but smiths and engineers generally prefer emery-paper. We may here remark that glass-paper and glass-cloth, sand-paper and sand-cloth, are varieties possessing different qualities, according to the hardness of the particles employed; but the rubbing or polishing action is observable in all. The third kind mentioned above, emery-stick, is formed of a straight piece of wood, square or rounded at the edges, according to the purpose for which it is to be used; temporary handles are made at each end, by nails or wires; the stick is brushed over with warm glue, and is then dipped or rolled in a heap of emery-powder; sometimes two doses of glue and emery are given; and the emery-stick so produced is much more durable than emery-paper wrapped round a stick or file. The fourth variety, emery-cake, consists of emery mixed with bees-wax into a solid lump; the ingredients are well stirred while the wax is warm; and after being solidified by plunging into cold water, the mixture is kneaded by the hand, and rolled into lumps. The emery-cake thus prepared is not used in this form, but is applied to the edges of luff-wheels and glaze-wheels for polishing cutlery and other goods.

There is another kind of material—'patent emery razor-strop paper,' which is made in a different manner from ordinary emery-paper. Fine emery and glass are mixed with paper-pulp, and made into sheets of paper which contain the two gritty materials in their very substance; so much so, indeed, that the emery and the glass weigh more than the paper-pulp. Such paper, pasted or glued down upon a piece of wood, and slightly moistened with oil, forms a good razor-strop. It has been suggested that the leaves of an ordinary metallic memorandum-book, which have a somewhat granular texture, might in emergency be made available for a similar purpose, the fine hard particles in the paper having the power of wearing away steel.

Emery-wheels are sometimes made by a process patented in England about a dozen years ago. These wheels are the discs or 'lap-wheels' used in grinding, polishing, and cutting glass, enamels, and metals. The wheels are made by mixing coarse emery-powder and pulverised Stourbridge clay in water, to the consistency of a thick paste; the paste is pressed into a mould of a proper wheel-form; and when removed from the mould, it is dried and baked. The clay binds together the emery particles into a mass, which cuts rapidly, and yet wears away slowly. By using emery of greater fineness, wheels are formed which cut less quickly, though more smoothly.

It is just possible that a question may here and there arise, whether *Tripoli* or *rotten-stone* be a variety of the same substance as emery. An answer to such a supposed question may not be amiss. The two minerals are entirely distinct. Rotten-stone is really a rotten stone; and it is called Tripoli because it was first brought from that country. It is found in slaty rocks at one place, in chalcedony at another, in coal-strata at another, in thin beds of pitch-stone at another, in shale

at another; and this diversity of position led to various opinions concerning the nature and origin of rotten-stone. Some thought it to be a silicious mineral, some an aluminous mineral; some deemed it to be of volcanic origin, while others believed it to have been deposited from a liquid as a sediment. It is now supposed by mineralogists that rotten-stone is produced by the disintegration of a particular variety of limestone, probably black marble: the disintegration having been brought about by the combined action of moisture and air. At Bakewell, in Derbyshire, the rotten-stone found in the limestone district presents two very different appearances: the 'hard' variety, as the quarrymen call it, occurs in detached nodular lumps, dispersed through the débris of the limestone, and has an indurated and somewhat stony consistency, an earthy texture, a shell-like fracture, a smooth and rather greasy feel, and a colour between yellow and brownish gray; whereas the 'soft' variety, occurring as a kind of spongy earth under the débris of the limestone, has a loose and powdery substance, a greater roughness to the touch, and qualities more resembling those of earth than of rock. But the most wonderful discovery concerning rotten-stone is that which has been made by Ehrenberg, that extraordinary observer whose microscope is making such unexpected revolutions in the world of science. He has found that the rotten-stone of Bohemia and Tuscany is actually a product of organic nature; that it is composed of the exuviæ, or rather the skeletons of infusoria of the family *Barcillariæ* and genera *Cocconema*, *Gonphonema*, &c. Ehrenberg is said to possess the power of defining them with such distinctness in his microscope, that he can trace their analogy with living species; and in many cases he finds the species to be identical—a curious and wonderful study: life turned into stone! And what is the size of these once living creatures? The length is stated to be about $\frac{1}{288}$th of a *line;* and as a line is about a twelfth part of an English inch, we find that these minute beings must have been less than a three-thousandth part of an inch in length!—a speck of dust to all but the eyes of an Ehrenberg.

IS IT PAINFUL TO DIE?

According to my observation, the mere act of dying is seldom, in any sense of the word, a very painful process. It is true that some persons die in a state of bodily torture, as in cases of tetanus; that the drunkard, dying of delirium-tremens, is haunted by terrific visions; and that the victim of that most horrible of all diseases, hydrophobia, in addition to those peculiar bodily sufferings from which the disease has derived its name, may be in a state of terror from the supposed presence of frightful objects, which are presented to him as realities, even to the last. But these, and some other instances which I might adduce, are exceptions to the general rule—which is, that both mental and bodily suffering terminate long before the scene is finally closed. Then as to the actual fear of death, it seems to me that the Author of our existence, for the most part, gives it to us when it is intended that we should live, and takes it away from us when it is intended that we should die. Those who have been long tormented by bodily pain, are generally as anxious to die as they ever were to live. So it often is with those whose life has been protracted to an extreme old age, beyond the usual period of mortality, even when they labour under no actual disease.—*Psychological Inquiries.*

THE FATHER OF SANITARY REFORM.

About eighteen hundred years ago, Plutarch discharged the duties of 'commissioner of sewers and public buildings' in his native city of Chæronea. The very fashionable people sneered at the 'commissioner,' and wondered that a gentleman should stoop to anything so low; the ordinary common-sense sort of people thought it odd that a philosopher should degrade himself into a puddle-policeman; while Plutarch's most intimate friends, who seem to have had a good deal of sarcastic humour, delighted to remind him of the remarkably exalted office to which his genius had raised him. On one of these occasions, the honest biographer made a reply worthy to be adopted as the motto of all sanitary reformers. 'It is not for myself,' said he, 'that I do these things, but for my country. The usefulness takes off the disgrace; and the meaner the office I sustain, the greater the compliment I pay to the public.'—*The Commonwealth* (*Glasgow newspaper*).

THE FIRST SWALLOWS.

THY calm eyes smiling to my own,
Thy quiet tones more blithely sweet,
Dear friend—than when an hour agone
I watched the billows at thy feet;

Twin swallows in the April sky
Set inland saw you, fronting west?—
Twin stranger-birds that risk to try
The haven of their summer rest?

A truer moral, and more bright,
Those pilgrims shewed you, than I brought
From the green ramparts on the height
Where old-world nations earlier fought—

So very still 'neath any sky!
So calm beside the unresting sea!—
Why nobly live, or work, or die,
If ever thus the end shall be?

If life but hold through measured range
Of time and strife, self-nurturing doom,
And every mocking form of change
Repeat the ruin and the tomb?

Reply that fits the question best
All things that breathe and bloom can give—
The earth, through round of work and rest,
Ripens, in loftier phase to live,

A blossom, or a bird on wing—
Like those swift pinions west unfurled,
Speaks promise, and each later spring
Symbols a still progressive world.

M. P.

WAREHAM.

PHILANTHROPIC POLICY.

Not long since, the Russians, in effect, withdrew their prohibition of the slave-trade, though they nominally retain it. Their mode of proceeding was essentially Russian. Turkish vessels are allowed to come to Anapa to purchase and carry away young Circassians to any extent, but under the condition, that they are all entered as Russian subjects travelling to Trebizond or Constantinople, and provided with Russian passports. *They have therefore a right always to claim the protection of the Russian ambassadors or consuls in Turkey.* The philanthropic Muscovites had, of course, no other view than the providing for the good usage of the slaves, otherwise it might have been esteemed a clever stroke of policy to spread persons who should regard Russia as their natural protector, through every harem, and in many high offices of state, to which the Circassian and Georgian youths often rise in Turkey.—*Westminster Review.*

ERRATUM.

The new church mentioned at the close of the 'Month' in No. 21, belongs to the Irvingites. The Rev. Christopher Heath is the Angel of that church, not Mr Drummond.

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DEBT AND CREDIT,

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SIX-AND-EIGHTPENCE, says one of Hook's heroes, is at the bottom of everything in this world. Of all the discussions which are discussed in this discussing age, one-half at least hinge in some way or other upon debt and credit; and yet of the millions talking, thinking, and disputing about the matter, the greater part know but little of its real principles; and there are things connected with it known to very few indeed even of the initiated.

Who, for example, would suppose that London firms of character and eminence deal, knowingly and systematically, in forged bills? Yet such is actually the case. Great money-dealers, whose names alone can sometimes turn the current of the market, have a quiet drawer in which they stow away these bills, just as they would any other. The principle upon which they proceed is a simple one. They know their customer; he is a man in business, with a stock in trade, a character to lose, and greatly in want of ready money. This customer forges to his bills the name, usually, of a near relation, or some one of moneyed fame with whom he is connected. The dealers, fully aware of the circumstance, take the bills. They know well that their customer will pay this bill before any others—that he will run all risk, refuse all payments, make all sacrifices, rather than leave these bills unpaid, with the terrible consequences of their examination. The customer, in fact, says to the dealer: 'I put my liberty, my character and prospects, in your hand: if I fail in my engagements, you will have the power to transport me as a felon. I shall not run that risk; I have such and such property—such and such connections—lend me so much money.' The dealers do not hesitate to comply.

Again: there is a class of tradesmen who will furnish goods on credit at a time when they are morally certain they will never be paid. We remember a London tailor who used to make periodical visits to Cambridge, almost forcing his coats and trousers upon every one to whom he had the shadow of an introduction, charging high prices and offering infinite credit. One of his customers left the university much in his debt, and the tailor lost sight of him for years. At last he found him, and presented his bill. His quondam customer fairly told him that he could not pay him. The tailor fidgeted, remonstrated, threatened. What was the use?—the man had no money. At last the tailor cried: 'Well, sir, if you will not give me my money, at least give me an order, that I may not quite have lost my time.' With these men, business is everything: if they can do a certain amount in the day, they go to bed happy, compelling themselves to forget how much of that amount will never be paid for; and safe enough, after all, for the profits on their genuine business are an ample set-off against all losses. There are many even second-rate tailors in London, who, if they chose to risk their entire connection, could in a month call in between L.40,000 and L.50,000.

A man begins tolerably early to be initiated into the credit-system. He leaves school, where he never had a five pound-note in the world, for the university. He knows nothing of purchases beyond bats and balls, cakes and oranges. From a position where he carefully reckons his half-pence, he is removed to one where he has the command of a limited L.300 a year—one hundred of which will suffice for his necessaries—and the command of credit unlimited. The very day after his arrival at college, his table is covered with cards from horse-jockeys, print-sellers, wine-merchants, confectioners, jewellers, unnecessary tradesmen of all kinds and classes. Presently he is visited by a man with prints of the colleges—things, he is told, indispensable to a freshman: as for payment, he may suit his own convenience. Next walks up a dentist, who insists on examining his mouth—the tutors have such a partiality for young men with white teeth. Next is the wine-merchant—a stock of wine is so essential to hard reading, and Mr A. has the best and cheapest. It would be endless to repeat the items of the list—quite enough to turn the head of any young man who thus, at his very first entrance into life, becomes forced into habits so injurious, if not fatal, to his future career.

In modern France, the credit-system is far from being carried to the same extent which it is in England. Every one knows the neat little box in which sits the Parisian dame at one side of the shop to receive the money: if you stay there long enough, you may see that nine-tenths of the goods taken are paid for. Credit, when it is given, seldom lasts longer than a month. The butcher, if you don't pay him, is not given to threaten, but he forthwith stops the supplies. Of course there are exceptions, but this is the general rule.

Mercantile credit in the provinces is utterly deficient in the organisation it possesses in this country. We were some time ago at Orleans, and received from a distance, as cash for a letter of credit which we had forwarded, a parcel of Hottinger's notes. These were payable in about sixty towns in France, of which Orleans was not one; but I was assured that this was only owing to its proximity to Paris, and they could be negotiated there quite as easily as in the capital. There were two banks at Orleans: the first would not even look at the notes; the second undertook to

transmit them to Paris: it was all that could be done. For seven mortal days the bank waited for an answer to this simple matter, and at last paid the money without receiving it, as a special favour. And yet Orleans was in those days—it was before the railway—but a single night's post from Paris.

If you enter a Parisian bank, you are struck with the absence of the air of business. A single gentleman is probably standing with his coat-tails to the fire; he looks at your document, and very likely pays you the money out of a drawer, though, to be sure, he generally hands this part of the business over to the *caissier*. No hurried merchants' clerks, no fat farmer from the country handing cheques or bank-notes eagerly over the counter. It is with great difficulty that the banker in France will permit ordinary people to open an account, the fear is so inveterate that they may be taken in. No doubt there are business banks in Paris—as Rothschild's, and the great bank of the Rue St George; but they are very few, and even here half of the business is confined to paying *coupons:* the multitudinous requirements of British affairs are totally unknown.

At the present moment, the influence of this country, and the growing desire for greatness and excitement, which is making France a mercantile nation, as it once made it a nation of soldiers, is creating the necessity for greater monetary accommodation both for borrowing and placing money. As the bankers are not to be moved from their routine, other institutions are starting up on all sides. An institution has been established in France, completed only at the close of last year, known as the Crédit Mobilier. It is an immense joint-stock lending concern, taking everybody's money, as much or as little as you please, and finding for it a safe investment. It lends to the railways, to mines, to the departments, to the amount of three or four millions sterling. One of its features is worth notice. It issues notes payable at fixed periods, commonly short ones, and bearing interest during the time they run. By this means a portable savings-bank is established, in which persons of moderate earnings may invest their gains, and at the same time a useful medium of exchange is created, in which the money never lies entirely idle. It is peculiarly suitable to the Frenchman, who, as has been observed, always prefers to have his money about him, and yet is not subjected to the absolute loss of interest, which he incurs by hiding away his coin in his chimney. There is another institution for investing other people's money, whose main principle is to lend it to the communes—it is known by the name of the Caisse des Consignations.

The ordinary use of the billet de banque dates only since the Revolution of 1848. Of course the Bank of France issued as many of its notes in previous years as the public chose to take; but excepting in the great towns, the public did not choose to take them. The great convulsion six years ago, both by testing the stability of the Bank and by its destruction of the old systems of managing money, did an immensity of good to the Bank. At present, the notes of the Bank are found everywhere. Up to 1848, it had no branches in the great towns, from the opposition and influence of the local establishments. Up to 1811, the Bank had but three branches anywhere—at Rouen, Lille, and Lyon; and these it was forced to shut up in that year for want of business. During Louis Philippe's reign, fifteen branches were established—all in second-rate towns. Since 1848, they have been established in the great towns.

Institutions exist in the south, at Marseilles especially, which the good people there consider a marvel of convenience—with us it would seem the clumsiest and most primitive idea imaginable. The principle is this: A grocer wants to buy a cargo of plums, which he has not the money to pay for. He goes to the Bank of Exchange as it is called. The bank gives him an order for the plums, on his making over to it an equivalent in sugar. This sugar it hands over to another of its customers who wants it, and, in the multiplicity of its business, finds something to give in exchange to the original owner of the plums. This is the principle on which traders went, not merely before paper-currency, but before coin itself was known. It is systematised and modernised, but it is the same. An Englishman would find it a much simpler proceeding to borrow money of the bank upon proper security, and purchase the plums upon his own terms. As it stands, he is compelled to submit to the terms of other people. But, as he cannot borrow money, he is glad to find such a substitute for it as he can meet with. Money on mortgage, so easily found with us, is obtained with far greater difficulty in France, and under many formalities—it usually commands from six to ten per cent. It is much more easily raised in Germany, where mortgages are systematised. A large establishment, authorised by the state, manages this kind of business in many of the Teutonic kingdoms, where the ownership of each estate is registered, with all the contingencies, successions, and liabilities to which it is subject, and its value accurately ascertained. This makes mortgaging a wonderfully easy business. The French are slowly endeavouring to imitate their neighbours in their facilities on this head.

Notwithstanding the limited range of the credit-system on the continent compared with its extent in England, there is enough left to do a world of mischief. In fact, what credit does exist, is in great part in the most mischievous shapes. Its annals are full of the piquancy inseparable from all the proceedings of our lively neighbours.

The borrowing-system in France is divided into three professions. You have, first, the usurer; secondly, the *entremetteur* or *proxénète;* and thirdly, the *faiseur* or agent. These three differ as entirely in their personal character and habits as they do in their several departments of business. The usurer keeps his gains, the faiseur spends them in gambling at the bourse, the entremetteur in cabaret-dinners in the Banlieue, in a society we blush to name.

The usurer never sees the pigeon, or very rarely. He is banker, count, minister of state, director of theatres, lives in a grand hotel, gives dinners to princes, dresses in suits from Dusantoy, and is far above the acquaintance of a mere pigeon. This he leaves to the *courtier*. This last, a genteel and knowing personage, deals in everything. He tells the pigeon that if M. ——, not being inclined to part with his ready money, can only give wine or furniture in exchange for the bill, he, the courtier, will undertake the sale; and this he does, upon occasion. But in the majority of instances, wine, furniture, and all the rest of the old story, is a mere pretence. The pigeon proposes a bill. The faiseur goes to the banker, and gets it done at fifty per cent. in ready money. He returns to the pigeon, says that the bill is discounted, but that the price is given in goods, which he will undertake to sell. In two or three days, he returns with the story that the goods are not to be sold. The pigeon is impatient. The faiseur then offers to take the goods at his own risk, at a discount. This the pigeon is only too glad to do, and gets one-half of the money handed to the faiseur, just one quarter of his bill. The faiseur gets the other half, without any risk whatever; and in half an hour is to be seen trotting down the Rue Vivienne, eager for the excitement of the new loan, or the latest scheme.

This is the most favourable result, and too happy ought the pigeon to be with it. He is lucky if his money is handed to him at all until within two or three days of his bill falling due—just in time to save the agent from the charge of bill-stealing, concerning which the French laws are rather rigorous.

As for the amount the pigeon receives, he may, as we have said, receive a fourth, but not uncommonly he receives nothing, and that without the suspicion of bill-stealing. Authentic instances are known where the pigeon has taken a horse for a note of 1000 francs. The horse remains in the stables of the courtier, who in a few days sends in the bill for its keep—thirty francs. The pigeon orders the horse to be sold by auction. It fetches twenty-seven francs. All the pigeon gets by the transaction, is the pleasure of paying three francs ready money, and the bill when it becomes due. In another case, equally authentic, a young man signed a note for 28,000 francs. He was credited in return with 60,000 blocks of marble, 11,000 mouse-traps, 6000 iron rods, and 3000 francs in money. The marble remained in the quarry; no one would buy it *in situ*, or advance the money for its removal. The mouse-traps and rods sold for about a thousand francs, and the pigeon was finally credited with 4000 francs, and received about half, the courtier pocketing the rest.

The number of these courtiers in Paris is estimated at above 20,000; there are above 10,000 in the provinces. Let any one who knows the lives, habits, and expenses of these men, estimate the amount of loss in a single city which feeds 20,000 courtiers.

We had almost forgotten the proxénète. It is his business to discover youths in difficulties, or out of difficulties, with easy temperament and eyes liable to be dazzled. They haunt especially the écoles of droit and medicine, places where extravagance and libertinage are prescriptive. These are the worst of their class—seedy, stale, and villainous-looking men, who have no need even of the appearances of character. A better set, at least in appearance, loiter around the hotels or apartments of the rich. They must, in this instance, have the manners and clothes which would not subject them to be kicked into the street by the domestics. Their highest flight is into the salons of an actress; their lowest, the cells of Clichy—for the prisons themselves are not beyond their arts and expectations.

The annals of the prison of the Rue Clichy, or its predecessor, St Pelagie, are yet more fertile in extraordinary characters than those of our own Fleet. Some of these same characters, it may be observed, were English. There was the famous Swan, who lived there three-and-twenty years, and only preserved his post by threatening his wife, his daughter, and his son-in-law to disinherit them, and give all his property to the prison, if they paid his debts. He used to pace the corridors half the day, which he called his 'town of the Bois de Boulogne.' Released, much against his will, by the Revolution of 1830, he died of his liberty in a few months, before the re-establishment of affairs could enable him to find fresh debtors and a new imprisonment.

One of Napoleon's men declared that he never was so happy as in prison, for it was the only place where he could not ruin himself. Released by the course of law when seventy years old, at which age no man in France is allowed to be a prisoner for debt, he used to amuse his friends by calculating the millions he had saved by his sojourn in prison, and demanding where he could have employed his time to more advantage. This was Ouvrard's way of looking at the matter. Every one has heard of Ouvrard, the great banker, who received other people's money to the extent of 5,000,000 of francs, never spent it, hoarded it in rich investments, and laughed at his dupes from the gay walls of Clichy. Five years, by the French law, is sufficient imprisonment for any man, whatever he owes; at the end of this time, he is released as a matter of course. Ouvrard's friends and connections, peers and ministers of state, remonstrated with him on his proceedings. 'I have no peculiar fancy for prison,' he answered: 'find me another place where I can gain a million a year, and I will leave Clichy on the instant.' He did his business in style: if he wanted the chamber of any prisoner, he would pay his debts to secure the vacancy. He hired an entire house opposite the prison for his domestics and his cuisine. Every day, his dinner-party consisted of twelve persons. This life, and a million a year for leading it! What wonder if M. Ouvrard was content with Clichy?

Another of the imperial barons, formerly prefect of a department, found his way to Clichy. He recognised in the doctor of the establishment his physician in his prefectorial days. The doctor expressed his astonishment at finding so great a man in such a situation. 'What would you have, my friend?' said the prefect. 'I have a rent-roll—rather a large one—but it went to pay the interest of my debts. Now, I receive it without deduction; boil my own coffee in the morning; an excellent femme de ménage prepares my dinner; I have five or six capital fellows to share it; I spend the evening in whist and punch—a jovial life, of which I shall certainly not be tired for five years. I shall then go abroad into the world not owing a farthing, and without the disagreeable necessity of receiving my rents only to hand them over to other people.'

It is the commonest thing in French society to hear men expatiating on the delights of their 'little boudoir in Key Street,' Rue de Clef—the cant term for Clichy amongst all choice spirits. Another term is, 'the palace of debt.' In fact, its gay courts, where flowers, water, trees, and a well-swept lawn afford him amusement in the sunny hour; a joyous companion and good cheer when the sun no longer shines; a well-stocked library of romance; and the knowledge that all restraint will end in a few years, without the stigma of bankruptcy, the distasteful gathering of creditors, the angry frowns of a commissioner, or the most uncomfortable queries of an opposing counsel—all this unites such a variety of charms, that the expression is more than justified. Not unfrequently, young men who, at their first entrance into Clichy, give themselves up to despair, spend their days in writing lamentations to choice friends, and sternly refuse all companionship with their fellows, in a few months are rioting amidst all the excesses and enjoyments of their new position, leaving their distant friends to fancy them dead, from the total cessation of their jeremiades; declaring that they had found in the prison the most charming of companions, and had crowned their felicity by making the acquaintance of a rich and venturous usurer. One of the great recommendations of the place is, that a man can receive society which he does not venture to bring within the walls of his own house.

Our own happy and enlightened country, in the last century, has the merit of being the only one in existence which first locked up the debtor, and then starved him. This was actually and literally the case, unless a man could live on a half-penny a day. The old records of our debtor-prisons are full of persons starved to death. The old Roman law, which permitted the body of the debtor, after a certain time, to be cut to pieces and distributed, like the Levite's concubine, amongst his creditors—even this not particularly humane and sensible law guarded against actual starvation. Starving to death was a punishment reserved for Italian barons of the time of Count Ugolino, and English gentlemen of the time of Fox and Wilberforce.

All the legislations of Europe compel the creditor to allow the debtor sufficient to keep him from starving. Sometimes the sum is fixed, as in France, at a franc a day; sometimes, as in Holland, it is regulated by a tariff fixed by the government, according to the price of provisions. In all, the allowance must be paid for a month in advance by the creditor; and if he fails, the debtor is instantly released; but in that case he may be arrested again for the same debt.

The legislation of Geneva is peculiarly lenient. It forbids the bed of the debtor to be taken under any circumstances. Unless there is nothing else to pay the debt, it is compulsory to leave ploughing instruments, farm animals, and a month's supply of flour. The creditor is likewise compelled to leave, at the option of the debtor, one cow, two goats, or three ewes, workmen's tools, and the instruments of the art or profession of the debtor, to the value of sixty florins. As in the rest of the continental system, the debtor is entitled to release as soon as he attains the age of seventy years. But Geneva is in another respect the most lenient towards the debtor. In France, the prisoner is discharged, as a matter of course, after an imprisonment of five years; at Geneva, after an imprisonment of three. He can be imprisoned anew, however, if he shall afterwards come into possession of notorious means of payment.

The old annals of the Fleet will produce instances of prison luxury and extravagance equal to those of M. Ouvrard. Prisoners served upon plate are upon record more than once. There are, on the other hand, some piquant stories of a different character. Thomas Pope was confined in 1792 for a debt of L.10,000—money which he had appropriated in his capacity of executor to a baronet. It was discovered after he had been put in prison, that he was worth at least L.100,000. He lived in the most penurious manner—spending less than L.50 per annum. From the length of his confinement, he was entitled to a better room than ordinary—this he let to another prisoner for a guinea per week, and contented himself with one at a shilling. Meanwhile, he was actually saving L.500 a year, the interest of his debt and expenses, which the creditors could not legally claim during his imprisonment. To be sure, this was a good way from the million francs per annum of M. Ouvrard.

A man was at the same time confined within the walls, who at once amused and enriched himself by building houses within that favoured locality. The prison authorities stated at the time, to a committee of the House of Commons, that very many prisoners omitted to sue out their discharge when they were entitled to it; and in some instances the debtor, freed by the act of his creditor, actually refused to quit the place, and it became necessary to turn him out by head and shoulders.

The prisoners, when they could afford it, used to amuse themselves by changing, by habeas, one prison when they became tired of it for another. Many of them spent the winter regularly in the Fleet, and the summer in the Queen's Bench, taking their seasons like other fashionables. It was supposed that the summer in the Fleet was peculiarly uncomfortable and unhealthy.

It is enough to make one's blood run cold to read the annals of debt imprisonment scarcely fifty years ago. No medical advice allowed in the prison—men and women dying of disease—no support but chance charity—clergymen and ladies perishing from actual want. But the most outrageous anomaly was this—a man might be arrested, if his supposed creditor had a spite against him; he might be in prison positively for twelve months before it became necessary to try his cause, and after all, he might, and frequently did, obtain a verdict. He had no remedy or compensation whatever for his long imprisonment, except by pleas so difficult of proof that no one was ever known to make the attempt. Worse than all—a man might be arrested and kept in prison for a year for a debt which he did not owe, and when the injustice of the claim against him was proved, might still remain a prisoner for life, because unable to pay the prison-dues.

In those happy times, prisoners slept on the stairs—men, women, and children by dozens in a single small room; and if a prisoner died, his body remained for days in the same room with his former chums! This was in the days of Wilberforce and Whitbread, of Pitt and Fox, of the fathers of the present generation, and even of some of the present generation itself. Truly, the march of civilisation is subject to wonderful caprices. Amongst other things, the arrest of insane persons for debt was not an uncommon occurrence.

So far as legislation is concerned, a few years have done wonders in the improvement of our system of treating debt legally. The next great step must come, not from the lawyer or the legislature, but from society itself. The one has at least done something—the latter has everything to do. Corrupting the young—tempting the inexperienced trader to overtrading—pandering to the passions of the rich—making a lottery of credit—offering unlimited advances at huge premiums on the purest risks—forcing goods on people, to be paid for at their convenience—and even sacrificing all hope of payment, for the sake of doing business: all this is beyond the reach of the most searching law. We have been a thousand years making physical laws against the debtor—it is time we did something to enforce a moral law against the creditor. Hitherto, the moral punishment has been all on one side, while the fault is with the one at least as often as it is with the other.

CONVICT LITERATURE.

It is a common observation that everybody writes now-a-days—that the literary power exists, in a greater or less degree, in all classes and characters of men. But perhaps this sweeping theory, if closely examined, would receive some modification: we should be inclined, for instance, to except the more vulgar rogues and vagabonds, such as the thieves and burglars sent every now and then in ship-loads to the antipodes. Some remarkable examples, it is true, might be quoted, in which the literary feeling appears to have co-existed with criminality even of the meanest nature; but these, one would think, must have been wholly exceptional, proving, by their rarity, and the attention they attracted, the almost universality of the rule.

There lies before us, notwithstanding, a literary performance, the work, in a great measure—not of evil-doers brought up in some sort of refinement, and now in a compulsory pause of their career reverting to the feelings of the past—but of a miscellaneous assemblage of rogues of the commonest order, meeting by chance in a convict ship, and thrust forth from the country they had outraged and disgraced.* If we bear in mind, too, that offenders are rarely sentenced to transportation, till they have appeared at the bar four or five times, it will be with no small interest we shall read the lucubrations of this convict crew, furnished instantaneously in respondence to the call of their Superintendent for contributions to a periodical he thought fit to establish on board. Let it not be thought, however, that we claim for these papers the praise of literary excellence of any degree; we are content to see in them manifestations of thought, and proofs of the moral and intellectual existence of the individual beyond the circle of his bonds and crimes.

The prisoners in question had the good-fortune to be placed under the superintendence of Mr Daniel Ritchie, a navy-surgeon, pre-eminently qualified for the trust by a rare union of firmness and humanity, accompanied with a strong leaven of that enthusiasm which is necessary to support men in the discharge of a difficult and trying duty. In the spring of 1852, he was appointed by the Admiralty, Surgeon-superintendent of the *Pestonjee Bomanjee*, a transport hired for the conveyance of nearly 300 convicts to Van Diemen's Land, with a pensioner-

* *The Voice of our Exiles; or Stray Leaves from a Convict Ship.* Edited by Daniel Ritchie, Esq., Surgeon, R.N. Edinburgh: Menzies. 1854.

guard of thirty men and their families. The following is the classification he gives of his prisoners, with a hint of the theory by which he was himself governed:—

'The mental condition of a considerable number was certainly defective in a varying degree, from some slight aberration to nearly absolute imbecility. The ignorance and depravity of others, who had been reared to crime, were so great as almost to abrogate the power of conscience, or so to pervert its indications as to destroy all rule of life. A few had been driven, by excited passions, through a series of follies—too mild a term—until accident rather than inherent vice precipitated them into some criminal action. By far the largest proportion, however, had first acquired habits of intemperance, which, unsettling the reason in a similar degree to the physical structure, left no sound protecting power. If we add to the above a small number who were forced into crime by want of the necessaries of life, or by temptation in a moment of forgetfulness, we shall probably have a classification in which every convict could be arranged, in some degree, as the inmates of a lunatic asylum, according to their mental defects. There is this important difference, however, that while a majority of the patients in the one case are incurable, in the other they are nearly all susceptible of being restored to a correct frame of mind, by restraint and education.'

The education here meant is general training—physical, moral, and intellectual. The convicts were compelled to a system of order, regularity, obedience, cleanliness, and attention to personal appearance; and in addition to daily school-instruction, they received daily admonitions and addresses on moral duty, and heard morning and evening prayers, with short practical lessons from Scripture. Over and above all this, was 'the healthful stimulus created and sustained by a weekly journal, conducted by themselves, thus developing the reasoning powers, and engaging their thoughts on intellectual subjects.'

From this journal, as the surgeon-superintendent told them, not much was expected in the early numbers; but he counselled them to persevere, and to regard the opportunity as an important one. 'Be persuaded to listen to the holier impulses of your nature, and employ the talents which God has given you, that by their vigorous exercise they may acquire a dominion over the brutish instincts, and call into existence the germs of a higher and purer life.' The call, considering all circumstances, seems to have been responded to with great energy. The reader may perhaps remember smiling some years ago at the verses scrawled on the walls of Newgate by a juvenile thief—

> He what prigs what isn't hisn,
> When he's cotched must go to prisn;

but if he expects anything of this kind in the journal of the *Pestonjee Bomanjee*, he will be curiously deceived. These verses contain merely a hard, dry, material fact—a stony fact, like the walls on which they were inscribed—but observe the lightness, nay, the grace, with which an unfortunate convict commences his *Prison Reflections* at the opening of the journal:—

> The summer sun throws dazzling light
> On scenes around Portsea;
> Reflected on the waters bright,
> Are ship, and tower, and tree.
>
> The sea-mew flies with airy bound,
> Or wanton skims the sea;
> The sailor's song rings blithely round
> The homes of liberty.

Following this piece there is an *Essay on Sin*, in which the author draws a forcible picture of the misery which he and his comrades have brought upon themselves. 'We cannot obliterate the past,' he continues, 'but we can look back upon it with regret, and draw such profit and instruction from it as may stimulate us to exert ourselves with diligence and propriety for the time to come. We have all, through a kind and judicious government, been granted opportunities of improving our minds, and, what is of infinitely greater importance, insuring the salvation of our immortal souls. We have been placed under the teaching of faithful ministers, who have arduously laboured to shew us the folly of sin, and the importance of awaking to a life of righteousness.' This essayist was a bonnet-maker by trade, but by practice a thief or pickpocket. After his final apprehension, his mind turned towards religion, and his 'behaviour on board was perfectly in accordance with the faith he professed, being quiet and unobtrusive, unless urged by a generous anxiety to occupy a more prominent position in instructing his more ignorant fellow-prisoners.' This is an interesting picture from another of his essays, *Divine Service at Sea*:—'A loud shrill whistle was the signal for us to attend divine service on the quarter-deck, it being the Sabbath-day. I was much gratified with the scene which presented itself: the juvenile members of the congregation—the soldiers' children—were seated in front of the poop; behind them were the soldiers under arms, and their wives occupied any little vacant spaces; on the right stood the surgeon-superintendent, and on the left, with the officers of the ship, was the captain; the sailors seated themselves under the break of the poop, in the rear of the pulpit, while the prisoners formed a semi-circle in front. A solemn silence prevailed; not a sound was to be heard but what was occasioned by the slight flapping of the sails: all nature appeared calm and tranquil. Above our heads had been spread an awning, to protect us from the scorching rays of that glorious sun which seemed to smile upon the convict ship as she lay becalmed on the so often turbulent but now peaceful ocean.' Another of the author's essays, *Danger or no Danger*, is distinguished by its fancy, but, like most of this convict's productions, is too exclusively religious for a lay periodical.

Some verses, that are a little in the street-ballad style, do not prepare us for the character the author receives. The poet tells us of the kind surgeon and the prison chaplain, who

> Use their best endeavours to try and make us see
> The chain of sin with which we 're bound by Satan's tyranny;

and concludes with

> And should the Lord permit us to reach our journey's end,
> Be sure he will a blessing on our poor exertions send.

This gentle and religious writer, however—a tailor by trade—had been five times in prison. 'He was essentially vicious; and no training, no discipline, will probably ever change him. In his nature he resembled the fox—sly, mischievous, plausible, yet untamable. There did not probably exist in his composition one spark of any generous or ennobling feeling. His cowardice alone shackled his evil disposition. Whether this idiosyncrasy is congenital, or merely the result of habit and vice, is doubtful; but it appears impossible to view it otherwise than as displaying some peculiar mental conformation, probably dependent on the physical structure of the individual. There was nothing, however, remarkable about this man's cranial development; his capacities were above the average, and his appearance would have been prepossessing but for a peculiar expression of the eyes, which, always indicating a consciousness of guilt and a felonious intention, renders the possessor repulsive. He was sentenced to seven years' transportation for theft, of which time he had already served more than two and a half years in separate confinement, and employed in

public works, so that he would probably, soon after his arrival at Hobart Town, obtain a conditional or free pardon.'

Another religious poet, who begins with *My Bible*, was remarkable, it seems, for exhibiting 'so much talent united with such loose moral principle.' The superintendent, however, appears to think that he succeeded in reforming him; but if so, we are quite sure that, during the progress of his reformation, he stole from somebody, whose name we forget, an *Ode to the Flying-fish*, and palmed it upon the worthy editor as his own property.

A contributor of prose, who was in prison three times before his present sentence, indulges in recollections of his early school-fellows, and concludes with a paragraph which might find a place in a new volume of *Elegant Extracts:* 'There is nothing in these histories to dazzle, but there is much to instruct us. In them we observe not only examples of men rising from humble life to influential positions, but in the characters collectively of such men we behold the source of our national greatness. It is to the collective wisdom, the silent industry, the native energy of men like these, that the great middle class of Britain owes its moral power. By their intellect and commercial enterprise, they have raised their country to the pre-eminent position she holds in the scale of nations, and endowed her with that power which influences the destiny of the world.'

A housebreaker, who had previously suffered imprisonment for another crime, furnishes *The Railway Spiritualised*—not honestly come by we fear, though the editor is sanguine on the point.

> The line to heaven by Christ was made,
> With heavenly grace its rails are laid;
> From earth to heaven the way extends,
> To grace eternal, where it ends.
> Repentance is the station, then,
> Where passengers are taken in;
> No fee is there for them to pay,
> For Jesus heralds all the way.
> The Bible is the engineer,
> That points the way to heaven clear;
> Through tunnels dark, 'neath mountains high,
> It guides the pilgrim to the sky.
> Truth is the fire, and Love the steam
> Which moves the engine and the train.
> Hence, all who would to glory ride,
> Must come to Christ, and there abide
> In the first, second, or third class.
> By faith, repentance, holiness,
> You must the prize of glory gain,
> Or you with Christ will never reign.
> Come, then, poor sinner! Now 's the time,
> At any station on the line!
> If you repent and turn from sin,
> The train will stop and take you in!

The volume may be described as a Curiosity of Literature, and one of an interesting and instructive kind. The contributors are for the most part thieves, burglars, forgers, and fire-raisers; yet there is not a sentiment contained in it that might not be fitly instilled into her child by a mother, not a doctrine that might not proceed from the most orthodox of pulpits. Does it not seem as if the crimes of the convict had been committed by some detached inferior part of his nature during the silence of his unawakened soul? And is it not reasonable to conclude, that by a wise management of the circumstances that surround him, we may bring about the natural balance, and give him the *habit* of right thought and creditable action?

This was the theory on which the benevolent and careful superintendent proceeded. But he did not attend to moral circumstances alone: he watched over the health of his prisoners, as a thing essential to the progress of their reformation; he gave them as much as possible of the purifying air of heaven between decks, as well as above; and by enforcing cleanliness and attention to personal appearance, he gradually raised them from their abyss of degradation. In this way he kept on the better movement already commenced in their imprisonment on shore, and landed them in Tasmania in a state, both moral and physical, which fitted them for re-entering energetically upon the active duties of life. Their services were eagerly sought for; they all found instant employment; and so far as he could learn afterwards—for he did not quit the country for some time—they had good reason to look back with satisfaction upon their voyage, and upon the Journal of the *Pestonjee Bomanjee*.

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

BOSTON—LOWELL.

After paying a few visits to Brooklyn on the one side, and the New Jersey shore on the other, I left New York, and proceeded northwards to spend a short time in New England; my journey taking me direct to Boston in one day—distance by railway 236 miles, for which the fare was five dollars. By this line of route, very large numbers pass to and from New York daily. The cars, starting in detachments, with teams of horses, from Canal Street, were united in a long train outside the town, and then drawn in good style by a locomotive at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour. The line, which makes a considerable bend in its course, proceeds by way of New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester; and so traversing a populous country, goes through the state of Connecticut into Massachusetts.

After passing New Haven, a handsomely built town, the seat of Yale College, the country improves in appearance; and in the neighbourhood of Hartford, within the valley of the Connecticut river, the land is green, rich, and beautiful. When we reach Springfield, the arable plains of Connecticut are exchanged for the rugged and pastoral hills of Massachusetts; and we need not to be told that we have arrived in a region which depends not on natural products, but on an intense spirit of manufacturing industry for its wealth and importance. Placed on a group of conical mounts, partly environed by inlets of the sea, Boston is seen on our approach to be an odd mixture of towns and lakes, which the stranger requires several days to comprehend—and which I cannot say I quite understand even yet. A fine bay, as formerly noticed, admits shipping from the sea up to the various wharfs that fringe the lower parts of the city, and renders Boston one of the best seats of exterior commerce on the whole coast of America.

It will be recollected, that it was not in this inviting harbour that the 'Pilgrim Fathers' landed in New England, December 22, 1620; but at Plymouth, about thirty-six miles distant along the coast to the south. Boston was settled ten years later by a fresh band of English refugees, fleeing from religious persecution, and was at first called Tremont; but this descriptive name was afterwards changed to Boston, in compliment to the Rev. John Cotton, who had emigrated from Boston in Lincolnshire; and so Boston it remains, along with all its traditions, historic and biographical. I hinted on a previous occasion, that a glance at Boston would disenchant any one from illusory ideas respecting the Americans. The city, occupying the slopes of a rounded low hill, is thoroughly English in aspect—the brick-houses smarter, perhaps, and

excelling in their brilliant green jalousies, plate-glass windows, and general air of neatness. A number of the public and other buildings are of granite, and the broad side-pavements are of this durable material. Boston is English even in its irregularity. Instead of being laid out on the rectangular American pattern, and garnished with rows of trees, the streets wind and diverge in different directions, some broad and some narrow, some steep and some level, according to fancy or the nature of the ground—the greater part clinging parasitically round the chief of the Tremonts, which is crowned with the conspicuous dome of the state-house.

I was not prepared by any previous account for the throng of carriages, drays, and foot-passengers in the leading thoroughfares of Boston. Washington Street, which stretches longitudinally through the city, cannot be compared to Broadway in New York, or the Strand in London, yet as a fashionable business thoroughfare it has few equals. Tremont Street, which is parallel with it a little higher up the hill, is another principal avenue through the city, communicating at one end with the celebrated Boston Common. This is much the finest thing of the kind in America. It is an enclosed piece of ground, fifty acres in extent, ornamented with trees and a fountain, irregular in surface, and enclosed with a railing; it is always open for foot-passengers, and is devoted exclusively to the public use. On three sides, it is bounded by a terrace-like street, with a range of well-built houses, the residence of the élite of Boston. This spacious grassy common has a general inclination to the south, and at its upper part, the line of street embraces the state-house, from the summit of which a very fine panoramic view of the city and its environs is obtained.

In Boston there are some public buildings in the best styles of architecture, and it may be said that to whatever side we turn, evidences of intelligence and taste are presented. After a visit to New York, the appearance of Boston is particularly pleasing. Instead of dirt, noise, and all sorts of irregularities, we have cleanliness, comparative tranquillity, and, as it seems, a system of municipal government in which things are not left altogether to take charge of themselves. In these and some other respects, Boston will probably please all who like to see a well-managed and respectable city—its police not a sham, and its streets really swept in requital for the money expended on them. So far are police arrangements carried, that smoking, as I was informed, is not allowed in the public thoroughfares. A regard for neatness and decorum was a predominant feature in the minds of the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts, and still remains impressed on the character of their descendants. We can, indeed, see that in manners and various social arrangements, the New England states—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut—possess a distinctive character. The cradle of civil liberty, they are also the source of those great schemes of free elementary education extending over the Union; while in most things which tend to general improvement, their people are generally seen taking the lead. Some writer has remarked, that the comparative barrenness of the soil of Massachusetts has proved an incalculable blessing to America. Unable from natural sources to support a large population, the country has thrown off swarms of emigrants, who have carried with them the shrewd keenness, perseverance, and love of independence of the New England race, which, in point of fact, is a living type of the hardy and thoughtful English who battled against the Stuarts in the middle of the seventeenth century. Spreading into other states, these New Englanders are seen to win their way by an aptitude for business and a wonderful power of organisation. As merchants, lawyers, and magistrates, they are acknowledged to be an important element—one might almost say the cement—of American society. Retaining the temperament and modes of expression of their English ancestry, we find that they are more wiry in constitution, and speak in a higher and more nasal tone than is observable elsewhere.

Moulded from a Puritan ancestry, it might be expected that the Bostonians, with many changes in sentiment, would still possess a slender appreciation of the fine arts; but the elegance of many of their buildings, and their love of music, demonstrated by the recent opening of a large and handsome hall for musical entertainments, would infer that they retain little of the ancient sourness of manners. They are, however, like another people whom we could name—not signalised by any love for theatrical representations. The drama, I should think, is in a low condition in Boston. I went one evening to a theatre, which was tolerated under the name of a 'Museum.' To invest it with this illusory character, its spacious vestibule was environed with cases of dried snakes, stuffed birds, and other curiosities, which nobody, so far as I could see, took the trouble to look at, the centre of attraction being a theatre beyond, fitted up with a hanging-gallery, and pews as like a church as possible. The house was crowded with a respectable and attentive audience, but the acting was of an inferior kind; and what in my opinion was more objectionable, the piece performed was a melodrama, in which religion was irreverently blended with buffoonery. I am at a loss to say whether this, like the adoption of the term 'Museum,' was a device to soothe public prejudice, but it communicated that impression.

One of the days of my sojourn in Boston was the 24th of November, which, by proclamation of the governor of Massachusetts, was kept as Thanksgiving-day—according to an old custom—in the New England states. The institution of this religious festival is traced to an early period in colonial history, and has gradually assumed a national character. Each state may select the day most convenient to itself; that adopted, however, by Massachusetts, seems to set the fashion, and accordingly there is an almost universal holiday. On this occasion, all business was suspended in Boston, the stores were shut, and the churches of every denomination were open. In the afterpart of the day, things relaxed a little. There was a thronging in and out of the city on excursions and visits, and among other signs of jollity, the 'Museum' opened its attractions. The day, in short, came pretty closely up to the old English Christmas—one half devoted to church, and the other half to dining and amusement, like a genuine mediæval festival. I was told that the meeting together of members of a family on Thanksgiving-day was maintained as a sacred practice in New England, and that many travelled hundreds of miles to be present. It is not less a universal custom to have a turkey to dinner on the occasion of these family reunions; those too poor to purchase this delicacy, are usually presented with it by friends or employers; and, as may be supposed, the number of turkeys required throughout the New England states is immense. The opening of the churches for public worship permitted me to attend King's Chapel, a respectable-looking stone-built church, nearly opposite the Tremont Hotel, where I had taken up my quarters. This church, fitted with high family-pews of dark wood, like those of the parish churches of England, retained very nearly the appearance it possessed previous to the revolution, when it was the place of worship of the English governor of the province. The service was liturgical, but differed in some respects from that of the Church of England. Adjacent is a burying-ground, separated by a railing from the street, and said to contain on one of the tombstones the oldest carved date in America—1642.

In visiting Boston, so many are the memorials of the great revolutionary struggle, that one feels as if

surrounded by illustrations of history. The Old South Meeting House, where, on the 6th of March 1770, was held the town meeting to remonstrate with the governor against bringing in troops to overawe the inhabitants; Faneuil Hall, a huge brick-building in the market-place, celebrated for assemblages of the 'Sons of Liberty;' Griffin's Wharf, where, on a moonlight night, December 16, 1773, under the popular impulse given by Josiah Quincy, a large crowd went on board the *Dartmouth*, and other English ships, and within two hours poured the contents of 342 chests of tea into the harbour; the level slip of peninsula called Boston Neck, which unites the city with the mainland, and where were placed the British fortified lines in August 1774; the scenery on the western side of Charles River, including Bunker's and Breed's Hills, where took place the memorable action of June 17, 1775; Dorchester Heights, on the mainland, to the south, &c. Among the chief of the objects of curiosity, is the Bunker Hill Monument, occupying a conspicuous situation in the neighbourhood. To reach the spot where this monument has been erected, I crossed the Charles River by a long and low wooden bridge, supported on piles, and passing through Charlestown, arrived at the base of a grassy mound, little more than a hundred feet above the level of the sea. Such is Breed's Hill, which has been selected as the most favourable site for the Bunker Hill Monument. Originally in an open down, the locality is now crowded with houses, which seem to be closing round the hill, very much to the injury of its appearance. The top of the hill has been levelled and laid out with walks, radiating from an iron rail which surrounds the monument. Access to the summit is gained by a staircase. The monument is an obelisk of whitish granite, 221 feet in height, with a square base of 30 feet, whence it tapers to a point. It is a chastely correct work of art—a thing dignified and beautiful in its very simplicity. Many years were spent in bringing it to a complete state, on account of the difficulty experienced in raising the necessary funds for its execution. It was inaugurated by a public ceremonial in 1843, on which occasion Daniel Webster delivered one of his most admired orations.

Accustomed as one is to find everything new in America, Boston, in its historical and social features, presents so much of an old and settled character, that it may be said to stand out alone in its resemblance to a European city. Although constructed principally of wood, no place could be imagined more English than Cambridge, a suburban city, situated to the south of Charlestown, and reached in the same way by an extremely long wooden bridge. This is the seat of Harvard University, an institution dating as far back as 1638, and now, with its various schools, the most important and best attended college in the United States. A glance at Old Cambridge, as it is named, shews us a variety of smart buildings scattered about among trees, with broad winding roads giving access to pretty villas, each with its flower-plot in front, and delightful bits of lawn used for pasturage or recreation. The grass, to be sure, is not so compact or so green as it is in England, the dryness of the climate forbidding that anywhere in America; but the imitation is here as near the original as possible. Driving along one of the broad thoroughfares, our vehicle stops at the gateway of one of the most venerable wooden villas. It is a neat house of two stories, with pilasters in the bald Grecian style of the Georgian era, attics in the roof, and side verandas, resting on wooden pillars. Across the garden-plot in the front, two short flights of steps lead up terrace-banks towards the door. The view in front is open, being across a grassy plain in the direction of Boston. This house became the abode of General Washington on the 2d of July 1775, when he came from New York to take command of the American army; and here he resided part of his time during the contest in the neighbourhood. At present, the villa is owned and inhabited by Mr H. W. Longfellow, professor of modern languages in the adjacent university, and one of the most accomplished living poets in the United States. Introduced by a literary friend, I had the honour of making the acquaintance of a person whose writings are esteemed in England as well as America, and of seeing the interior of the historically interesting mansion he inhabits. The walls of the room—a kind of library-boudoir—into which I was shewn, were panelled according to an old fashion, and the furniture was of that tastefully antique kind which seemed appropriate to the past and present character of the dwelling. The whole place speaks of other days. Adjoining the house are various tall elms, probably a century old—a highly respectable antiquity for America—and the patch of garden appears to be preserved in the form it possessed when Washington paced across it on that celebrated summer morning when he went forth to put himself at the head of his troops. The spot where this event occurred was in the neighbouring common; here, under the shadow of a large tree, called Washington's Elm, standing at a central point between two cross-roads, he is said to have drawn his sword, and formally entered on command.

It says much for the staid character of the Bostonians, that families connected not only with the revolutionary era, but with the early settlement of the province, still maintain a respectable position in the town, and form what may be called an aristocracy, distinguished alike by wealth and honourable public service. So much has been written of the peculiar attractions of Boston society, that I am fortunately left nothing to say, further than to take the opportunity of offering thanks for the many polite attentions I received from all with whom I had any intercourse. Although only a few days in the city and its neighbourhood, I had an opportunity of making some satisfactory inquiries respecting the prevalent system of elementary education, and of visiting some of the excellent literary institutions with which the intelligent inhabitants of Boston have had the good taste to provide themselves. The Athenæum, consisting of a library and reading-room, was the finest thing of the kind I had seen in America; for, besides a collection of 50,000 volumes, there was a gallery of paintings and sculpture of a high class. Among institutions of a more popular character, may be noticed the Mercantile Library Association, at whose rooms I was shewn a collection of about 13,000 volumes; also, the Lowell Institute, established by a bequest of 250,000 dollars, for the purpose of providing free lectures on science, art, and natural and revealed religion. Some movements were on foot to widen the sphere of intellectual improvement by means of a free library and otherwise: and from the great number of publishing establishments, it was evident that the demand for literature was considerable. 'Everybody reads and everybody buys books,' said a publisher to me one day; and he added: 'every mechanic, worth anything at all, in Massachusetts, must have a small library which he calls his own; besides, the taste for high-class books is perceptibly improving. A few years ago, we sold great quantities of trashy Annuals; now, our opulent classes prefer works of a superior quality.' At the same time, I learned that a number of copies of instructive popular works which I had been concerned in publishing, had been imported for the use of school-libraries; and as there are about 18,000 such libraries in the United States, the amount of books of various kinds required for this purpose alone may be supposed to be very considerable.

Like most visitors of Massachusetts, I made an excursion to Lowell—a manufacturing city of 37,000 inhabitants, at the distance of twenty-five miles north-west of Boston. A railway-train occupied an hour in the

journey, which was by way of Lexington—a small town at which the first shots were fired (April 19, 1775) at the beginning of the revolutionary struggle. The country traversed was level, enclosed, and here and there dotted over with pretty villages and detached dwellings, in the usual New England style. Lowell may be described as a village of larger growth, composed of houses of brick or wood, disposed in straight lines forming spacious and airy streets. Several railways centre at the spot, but there is little noise or bustle in the thoroughfares. All the children are at school, and most of the adult inhabitants are in the several manufactories. The day is sunshiny and pleasant, and a few infants are playing about the doors of neat dwellings in the short streets which lead to the mills. These mills are of the ordinary cotton-factory shape—great brick-buildings, with rows of windows with small panes, and all are enclosed within courtyards, or otherwise secluded from intrusion.

The whole of the Lowell mills being moved by water-power, we agreeably miss the smoky atmosphere which surrounds the Lancashire factories. The power is derived from the Merrimack, a river of considerable size, which is led by an artificial canal from a point above a natural fall in its course, to the various works. In 1853, there were twelve incorporated manufacturing concerns in Lowell and its neighbourhood; principally engaged in cotton spinning and weaving, carpet-manufacturing, calico-printing, and machine-making. The chief and oldest of the various corporations is the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, established in 1822, and possessing a capital of 2,500,000 dollars. Its operations are carried on in six large buildings; it has at work 71,072 spindles, 2114 power-looms, employs 1650 females and 650 males, and makes 377,000 yards of cloth per week. The goods it produces are prints and sheetings. Besides going over the extensive works of this establishment, I visited the mills of the Lowell Manufacturing Company, where I found 800 females and 500 males employed principally in the spinning of wool and weaving of carpets—the designs of these articles being good, with bright and decided colours.

Cotton-spinning and weaving factories are pretty much the same all the world over, and I do not feel entitled to say that there was any remarkable exception in the establishments which here fell under my notice. In each there prevailed the greatest neatness and regularity. The females employed were tidy in dress, yet not very different in this respect from what I had seen in factories at home; for the nature of the work does not admit of finery, and it is only at leisure hours and on Sundays that silks and parasols make their appearance. In the windows of one of the large factories, I saw that flowers in pots were a favourite subject of culture, which I accepted as a token of the good taste of these young lady-artisans. Boarding-houses, generally the property, and under the supervision, of the mill-owners, are situated at a short distance from the factories. These houses are of brick, three stories in height, and have exteriorly the aspect of what we should call dwellings of the middle classes. Of the orderliness of these establishments, their neatly furnished rooms, pianos, and accommodations of various kinds, it is unnecessary for me to go into particulars; neither need I call to remembrance the literary exercitations of the female inmates, demonstrated by the *Lowell Offering*, and *Mind among the Spindles*. Among American girls, the general objection to domestic service is not attended with any dislike to working in factories. Many young women, the daughters of farmers, do not therefore disdain to employ themselves three or four years at Lowell, in order to realise a sum which will form a suitable dowry at marriage, to which, of course, all look forward as a natural termination of their career at the mills; and as no taint of immorality is attachable to their conduct while under the roof of any of the respectable boarding-houses, they may be said to be objects of attraction to young farmers looking out for wives. I was informed that, latterly, a number have come from Lower Canada, and return with quite a fortune to the parental home.

Undoubtedly, the strict regulations enforced by the proprietors of the mills, along with the care taken to exclude any female of doubtful character, largely contribute to the good working of this remarkable system. But as human nature is the same everywhere, I am disposed to seek for another cause for the orderly behaviour and economic habits of the Lowell operatives—and this I believe to be the hope of a permanent improvement of their condition. The sentiment of *hope* is observed to enjoy a vigorous existence in America. Prepared by education, the way is open to all; and so easily is an independent position gained, that none need to sink down in despair, or become tipplers in mere desperation and vacuity of thought. Even in working at cotton-mills, hope has its aspirations in a way not permitted by the customs of England. The factories of Lowell have been spoken of as belonging to incorporations. These are joint-stock companies, established by a charter from the state legislature, and have the validity and privileges accorded only to such companies in England as are established by special act of parliament. To procure such an act, supposing it would be granted to an ordinary manufacturing concern, would cost at least L.500, or more probably L.800; but in Massachusetts, or any other state of the Union, the entire expense of a charter would be thought high at 100 dollars, or L.20; and I heard of cases in which charters did not cost more than L.5. At whatever expense these state-charters are procured, they enable small capitalists to unite to carry out with safety a particular commercial object. The shareholders are responsible only to the extent of their shares, unless they become managers, when they are bound to the limit of their fortune. For anything I know, there may be inherent weakness in the principle of these organisations, but they seem to go on satisfactorily at Lowell, and other places in the New England states; and if they do not command the respect of large capitalists, they at all events do not give rise to feelings of hostility between employer and employed. The stock of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, which has been stated at 2,500,000 dollars, consists of shares of 1000 dollars each; and I have the authority of Mr Isaac Hinckley, the resident manager, for saying, that the persons employed by the company own more than eighty shares of the capital stock, or 80,000 dollars; and as the market-value of a share is at present 1320 dollars, it is tolerably evident that the concern is paying well, and in good credit. While it may be acknowledged that the management of factories established on this plan is not likely to be so prompt and vigorous as those owned by a single individual, it is surely a matter of some importance to have arranged a scheme, by which operatives have the power of becoming proprietors, to a certain extent, of the mills in which they habitually labour. Whether with the hope of obtaining this distinction, or of investing accumulated capital in other kinds of property, the operatives are depositors to a very great amount in the savings-banks in Lowell. Mr Hinckley mentioned, 'that the Lowell Institution for Savings, had at last report about 1,060,000 dollars of deposits, mostly belonging to persons employed in mills; and he thought the City Institution had about half that amount.' In a published account, it is stated that the number of depositors last year was '6224, nearly all of whom were persons employed in the mills.' Facts such as these say more for the good habits of the New England operatives than the highest eulogy.

All the manufacturing establishments in Lowell concur in issuing a printed table of statistics annually. In the paper of this kind, dated January 1853, the

average wage of females, clear of board, per week, is two dollars; and of males, clear of board, four dollars eighty cents. If we add that one dollar twenty-five cents is the price of board for females, and two dollars for males, a fair idea will be obtained of the wages of labour in the Lowell factories. In English money, the average weekly earnings of a female may be set down at 13s. 6d., and of a male at from 19s. 6d. to 21s.; and, keeping in view that the practice is to secure on an average twelve working-hours each day, English factory-operatives may draw for themselves a comparison between their own position and that of the workers in the mills of Lowell.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the prosperity of Lowell, and the agreeable circumstances of the operatives, rest on a somewhat precarious foundation, owing their existence as they do to a tariff which excludes the more cheaply produced goods of England. America has, indeed, strong prejudices in favour of paying high prices within herself for clothing, as contrasted with being supplied more cheaply from a distance; but, after what we have seen of the instability of a protective system in our own country, no one can tell what revolutions of sentiment a few years may bring about amongst so quick and intelligent a people as those of the United States. Were it not for this consideration, I should be inclined to express my surprise that the mill-operatives of Lancashire and Lanarkshire have never struck upon the idea of removing to one or other of the many fields of demand for their labour across the Atlantic.

It appears from statistical returns, that there are now upwards of a thousand cotton manufacturing establishments in the United States, fully one-half being in New England; and of these, Massachusetts has 213, the value of the goods produced in which, in 1845, was above 12 millions of dollars. Considerable as was this item, it formed only a small amount in a general estimate of manufactures in Massachusetts, which reached a total of 115 millions of dollars. Leaving to Connecticut much of the trade of fabricating clocks and other light and ingenious articles, Massachusetts owns many concerns in which the great staples of industry in textile fabrics and metals are produced. Among the trades which it may be said to have made peculiarly its own, at least as regards the eastern states, is that of boot and shoe making. I may state on credible authority, that in 1845, the value of leather tanned was 3,800,000 dollars, and that boots and shoes were produced to the value of 14,799,000 dollars. Probably the value is now as much as 20 millions of dollars; and that anything like such a sum (L.4,000,000 sterling) should be realised every year for these articles, in a state with no more than a third of the population of Scotland, is not a little surprising; and the fact is only comprehended by referring to the vastly extended territory over which the manufacturer finds a market. No inconsiderable quantity of the coarser kind of shoes, called 'brogans,' is disposed of for the use of slaves in the south, where manufacturing arrangements are on a limited and imperfect scale; and as these shoes are only one of many varieties of articles made in the free, for sale in the slave states, it is tolerably evident that, so far as material interests are concerned, the northern manufacturers, and all depending on them, have little reason to wish for a speedy termination to slavery. Lynn, a seaport town in Massachusetts, I understand, takes the lead in the boot and shoe trade; the quantity made in that place alone being 4,500,000 pairs per annum, mostly of a fine kind, for ladies and children. Recently, a machine has been introduced for fixing the soles of shoes by means of pegs; the inventor being a person in Salem, in Massachusetts. I was shewn some boots which had been prepared in this manner, and was told that a pair could be pegged in two minutes. One can imagine from all he hears, that the shoe manufacture must exercise a commanding importance in the state; and if any doubt be left as to the fact, it will be removed by knowing that a few years ago there were as many as fifteen members of the 'gentle craft' in the legislature of Massachusetts.

W. C.

NINE MONTHS AT VALLONVERT.

BY AN ORGANIST.

My friends in England thought my fortune made, when I sent that letter from Paris, stating how M. le Marquis de Mayall had presented me with the situation of organist to the parish church on his estate of Vallonvert. Indeed I thought the same thing myself when I wrote; and I well remember how, on leaving the hotel of my patron, I rushed into the nearest café and penned the letter, how every second word had a dash under it, and with what a flurried hand I put it into the letter-box at the Bureau de Poste in the Rue de l'Echiquier. The salary, to be sure, was not much; but then 750 francs per annum looked a great deal upon paper, and my kind uncle and aunt in their Suffolk farmhouse little knew how that important sum stood for only thirty good English sovereigns. I knew the fact myself; but my superior knowledge availed me little, for I was but a lad, fresh from the class-rooms of the Académie Royale, and 750 francs seemed to me, if not a luxurious, at least a respectable income.

Vallonvert lay in a southerly direction, about eight-and-forty miles from Paris, and the nearest railway station was at the post-town called Charmenteuil, four leagues from my destination. It was evening when I alighted from the train. I could not afford eight francs for a fiacre; and although it was already late, and unusually warm even for June, I was compelled to walk the whole distance. It was a dreary, hilly road. There had been no rain for more than six weeks, and my boots were covered with white sandy dust at every step. Night came on, lit faintly by the stars; and it was near midnight when I reached the little silent village of Vallonvert, and knocking up the sleepy host of a small auberge, was installed in one of the narrowest and dirtiest little cribs imaginable.

I awoke the next morning to an agreeable surprise, for on looking out of the window, I saw at a glance that the village was charming. There were hills and vineyards all round—a forest close by, and the spire of a church peeped above the trees. I hastened down to a mean room with whitewashed walls and sanded floor, with the words 'Salle à Manger' painted on the door. The landlord was officiating as waiter to a couple of soldiers, who were intently breakfasting, and drinking his sourest Chablis as if it had been the richest vintage of Burgundy.

'Tell me, monsieur,' said I, 'is yonder church Saint Celestine de Vallonvert?' It was. Would monsieur please to take breakfast? But I was too much excited to think of breakfast just then. I went quickly from M. Meunier's salle à manger, and through the village, with the steeple still visible before me, nor paused till within the little church-yard wicket, half-way up the hill. It was a lovely quiet spot, dotted with iron crosses, all hung with wreaths of white and yellow immortelles, and planted here and there with trees and rose-bushes. There was a modest white cottage, quite fenced in with acacias and lindens, at the further end, close beside the gray old church; and in one

corner stood a grand white marble monument with cast-iron gates, through which could be seen the interior fittings of a tiny chapel, an altar, a crucifix, and a large pair of candlesticks. A cypress was planted beside the tomb, and an inscription on the pediment told how the father of M. le Marquis was there buried; but not a single garland decorated the grave. Somehow, the sight of this formal monument made me sad; I turned towards the open doorway of the church, and entered slowly.

The interior was spacious, the raftered roof high, the walls whitewashed, weather-stained, and cheerless. A few benches of dark wood and two or three chairs occupied the aisle. Before one of these a boy was kneeling, with his face buried in his hands. A plain oaken pulpit; a richly carved confessional of mediæval date; an altar decked with a few tawdry images and artificial flowers; an apparently old but large organ over the door; and half-a-dozen wretched engravings, representing the martyrdoms of St Justine and St Lawrence, the communion of Ste Therèse, the scourging of St Gervais, the apotheosis of Ste Celestine, and a Holy Family, were suspended against the walls. These, with the exception of a font and an iron stand for votive tapers, were all the decorations of the church. Everything looked blank and poverty-stricken, and the echo of my own footsteps struck painfully on my ear as I ascended the little narrow staircase leading to the organ-loft. The doors of the instrument were open, and the keys thickly covered with dust. A tattered fragment of one of Mozart's masses was on the music-desk; one or two of the stops were still out, and yet it seemed as if no hand had touched those dusty keys for many weeks. Listlessly, I took the vacant seat, and passed my hand along the notes.

'I can blow, if monsieur desires to play,' said a plaintive voice at my elbow. It was the boy whom I had seen kneeling below. He was a pale lad, of perhaps thirteen years of age; his features were not handsome, but his dark eyes were fine and full of meaning, and his long hair hung almost to his shoulders. His blue rustic blouse became him well, and his appearance interested me.

'What is your name, mon enfant?' I asked.

'Charles,' he replied; and added with a sigh: 'I used to blow always for Monsieur de Calandre.'

'Who is Monsieur de Calandre, Charles?'

'Alas! monsieur, he is dead. He died two months ago. He is buried in the church-yard yonder. He played upon the organ many years. Shall I blow, monsieur?'

I nodded, and as the boy went round to the back of the organ, I saw that he was lame. I felt very melancholy. The first chords I struck sounded strange and mournful, and wandered echoingly round the church. I thought of the poor organist who had last awakened those tones, and longed to know his history. Insensibly, I found my thoughts connecting themselves with the harmonies I was playing; a solemn requiem grew under my fingers; gradually, I put on the whole power of the instrument, and filled the church with its deep sound. Then I caused that power to die and fade away, as if rising far into the heavens —slower, fainter, sweeter, till the last long note was hushed, and the last reverberation stilled. Then I rose and looked into the church; an old white-headed priest was sitting on one of the benches, with his hat and stick beside him, and his hands resting on his knees, in the attitude of listening.

'It is Monsieur le Curé,' said Charles in a low voice. I looked attentively at the boy, and could see that he had been weeping.

'What is the matter, Charles?' I asked. The lad blushed.

'It—it was the music, monsieur,' he said, turning away; and I was vain enough to feel flattered by this simple tribute to my playing. I introduced myself to M. le Curé, who kindly shook me by the hand, and said that he had heard me with considerable pleasure. After a few words of casual conversation respecting M. le Marquis, my journey, and the situation of Vallonvert, the good priest invited me to breakfast with him.

'I was just about to seat myself at table, Monsieur Warrington,' he said, 'when I heard the organ pealing in the church. I knew then who had arrived, and I hastened to welcome you.'

'Monsieur le Curé' —— I began, with a blush and a bow.

'Do not call me by that title, my son,' he interrupted; 'call me Father Ambroise.' And so I called him Father Ambroise ever after, and the time soon came when I could scarcely have loved a father better.

The old curé occupied the white cottage in the church-yard. His rooms were very barely and poorly furnished, but exquisitely clean. An old housekeeper and a mastiff were all his household; a few books of devotion, all his library; a thousand francs per annum, all his wealth. Marie had prepared for my company during her master's absence, and my welcome was most hospitable. During the meal I made some inquiries respecting my predecessor, and Father Ambroise confirmed what the boy had told me.

'Monsieur de Calandre,' he said, 'was a broken, but not an aged man. He came here fifteen years since, and held the situation to which you have succeeded until the day of his death. He was a gentleman—a gentleman, Monsieur Warrington, and one who had not been used to poverty. He had some sorrow on his heart, but he was silent—silent and proud. He died very suddenly. You had better occupy his apartment, monsieur; it is the only fit lodging for you in the village. I will shew it to you by and by.' So, after breakfast, we went there. As I passed the church-yard gate, I saw the boy again, and pointed him out to the curé.

'Ah, poor Charles!' he said gently; 'he has been lame from his birth, and he has neither father nor mother. Poor Charles! he is a good child.' The late organist had rented a small but comfortable chamber, over a shop in the village, and in this room I was speedily installed. There were many little tokens of its last occupant about; some papers—I destroyed these the instant I found them—some French and Latin verses; a little pocket volume of Homer; a rusty pistol, and a faded miniature of a young lady, which I suspended over the fireplace. At first, these things shocked and disturbed me; but soon, I am ashamed to say, the natural insouciance of youth effaced those first impressions.

This country-life delighted me beyond measure. Every morning I would wander away with a book in my hand, and traverse hill and dale and forest with untiring rapture. Educated all my life in cities and schools, this freedom, and the scenery around Vallonvert, filled the day with enjoyment. Sometimes I went out with a gun borrowed from my landlord, and sometimes, with a rude fishing-rod of my own manufacture, I have lingered for hours on the banks of the little river that skirted the domain of M. le Marquis de Mayall. Often, on a summer evening, I have not

returned till the angélus was ringing; and often, too, when the hour of vespers was past, I used to sit in the old church, and play till the moonlight came streaming in upon the keys. At such times, Charles would stay and blow till midnight if I chose; and when I rose to go, would say: 'Déjà, monsieur?' with a sigh.

'The music is so much more beautiful at night, monsieur,' he once said; 'I always feel then as if it came from heaven, and the blessed Virgin were listening up above.' Very often I played a game of chess in the evening with Father Ambroise, or lent my assistance in the culture of his little garden. Then he gave me Latin lessons twice or thrice in the week; and such little offices were always being exchanged between us. It was a happy time; but I soon felt the want of books, and the few the good priest possessed were by no means to my taste. Religion was the only shadow in our intercourse. I was Protestant—he tried to convert me. He was simple, earnest, and sincere; he argued, lent me breviaries and pamphlets—all the books of devotion he could find; but it was of no avail. I respected, I loved him; but I could not believe with him. His faith was not my faith, and he lamented it bitterly. In time he relinquished the hopeless endeavour, and the subject was mentioned no more; but I could see that he still grieved over it, and still the shadow was between us. One day I found him kneeling before the altar. He rose and turned towards me.

'Do not go, my son,' he said, perceiving me about to retire—'do not go. You have come to play—I came to pray. My prayers were for you.' I felt a pang of sorrow as I watched him going feebly across the church-yard, and back into his cottage, for I fancied that his steps and voice were weaker lately than when I first arrived in the village. He was an old man, and his duties were not light. He performed three services on Sundays, fast-days, and festivals, and every day we had matins and vespers; but my assistance was never required during the week-days, unless on particular occasions. Our congregation, even during the Holy-week, or on the festival of the Annunciation, never exceeded forty persons, and generally numbered about a dozen. We had no choir, so I trained some of the young boys in the village to chant a few simple movements for the mass; an aged peasant acted on Sundays as our sacristan; and the grandson of this old man officiated as acolyte. The organ was tolerably good, and bore the date of 1785. Though somewhat harsh in the reeds, it contained a tolerable Cremona stop and a flute of delicious quality; the pedal pipes were deep and powerful, and the diapasons sweet. It was built with three rows of keys, and was, on the whole, a much better instrument than one might expect to find in so mean and unfrequented a place. I heard that the father of M. le Marquis, being exceedingly fond of church-music, had purchased this organ, and sent it hither from Paris, and that it had been his chief delight to come down from the château, and play upon it during the summer evenings when he visited his estates.

The children soon learned to sing very sweetly and correctly; the organ, Father Ambroise was pleased to say, had never been under such good hands before; and by and by, as the fame of our services spread, Ste Celestine was frequently honoured with the presence of some towns-people from Charmenteuil during the high-mass on the Sundays. I confess that this success elated me not a little; old Marie became more particular than ever in dusting the seats, and gathering fresh flowers for the altar; and I observed that the sermons of Father Ambroise aspired to a more flowery style, and were sprinkled with an unwonted supply of Latin quotations; but I liked his old homely discourses, with their simple heartfelt eloquence, far better.

Vallonvert was inhabited only by the vine-dressers on my patron's estate. Though better paid than the generality, these peasants were miserably poor, and toiled from daybreak to nightfall. Poor creatures! they had but little time to pray; yet on Sundays it moved me to see their earnest devotion at high-mass, though at first I found it difficult to reconcile this morning mood with their evening gaiety, when young and old met to dance and sing, to the accompaniment of a rude cornemuse; or sat outside their cottages, playing games of chance, and drinking the sour wines of M. Meunier's cellarage. But these extremes belong peculiarly to the French character, and I soon became accustomed to them.

I had not been long at Vallonvert, when we were visited by a heavy thunder-storm. It came on at night. I was awakened from a profound sleep by the fury of the elements; and finding it impossible to rest, I rose, dressed, lit a lamp, and tried to read. Several times I paused and listened, for every now and then, amid the lulls of the tempest, I fancied I heard the pealing of a bell. At last I extinguished my light, opened the casement, and listened attentively. The rain and wind dashed in my face; this time I could not be mistaken—it was the bell of Ste Celestine's beyond a doubt! I wrapped myself hastily in a travelling-cloak, made my way softly out of the house, and in a few minutes reached the church-door. It yielded to my touch; the candles were lighted upon the altar, and Father Ambroise was kneeling before the host, and chanting, in a feeble voice, scarce audible above the external tempest, the service of the mass. At first I felt as if it must be some ghostly delusion. Slowly I advanced up the aisle. There was no creature there save the priest himself, and, excepting in the immediate vicinity of the altar, the whole building was in the deepest gloom. Just then, Father Ambroise turned and saw me. He smiled, and I was reassured. When the mass was concluded, he told me that he performed a service whenever there was a storm, to entreat the intercession of Ste Celestine that the vines might be preserved from injury. For this act of piety he received from M. le Marquis a small present, in addition to his annual stipend. I have since learned that this is a frequent practice in Burgundy, where the prosperity of the landowners is entirely dependent on the vintage; but I had never heard of it before that night, and the effect was strange and solemn.

I had been nearly five months in my situation, and the winter had quite set in before I saw even the outside of the Château de Mayall. As I have before observed, I frequently fished in the streamlet that skirted what in England we should term the home-park, but the house itself was so completely bowered in with trees, that not a chimney was visible. The marquis had not visited the place more than once or twice during the twenty years that he had possessed the title, and I had frequently heard how Le Caporal Duplaisset and his wife were the only inhabitants of their master's residence. Duplaisset was one of the Old Guard of Napoleon; he had served at Marengo and Austerlitz; he had suffered all the horrors of the Russian campaign; he had been one of the first to welcome his Emperor from Elba, and one of the last to fly upon the field of Waterloo. I often met this old soldier near the church on Sundays, where his tall, stiff figure, his long white moustache, and his little cross of the Legion of Honour, made not the least imposing part of our congregation at high-mass. At length I happened, one bright cold morning, to meet him on his way home from the matin-service, and was so fortunate as to receive the long-desired permission to visit the château. So we walked on side by side, and the hard road, glittering with hoar-frost, rung sharply to the sound of our footsteps. The trees were quite leafless, and the vine-fields deserted. Now and then we passed a countryman bending under a heavy load of firewood, or heard the quick blows of the axe among the pines in the forest.

'You see, monsieur,' said the caporal sententiously, 'I have fought against your country, but I bear no enmity to you or to your generals. You are welcome to my house and my table.' He spoke as if he was the marquis himself.

'Under what general did you serve, mon capitaine?' I inquired. Duplaisset liked to be called mon capitaine, and all the village indulged him in this foible.

'My division was commanded by the father of Monsieur le Marquis,' replied the soldier. 'He was a brave officer, and the Emperor'—here he touched his hat—'the Emperor loved him dearly. But we are at the château, monsieur—le voilà.' The house was large, old, and gray, and was surrounded by a spacious courtyard, which we entered through a great wooden gate studded with huge rusty nails. Long grass, now withered by the frost, was growing up between the paving-stones; and the water of the fountain was frozen to a solid mass in the basin, and hung in fantastic icicles from the broken jaws of the old stone lions in the midst. Passing through an oaken door with a single step, I found myself at once in a long narrow hall with a raftered roof, oak panelled walls, and a floor of the same wood, retaining now but little of its antique polish. At the further end, there was an immense fireplace, richly carved and decorated, and the iron dogs were ready piled with fuel, as if for the coming of the master, who never cared to visit the old place. The next apartment, carved and panelled precisely like the former, contained some fragments of armour, some chairs and footstools in the renaissance style, and a couple of rare ebony presses. The third was the dining-hall and picture-gallery, where were hung the cracked and faded portraits of a generation long passed away. Here, 'clad in complete steel,' frowned Gaston de Mayall, a constable of France under Louis XIII.; here an heir who fell in the Crusades; yonder hung the last memorial of a celebrated beauty of the house, now crumbling into dust; and that withered courtier with the long flowing wig and white satin waistcoat, was Polidore, first Marquis de Mayall, who was elevated from the rank of baron by the letters-patent of the Grand Monarch. The Caporal Duplaisset was profuse of these historical details; and it filled my boyish imagination with awe to hear of the chivalry and beauty that had lit up these old halls with glory in the times gone by.

In the upper rooms there were great carved beds, with stiff tapestried hangings whose colours had faded away to sickly tints, and whose gold inwoven threads were black and tarnished. Here were more presses and armoires, and immense carved chairs and tables; but what surprised me most, was to find the floors in this story paved with small red tiles. I must not forget, either, that I saw an ivory or ebon crucifix in every bed-chamber; and that a small oratory, with its altar and cushion, and window of old stained-glass, was attached to one or two of the largest. Descending from this suite of apartments by a wide gloomy staircase, we came to the library, at whose dusty folios, behind their impenetrable fence of tarnished wirework, I cast many long and anxious glances. The caporal then led me through the dark kitchens, dungeon-like and damp; and finally conducting me up a narrow back-staircase, ushered me into a cheerful room with a blazing wood-fire, and windows that commanded a pleasant view of the garden and park. Here Madame Duplaisset was busily knitting; a large dog was sleeping in the deep embrasure of the casement; the soldier's gun and sword were suspended over the fireplace; a string of beads and a missal, with a pair of large spectacles, were lying on the old lady's work-table; and a fragrant odour of soup proceeded from a little stew-pan on the fire.

'Jacquette,' said the old militaire, twirling his moustache with his left hand, 'I have the pleasure to introduce to you Monsieur Varrinton, an English monsieur, who is very great'—très-fort was the expression he used—'upon the organ.' The poor old lady, who was a cripple, and whom I had never seen till then, smoothed her apron nervously, and bent her head.

'Dâme! mais m'sieur est le b'env'nue!' And such was my first visit to the Château de Mayall, and my introduction to Madame Duplaisset.

I frequently paid a visit to the old couple after this event, and always received a hearty and respectful welcome. The caporal was fond of relating his military adventures; and although his description of the campaign in Egypt and the burning of Moscow, or his famous anecdote of how the Emperor Napoleon, on the field of Arcola, transferred the cross of honour from his own breast to that of Antoine, Antoine Duplaisset, then in the ranks of the Old Guard, and said: 'Mon enfant, you took those colours bravely: vive la gloire!'—though these tales were stale enough to the inhabitants of Vallonvert, they were new and delightful to me.

Madame Duplaisset was likewise rich in anecdote; but hers were all of the ancient glory of the family De Mayall—how its lords had fought for the holy sepulchre, and how princes of the blood had, in the old times, visited the château, and hunted by torch-light in the forest. To all these stories I was an eager and a patient listener; for in the dearth of books, I found some food for thought in the military and historical reminiscences of this old couple. In return for the entertainment which they thus afforded me, I brought them game and fish, and I was not too proud to remain occasionally and partake of madame's savoury ragoûts.

During one of these little festivals, to which I had contributed a bottle of M. Meunier's best Chambertin, I heard a ghost-story, which I will endeavour to repeat as faithfully as my memory will permit.

'My tale is connected with the church yonder, Monsieur Varrinton,' said Madame Duplaisset, 'and that is the reason why I tell it to you; for I would not relate it to many, especially during the lifetime of Monsieur le Marquis. Eh bien, you must know, then, that our master's father—the same who purchased the church-organ—was a general of division in the Grande Armée; a fine, proud, passionate man, but very gracious when he was not angered, and the bravest of the brave. He had two sons—Monsieur le Comte Leon, the eldest, who was passionate like his father; and Monsieur le Comte Auguste, the younger, a cold studious boy, and the same who now enjoys the title and estates. At the time of which I speak, their ages were about fifteen and seventeen. Monsieur le Marquis was away in the wars, and his sons were left in the château with their tutor, Monsieur l'Abbé, and about a dozen servants. I was a femme de chambre here then; and I can tell you that we cared little enough for Monsieur Auguste, but as for Monsieur Leon, we would have died for him! Well, at last something began to be whispered about the village and in the servants' hall; but the tutor knew nothing, and none of us would have betrayed Monsieur Leon for the wealth of the king! The secret was this: the daughter of a vine-dresser in the village had bewitched our young master avec ses beaux yeux. They were seen walking together; and certainly Monsieur Leon was out oftener and longer with his gun than ever he had been before. However, it came at last to the knowledge of Monsieur l'Abbé and of Father Eustache, then curé to Ste Celestine's; and one day they called Monsieur Leon into the library, and charged him with it before Monsieur Auguste, his brother. I was in the anteroom at the time, with one or two of the others, and we listened tremblingly to the high voices within. All at once we distinctly heard Monsieur Leon say: "It is false, messieurs! I am a gentleman, and the good name of the humblest peasant on this estate is as dear to me as my own! It is false! and sooner than this

scandal shall be repeated, I will marry her!" And immediately the door was flung wide open, and Monsieur Leon, with his cheeks flushed, his hand in the breast of his waistcoat, and with the air of a king, strode out of the library, across the hall, and straight away into the park.

'Well, this passed for a mere idle threat; but soon, whether by bribes or entreaties, he won over Father Eustache so as to promise to perform the marriage-service between Pierrette and himself; and on one tempestuous night, when the rain was flooding the fields, and the wintry wind howling through the forest, Monsieur Leon left the château by a side-entrance, and went down to the church, where, sure enough, there was Father Eustache and Pierrette, and that designing man, her father, all ready waiting for his arrival, with the candles lighted, and the book open upon the altar. So the service was performed, and the ring just placed upon the finger of the bride, when the door burst violently open, and Monsieur le Marquis rushed in, followed by his younger son, the tutor, and some of the men-servants.

"Scélérat!" cried Monsieur le Marquis in a terrible voice, "what wouldst thou do?"

"Mon père," said Monsieur Leon, putting the girl aside, and turning upon his father as proud as himself —"you are too late!" Stung with fury, the marquis dealt him a fearful blow with his powerful arm, and in an instant the young man was lying on the ground with the blood pouring from a wound in the temples. His head had struck against the sharp stone altar-step, and in a few minutes he was dead. I have heard those say who followed him to the church, that Monsieur le Marquis raved and wept till the roof rang with his cries. He was brought home insensible upon one shutter, and the corpse of his son upon another. Poor man! he never recovered the events of that night, and he died shortly after of pure grief, monsieur.'

'But this is no ghost-story, Madame Duplaisset.'

'Pardon, monsieur!—the spirit of the poor youth will not rest. He was buried in the chancel of Ste Celestine; he still walks the church in the moonlight, and even glides about the forest; for our neighbour Jean has seen him! Do not shake your head, monsieur, for I am not the only person who believes the tale. Monsieur le Marquis never comes to the château, for fear of meeting his brother; and, indeed, it is said that he has cause to dread his spirit, and that he played the traitor to his brother, and betrayed him, to win his father's favour. But we have all our sins; the Virgin pray for us! And, Monsieur Varrinton, sometimes on a stormy night *he* comes and knocks for admission at the courtyard gate. I have heard it myself, and that not a month ago!'

Shall I confess it? After hearing this tale, I never practised again by night in the organ-loft of Celestine's.

The spring-time came, and it brought me an English letter, informing me of the dangerous illness of my good uncle, and desiring my instant return to my native country. On the same day I wrote to M. le Marquis, tendering my resignation; and after walking up to the château to bid farewell to the good caporal and his spouse, I went to the church, collected my music, and looked with a sigh upon the dear old keys I was to touch no more. As I came down into the aisle, I found poor Charles standing near the door.

'Adieu, monsieur,' he said in a broken voice, 'I hear that you are going to leave us.'

'Adieu, Charles,' I replied, 'do not forget me!' and I placed a five-franc-piece in his hand. He turned his head away and said no more. In this attitude he remained till I entered the curé's cottage, and when I came out again, he was gone. Dear Father Ambroise! he wept, and gave me his blessing, heretic as he deemed me! He is dead now, and buried in the little church-yard where he resided during life.

When I reached England, my uncle was no more. I inherited from him a small property, which has enabled me to relinquish music as a profession; but more than once I have indulged myself in an autumn visit to the village and church of Ste Celestine de Vallonvert.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

As the 'season' advances towards its close, our learned societies finish off their sessions with more or less of éclat, and shew that theirs is not a mere nominal existence, ere breaking up for the long vacation. The Royal Society wound up with sundry ingenious papers on subjects which, though not easy to popularise, yet have an important scientific value and application. Among them was Colonel Sabine's résumé of certain phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, shewing by diagrams the complete identity of the phenomena observed at places distant from each other by the whole diameter of the earth—to find the cause is now the grand desideratum. The Society have filled up the blanks in their list of foreign members by choosing as *confrères* Chasles the geometer, Wöhler the chemist, and Von Baer the physiologist. The last is a Russian, and second to none in his special branch of science; and the appearance of his name on the distinguished list may be accepted as another instance, if such be wanted, that science is of no nation or country, but cosmopolitan. And carrying out their improved mode of election, which makes it a *real* honour to become one of their body, the Society have recruited their ranks by fifteen new members who, we may hope, will worthily keep up the reputation of the incorporated savans. The Geographical Society have given one of their gold medals to Admiral Smyth, for his numerous marine surveys, and his able work on *The Mediterranean;* and the other to Captain Maclure, for his discovery of the North-west Passage. It will gladden the gallant captain to receive this recognition of his enterprising services when he returns to England next autumn. The Civil Engineers have had another discussion about the prevention of smoke in furnaces, which, by pointing out defects, and suggesting improvements in existing contrivances, will help to promote the object in view. Having regard to the actualities of their profession, they have given a hearing to a paper on the 'Fatigue and consequent Fracture of Metals,' the drift of which is, that iron beams, if subjected to heavy and intermittent loads, become *fatigued* by the constant strain and recovery, and at last break from sheer exhaustion. The same holds good of locomotives and other machines which are liable to be overworked; and in this theory we have an explanation of many inexplicable accidents. A small apparatus for making infusions, or extracts of dyeing or colouring matters, the invention of M. Loysel, exhibited at one of their late meetings, is worth notice. The substance to be operated on is placed between two diaphragms in a cylinder; the liquid is then forced upwards from below, and when it reaches the top, is made to descend again by turning a cock. This double passage through the same mass is said to carry with it all the available extract; no unimportant consideration in manufactories, to say nothing of the making of tea and coffee—an operation which the apparatus performs to perfection. We hear that it is to be used at the Sydenham Palace, where it will produce 1000 pints of tea or coffee in an hour.

Photography continues to be, as for some time past, one of the most progressive arts. A report by the Photographic Society, informs us that the *Hecla* steamer, during her late survey of the Baltic, carried a photographer, who, while the vessel was going ten miles an hour, took collodion views of parts of the coast, the

headlands, and fortified places. These views are so well defined as to be highly satisfactory; and what is more, they give the relative dimensions of heights better than can be done by the hand of the artist. Views of the fleet sailing from Spithead, were taken in a similar way, and there will be no lack of others from the East; for some of the Sappers and Miners have been instructed in the art, and will take pictures under direction of their officers. A difficulty is removed by the discovery that collodion-plates may be made to retain their sensibility four or five days, instead of four or five minutes, as hitherto. This is effected by dipping the plates in a bath containing a solution of nitrate of zinc and of silver. The possibility, too, of converting photographs into engravings, has been further demonstrated at Paris, in various ways, of which the one proposed by M. Baldus is thus described by the authority above mentioned:—

'A copper-plate impressed with a photographic image upon bitumen, and prepared for etching—as in Niepce's process—is attached to the positive pole of a Bunsen's voltaic pile, and placed in a saturated solution of sulphate of copper, with another plate of copper connected with the negative pole. The lines of the image —the parts unprotected by the bitumen—are dissolved out in the voltaic action, and the copper precipitated in the other plate, as in the electrotype process. When the lines are bitten deep enough, the connections with the battery are reversed, and then, consequently, an electrotype impression *in relief* is deposited upon the original plate. It is requisite that the voltaic action should be very moderate; a deflection of the electrometer amounting to five degrees is found sufficient.'

The Society of Arts have appointed an 'Industrial Pathology Committee,' who are to inquire into the 'accidents, injuries, and diseases incident to various bodily employments.' This is a great subject; and if the Committee will take up its several branches *seriatim*, and follow them to definite conclusions, they cannot fail to do good. It will not be the first time that the question has been taken up; for French and English writers have examined into it, and published their results, which form valuable data for renewed investigations. The Trade Museum, in process of formation by the Society, is getting on favourably: the Lords of the Treasury have issued an order that all produce and manufactures arriving from abroad for it, shall be sent direct to the Museum, and there examined, duty free. The Society's Educational Exhibition, too, is now open at St Martin's Hall: it places on view the *matériel* of teaching, as used in schools in different parts of the world; and when we consider that means and appliances such as these lie at the root of all the Society proposes to accomplish, we cannot fail to see how deeply art and science are interested in an attempt to find out the best instruments of knowledge; while, at the same time, individuals experienced in the question of education are brought together. The newspapers have already announced that government is about to establish a university at Melbourne, the salary of the professors to be L.1000 a year, and have appointed a commission of first-rate savans to examine the candidates for the professorships. We understand that the number of eminent men applying for these chairs has been quite beyond expectation. Our School of Mines here, in Jermyn Street, has just lost one of its ablest professors, in the person of Edward Forbes, who now fills the chair of Natural History in Edinburgh: he is a loss to London in more senses than one. His place in the School of Mines is occupied by Mr Huxley, a young and promising naturalist, well known, among other researches, for the excellent use he made of his three years' opportunities in the late surveying-voyage of the *Rattlesnake*.

Dr Arnott having taken effectual means to make his improved smoke-consuming fireplace public, by shewing and explaining it at a meeting of the Society of Arts, we may add to our former notice of this useful contrivance, that the space between the grate and the hearth is filled by a close iron box, inside of which is a movable bottom, made to rise and fall by a rack and lever. This box being filled with coal, the fire is lighted in the grate above it; and as the coal burns downwards, so is the bottom to be raised till all is consumed. Due provision is made for refilling and other requirements. The principle, as admitted by Dr Arnott, is not new: he claims only to have been successful in his adaptation of it. We have no doubt that the result will be beneficial, if admirers do not spoil all by overpraising and promising too much. There is something further to be said also about Dr Stenhouse's respirator: this instrument can now be produced in a thoroughly efficient form for seven shillings, and may be kept in use for a long time, as the charcoal, when saturated, needs only to be exposed to heat for a few minutes to become as serviceable as before. Four of these respirators have been sent out with the Niger Expedition just sailed, that they may be tested in the noxious malaria of the African coast.

The underground telegraph-wire from London to Liverpool is completely laid, and in such good working-order, that the latter port and Manchester have been holding direct communication with Paris. By August next, if all go well, they may have a telegraphic talk with Madrid, and in a few months more with Cairo, for a telegraph cable has been spun at Greenwich in one single length of 110 miles, weighing 800 tons, to be laid down across the Mediterranean from the Sardinian coast. At this rate, we shall soon be getting news from India within the day. Neither are we to be backward in the West: Lieutenant Maury reports as one result of the American survey of the Atlantic, that the flat ridge said by old Dutch navigators to extend all across the ocean, does really exist, and at a comparatively moderate depth. Hence it is presumed there will be no unconquerable difficulty in laying a wire from the west of Ireland to Newfoundland. After this, one must doubt of nothing in which electricity is concerned.

The joint oceanic survey by the British and United States' governments is not to be a mere formal dilettante operation, but such as will best promote the interests of science and navigation. The appointment of Captain Fitzroy as chief of a staff for the classification and reduction of the meteorological observations that may be taken, is a proof that practical results are not to be lost sight of. Apropos of navigation, the fact is not so widely known as it ought to be, that since the stir made about great circle sailing, the Admiralty have published tables for that particular branch of nautical science, by which it is rendered as easy as any other employed by mariners. They are sold at a low price; and such is their importance, that they have been promptly taken into use by the governments of the United States, France, Belgium, and Russia.

Those who have a mind to exercise their inventive genius, will find an advertisement in the *Times* offering *a thousand pounds* to whomsoever shall, within a twelvemonth, discover a really satisfactory method of making paper fit for writing and printing, of some material which is *not* rags. We think it not unlikely that the prize will be carried off before the year is over. It is meanwhile worthy of notice, that a movement is making for the development of the great powers of India, to produce a flax of short fibre, which may be found economically applicable to the manufacture of paper. Some aid of this kind is needed to a degree beyond what many are aware of, as the increasing price of the article is threatening many popular works with ruin, and undoubtedly many of the less decisively successful cheap periodicals must be extinguished if the price be not lowered, either through

greater abundance of material, or reduction of the duty.

In Paris, the Bréant legacy of 100,000 francs for any one who shall discover the cause and cure of cholera, has inspired some theorists to compete for it, but as yet without success. One says that ozone is the developing cause of cholera in men and certain quadrupeds, while at the same time it is developed by the human organism; and that an excess of ozone in the atmosphere produces disease in plants containing sugar, glucose, and fecula—such as the vine, beet-root, and potato. Seeing that nearly a hundred observers here in England, and on the continent, from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, are taking observations of ozone twice a day, and sending the results to Schoenbein for discussion, we shall perhaps get to know whether this potent atmospheric principle is or is not harmful, as represented.

The great comprehensive measure for the drainage of London is still, unfortunately, in the region of debate, and likely to remain there. If we had but the long-talked-of open quays along the Thames, the difficulties of the journey to the Crystal Palace would be materially and pleasantly diminished. The suggestion has been thrown out, that if all the sewage of the metropolis were conveyed far enough to *débouche* in salt water, the saline matters would tend to consolidate the refuse by a process of natural chemistry, and at a small expense. The product would be more than usually valuable, as marine manures are said to be specifics against the vine-disease, and highly beneficial to plants generally. While waiting for this suggestion to be reduced to practice, we would call attention to the fact, that a company at Manchester has for some time been making guano from the sewage and other noxious waste, and with good profit.

In these days of gold-digging, when we still hear of monster-nuggets from Ballarat, and of discoveries of the precious metal at the Cape and in the mountains near Adrianople, we may naturally expect increased applications of it in the industrial arts. Something ingenious in this way has just been done at Paris by M. Levol, who, taking advantage of the property phosphorus is known to possess of precipitating metals, forms moulds of this substance by melting it in glass vessels of the required shape plunged in a hot-water bath. After cooling, the glass may be removed by breaking, when the phosphorus moulds are ready for use; which use consists in placing them in a solution of perchloride of gold, whereupon a deposit of the metallic particles immediately begins, and may be continued until the article is of any desired thickness. The phosphorus mould is then removed in the same way as it was formed—by melting—and the gold is ready for the burnisher.

M. Pouilly has a galvanoplastic method of treating silk, by which gilded dress or drapery is produced of unequalled magnificence. He metallises the silk, throws down upon it a coating of copper, and last of all, a coating of gold; and so perfectly is this accomplished, that the texture, while appearing to be metallic throughout, retains all its flexibility. The richness of effect is said to be truly marvellous; and we may yet hear of a *Field of the Cloth of Gold* far surpassing that which old chroniclers tell us of.

M. Provenzali, of Rome, puts forward a fact not without its value to those who are investigating the phenomena of electricity—that by covering the conductor of an electrical-machine with a thin sheet of gutta-percha, much larger sparks are obtained than with a conductor prepared in the usual way. It would appear that gutta-percha is a most effectual check to dispersion. And makers and users of steam-boilers would do well to examine into Mr Normandy's statement—that the spheroidal state of water may be produced in a boiler not heated before the water is put in. If this be true, the many 'mysterious' explosions will be mysteries no longer.

ON THE CLIFF-TOP.

Face upwards to the sky,
Quiet I lie;
Quiet as if the finger of God's will
Had made this human mechanism still,
And the intangible essence, this strange 'I,'
Went wondering forth to His eternity.

Below—the sea's sound, faint
As dying saint
Telling of long-spent sorrows, all at rest;
Above—the unscared sea-gull's shimmering breast,
Painted a moment on the dark-blue skies—
A hovering joy, that, while I watch it, flies.

Alike unheeded now
Thou Grief, and thou
Quick-wingèd Joy, that like wild bird at play
Pleasest thyself to flit round me to-day;
On the cliff-top—earth dim, and heaven clear—
My soul rests calmly, above hope—or fear.

But not (Thou, God, forbid!
By Him whose lid
Stainless looked up to Thee, then tear-stained down
On Lazarus' grave and Solyma's doomed town),
Oh! not above that human love divine
Which—Thee loved first—in Thee loves all of Thine.

Is't sunset? Keener breeze
Blows from the seas;
And close beside me, vision-like, one stands
With her brown eyes and kind extended hands.
Love! we'll go down together, without pain,
From the cliff-top, to the busy world again.

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END OF FIRST VOLUME.

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